The Picture Show

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PICTURE SHOW, October 30th, 1920.

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

VIOLET HOPSON.—HER LATEST AND BEST PHOTOGRAPH, Art Plate, 16 x 10, INSIDE.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. OCT. 30th, 1920.

No. 79. Vol. 4.

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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 42.—MAY ALLISON.

MAY ALLISON has a clever sister, Mrs. Neill Stright. Mrs. Stright's name is well-known in American political circles; she was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. Lately she visited her sister, and May took this opportunity to show her her favourite picture paper.

Mrs. Stright has made many friends in the picture colony, and has stated her intention of getting a copy of the PICTURE SHOW sent her weekly, so that she can learn the latest news and see their latest photographs.

—♦♦—

Don't Miss This!

NO. 3 of the "Girls' Cinema" is out to-morrow. With every copy is presented a beautiful art plate in colour, entitled "The Way of a Maid with a Man."

Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome have posed for this picture, and when you see it I am sure you will want to frame it for your own special room.

By the way, are you reading Gregory Scott's special letters to girls in this paper? They are most illuminating, and prove that Gregory notices more than we give most men credit for.

—♦♦—

Thank You, M. B. H.

OUR art supplements still continue to give universal satisfaction to our readers, and I hear that there is still another surprise for readers of the PICTURE SHOW coming shortly which will make these art plates even more acceptable than they are at present.

I particularly want to thank M. B. H., of Manchester, who writes: "I am so pleased with the art supplement given away every week that I have shown it to my friends, and now three of them are happy readers of the PICTURE SHOW." This is what I call *real* appreciation. I wonder if any more of my readers are as kind and helpful!

—♦♦—

Cosmopolitan Players.

A NOVEL combination of types will be seen in Marshall Neilan's newest picture, "Dimity." Wesley Barry, the already famous freckle-faced youth, has the chief role. He is supported by Aaron Mitchell, a piccaninny, and Walter Chung, an almond-eyed youth. Others in the cast include an Irish maid and a typical Chinese girl, also an Americanised Chinaman.

—♦♦—

Mary Pickford's Curls.

IN answer to the many letters I have received from readers who have queried Mary Pickford's curls since seeing her as she appears in "Suds," on the cover of a recent issue of the PICTURE SHOW, I must tell you that the famous Pickford curls have not been lost altogether, but just for one picture. For this her curls have been straightened out in an awful manner with a specially prepared cosmetic; her curls were ironed out and her hair strained back from her forehead.

The other part of her make-up was obtained by a deft use of grease paint, which gave a saucy up-tilt to her nose and made her cheeks appear sunken. It is only by her wonderful eyes that we can recognise our Mary.

By the way, did you know that one of Mary's curls was auctioned for over 100,000 dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds when the little star was on her collecting tour during the war?

—♦♦—

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

News of "Doug."

NOW I must tell you about Doug. We are to see one of the greatest of fights when we see "The Mollycoddle."

That Douglas is not afraid of receiving punishment is proved by his engagement of Wallace Beary to portray the role of the villainous "heavy." Beary is 4 inches taller than Doug., and has an advantage in weight of 40 pounds.

In order that his fight might be realistic, Fairbanks had not made it known that there was such a scene until a few minutes before it was filmed. Film battles of this character are not tricks of the camera; they are waged as though the combatants were really deadly enemies. It was on this basis that Fairbanks and Beary went through their battle, and the result "will practically make the hair stand up on a bald head," said one who has seen it.

—♦♦—

"Who is Fairbanks?"

A FRIEND who has been travelling in Switzerland tells me that the most amusing evening he spent was in a "Temple of Motion-Picture Art," as the manager called his little play-house. It was in Berne, and the play was called "Doug. in the Harem." It was one of the funniest Fairbanks pictures he had ever seen.

The titles were in both German and French, and not once was Fairbanks' name used. Picture-goers in this part of the world simply know Fairbanks as "Doug.," but this does not prevent him from being a prime favourite.



MADGE STEWART as Innocent in the Stoll version of Marie Corelli's novel of that name.

They Nearly Kidnapped 'Gene.

EUGENE O'BRIEN had an exciting experience the other day, when he, with Zeena Keefe and a number of other actors and actresses of both stage and screen, were travelling by train.

At one station over 900 girls lined up for a glimpse of the screen celebrities. I hear that Mr. O'Brien had all he could do to keep the girls from carrying him away.

—♦♦—

A Paris Hint.

NORMA TALMADGE told me that while in Paris, she attended a conference of French glove manufacturers, and that the organisation known as the Style Syndicate has decreed that sleeves shall be long and gloves short this winter.

—♦♦—

A Costly Wardrobe.

IT is said that Elsie Ferguson spends sixty days out of the year with modistes. Miss Ferguson has always made a feature of her clothes, and it is rumoured that her dress-makers' bills alone come to £15,000 a year.



ETHELYN GIBSON, now appearing in Billy West productions soon to be shown over here.



ROY STEWART smiles in greeting to friendly readers of the PICTURE SHOW.

The costumes that are to be worn in her coming play, "Lady Rose's Daughter," are unusually rich and attractive, and each is typical of the particular period it represents.

As you know, Miss Ferguson's beautiful gowns have always been a feature of her photo-plays.

—♦♦—

From an American Newspaper.

THE following extract from a newspaper published in Los Angeles shows that our representative in Cinemaland is always on the alert for the latest news and pictures.

The paragraph is headed, "Goes for Story in Aeroplane," and the story reads:

"Use of aeroplanes in news gathering, as illustrated in Marshall Neilan's film story of newspaper life, 'Go and Get It,' was demonstrated by the resident correspondent for the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., London, when he swooped down in a plane on the Neilan lot and called out to the producer:

"'You gave me the idea, now give me a story!'

"He was accompanied by Emory Rogers, widely known local pilot. Before they departed, Marjorie Daw was taken for a spin in the clouds. While on the lot, material for an article for the PICTURE SHOW, the London film publication, was obtained."

—♦♦—

"Phrosos" Found.

YOU will remember that I told you that Louis Mercanton, the famous French producer, was searching Europe for a girl to interpret Sir Anthony Hope's well-known character of "Phrosos."

Louis Mercanton has now made his choice; he found her in London, and she is Miss Malvina Longfellow. They are now at Cannes, and,

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (*Continued from page 3.*)

when they have made scenes there, they will proceed to Corsica, the picturesque island birthplace of Bonaparte, where, you will remember, most of the action of the play takes place.

Malvina Longfellow, years ago, was an artist's model in America, when she won a beauty prize, which was a wonderful Grecian hair-band made of solid gold, with a Syracuse coin in the centre. Miss Longfellow owns that she has often longed to wear it, but she has never been able to, except for fancy dress. Now she will have an opportunity to wear it on the screen.

—++—

He Didn't Know.

NOT aware that Fritzie Brunette was already possessed of a perfectly good husband, a Norwegian banker wrote her a naive little note in which he declared that he had plenty of good money, and would like to "take her to wife," adding, moreover, that upon receipt of a wired acceptance, he would come himself and fetch her.



Photo: Melbourne Spurr.

WALTER HIERS, the happy comedian in Christie Comedies.

A Novel Competition.

WESLEY BARRY, the little freckle-faced star, has just received an invitation to be the honorary guest in a Freckles Contest, to be held as one of the big attractions at a sports meeting in Jersey City. The contest will involve all freckled-faced girls and boys in the states of New Jersey and New York, and it is expected that there will be five thousand participants. I wonder if the little film star will be successful in winning one of the big prizes that are being offered.

—++—

The Luckiest Girl in the World.

LOUISE DUPRE, a little actress who has been on the stage for many years, and who terms herself "the luckiest girl in the world," has been selected as a star by the Fan Film Corporation, to appear in a series of pictures of girlhood and childhood. The reason for the epithet lies in the remarkable resemblance of this girl to Mary Pickford, whom she understudied during the production of "Pollyanna," and whose pupil for a time she was.

—++—

Wonderful Plans.

MAY ALLISON has a new home at Beverley Hills, which she is sharing with her mother, brother, and married sister. The laying out of the grounds is as yet incomplete, but Miss Allison is contemplating a Japanese garden, a tennis court, a swimming pool, and a summer house in a grove of pines. The kennels are already installed for her prize Belgian police dogs, and another of her plans is an aviary filled with bright-coloured singing birds.

—++—

Do You Remember?

AT a tea party the other day the conversation turned on reminiscences of famous film players, and during this discussion I wondered how many other picture-goers remembered their favourites' earlier careers. For instance, do you remember when Lilian Walker and Wally Vann were playing together in Vitagraph comedy drama, or when Maurice Costello was the chief matinee idol? When Billie Burke struggled through interminable episodes of "Gloria's Romance," and when Kathleen Williams appeared in that first thrilling jungle serial. When Bryant Washburn was doing "villains" for Essanay, directing his villainous machinations against Francis Bushman and Beverley Bayne, or when Margaret Joycelyn and Victor Potel played "Sophie Cluts" and "Slippery Slim" respectively in Essanay comedies.

—++—

It Made Him Seasick.

PHILIP ANTHONY had a most uncomfortable experience taking scenes on board a boat, at Sennen Cove, in Cornwall. The sea was rough, but this did not worry Mr. Anthony, as he is quite a good sailor, but in order to keep within range of the camera it was necessary to anchor the boat, and within a few seconds from the time the camera man started work, Mr. Anthony was very seasick.

Cecil Calvert's murderous knife attack came to a sudden end, and the some two hundred people, gathered on the breakwaters to watch, shrieked with laughter.

"You cannot imagine what an unpleasant sensation it is," says Mr. Anthony, "to be anchored in a boat in a choppy sea."

Fay Filmer.

FIVE SHILLINGS FOR A POSTCARD.

Finding Faults in Films.

SPLENDID NEW FEATURE.

EVERY reader who makes a practice of going to picture shows is at times irritated by faults that spoil the story for them.

These faults are either caused by lack of knowledge or carelessness on the part of the producer.

The only way to prevent these mistakes is to publicly point them out. The result of this should be that they will not occur again.

Here is a chance for our readers to better the pictures and win a money prize.

A POSTCARD MAY BRING YOU 5s.

For Instance.

IN a film now showing we see the adventures of a cowboy eluding the sheriff and his men. He started off on his horse, clad in a shirt of a most decided check pattern. But when he arrived at the little shack in the mountains that same evening, he had changed his shirt to a striped one!

This is the sort of thing that spoils an otherwise beautiful photo-play.

Have you noticed anything similar? If so, send it to me. Address your postcard: Editor, Film Faults, PICTURE SHOW, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4.

A prize of 5s. will be awarded for every postcard printed in the PICTURE SHOW.

The Editor's decision must be considered final, and no correspondence can be entered into.



BERTRAM BURLEIGH, whom we are to see as Frank Beresford in the Famous Lasky version of "The Great Day," which had a record run at the Lyceum Theatre, London.



MALVINA LONGFELLOW, who is playing joint lead with Norman McKinnel in the B. and C. adaptation of "Joan Danvers," the successful stage play.



CONWAY TEARLE and ROSEMARY THEBY in a coming photo-play, entitled "Whispering Devils," a film version of Henry Arthur Jones's dramatic success, "Michael and His Lost Angel."

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

Anita Stewart's Dressing-Room.

ANITA STEWART probably has the most beautiful "dressing"-room of any star in the film world. It is built in the form of a typical Californian bungalow, and comprises a drawing-room, boudoir and bathroom. The reception-room is decorated in the Chinese style with a blue Chinese rug and Oriental draperies. The walls are decorated with rare Chinese prints, and the high teak-wood chairs and tables, and the low, luxuriant divans are all of the same workmanship. Her boudoir is gay in rose taffeta and Dresden flowers, the walls covered with French grey satin. On the floor are French grey rugs with rose borders, and the chairs, dressing-table and lounges are carried out in a delicate shade of ivory. Interior decoration is one of Miss Stewart's hobbies. Clothes are another, and she confesses to a particular weakness for furs, ostrich feathers and tulle. She has just added two wonderful wraps of ermine and sable to her collection.

—++—

A Mischievous Monkey.

DURING the past week the Goldwyn Studios have been demoralised by the mischievous tricks of "Tony," a small monkey who was entrusted with a part in the new Mabel Normand production, "Head Over Heels." The pickles which adorn the hats of the girls playing in Jack Pickford's picture, "Just Out of College," mysteriously disappeared. All the icing on a cake which was to be used in Johnny Jones's current "Edgar" feature was found scraped off, when the moment came for using it, and an irate star reported that a box of candy that had reached her that morning had been very thoroughly cleaned up. A search was promptly instituted for the thief, and a very sick and disillusioned little monkey was at last found in an obscure corner of the studio grounds by his distracted master, an Italian organ-grinder. However, "Tony" made up for his depredations by giving a fine rendering of his part in Mabel's picture, and Mabel herself was just thinking of adopting him altogether, when Aya stepped in and put his foot down with great and final decision. Aya is Miss Normand's prize Chow, and is extremely haughty and reserved, as most of these blue-blooded canines are. He went for that trained monkey, and during the brief space of glorious life that ensued it was a puzzle to find which was the dog and which was the monkey. It took three stage hands to end the engagement, and Aya is still going about heavily bandaged; whilst Tony gibbers and chatters angrily directly anything on four feet as much as appears on the horizon. Now Miss Normand says that she has reconsidered her decision to add a monkey to her menagerie.

ELSIE CODD.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



A Hawaiian girl appearing with Edith Roberts in "Macama." She is LILLY PHILLIPS, a grand niece of King Kamehameha of Hawaii.



FRANK MAYO'S cigarette should have been all the more fragrant considering it was lit by beautiful BETTY BLYTHE.



You will never recognise who has been photographed in this artistic pose! It is WESLEY BARRY. He makes a nice girl, does he not?



MAY ALLISON—Metro Star—with her mother and nephew. Her sisters are standing at the back, one of whom is her business manager.



LOUISE GLAUM heard there was a craze in London and Paris for grown-ups to carry dolls. So she bought a walking doll, and is here seen taking it for a stroll.



This photograph of MARJORIE DAW should bring many followers to the overall movement.

Our Splendid Serial Telling of a Man's Fight Against Fate and of a Wonderful Love.

"The PRICE of HIS HONOUR"



The Philosophy of Dyson Mallet.

THE discovery was so totally unexpected, the shock so tremendous that John Galloway stood there in the dark room motionless, while the silence sang in his ears, and the minutes of that perfect day of his rushed away into eternity, as Athalie had said.

Their perfect day! The day snatched from eternity!

And this was the end of it.

Athalie, already in her sweet bed, thinking—only heaven knew what her thoughts were. And here was he, facing the end of his wild dream, and—retribution.

One more come back from the dead!

And to his credit let it be said that in his heart Galloway was glad. Glad that this man had come back to life to expose his miserable deception, and to show him up for what he was.

In that moment something whispered to him, something wild and irresponsible, that now at least he could fight for the love of Athalie Railton under his own name and his own identity. He could not fight a dead man for her, but he could fight a live one.

The hope died as soon as it was born.

He knew now that all hope of winning Athalie was at an end. He knew in truth that there had never been any hope. He had been bemusing himself with phantoms; storing up tears and bitterness for them both by playing with his honour.

The momentary flash of the match seemed to have deepened the gloom, but he could still make out that dishevelled and collapsed figure in the chair.

A cold dread clawed at him. The man looked as if he were dead. He shook himself fiercely, and quite suddenly became calm.

Now that the sword which had been overhanging him had fallen, he felt a surprising coolness, a sense of relief.

And as small thoughts flash automatically through the mind in times of crisis, the thought came to him that whatever happened he had had his great day with Athalie Railton.

That was his. He clung to it desperately. Nothing could rob him of that memory.

He struck another match and lighted the lamp deliberately.

Mrs. Weston obviously knew nothing about the visitor. Knowing the house and the grounds well, he had apparently come in across the lawns and entered by the French windows. For what reason was not obvious, unless he already knew something about the impersonation, which was more than probable.

Galloway locked the door on the inside, then he closed the windows and drew the blinds, remembering that mysterious shot which had come out of the shrubbery when he was in this very room with Alice Mercer.

Having done all this to his satisfaction, he took another look at Dyson Mallet.

No, he was certainly not dead, because he was still snoring slightly. But his appearance was deplorable.

He wore an old pea-jacket which had once been Navy-blue and was now a bottle green, and under this, a frayed, blue seaman's jersey. Boots and trousers were deplorable, and caked with mud.

His hair was matted and long, and he carried at least a week's growth of beard.

As Galloway watched him, the clock in the hall struck a single sonorous note.

Half-past nine!

Galloway closed his eyes momentarily, aware of a spasm of pain. Athalie was at this moment saying good-night to him.

The sound of the clock striking roused the sleeper. He shifted uneasily and jerked his head upright. Galloway was struck by the pallor of his face. The man looked dreadfully ill; but he smelled of spirits, which perhaps accounted for it.

Suddenly he opened his eyes, stared full at John for a minute, and sat upright.

"Hello, Galloway," he said surprisingly. "Top of the evening to you, old sport! You look as scared as if your grandfather's ghost had come to life and was sitting on your chest. What's the matter, man?"

It was a minute before Galloway could collect himself sufficiently to make a reply. Then all he could say was:

"Is that really you, Dyson?"

"Don't be so fatuous, my dear lad," answered Mallet. "Who do you think I am—Marley's ghost, or Hamlet's father?"

"Well, you can hardly be surprised if I took you for your own ghost," said Galloway. "All the people who were drowned in the Sweet Alice seem to be coming to life again. You have been reported dead, you know, for many weeks."

"Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, old man. I'm not nearly dead. I'm sorry I can't fit myself into your plans to that extent."

"Steady with that, Mallet," said John, with a hint of sternness.

"All right, dear boy," replied Mallet, with a chuckle. "I was only pulling your leg. Sure I'm not surprised that you mistook me for a ghost, and not a very respectable ghost either. I'm nothing to write home about—but I *am* home. That's the marvellous thing. Home, my boy—home!"

He stretched himself luxuriously and nestled deeper into the capacious chair.

"I'm in an awful state of mud and disrepair. Excuse me making a mess of your chair. Gee! But it's *my* chair, isn't it? That's deuced funny. Also excuse my rudeness in not getting up. I'm very comfortable here, but I hope I know my manners. And the master of the house ought to get up to receive his visitors. I'm the master of the house, am I not?"

"Certainly you are," replied Galloway, mystified at the way Mallet was taking matters, and wondering how far he was acquainted with the facts of the situation. He was perfectly calm and pleasant.

"That's all right then," he went on. "Clears the air. I'm the master of the house disguised as a deck swab. You're my guest. Make yourself at home, old lad. I must sit here; I'm not very well, and to tell you the truth, I'm a little unsteady on the pins. Old failing of mine. I've been sampling the wine of the country at the village inn; talking with the gossips, and so on. Not a soul knew me from the Caliph of all the Baghdads. Would you mind pouring me out just a steadier of my whisky? There used to be some in that cupboard."

Galloway poured out the required refreshment, and Mallet took it down at one gulp.

"Better," he announced, "decidedly better than the stuff they've been giving me in the village. More bite to it. Pre-war stock, I should imagine. If there was one thing the governor knew in the old days it was how to stock a cellar. But he wasn't very liberal with it. From now on times have changed. This is Liberty Hall, and you are my guest, John, old man. A nice old game you've been playing while I've been theoretically among the dear departed, eh? Well, aren't you going to give me your fist, old sport? It's not often you have the pleasure of meeting one who has come back from across the Big Divide."

He held out a trembling hand.

"One minute," said Galloway crisply. "You are not yourself, Dyson, and you're not capable of getting a clear view of the situation."

"I'm all right, the top half of me," returned Mallet. "It's only my legs that are not quite up to parade form. My brain's as clear as a bell."

Galloway knew this of old. He had often seen Mallet with a perfectly clear head, although he was so much the worse for drink that he could not walk a yard.

"What's the matter?" he demanded querulously. "Why won't you shake hands?"

"Do you know who I am?" demanded John.

"Sure. You're John Galloway, my old partner and shipmate. What's the bee in your bonnet, anyway?"

"Do you know why I am here, and the position I am occupying in this house?"

"Of course I know," returned Mallet. "I know every blessed thing about it, and I'm surprised at you, John Galloway. Surprised and pained. But there you are. I always said that about you strait-laced fellows. When you break away you go the whole hatful. Your morals are simply awful, and I'm surprised at you. Now shake hands."

He was talking quite rationally, and obviously meant what he said. Galloway took his hand in silence. Presently he said:

"Whatever you may have heard and whatever conclusion you may have come to, Dyson, I am glad to the bottom of my heart to see you alive."

"I know you are," returned Mallet. "No need for the hot air, old sport. I'm glad to see you again too, and I don't forget that if it had not been for you this happy reunion would never have taken place."

"What on earth do you mean, Dyson?"

"Before I said 'good evening' to the Sweet Alice and walked daintily off the deck, you put two lifebelts on me; and it was those two lifebelts which brought me back to Home Sweet Home in the fulness of time, as the poets say. Now when a man has two lifebelts, and he gives one to a pal, he's a good sport. But when he gives both to his pal, and keeps none for himself, he's a dashed fool, and that's what you are, John Galloway. But you're a white man, and we'll just have another little spot to celebrate this happy birthday."

Galloway frowned at the word birthday, but Mallet had evidently used it quite innocently.

"I think you've had enough," said John.

"Wrong, dear boy," responded the master of the house. "I've never known the time when I've had enough."

John let him gulp down another small measure and then faced him seriously.

"Now listen, Dyson," he said, "while I explain the situation to you. You may know something, but you cannot possibly know all. When you do, you will in all probability take a different view of things, and your opinion of me will be less charitable."

"Carry on," said Mallet: "I'm listening. Just another spot would probably help me to appreciate the heinousness of your stupendous

Continued on page 8.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JOHN GALLOWAY is saved from the wreck of the Sweet Alice. When he recovers he is mistaken for his friend, Dyson Mallet. He protests, but no one believes him. Mallet was engaged to

ATHALIE RAILTON, with whom Galloway falls in love.

IRMA GALE was also on board the Sweet Alice, and John thinks she too was drowned; but one day she comes to see him.

ALICE MERCER writes a letter addressed to Mallet, hinting at a past love affair. She goes to his house, and finds Galloway impersonating his friend. While they are talking somebody shoots at them from the garden.

DYSON MALLET, whom Galloway supposes to be drowned; but after spending a delightful day with Athalie on her birthday, John returns home and finds Mallet fast asleep in an armchair in the smoking room.

MIMICRY!

Buster Keaton Imitates the Poses of Some of the Metro Stars.

THE old saying, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," is proved once more by the photographs on this page.

Buster Keaton could not help admiring the beautiful stars of the Metro Film Company, and that he has endeavoured to flatter them by imitation is quite obvious from these photographs.

The artistic poses of May Allison, Viola Dana, and Alice Lake, were so full of grace and charm, that Buster decided not to be outdone. He was quite sure that if he took particular pains to copy their exact poses, he could look just as charming and fascinating. The position with which he had the most difficulty was that of Viola Dana. Buster did not think he was quite the right type for this.







Was He Successful?

DO you think Buster was successful in looking as fascinating as May Allison, Viola Dana, and Alice Lake?

He was very pleased with himself, and insisted upon the camera-man taking his photograph, as he copied the pose of each of the stars.

Buster's Valuation of a Grin.

BUSTER KEATON used to be a co-worker with Fatty Arbuckle, but he now acts in his own comedies for Metro. If you see one of these comedies, you can be sure of a hearty laugh. You will notice that Buster himself rarely smiles on the films. He says: "I think people get a lot more enjoyment in watching me on the screen if I don't wear a silly grin throughout pictures. Anyway, I'm too busy being tossed and knocked about to spend much time in smiling."



VIOLA DANA has set BUSTER KEATON a difficult task with this artistic pose; and—



—BUSTER does not think it quite suits his style of beauty!

"The Price of His Honour." (Continued from page 6.)

fall from grace. No? Very well then, I'll go on. Carry on with your oration, but make it short, as you love me. I am longing to sleep in a civilised bed once more."

This was altogether a different ending from anything which John had imagined or dreamed. When he saw Mallet in the flesh, returned to life and to the inheritance which had been filched from him, Galloway had expected storm and bitter upbraiding.

But Dyson not only took it very calmly, but found plenty of amusement in it.

Galloway told the whole tale from the beginning. He told everything with meticulous care, omitting only one important figure from the picture—Athalie Railton.

Dyson took it all as if it were the funniest thing in the world, and this was not because he had been drinking. Galloway knew well that Mallet could sometimes, in those circumstances, be a very ugly and dangerous customer.

"John," he said, "you're a jewel! Fancy you going and doing the stage villain act all that much. 'Pon my word, you have surprised me, John. The nerve of it! But after all, it wasn't altogether your own choosing. It was pushed on you in the first place."

"That's true enough," answered John. "But remember that I could have stopped the whole thing at any moment with a little firmness."

Mallet winked solemnly.

"That's the worst of you, John. You're so dashed weak."

John felt almost aggrieved that Dyson took it all so calmly.

"You don't seem very much upset about it," he remarked.

"Upset," retorted Mallet. "Why should I be? My dear lad, I was not using this domicile myself. You were perfectly welcome to make use of it while I was away—welcome as the flowers in spring. It has not come to any harm apparently. You wouldn't rob me. Even if I had been well and truly dead, you would have thrown up the sponge sooner or later, John, and told the lawyer people all about it."

"I should certainly have done that," said Galloway.

"I know you would. You've got too much conscience to play the villain, John, yards too much. You'll never get on. I expect that suit you've got on and your board and lodging are about all you've debited my account with."

"That is exactly all," said John.

"I thought so. And you're welcome to them my boy. You're welcome to stop here as long as you like as my guest, provided you acknowledge me as master of the house. Must be master of my own house, you know. And you are welcome to a go at that bottle if you'll pour me out just a spot. This talking is dry work."

"Not another drop," said John resolutely.

Mallet frowned, and stood up with a jerk.

For a moment he stood unsteadily, then a swift grey pallor came over his face. He clutched at the air, swung round violently, and fell with a crash on his face.

John was not quick enough to catch him. He was alarmed. This did not look like mere drunkenness. The grey pallor had faded, and already he had gone deathly white.

With great difficulty John lifted him back into his chair, and as he undid the knotted choker round the man's muscular throat, Dyson opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"What was that?" asked Galloway sharply. "Are you ill, Dyson?"

"'That,' my dear boy," replied Dyson, "was my heart. In my advanced years I am developing a heart, and at unforeseen moments it goes back on me even as my legs do. They tell me it is the result of my night out after the Sweet Alice went down. John, dear boy, I am hurt with you. You haven't even asked me to tell you the moving story of my adventures."

"I'm sorry," said John. "I've been so full of my own villainy."

"Forget it, my dear boy," said Mallet. "Do you remember what old Billy O'Farrel used to say about every man having his price? The price of his honour—do you remember it? Dear old Billy! I sold mine years ago, for the price of an old shoe. You thought you had sold yours, John, but you hadn't. Take it from me. You would have backed out before the third act. You would never have taken the prize, John—not on those terms."

Something in the man's voice made John's heart sink. The mocking, good-humoured smile was full of knowledge. Did he know more than he pretended? Did he know all about Athalie?

Whatever he knew, his frank good-humour was irresistible. Whatever had happened since the wreck of the Sweet Alice, had changed him in some respects for the better.

"I'll tell you my horrible tale, John. When I tripped off the deck of the Sweet Alice I knew no more, as they say in all the best serial fiction. When I began to take an interest in my surroundings again I was on board a whaler called the William Johnson. Ye gods, what a name!

"It seems when the William Johnson picked me up I was very wet. I had been washing about in the sea for thirty-eight hours, and your two lifebelts had kept me afloat all the time. Fortunately I floated the right side up, or this tale would be shorter than it is, and it's not very long now.

"The William Johnson was on the way to the fishing grounds north of the Orkneys. I asked the captain to put into port with me.

"I pointed out to him that I was a country gentleman of considerable opulence, though I confess I did not look anything like it. I promised that if he put into port with me he should be suitably rewarded. But he said that he had heard that tale before, and it was never anything like the truth. So there you are.

"I went to the fishing grounds, and we hunted the elusive whale. Not bad sport either, but I was too ill with this heart of mine really to enjoy it.

"I landed at Hull two days ago, and here I am; and if you're not glad to see me, old sport, you might pretend to be."

The Decision.

"I AM," said John quickly.

"I know you are. Well, what are you going to do now?"

"I'm going," returned Galloway.

"Going? When, where, why? Man alive, what are you going for?"

John smiled sadly.

"It's a pretty poor game I've played, Dyson," he said, "and now that you have come back and are so decent about it, I feel it worse than I did before. I must get away at once."

"But, my son, I don't want you to go. I want you to be my guest just as long as you like. I know you haven't a penny in the world."

"That's why I'm going," said John grimly. "I'm big enough and strong enough to earn a living for myself I hope."

"You always were pretty stiff in the back," remarked Dyson sourly. "But what's the hurry? Besides, it isn't fair to me. It's up to you to do the handsome thing to-morrow. You will have to tell the startled population that you've been suffering under a delusion, and that I am the real master of the house. Otherwise, in my present state, I stand a chance of being booted out."

"Dyson," said Galloway, with the first signs of agitation. "I can't stay. It's—it's impossible. You see, I've played a pretty low-down game on the neighbours and so on, and I can't face it out. Don't make me, old man. As to your identity, I'll soon put that all right."

He sat down at the table, took pen and paper, and dashed off the following statement:

"I, John Galloway, hereby declare that I have for over three months deliberately and wilfully impersonated my late partner, Dyson Mallet. The holder of this paper is the true Dyson Mallet.

"JOHN GALLOWAY."

Mallet took it mechanically.

"Pretty strong, isn't it?" he asked drily.

"Not nearly strong enough," said Galloway.

Mallet shrugged his shoulders and put the paper in his pocket.

"You haven't by any chance since you've been here met a—a girl from the village named Alice Mercer, I suppose?"

"I have," replied John. "She came here late one night, the same way as you came—through these windows."

"Ah! Did she—er—did she mistake you for me?"

"No, she saw through me immediately."

"Ah!"

Galloway went to the other end of the room and took a turn or two up and down, deep in thought. This was not his business, and he had no right to interfere or say anything. Mallet had behaved extremely well to him. He should be the last person to criticise Mallet's behaviour. But he decided to speak his mind on the subject.

"Dyson," he said, confronting him abruptly, "I believe Alice Mercer is a good girl, and very much in love with you."

A low, musical snore answered him.

Mallet's head had dropped over his shoulder. His mouth was wide open. He was fast asleep.

Galloway opened the windows softly and stepped out on to the lawn. He was in white flannels, and hatless, but he gave no thought to this.

There was one unalterable determination in his mind. He must get away at once, and for good.

This was a hallowed spot for him, and he must never see it again.

The Next Day.

WITH regard to the remaining hours of that night, where he went and what he did, Galloway was never afterwards very clear.

Now and then, as he tramped blindly on through the moonlit darkness, his thoughts strayed to Portallock Bay, and the greatest day of all, to which this was the conclusion.

He saw the sun rise, and realised that he was on a road. Some time afterwards he began to take a dull interest in his whereabouts and his condition.

He was conscious for the first time of extreme weariness and faintness, the latter probably owing to lack of food.

His last meal was a very light one of cakes and bananas, which he and Athalie had shared as they sat on the Wishing Stone in Portallock Bay.

Early rising landworkers passed at rare intervals and favoured him with polite stares. He assumed that in his white flannels and without a cap he was a conspicuous object.

To make matters worse, he found that his trousers were mud-stained to the knees. He remembered vaguely falling into a ditch before he struck the high road.

He realised the disadvantages of coming away in such a hurry and so ill-equipped for travel. He had no money; he had provided himself with a little when he started out the previous morning with Athalie, but on returning he had mechanically replaced the remainder in the desk where he kept such spare cash as he permitted himself to make use of.

Anyway, it was Dyson Mallet's, and not his own, so he was glad he had none with him.

Nevertheless, he foresaw an unpleasant time in the immediate future.

But the chief thing which distressed him was weariness. He had without realising it walked a good many miles, some of them at a good pace.

He came upon a deserted looking barn with an open door and a huge inviting pile of clean straw inside.

In a few minutes he was inside, curling himself up in the straw like a dog. Almost as soon as he had done so he was asleep.

He seemed to have been there about five minutes when he awoke with a start. As a matter of fact, he had been asleep for more than six hours. It was past noon.

The first thing of which he was conscious of was a face peering in at the entrance to the barn.

It bobbed out of sight, and almost immediately appeared again. There was a murmur of conversation from certain parties unseen.

Galloway became amusedly conscious that the man who was peering at him so intently was a policeman in uniform. Obviously, by his red face, the village policeman.

He heard somebody say in a muffled whisper: "That's 'im right enough!"

Galloway smiled encouragingly.

"Do you want me?" he asked.

"Yes," said the surprised policeman, and immediately stepped into full view. He was followed by half a dozen men, most of them carrying useful sticks.

"You know what I want you for?" said the policeman boldly.

"I'm afraid I don't," replied Galloway. "Unless it is for trespassing in this barn?"

"It's not that," replied the policeman. "You answer the description of a man wanted for murder—the murder of a man named Dyson Mallet."

(To be continued next week.)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF ALLA NAZIMOVA.

(Special to the "Picture Show.")



Doubt.

NAZIMOVA.

The Star Who Has Proved That Age Doesn't Matter.



"I see you!"

ALLA NAZIMOVA has given us a new thrill by her first films. With "Revelation," "Eye for an Eye," and "The Red Lantern," Nazimova has proved the truth of all the critics have said in her favour.

Nazimova has proved to us that age does not matter to the real artiste, for although over forty years of age, the Russian star has all the fascination of a young girl.

A Hard Life.

HER life has been a real hard one. Her first public appearance was as a pianist. Then she added the violin to her list of accomplishments; but her success in music did not satisfy her and she decided to become an actress.

As a means of attaining her ambition, she joined a touring company, and travelled through Russia with them, stopping at villages as well as at towns, enduring all sorts of conditions and discomforts, and working as only a member of a repertoire company must work.

The boards were never allowed to grow cold. When the company was not playing, they were busily rehearsing the next play to be given. Costumes were made out of nothing but odds and ends by the members of the company in brief snatches between rehearsals and performances.

Gloried In Trials.

SLEEP and money were practically unknown things. The uncertain box office receipts often provided little more than was sufficient to pay the bare expenses, and Nazimova tells of many times when the entire company went hungry for days at a time. But Nazimova, instead of being daunted by these trials, simply gloried in them. She loved the uncertainty of it all—there was always something new, some opportunity, some way of making ends meet, which was what Nazimova never failed to profit by.

It was when the Russian players, of which Nazimova was a member, decided to go to America that Opportunity opened its doors to her. She was seen in one of Ibsen's plays, and was offered an opportunity to play a part in a big Broadway theatre.

But there was one clause in the agreement that Nazimova listened to with dismay. The part was in English; but for a moment only did Nazimova frown, the next moment she smiled. Could they give her a little time in which to learn the language?

English in Six Months.

THE manager promised her six months; he could give her no longer. The little star agreed, and the contract was drawn up, and she actually signed the agreement to appear in Ibsen's plays in English in six months' time, before she knew a word of English.

What these six months meant to Nazimova, she alone must know, and because she realised that the words she must speak might lose a little of their meaning by her imperfect pronunciation, she decided to supply the deficiencies by means of gestures.

She studied the appearance of Ibsen's characters. For the part of Hedda Gabler, she acquired a tall personality by a costume of sweeping lines; for the child wife, Nora, in "A Doll's House," she wore scanty, short gowns that made her seem in truth a child. All this was excellent preparation for the cinema.

For as one critic wrote, "No one understands a word these Russians are talking about, but there is one language that is universal—the language of the soul—and the one who spoke that best was Nazimova."



ALLA NAZIMOVA

If you want to write her, her address is:

ALLA NAZIMOVA,
Metro Studio,
Hollywood,
California.

Her Secret of Success.

HER first appearance brought her a triumph that has lasted through every play in which she has appeared, and it is the same with her screen plays. Realism is always carried to the highest degree. But her success has been won by unlimited patience, unlimited endurance, and unlimited ambition, which has made the appearance of her name in a theatre the signal for a crowded house.

It was during her New York engagement in "Bella Donna," in 1912, that Mme. Nazimova was married to the man who had been her leading man for many seasons, and who has appeared in many of her screen plays, Charles Bryant.

A Love Match.

IN Nazimova's pictures there is a conspicuous absence of lovemaking, that is the lovemaking of the ordinary "garden" variety. But in real life, when Nazimova waves away her big, blue car and climbs into her husband's two-seater, to drive from the studio to their beautiful home in the Hollywood Hills, and is rewarded by an adoring glance from him, we know that the song that says "And we'll weather life together in the good, old-fashioned way" applies to a great genius equally as well as to you and me. Our friend, the critic, would say again, "There is a universal language—of the soul—and the one who speaks it best is Nazimova."



Suspicion.



Fear.



Amazement.



Docile.



Enquiry.

FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.

NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

Charlie in the Balkans.

A RECENT paragraph recording the views of Mr. A. J. Xydias, the Balkan film expert, has brought the following letter from a reader. My correspondent "C. W. T.," says: "I was surprised to see the statement that 'to the majority of picture-goers in the Balkan States, Charlie Chaplin is unknown!' Now I have spent five years in the Balkans and Turkey and can safely say that Charlie is a 'great draw,' and is very far from being unknown, especially in Macedonia. I have seen on more than one occasion a crowd waiting at a picture-house hours before the show commenced, simply because the posters said 'CHARLOT.' I will admit that the majority of films to be seen are French and Italian, but I will never say that 'Charlie' is unknown in the Balkans." This is a fine testimonial to the comedian's universal popularity.

"My Most Difficult Scenes."

"SPEAKING generally, the most difficult achievement, and therefore the most gratifying success, that falls to the lot of the producer is getting the artiste to realise the significance of the insignificant. With this in mind, I recall an incident in a recent film in which I was endeavouring to portray the momentary thrill experienced by a man and a woman who, meeting accidentally, suddenly become aware of the fact that each is the counterpart of the other. I wanted to picture this graphically by way of a perfectly natural incident on a golf course. The man is just about to strike the ball



DALLAS CAIRNS, the producer of a number of fine British films which will shortly be before the public.

when the woman comes along and claims it. "I think that is my ball," she says, and the man, although unconvinced, hands it over. As he does so, their hands meet, and a hinge of the story depends upon the looks exchanged—the "business" between the pair which is to express magnetic attraction that each has for the other. According to the story, the man was married and the woman a coquette, and that glance was intended to leave no room for doubt as to the nature of the situation. In order to secure even a close approach to what I wanted, I had to "take" nearly a dozen times. The difficulty is to get your artist to "feel" the psychology of the scene to be enacted, and to give you, in such incidents as I have described, the one expression that will convey the producer's conception of the part of the story. Screen acting, in reality is a mental process, and the successful artist merely *appears* to be natural."

DALLAS CAIRNS.

The Ape as Actor.

MOST picture-goers are familiar with the humorous monkey actor of screen comedies, Now an announcement states that we are to be introduced to an ape which plays *a strong dramatic part* in a new film, called "The Evolution of Man." The "monks'" mission is to prove that Darwin was correct. If this sort of thing continues, we shall no doubt shortly have ape actors in hero parts, then what will become of our handsome leading men?

The Love of the Strong.

"IT is poignantly human for us mortals to express a preference for the things we can do best," remarked William Farnum recently. "Possibly the trend is reversed, and we do best those things for which we harbour a strong natural predilection." At any rate, this popular artiste sets it down as a fact that he never feels so thoroughly in his element, and so attuned to life and art as when interpreting the character of a strong man—"strong" in the best sense of the word, a welding of physical prowess and spiritual power. Given a part that contains both elements, and he is in the happy hunting ground of the artiste.

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

Most people want what they want till they get it, and then they don't want it.

* * *

The young lady with a bank account needs no make-up box.

* * *

A good dinner and a pretty woman are the two things in life a man tires of least.

* * *

It is useless to try to drown sorrows in wine—they are all expert swimmers.

* * *

When the dark hour comes men drink whisky, and women drink tea.

This Week's Best Films.

THE following is a list of the best photo-plays which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artistes:

Jury .. .. .. "The House of Intrigue." PEGGY MAY.

Vitagraph .. .. .. "In Honour's Web." HARRY MOREY.

F.L.F.S. .. .. .. "Love Insurance." BRYANT WASHBURN.

W. & F. .. .. .. "The Poor Rich Man." FRANCIS BUSHMAN & BEVERLEY BAYNE.

New Bio. .. .. .. "A Woman's Law." OLIVE TELL.

Gaumont .. "The Garden of Poisoned Flowers." MADELEINE SEVE.

Gaumont .. .. "The Silver Lining." BOMB. BILLY WELLS.

Walturdaw .. .. .. "The River's End." MARJORIE DAW.

Ideal .. .. .. "Wuthering Heights." MILTON ROSMER.



KINE
KIDDI
at PI

CHARLES ROSHER, camera-man for A Pickford's pictures, introduces WESLEY to the "Picture Show's" representat they soon make friends.

MARSHALL NEILAN, Sen. and Jun., have a ride on the little boy's tricycle. "Daddie" does not look as if he is enjoying it very much. Above: you see PAT O'MALLEY playing with kiddies who are in the cast of "Dinty," a new Neilan photo-play.

KISMET

THIS famous play makes one of the most spectacular of picture plays. Otis Skinner, who created the part of Haji in America, has repeated his part in the photoplay, with Rosemary Theby as Kut-al-Kulb. You will remember this play as the success of a London theatrical season when Oscar Asche produced it and took the part himself of Haji, with Lily Brayton as Kut-al-Kulb.



In the courtyard of Haji OTIS SKINNER as Haji, and GEORGIE WOOD THROP as the maid to Gulner



ROSEMARY THEBY as Kut al-Kulb in the Mansur's Palace in "Kismet"



A scene in the palace of the Mansur—in "Kismet."

(Photos: Robertson, Cole.)





VIOLET HOPSON.

CORINNE GRIFFITH

CORINNE GRIFFITH has only appeared in Vitagraph photoplays. Her first step towards picture stardom was when she won the prize for beauty at a ball in New Orleans. "The Queen of Beauty" was at once offered a part in a Vitagraph film, in which company she has remained ever since.



She looks delightful in a new fashion riding costume —in "Dead Line at Eleven"



A weird and wonderful costume for fancy dress.





A tragedy queen—in "The Tower of Jewels."

In her latest Paris gown, showing the high neck and the bare back with the gauntlet cuff.



CORINNE GRIFFITH, the woman, a beautiful photographic study



In a dramatic scene with MAURICE COSTELLO in "Human Collateral"

EVERY picturegoer admires the wonderful "kiddies" who entertain us on the films. Probably many children envy them, thinking that acting for the films must be all play; but if they could spend a little while in a cinema studio, they would realise that the "kinema kiddies" work very hard indeed. Often the same scene has to be enacted over and over again, before it pleases the producer, and this is very tiring and monotonous.

They certainly deserve their playtime, and once they commence their games they have a real rollicking time, for it is the children who know how to work well that know also how to "play" in the real sense of the word.



PAT O'MALLEY keeps himself in trim by using two "kiddies" as dumb-bells. In the picture above, you see MARSHALL NEILAN, JUN., taking his revenge on WESLEY BARRY for winning one of their games.

SUCCESS AND THE SCENARIOIST.

ADVICE FROM JOHN EMERSON AND ANITA LOOS.

"HOW," I asked, toying delicately with my chicken croquette, "does one set about becoming a successful scenario writer?"

And then I blushed, for as that celebrated cinematic combination, John Emerson and Anita Loos, said themselves, they are asked that question at least nine times a day. Yet it is a question upon which the moss never grows; second in interest and popularity only to that classic query: "How does one become a movie star?" And my duty to readers of the PICTURE SHOW had to be done. Therefore, I remained adamant.

John Emerson laughed good temperedly, or rather, he gave one of those chuckles which show a man is thoroughly enjoying the humour of the moment. Anita Loos, hitherto most animated, smiled wanly, and leaning back in her chair, dreamily intimated that she was going to let her husband do the talking. A woman, she said, who had just been to Paris purchasing the number of frocks she had couldn't be expected to concentrate on business.

"Bought *Paquin* up," interposed her spouse fondly, gazing with pride upon the miniature brunette beside him.

A Ticklish Question.

"HOW," I began again, sternly closing my ears to the alluring strains of the Savoy orchestra.

"How does one become a successful *stage* dramatist?" returned tall John, with a smile.

"Dunno," I replied weakly and colloquially. "Partly, I suppose, by studying the technicalities of the stage, fore and aft—I mean before and behind the scenes."

"Exactly," was the rejoinder. "One does not sit down to write a stage play without some working knowledge of the stage itself, or a pretty good idea of what is acceptable and suitable for presentation upon it.

"I remember that when I left the stage, where I had been both actor and director, for the motion picture field, and decided to become a film director, I went to D. W. Griffith.

"'What do you know about picture-making?' he asked.

"'I don't know a thing!' I promptly replied.

"'Then,' said the great one, "I guess you're the man I want. I thought, perhaps, you were one of those fellows who know everything. What's your idea of a salary?'

"'I don't want a nickel till I know my business,' I told Griffith. 'All I want is to have a thorough look round.'

"Griffith, however, insisted on my receiving the salary to which I had been accustomed.

"'Well,' I said, 'that's your affair.' But during my time of voluntary probation I did nothing but investigate all the branches of picture-making, so that when I came to take up the megaphone in earnest, I really knew the ins-and-outs of my business. And now that I am concentrating—in collaboration with my wife, of course—upon the scripts and the cutting of our pictures, in addition to casting them, and supervising their direction, I find the all-round knowledge I first acquired is standing me in good stead.

First Class Advice.

"MY advice, then, to would-be scenario writers, or indeed to anyone who seeks to shine in any other branch of film work, is this: Seize *any* opportunity for studying film conditions first-hand which presents itself, however humble the job or small the salary, for thus you will gain sound *practical* knowledge, above all price, which inevitably will lead to better things if you have the material for better things within you! Unfortunately, the war and various conditions, have so retarded the progress of the British picture that it is no exaggeration to say that, generally speaking, the industry over here is ten years behind the times; but there are signs here and there which indicate that steps are being taken in the right direction, and it will not be so long before the scenario writer and others come into their film kingdom in England.

Delayed Releases.

"MUCH can be learned, too, from a careful study of the films themselves, though here, again, you are at a disadvantage."

"Gracious!" broke in Anita, suddenly aroused to action. "John and I have not seen a new American picture over here since we arrived! New to you, of course, but three or four years old in the States, with technique, etc., correspondingly behind the times!"

"The late release of pictures here is, of course, a serious problem," I admitted.

"What you need so urgently are more and more picture theatres," put in Mr. Emerson. "That would solve the problem considerably. But, in any case, I think every facility should be given to serious students of screen drama to view films as soon after completion as possible, in order that the knowledge gained should be thoroughly up-to-date."

"Another thing which the scenario writer should study carefully," added Miss Loos, "is his market. Failure to do this is responsible for half the journalistic disappointments, both in filmland and



JOHN EMERSON.

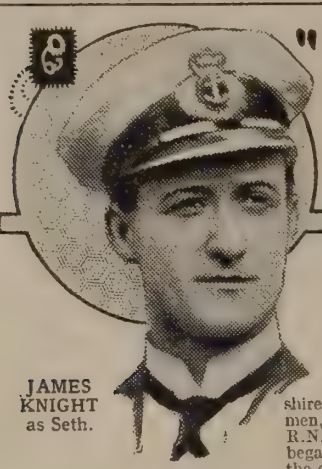
out of it. When you write your story, bear in mind some specific actress or theatrical type for whom it is most suited, and then send it to the quarter where it will be most appreciated. You'll save yourself a lot of time and disappointment, and even if your scenarios come back at first, you will have taken a sure step in the direction of success."

Miss Loos, it may be added, in conclusion, has written successful screen plays herself since the tender age of sixteen, when John Barrymore played in her first story, "The New York Hat!"

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

A SPLENDID SHORT STORY OF REVENGE AND LOVE. *(Special to the "Picture Show.")*

"The MAN WHO FORGOT"



JAMES KNIGHT as Seth.



MARJORIE VILLIS as Mona.

As the local train neared the little fishing village of Torsea, on the Devonshire coast, two men, wearing the R.N.R. uniform, began to look out the of window of the carriage.

They were both young. The elder of the two was Jim Hallibar, skipper of one of H.M.S. minesweepers. He was a thick-set man, about medium height, with a strong but rather sullen face.

The other was a lithe, well-set-up man, about twenty-two, fair-haired and decidedly handsome.

His name was Seth Malden, and he had served as first mate to Jim Hallibar on the minesweeper, which they had left at the bottom of the North Sea.

Both had been picked up, and they were now on leave while the Admiralty found them another ship.

They had been friends from boyhood, and the only thing that had ever come between them was pretty Mona Jennifer, whom they had left in the village, wresting a living from the sea in competition with the fishermen of Torsea to keep an invalid father who at one time had owned a fleet of fishing boats.

It was of Mona that both men were thinking now, but neither expressed his thoughts.

Each felt, as they neared the station, that the day would surely come when Mona would have to choose between them, and in each man's heart was the disturbing thought that when that day came their life-long friendship would be severed.

Seth Malden broke the silence that had marked the last stage of the journey by going to the rack and getting down their luggage, with the remark:

"Here we are, Jim. You get outside, and I'll throw the bags to you."

The train pulled up as he spoke, and, having arranged with a porter to take their luggage to the cabin they had always shared when ashore, both men strolled down to the beach.

The fishing boats were just coming in, and as they neared the little jetty they noticed a commotion around a boat in the stern of which stood a strikingly pretty girl. Blue-eyed, with a wealth of hair the colour of ripe corn, and a gloriously youthful figure, the outlines of which showed through the rough fisherman's jersey that she wore.

She was gazing with an amused smile at two men who were quarrelling as to who should unload her boat.

"Tarpaulin Jack and Salty Felton," said Seth. "We'd better get down."

Before they reached the beach the quarrel between the two men had developed into a fight. The two minesweepers took no notice, but went straight up to Mona, who welcomed them with a glad smile.

After they had exchanged greetings, Seth and Jim began to unload Mona's boat, and just as they had finished the fight ended in a victory for Tarpaulin Jack.

He came running to the boat to get his reward by unloading it for Mona, but when he saw the task had already been accomplished by Jim and Seth, he turned on the latter in a raging temper.

Seth stepped up to him with a quiet smile, but before he could say anything, Jim pushed him on one side.

Hallibar's face was black with rage. One of his worst faults had always been an uncontrollable temper, and it had got complete possession of him now.

"You clear out, or I'll smash you!" he shouted to Tarpaulin.

The fisherman stepped back involuntarily as Hallibar advanced towards him, his huge fists clenched and his aggressive jaw stuck out. But a jeering laugh from the fishermen who had gathered round told him he would have to fight.

Ever since Seth and Jim had gone minesweeping, Tarpaulin Jack had been the bully of the village, and, to give him credit, he was no coward. He saw now that if he wished to maintain a semblance of the reputation he had made for himself, he must accept Hallibar's challenge.

Wasting no time in words, he struck out at Hallibar. The latter did not even attempt to dodge the blow, but took it on his neck as he closed with his opponent. The fight—it fight it could be called—lasted but a few minutes. Against Hallibar's tremendous strength, Tarpaulin had nothing to pit except a strength much inferior; for he had no science in wrestling or boxing.

Having battered his man into a state of semi-insensibility, Hallibar dragged him by sheer strength into the water and thrust his head under the surf. His blind rage had completely got the better of him, and he meant to kill the man who had defied him. He would undoubtedly have done so had not Seth, obeying Mona's frightened call of "Stop it, Seth! Jim will kill him!" rushed up and pulled Jim off.

He succeeded in doing this, but as soon as he was on the beach, Jim rushed at Salty and knocked him down. Then, catching hold of Tarpaulin in one hand and Salty in the other, he shouted, like a madman:

"You two big hulkers quarrelled as to which of you should carry up Miss Mona's catch, and you'll carry it between you, or I'll give you another lesson!"

Banging their heads together, he released them, and the two vanquished rivals meekly picked up the catch and proceeded to take it to Mona's cottage.

Hallibar loaded himself with the nets, and then looked up to see where Mona was. To his chagrin, he saw she was walking away on the arm of Seth Malden.

A suppressed chuckle from some of the fishermen did not improve Jim's temper, but though he wheeled quickly, he could not catch the one who was laughing at his discomfiture.

From the moment that Jim Hallibar saw Mona Jennifer walking off on the arm of Seth Malden, Hallibar's jealousy completely swamped his life-long friendship for his chum.

He could see that Mona preferred Seth, but he was not sportsman enough to accept his defeat.

Instead, he spent his days planning how he could get the better of his rival by any means—underhand, if necessary—and marry Mona.

The Challenge.

THE annual athletic tournament put an idea into his head. By virtue of his great strength, Hallibar was regarded as the champion wrestler of the village, and when he learned that Seth had entered for the competition, he went up to the organiser and issued a challenge to meet the winner, feeling certain it would be Seth. In this way, he took an unfair advantage of his one-time chum; for Seth would have to take a lot out of himself wrestling his way to the final, whereas he—Jim—would be quite fresh when he was called upon to meet him.

Ever since the incident on the beach, the two men had continued to share the same cabin, and to all intents, Hallibar was the same as he always had been.

Seth, one of the most open of men, never suspected that Jim was working against him in an underhand way.

He knew Jim was his rival, but he thought that when it came to the question as to who was to win Mona, the girl herself would decide, and that if Jim lost her, he would take his defeat as he himself would do. Therefore, he was more than surprised when one night, just before the tournament, Jim came to him with a proposition that if they met in the wrestling match, it should decide who should have the privilege of proposing to Mona. Jim's proposition was that the man who lost should relinquish his claim and give the other an open field.

The proposition did not strike Seth as being at all satisfactory.

"I don't think Mona would care to know about this sort of arrangement, Jim," he said. "I am quite aware that you love her, and that you wish to win her as much as I do; but do you think it is fair that the matter should be decided in a wrestling match between us? Why not let Mona choose between us? I give you my word that if she accepts you, I will be the first man to congratulate you, and I should expect you to do the same if I happened to be the lucky one."

"You mean to say you're afraid?" sneered Hallibar.

Seth's jaw snapped and his eyes lighted up dangerously, but he kept his temper.

"Nobody knows better than you, Jim Hallibar, that that is a lie," he said quietly.

"As you will. I accept your challenge, with the restriction that neither the winner nor the loser ever tells Mona the real reason of the match."

"That's a bet," said Jim, holding out his hand.

Jim shook and then went out for a walk along the beach.

The Day of the Tournament.

THE day of the tournament came round, and Seth easily wrestled his way to the final. He won this, but he had a pretty tough struggle. Then the referee ordered an interval, so that Seth should have time to recover from his exertions.

As Seth was walking away to rest, Gilks, the village organist, who had charge of the sports, told him that Admiral Ralston wished to speak to him. Seth looked up and saw the admiral smiling at him. By his side was a remarkably pretty girl, and, after the admiral had congratulated him on winning the competition, he introduced Seth to the girl as his niece, Violet Selwyn.

"You're one of the principals in the great event of the day, I understand," said Miss Selwyn to Seth.

"You mean my match with my chum, Jim Hallibar?" said Seth. "Oh, it's purely a friendly bout! Jim is the local champion, you know, and he offered to wrestle the winner of the competition. I don't suppose I shall have much of a chance, but I mean to try all I know."

"And I feel certain you will win," said Miss Selwyn, smiling at the handsome sailor.

Seth thanked her, and, as he turned away, he caught sight of Mona. The girl's face was contracted into an ugly frown, and he could see she was jealous.

He was about to go to her, when the referee called him and Jim Hallibar to explain the conditions of the match, and Seth had no opportunity of speaking to Mona before the contest.

When the two men faced each other, it was plain to be seen that all the natural advantages rested with Jim Hallibar. He was bigger and stronger, but the first minute's wrestling showed that Seth was the cleverer. Time after time, he wriggled out of the holds Jim put on him, but at last Jim got a vice-like grip which could not be shaken off, and he threw Seth heavily, winning the first fall.

During the interval, Seth went straight to Mona. Now that the man she loved was in danger of defeat, Mona forgot her jealousy of Miss Selwyn.

"I do hope you win, Seth!" she said; and her eyes told more than the spoken wish.

"I mean to have a good try," said Seth modestly. "If I can get the next fall, I think I shall have a chance."

The second bout provided one of the toughest struggles ever seen in Torsea. Time and time again it looked as if Seth must be thrown, but his cleverness was more than a match for Jim's superior strength; and, amid tremendous excitement, Seth at last got a leg and arm hold, and put Jim flat on his back.

The last bout was even more exciting. Jim's strength was now on the wane, and Seth did as much attacking as his heavier rival.

Once Jim caught Seth by the waist, and, exerting all his strength, whirled him round and round as though he had been an infant, ending up by throwing him heavily. But Seth was on his feet like a cat, and, rushing in before Jim could collect himself, he again attacked. Jim got another terrible hold, but once again Seth wriggled clear, and, again rushing in, he put Jim to the ground with a swinging hip throw, and, pouncing on him before he could recover, he put him on his back and won the match.

The cheers that greeted the result showed that Seth's victory was very popular, but Jim took his defeat with very bad grace, and it was only with great reluctance that he shook hands with his conqueror.

Seth was rushing towards Mona, when the admiral called him, and insisted that he should come to tea with him and his niece. Seth would much sooner have gone to tea with Mona, but he did not care to offend the admiral: so, thinking Mona would understand, he accepted the invitation.

A Lover's Quarrel.

THAT was the beginning of an estrangement between the lovers. Mona began to avoid Seth, and was invariably cool when he came to her father's cottage.

Matters went on in this fashion till the admiral got Seth an appointment as chief officer on a transport bound for Salonica. Seth got the admiral's letter offering him the berth and ordering him to go by the early morning train to London to join the ship. There was barely time for him to pack his kit and catch the train. He would not be able to see Mona to say good-bye, and in his dilemma he asked Jim to take a note to the girl in which he explained

(Continued on page 18.)

TOM SANTSCHI.

The Star with the Compelling Eyes Which Have Conquered Many Wild Animals.

IT seems very strange to talk of Tom Santschi as a "veteran" when he is still in vigorous young manhood, and yet he is a "veteran" where films are concerned, for he commenced his motion picture career in 1906 when they were very much in their infancy.

Like many other film actors, Santschi acted on the legitimate stage before he felt the call of the "Silver Screen."

Exciting Adventures with Wild Animals.

HIS first engagement was with the Selig Film Company and he had many exciting adventures in those days.

He had a wonderful power over wild animals and he handled as many as twenty-two ferocious beasts at one time. He acted with Kathlyn Williams, and they had two very narrow escapes from death, but he brought Miss Williams and himself quite safely through very many adventurous stunts.

Asked if he would like to go back to this type of film, Tom Santschi replied: "The fact is, I have not the courage to do that. I have not been with animals for four years. One must work with them day after day, be very alert and quick-muscled. If I would return now, they'd probably make short work of me."

Films in Which You May Have Seen Him.

HE appeared in Goldwyn pictures with Geraldine Farrar, two of which were "Shadows" and "The Stronger Vow"; and he was the featured player in the Goldwyn version of Rex Beach's "The North Wind's Malice." Other photo-plays in which he has appeared are "Hugon the Mighty," a Universal film, and "The Garden of Allah," "The Still Alarm," "The City of Purple Dreams," "The Crisis," "Little Orphant Annie," "Hugon the Mighty," and "Her Kingdom of Dreams."

Tom's part in the latter film called for great versatility. First he is bearded, dirty and unkempt, and later he is well groomed and immaculate.

Tom Signs Up With Pathe.

SANTSCHI is to appear for Pathé in a series of fifteen two-reelers of the Western type, the first of which is to be "Beyond the Trail." This is a fine film, and gives Tom play for strength of character as well as muscle. It is a story of strong filial affection, tenderness, and dawning love.

There is no film player more capable of acting Western roles than Tom Santschi. He has been featured in so many characterizations that require great strength and ability, and he set a standard for strong-man roles in Rex Beach's "The Spoilers," in which he had a great fight with William Farnum.

His Forceful Eyes.

HE is a fine specimen of manhood, standing two inches over six feet. He has thick, wavy hair and blue eyes that look out fearlessly upon the world, and give one the impression of quiet force—the eyes of a man who has trained many wild and ferocious beasts.

He was born in Lucerne, Switzerland, but while still very young went to America.







TOM SANTSCHI appreciates the time when he can leave the cinema studio and get to his home, which he loves. Here you see him after he has shed his coat and in his shirt sleeves has gone out to feed his fowls. He reads at home, studies his part thoroughly, and practises athletic stunts in order to be always in perfect physical trim.



Tom Santschi is fond of motoring, and likes to do his own repairs.



Tom Santschi and Geraldine Farrar in a thrilling scene in "Shadows."

"The Man Who Forgot." (*Continued from page 16.*)

the circumstances of his hurried departure. In this letter he asked Mona to wait for him till he returned from Salonica.

Jim Hallibar never delivered that note. But he did show Mona a snapshot Seth had sent him. It had been taken by an officer on the transport and showed Seth standing by the side of Viola Selwyn.

Mona Jennifer was very proud. She could not understand why, if Seth Malden loved her as he professed, he had left her without saying good-bye or even leaving a note. And when she saw the snapshot the fears that had been gnawing at her heart ever since the day Seth went to tea with the admiral's niece took definite shape. Seth had deserted her for Viola Selwyn.

Then her pride turned the love she had had for Seth Malden into hate. She did not wish to see him or hear of him again.

Had she but known it, while she was casting Seth Malden out of her heart, he was lying delirious in hospital in Salonica, so ill that for weeks he hovered on the brink of death.

But knowing nothing of these things Mona felt she had been cruelly treated, and while she was in that state of mind she found some consolation for her wounded pride in the protestations of love that Jim Hallibar was for ever pouring into her ears. In the end she married him.

As she stood at the altar of the little church Mona realised that there was no love in her heart for Jim like the love she would have given to Seth, but the thought only made her more determined to do her duty by the man she had married.

In the months that followed, Mona, though not really happy, found a quiet content, and it was quite possible that content might have gradually merged into happiness as the years went by. But one day Admiral Ralston returned to the village, and he stopped her.

"Well, and how are you, and how is my young friend, Seth Malden?" said Admiral Ralston.

"I should have thought that you would have known how Mr. Malden is, as by this time he must be married to your niece," replied Mona coldly.

"Married to my niece?" exclaimed the admiral. "Goodness gracious, girl! What do you mean? My niece is married to an officer in the Navy. She was engaged to him when we were down here before."

Mona felt an icy dread stealing round her heart. Something told her that Jim had deceived her, and when the admiral had explained the snapshot and other things and assured her that Viola Selwyn had merely taken a friendly interest in Seth, she knew that her happiness had been filched from her by a lie.

In a furious passion she went to her cottage and taxed Jim with his deceit. He could not deny it, but he pleaded that it was because of the great love he had for her that he had deceived her.

"I felt that I couldn't live without you, Mona," he said simply.

"Well, you'll have to live without me from now and to the end of time," replied Mona, her voice rising and her cheeks aflame. "Do you think I could live with a man who had won me by a lie? A man that betrayed his chum?"

The contempt in her voice aroused all that was evil in Jim Hallibar's nature. With a smothered cry he sprang towards her, but Mona whipped up a knife that was lying on the table.

"If you attempt to touch me, Jim Hallibar, I will kill you!" she said quietly. "I'm going straight back to my father, and I never wish to see you again!"

Without a word Hallibar slunk out of the cottage. A few days later he joined a mine-sweeper and on her first voyage she was sunk by a German "U" boat, and the Admiralty report was that all hands were either killed or drowned.

Seth Comes Back.

MONA lived on with her father and once more took out his fishing boat to wrest a living from the sea. But once again the calm current of her life was disturbed. This time, by the arrival of Seth Malden, back from Salonica and invalided out of the service. Mona felt that in justice to Seth she must tell him how she had come to marry Jim Hallibar, and when Seth had heard all, and told Mona of Jim's treachery in not delivering his letter, he took the girl in his arms.

"The best thing we can do, Mona, is to forget the past. Jim is dead and we ought to try to forgive him. Let us take up our life again just as it was before there came this terrible misunderstanding."

And Mona, crying softly on his shoulder, knew that happiness had come at last. In the two years that followed Mona lived in a world of sunshine that was never darkened by a cloud. She and Seth were married and the proud parents of a boy that was the living image of Seth.

Then once again Fate intervened in Mona's life. Jim Hallibar returned to Torsea. He came in company with Salty Felton, who had found him in a South American port. Jim had been picked up by an Argentine tramp steamer, floating on a grating which he had grabbed as the mine-sweeper sank under his feet. He had received a blow on the head that had caused him to lose his memory, and he had been called by those who rescued him, "The Man who Forgot."

When Salty Felton found him, Jim did not recognise him. He listened while the Torsea fishermen told him who he really was, and that he had a wife in England, and after much persuading, he decided to come home. Salty Felton's action in bringing back the man everybody thought dead was not actuated by any high motive, but by a desire to revenge himself on Seth Malden because he had married Mona and was happy. It was Salty who arranged that Jim should meet Mona and Seth as the two were coming up from the beach.

"Here's your wife, Jim, and the man she married, thinking you were dead," he said brutally. But if he expected any sensational climax to his mean revenge he was disappointed.

Jim stared at Mona and Seth and then muttered irritably:

"I don't know these people. I have never met them before. I don't know why you have dragged me back here. I was very happy in South America." Then, without even another glance at Mona and Seth, Jim walked away.

Salty was furious at the failure of the scheme he had planned so carefully. He ran after Hallibar and in his endeavour to make Jim remember the past he gave his own miserable scheme of revenge away and showed that it was not for Jim's happiness, but for his own hatred of Seth Malden, that he had brought Hallibar from South America. Gradually the truth fixed itself in Jim's brain. He turned on Salty with fury in his eyes.

(*Continued on page 23.*)

"BRENDA OF THE BARGE."

A FINE HARMA PHOTO-PLAY.



"Brenda of the Barge"—a new Harma film—is a human story with a happy blending of pathos and humour. The cast is a fine one, including JAMES KNIGHT, as Jim; MARJORIE VILLIS, as Brenda; TOM COVENTRY, as the Bargee; and BLANCHE STANLEY, as his wife. In the top picture we see little DELPHINE LEWIS who is only five years old, and takes the part of the dying child of the bargee and his wife. The left-hand picture shows Brenda bathing Jim's black eye; while in the other picture, we see the bargee discovering the child which his wife has kidnapped to replace the little one she has lost.

BEGIN THIS LIFE STORY TO-DAY.

"SISTERS THREE" The LIFE STORY of the TALMADGE SISTERS





EXCLUSIVE TO THE "PICTURE SHOW."

FOR the first time the romantic life story of Norma, Natalie, and Constance Talmadge has been written, and will appear exclusively in the "Picture Show." The early struggles of these girls, before they were stars, make most fascinating reading, especially as they have recently visited Great Britain. THE EDITOR.

Read This First.

A WEE little mite gave a rendering of "Sunshine in Paradise Alley" one afternoon at a seaside hotel. The singing was out of tune, but, nevertheless, sweet. This was the debut in public of Norma Talmadge.

Years after, when she and her two sisters, Natalie and Constance, were schoolchildren, the three girls gave a performance for their mother, Peg, and some friends, of a small play. Norma's acting was so remarkable that her audience predicted a brilliant future for her. And they were not far wrong!

When Norma was nearly fifteen she applied at the Vitagraph Studio, and was taken on as an "extra."

After a year at the studio, in which time she got very disheartened, Norma was given a chance. She gave a wonderful rehearsal of her part before her sister Constance.

Norma Makes Good.

AFTER the bedroom rehearsal with Constance as her only audience, Norma slept well. The next morning she went to the studio as usual. She was feeling nervous and yet hopeful.

Young as she was, she had the true artist's secret confidence in her own powers. Deep down in her heart, she felt that, given her chance, she could make good.

And now her chance had come. She had a real part.

But there was always the risk of failure. Something might go wrong. A thousand and one things might happen to prevent her from making just the impression she wanted to make, and which she knew she could make if all went well.

So she was anxious and conscious of a certain mental strain as she entered the studio.

She was quite at home there now, and had many friends, but she was still looked upon as a beginner, just one in the crowd.

To-day she conversed little with her associates, but stood apart, pre-occupied with her own thoughts.

She had to wait some time, for the big scene of the play was being taken first, and in this she did not appear. The scene gave some trouble. For some reason or other the lady who took the leading part was in a bad humour and nothing went right. The scene was taken over and over again, and the producer was almost driven to despair.

"Now, Miss Talmadge!"

Norma was startled by the sudden mention of her name. Mr. Wilmore's voice was unusually sharp.

The morning had been a trying one to him, and he was irritated.

The studio hands were already busy arranging the stage properties for the next episode.

"You understand what you've got to do, my child?" said Mr. Wilmore, a little wearily. "You sit on that seat. You have just discovered that your lover is unworthy. You are despondent and miserable. Please don't smile. Do try to look miserable. Then your lover appears. Now this is important. When you first see him, you are not to be joyful and you are not to be angry. That comes later. At first you are simply agitated. That gives him time to make love. You don't resist him—not at first—you just endure it. Then he produces the ring. That's your cue. You fire up and turn him down. The part is a bit mature for you, but do your best."

Owing probably to the fact that he was tired there was a dreary note of hopelessness in his voice. Clearly he did not expect much of the little actress. If she did just well enough to pass, and did not make the scene absolutely ridiculous, it was as much as he hoped for.

Norma flushed. She was stung by the note in the speaker's voice, and if she needed any further stimulant to do her best she had it now.

With an effort of will she forgot everything but the part she was to play. The glare of the calcium light, the commonplace surroundings of the studio simply ceased to be as far as she was concerned.

She became the young girl in the play thinking of the man who had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The man who had won her love and then proved unworthy.

She sat on the garden seat, painted to look like marble, and waited. With mournful, yearning eyes she gazed at the camera. Utter misery was depicted on her beautiful expressive face.

Then suddenly her expression changed, and she gave a quick turn of her head. The unworthy lover was approaching.

Then he appeared. He was a clever actor, though his name is now forgotten, and he played his part well. He had to represent a man with a double personality. In the grim fight for dollars he was hard, cruel, and relentless; but when he turned his back on his office he was gay, irresponsible, and light-hearted, the ideal hero of a simple country maiden.

It was in this second personality that he now appeared.

When she saw him Norma's first impulse was to welcome him, as of old. For a moment she was carried away by the charm of the man who had won her heart, and she almost forgot that other man she had seen in the office.

All this the little actress contrived to convey.

Then the man made love, and the girl seemed more and more unable to resist the fascination of his personality.

At last the moment came when the man took her hand and produced the ring.

For a moment Norma stared at it. Then she looked away and gazed at the camera. But it was not the camera she saw. The thing she saw was a face distorted by greed and cruelty.

With a cry she snatched her hand away, and staggered back, and into her wonderful face came that look of horror, loathing, and disgust.

It was so marvellously realistic and betrayed so truthfully the deepest emotions of the woman's soul, that someone looking on gave a gasping cry of astonishment.

Then came Mr. Wilmore's voice no longer languid and weary, but tense with excitement.

"Good! Hold it!"

Then the whirr of the camera ceased and Norma knew that the scene was over.

She awoke as from a dream, and looked about her, wondering if she had failed.

The first thing she realised was that someone was shaking her hand with extraordinary heartiness.

It was Mr. Wilmore himself.

"My dear child, that was great. If you go on like this, you will be the Sarah Bernhardt of the screen!" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

Norma's eyes shone with happiness.

"You—you think I shall be able to take real parts?" she asked eagerly.

The producer laughed.

"I think, my child, in a very little while you will be choosing your own parts, and if you don't make one of the biggest successes in the business, then all my experience goes for nothing."

From that day Norma Talmadge never looked back.

The Commencement of Constance's Career.

"SAY, Norma, may I come to the studio with you to-day?"

Little Constance asked the question with assumed carelessness, but her bright eyes betrayed her eagerness as she looked up at her brilliant sister.

The three Talmadge girls were always devoted to one another from their earliest days, and the bond of affection has never been loosened, but in Constance's attitude towards Norma there is also something of reverence, something of hero-worship.

This remains to the present day. If you go to interview Constance she talks about Norma.

"Isn't she wonderful?" she will exclaim with her pretty face aglow.

In early days, of course, this attitude was even more marked. Norma had achieved, if not fame, an assured position and a handsome salary before Constance left school.

She was talked about; she received scores of letters from unknown admirers, and even exhibitors in far-away England began to be clamorous for more of her pictures.

This seemed very wonderful indeed to Connie, and filled her with awe.

Thus, in spite of her self-confidence and that delightful cheekiness which has always been her chief characteristic, she was secretly a little nervous when she asked permission to accompany her sister to the studio.

Norma, however, replied with a hearty assent.

"Sure! Why not?"

"You don't think they'll mind me butting in?"

"Not a bit. They let me do as I like now."

This was true. By this time Norma was a very privileged young person indeed at the Vitagraph studios.

So the two sisters went together, and Constance was so delighted by the experience that she made a habit of going whenever she had the chance.

Perhaps even then deep down in her heart she nourished the ambition of following in Norma's footsteps, but she certainly never dreamed of the dramatic leap to fame she was destined to make.

One day she came home very excited and dropped five dollars into her mother's lap.

Mrs. Talmadge opened her eyes.

"Who gave you this, child?" she demanded.

Constance drew herself up to her full height, and replied with a careless flourish of her hand:

"I earned it!"

She had, in fact, been given a small "bit" in one of the productions, and the five dollars was her reward.

From this time Constance attended the studio regularly, and she was frequently given occasional "bits" to play.

The opportunities for distinguishing herself were not great, and the remuneration was decidedly small, but Constance was of a sanguine disposition, and now that she had made a start she was quite sure that nothing would be able to prevent her from mounting the other rungs of the ladder leading to fame and fortune.

And indeed a certain measure of success came to her quickly. Before long she was taken on as a member of the regular Vitagraph Stock Company.

She was only given very minor parts, however, and at times she wondered a little anxiously if the day would ever come when she would be given a chance in something big.

Meanwhile Norma was becoming a star. In those days, before the war, the Vitagraph was one of the best sellers abroad. It was said at the time that the European sales paid all the studio expenses and other incidentals, so that the American output was clear profit. For this reason the Vitagraph people were more interested in European opinion than was the case with many of their rivals.

One day as Norma was leaving the studio she was stopped by the business manager.

"Excuse me, Miss Talmadge," he asked, "but you have a pretty big mail, haven't you?"

The young actress nodded, smiling.

"Yes, I can't find time to answer half my letters, and it seems such a shame when people are so kind as to write to me. And they say such nice things."

"How many letters have you had this week?"

(Continued on page 20.)

"SISTERS THREE."

(Continued from page 19.)

"One hundred and forty-two."

"From strangers?"

"Yes."

"Any from abroad?"

"More than half of them are British."

"That's interesting. We are getting known, Miss Talmadge. There's no doubt the Britishers like the Vitagraph stories."

"I think they like me a little," said Norma, smiling.

To-day Norma Talmadge receives an average of 2,000 letters a week from her unknown admirers in all parts of the world.

A large proportion of these are from young women who have been fascinated by her personality, and by her skill in portraying the emotional soul of youth upon the screen.

She confesses they are a great joy to her and an incentive to do her best.

"I get real happiness and inspiration from the letters which girls write to me," she said recently. For the actress on the speaking stage there are curtain-calls and sustained applause to encourage her and let her know when her work is at its best, but in the studio there is no applause. These letters from unknown admirers take the place of that."

It was shortly after this that an event happened that caused something like a sensation in the film world of America. Incidentally it was destined to influence very powerfully the lives of the Talmadges.

A firm called the Triangle, with the now famous D. W. Griffith at its head, was organised. A number of prominent stars were engaged at salaries which were then considered enormous.

Mr. Griffith was one of the first to realise that personality counts for even more on the screen than it does on the stage, and he was ready to pay a high figure to any artist possessed of that priceless gift.

One day he strolled into a picture house in New York and saw Norma Talmadge on the screen. The title of the picture was "A Neighbouring Princess," and judged by modern standards, it was not a particularly brilliant production. Mr. Griffith, however, sat it through, and he was interested.

That night he wrote a letter, and the next day that letter fell like a bombshell in the home of the Talmadges.

Norma read it and then stared at it incredulously for a good half minute. Finally she took it to her mother.

"Peg," she said, "what do you think of that?"

Mrs. Talmadge took the letter and read it through twice. It was a brief note, containing an offer to Miss Talmadge to join the Triangle and naming a salary which was so big that it didn't look real.

Mrs. Talmadge put down the letter, rose to her feet, and proceeded to hurry from the room.

"Where are you going, Peg?" asked Norma in surprise.

"Why, to see about packing, of course, my dear. It's a long journey, and we shall want a lot of things."

"Then you think it's all right?"

"Of course it's all right."

"You don't think there's any mistake in the figures? It's—it's an awful lot of money."

Mrs. Talmadge surveyed her handsome daughter with a look of motherly pride.

"Not more than you are worth, my darling. This simply means that they have found you out. Poor Constance will have to give up her work. But never mind. Maybe she will get another start out West—you never know."

"If I accept the offer it will only be on condition that they consent to give Connie a trial too," said Norma loyally.

Natalie.

THE one member of the Talmadge family who left Brooklyn with regret was Natalie.

Natalie is often spoken of as the youngest of the Talmadge girls, but this is not so. As a matter of fact she is a year older than Constance.

This seems an appropriate place to give the actual birthdays of the three sisters. Norma was born at Niagara Falls on May 2, 1897, and is therefore now in her 24th year.

Natalie was born at Brooklyn on April 29, 1899, and is thus in her 22nd year.

Constance was also born at Brooklyn, and her birthday is also in April—the 19th, and the year 1900. She is thus in her 21st year.

Natalie was always very proud of her pretty sisters, but for a long time she felt no desire to follow in their footsteps. At her mother's suggestion she went to the Vitagraph Studios, and on rare occasions she was given "bits" to play, but the work did not appeal to her.

"It is no use, Peg," she said one day, "it is not my line. Two movie actresses in the family are enough. I'm not pretty and I'm not clever ——"

Nonsense!" interposed Mrs. Talmadge. "You are the cleverest of all my daughters. You could learn anything you wanted to learn. But if the screen does not appeal to you, then you had better leave it alone. The great thing is to be interested in your work whatever it is. But you must take up something and make yourself self-supporting. You won't be happy otherwise."

Natalie acted promptly on her mother's suggestion, and began to study book-keeping, shorthand, and typewriting.

She soon became proficient, and she was doing quite well in a modest way when the family had to leave Brooklyn and journey West.

She wondered what the new life held for her, and she was not very hopeful. She was a thoughtful, serious-minded little girl, fond of study, and perhaps she was just a little afraid of life. She loved her brilliant sisters, and gloried in their successes, but she knew that Nature had not provided her with the gifts which had been so bountifully bestowed upon them, and her own very real and solid gifts she was too modest to value at their true worth.

As it turned out the journey proved a great event, a great step forward, in the lives of all the girls.

To Norma it meant the beginning of fame. She was already a film favourite with an assured position, but now she became a star.

To Constance it meant that she was to get her first great chance and the opportunity of making a great personal hit in one of the finest productions that have ever been filmed.

And to Natalie it meant a fuller and more interesting life with plenty of work, which it was a delight to do and which brought her a crowd of new and congenial friends.

With this chapter we come to the end of the first phase of the wonderful careers of the Talmadges.

Next week we enter upon the second phase, which is one long record of dazzling success.

(Continued next week.)

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Falling Hair—Its Cause—Some Reliable Shampoos—The Importance of Careful Drying—The Picture Girl's Ribbon Hat.

IT is quite a usual thing nowadays to hear cries from girls about the ill-health of their hair. They complain that it is falling out, or that it has become dull and lifeless, and very hard to do up nicely for all the parties and dances that crop up at this time of the year. True it is that the sunlight and various elements with which the hair has come in contact during the holiday months have not improved its texture; therefore, a little careful attention will be essential just now.

Look to Your Health.

THE variation in the quality, quantity, and texture of the hair is largely due to the health of the individual; persons of nervous temperaments usually have less abundant and less glossy hair than those of more robust and sanguine dispositions. Mental trouble, late hours with an insufficient amount of sleep will frequently cause the hair to fall out and become thin. Of course, it is absurd to tell a girl not to worry, for she may have cause to do so, but late hours can be avoided, and every girl should see to it that she gets her full proportion of sleep.

Tips From a Star.

JUANITA HANSEN, who, as you know, has a wealth of wonderful blonde hair, says that regular care must be given to the hair if it is to be kept nice. Here are her suggestions for keeping the hair strong and healthy:

"It is a great mistake to wash the hair too frequently—such a practice tends to make it both dry and brittle. However, it should not be forgotten that cleanliness goes far towards keeping the hair and scalp in a healthy state.

"There are many preparations on the market for shampooing the hair, yet I believe in making my own shampoos, for I do then know the composition of the mixture. Here is a recipe for oily hair: Dissolve some soft soap in hot water, and to this add a pinch of borax and a few drops of pure ammonia. In this wash the hair.

"An egg shampoo is excellent for dry hair, although it is a little expensive in these days of high prices. Still, it preserves the hair, so it is worth the outlay.

"Beat a fresh egg to a froth, adding an equal amount of lukewarm water. Rub this mixture into the scalp just as you would an ordinary shampoo, and afterwards carefully rinse with tepid water. This shampoo will cleanse the scalp thoroughly, nourish the roots of the hair, and will not clog the pores.

Take Care With the Drying.

"AFTER washing, the hair should always be thoroughly and carefully dried with a rough towel, but not with a fluffy one, as the fluff is apt to come off and get entangled with the hair.

"Of course, my hair is short, so I do not have much difficulty with the drying, but I have heard of girls putting their hair in the oven to dry, when it is very long. If they only knew the harm of such a practice—as well as the danger—I am sure they would not do such a silly thing. The dry heat of the oven is not good for the hair, and in time takes the colour out of it. The very best method of drying is to use fans—or rather, to get someone else to fan your hair for you. The current of air will dry it quickly. However, if you are compelled to dry it yourself, and wish to dry it quickly, do this with warm towels. These can be heated continuously in the oven, and the head dried with a circular, rough movement."



A useful and becoming little "pull-on" hat of ribbon for wear on winter days. No. 28,331.

The Picture Girl's Winter Hat.

THE big hat is truly becoming, but it is rather "in the way" when worn with the big coat, the collar of which muffles well up into the neck for the sake of warmth. The small "pull-on" shape, therefore, is, without doubt, the most comfortable, and most charming of all of this type is the hat of ribbon. The Picture Girl possesses a delightful little affair composed entirely of powder-blue ribbon, that turns up from the face. A jaunty little bow of the ribbon placed at one side of the hat adds a touch of piquancy to the chic little affair.

You can obtain patterns of this hat for one shilling (P.O. to be made payable to the PICTURE SHOW) from PICTURE SHOW, Pattern Dept., 291A, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

A DRESSER.





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"The Way of a Maid with a Man"—a charming study of VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

FREE Next Week!

"Say Yes!"—a beautiful picture of CHARLES RAY and SEENA OWEN.

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EVERYONE is talking about the huge success of **"Girls' Cinema"** and the lovely COLOURED Plates this splendid new companion paper of ours is giving away. Everyone likes the paper and everyone agrees that the plates are the finest they have ever seen. The two latest are shown above—one is given free TO-DAY—the other next week. Make sure of them both. This week's **"Girls' Cinema"** is full of good things and includes:—

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The story of Mary Pickford's newest and most famous film.

"Shown Up By Her Family"
The story of a girl's fight to "better herself." An unusual tale you are sure to like.

"Madcap Mabel"
Mabel Normand's own story of her rollicking schooldays.

Life Stories of Violet Hopson & Stewart Rome

Norma Talmadge's own page—The "Glad Rag" Page by *Gregory Scott*—*Violet Hopson's* Own Dress page—*Priscilla Dean's* Beauty Hints—The Love Affairs of *Kathleen Clifford*—Fate and Your Future—a splendid short story, entitled: "Over The Garden Wall"—and many other good things. Do not miss this grand new paper. ORDER a copy TO-DAY!

"Who's Who In Filmland."

£250 IN CASH PRIZES

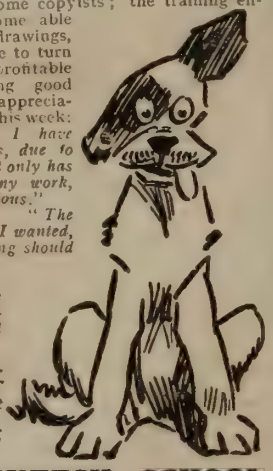
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Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

REAL LIFE STORIES.

ACCORDING to an announcement made a short time ago, it was stated that an American film company had decided on an entirely new departure from the ordinary type of motion pictures. Instead of depending on fiction, the company had selected the principal characters from people in every station of life, and such incidents from their past as would prove interesting were to be woven into plays for picturization on the screen. So far, none of these real life stories for the films have been shown in this country, though possibly they may be brought over here in time, if such indeed is the intention.

I am reminded of them, however, by some of the letters I have received. These have come from readers who neither desire the usual information nor wish to get on the films themselves. But all of them feel that their past lives are unpublished documents which would bear interesting telling on the silver sheet. Unfortunately, this is a matter on which I am not able to advise, since the criticism and placing of scenarios with likely producers is not within my province. But the curious point concerning these proposals is that the readers who think their lives would make good filming, have all had some great sorrow, and, therefore, sufficiently pathetic to be of interest to others. This, however, is where one is apt to err. Most people feel that they have something in their lives which would be of peculiar interest to their fellow-beings. It is a pardonable kind of vanity, and in certain cases there happens to be sufficient reason to justify publicity. But sorrow as a subject for entertainment would not take.

In the case of the American film company, which hopes to exploit a new avenue in film plays, the real life stories to be selected for the screen will only be those teeming with excitement and actual adventures. How far they will be successful with the public it is too early to predict. As a new feature, they will probably arouse a certain amount of interest even if they do not, as is more than likely, attain to the same height of popularity as plays based largely on imagination.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

M. A. (Perak).—Thanks for your appreciation. I am glad to hear this paper sells the best in your distant part of the world. The Triangle film you saw was filmed in America, and the Arctic scenes in it were all cleverly "made to order." See the results of our voting competition in the issue for July 3rd, from which you will learn whom our readers consider to be the most beautiful actress, etc.

VIVIENNE JANE (East Twickenham).—So you have given yourself a new nom-de-plume this time. No, I don't mind, of course. You like change, and the kind I prefer is all silver. Eugene O'Brien is not over 6ft. I believe it is his real name. Just three of his films are: "The Perfect Lover," "Sealed Hearts," and "The Broken Melody." No, Marguerite Clayton and Ethel Clayton are not related. Charles Ray is twenty-nine. Of the others you mention, Peggy Carlisle is British, but Anita Stewart, Milton Sills, Mildred Davis, and Betty Blythe are all Americans.

PEGGY AND NORA (Huddersfield).—What is the likeness, Nora, you have noticed between Eddy Polo and William Russell? You will have to tell me. Lucille Love is Grace Cunard, and Pearl Grant is Eddy Polo's wife. No, it was not Elsie Ferguson, but Betty Blythe in "Tangled Lives" with Harry Morey.

"WINNIE" (Newcastle).—So you just adore Theda Bara, the "dark-eyed beauty." Thirty is her age, and Cincinnati is the place where she was born. Dark blue eyes and dark brown hair forms her colouring. Ashton Dearholt was the artiste in "Pitfalls of a Big City," and William Scott in "The Forbidden Room."

"DINKY" (Hemsworth).—Yes, you are right about Victoria Forde being Tom Mix's wife, but at the moment I have not heard whether they have any kiddies. So your brother-in-law is an exact double of James Knight. Particulars concerning the latter are: Harma player, born in Canterbury. His height is 5 ft. 10½ in., with brown hair and dark grey eyes. He has played in "The Happy Warrior," "Nature's Gentleman," "Big Money," and several others.

"TONY" (Sheffield).—You are not quite as tall as your two favourites, George Walsh and Charles Hutchison, whose heights are 5 ft. 11 in., and 5 ft. 10 in. respectively. But there is hope for you yet.

"SEASIDER" (Whitley Bay) and "ANXIOUS HELEN" (Camden Town).—Just a little request about Ann Little. Well, here you are. Age, twenty-six, and birthplace Sisson, California. Some of the films in which she has appeared are: "Less Than Kin," "The Squaw Man," "Alias Mike Moran," and "The Roaring Road." She gives her height as 5 ft. 6 in., and her colouring as dark hair and brown eyes.

"TIGER LILY" (Rhondda Valley).—I have not heard of the artiste you mention, but I imagine you must be thinking of Ashton Dearholt. His wife is Helene Rossman, and he was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His eyes and hair are both dark.

"BUTTERCUP" (Plymouth).—You are in love with Creighton Hale's "nice crooked smile"? I like it, too. John Bowers was the hero in "Hulda from Holland," and Marshall Neilan played a similar role in "Rags." Sheldon Lewis was Perry Bennet and the Clutching Hand in "The Exploits of Elaine." Wu Fang in "The Lightning Raider" was Warner Oland.

No. 63011, L.Cpl. A. R. JENKINS, A Coy. 4th K.R.R.C., Balgraith Spinney, Quetta, India, appears for any reading matter which could be sent him so that he and his comrades might pass away the dull hours they experience.

B. R. (Wynberg).—I should not advise you to waste your money on cinema school fees, although I know nothing about the Cape Town concern you mention. Pauline Frederick has been referred to as "the Mrs. Patrick Campbell of the screen," which does not mean, of course, that she is the latter person.

"LITTLE GRUE" (Lytherington).—So you have turned up again with another list! Ruth Clifford is twenty, and Betty Compson is a year younger. Warren Kerrigan is 6 ft. 1 in. Ruth Roland has reddish-brown hair and dark blue eyes.

"VAMPIRE" (Sheffield).—I am glad to have your appreciation, and do not mind your little bit of criticism at all. You say you cannot understand why this paper gives so much attention to British films which "are not worth seeing." Would it surprise you to know that readers are constantly asking for more and more news of our productions? So you see how opinions differ. The photos you want of Theda Bara appeared in the issue for December 13th, and you might write to the publisher for it. She was born in Cincinnatti, Ohio. In "Salome," the others who supported her were: G. Raymond Nye (King Herod), Albert Roscoe (John the Baptist), and Herbert Hayes (Sejanus).

"WELL WISHER" (Hull).—Do you mean "A Square Deal" with Margarita Fisher as the star? If so, the hero was Jack Mower. In "The Eyes of Julia Deep" the hero was Alan Forrest.

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STAR.—You are kindly requested not to ask for any addresses by post, owing to the large number of other queries that have to be answered. If you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, The PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4., and it will be forwarded by the next mail. If the letter weighs more than 1 oz. it will require an additional 1d. stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. Remember always, when writing to artistes, to give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. It must be understood, however, that we cannot guarantee that such letters will be replied to. Please keep these addresses for reference.

MADGE KENNEDY, MILTON SILLS, care of Goldwyn Film Co., Culver City, California, U.S.A.

MARY MILES MINTER, CONSTANCE BINNEY, care of Realart Pictures Corpn., 469, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

RUTH CLIFFORD, care of Frohman Amusement Corporation, The Times Building, New York City, U.S.A.

(More addresses next week.)

"The Man Who Forgot."

(Continued from page 18.)

"I see it all now," he said. "You didn't want to befriend me by bringing me back home to see if the old places would restore my memory, but because you wanted to wreck the happiness of these two people, who, so far as I can make out, did no harm. I have seen some mean skunks in my time, but never one so mean as you! Look after yourself for I mean to give you the hiding of your life."

Jim flung himself on Salty and shook him as a terrier would a rat. Fear gave Salty strength, and he managed to break away. He knew he was no match for Hallibar and as the latter turned he picked up a piece of rock and struck him a cruel blow on the head. Then, leaving the man, he had so foully used as an instrument to wreck his revenge lying senseless on the shore, he ran back to the village.

Jim was found by some fishermen, and in regard for their old friendship Seth had him taken to the cottage they used to share and sent for the best doctor in the district to attend to him.

And while Jim Hallibar was fighting for his life, Mona and Jim were trying to find a way out of the terrible situation that faced them. Mona had gone straight away to her father with her baby, and Seth was lodging in the village.

Seth had consulted a lawyer, but had been told that Mona's marriage with Jim must stand. The last hope taken away from him, Seth Malden decided he must go away. He made over to Mona all he had, and decided to go to Jim Hallibar to say good-bye.

Hallibar had recovered from his injury, and with his recovery had been restored his memory.

"It's a terrible business, this, Seth," said Jim, as his old chum sat down in the cottage where, in the long ago they had lived together in friendship. "I've made a mess of things all my life. I robbed you of Mona with a lie, and I'm sorrier than you can ever know that I did it. I don't expect either of you to forgive me that, but I think you both know that my coming back here this time was not my fault. If I'd have known what I was doing, I would have killed myself first; but my memory had gone and that skunk Salty used me for his own ends."

"It's no use worrying about anything now, Jim," said Seth. "I forgive you everything, and I know this last business was not your fault. But it was only right that you should have come back, Jim. Mona is your wife and nothing can alter that. I'm going off by the first train in the morning and I thought I'd say good-bye first. Here's my hand and all I want to ask you is to be good to Mona."

Jim Hallibar held out his hand, but he did not appear to be listening to Seth's request.

"I want you to promise me something, Seth. Promise me on your solemn oath that you will see Mona before you go. I can't tell you why, but promise."

Seth hesitated and then said:

"I promise, Jim."

The next morning, Seth, carrying his bag, knocked at old Jenniter's cottage. Mona answered the door.

"I didn't want to distress you any more, Mona, but I saw Jim yesterday and he made me swear I would see you before I left."

As he spoke Tarpaulin Jack came running up with a letter which he handed to Mona.

"It's from Jim Hallibar," he said.

Mona opened the letter. It was very brief and stated that he had wished Seth to see her and her baby before he left. There was another letter inside addressed to Seth, which Mona handed to him. Seth turned pale as he read it and then passed it to Mona. The letter read:

"Dear Seth,—This will bring your wife and little 'un back to you. There's no law to prevent you and Mona being man and wife now. I fixed that at sunrise. I've always been to blame, mate.—Your old chum, "JIM."

And when the evening tide came in, bringing with it the body of Jim Hallibar, there was a peaceful smile on the dead man's face which told that in giving his life to bring happiness to those he had wronged, Jim Hallibar had felt no regret.

(Adapted from incidents in the Harma photo-play, by permission.)

ANSWERS

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PICTURE SHOW, November 6th, 1920.

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

"Her Picture For His Watch" BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE, William Farnum & Louise Lovely 16 x 10, INSIDE.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. NOV. 6th, 1920.

No. 80. Vol. 4.

"SNOOKY" LOOKS IN VAIN FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH IN "PICTURE SHOW."



Do you recognise him? "Snooky" is a star in Chester Comedies, but perhaps you do not know him looking so glum: "Snooky" can't find a photograph of himself in his favourite paper. Hence this look of despair. He sent this photograph, so we took the hint.



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Just a little Icilma Cream, *Guaranteed Pre-War Quality*, rubbed into the skin *every day*, that's all. Nothing could be easier—nothing more effective. Thousands of women and girls have proved this—so can you.

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Though a Daisy costs you but one half-penny more than its "cheap" imitators, we pay for its ingredients FIVE TIMES as much. Daisy is really different; for instance, most of the ordinary headache cures are made with acetanilid, but Daisy contains none of that substance. Dr. Wallace's letter makes plain the high importance of this and confirms our claim that Daisy is immensely better value to you.

Doctors Approve Daisy

Daisy alone has received written medical approval—it is everywhere recognised as a pure and harmless preparation which removes the pain absolutely, but has no effect on the system. Read the Physician's letter below and decide in future to take NOTHING but DAISY for headache

Dr. Robertson Wallace writes:

64, Haymarket, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.
Dear Sirs,—Your Daisy Headache Cure merits my compliments, and I am especially pleased to note that you have replaced the depressing ingredient of acetanilid contained by an entirely safer and more certain principle, free from any possibility of causing injury to the system.

I lay great stress both on its efficiency and safety, and compliment you on your commercial courage in placing an unusually costly formula at a reasonable charge at the command of the public.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) ROBERTSON WALLACE, M.B., C.M.

The Height of Happiness

is to be there with ***Sharp's Super-Kreem.*** Where?—anywhere—time and place do not count when you've got Super-Kreem—neither does the weather. Insure yourself against life's little worries by investing regularly in a large tin of Sharp's Super-Kreem — pure, wholesome and delicious.

Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also in ¼, ½ and 1-lb. tins.

You should also try SHARP'S ROYAL NOUGAT.

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SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE *itself*

Keep your boys at Home!

Encourage the happy home-life habit.

IT is up to you as a parent, to cultivate in your own household the desire to remain at home during the long winter evenings. Your children will show no inclination to "wander" if you install a Riley "Home" Billiard Table in the home. Watch their faces as both the boys and girls revel in the enjoyment and excitement a Riley game yields.

And what better relaxation for yourself after the cares and worries of the "daily round and common task."

16/- down and you receive a **RILEY "Home" Billiard Table**

16/- down—and then, whilst you have the table, you pay the balance in 17 consecutive monthly payments.

Send a postal order to-night for 16/-, and you will receive carriage paid to your door (if within 1 mile railway station) the wonderful Riley's "Home" Billiard Table complete with accessories. If after seven days trial you are not satisfied, pack it up, advise Riley's and they will have it removed.



Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining table.

Cash Price, **£13-10-0**, a delightfully convenient size to fit any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins. Other sizes—prices in proportion, **£8-13-0.**

Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Table.

In addition to the "Home" Billiard Tables Riley's have another style—the "Combine" Billiard and Dining Table—really a magnificent piece of furniture, and a perfect billiard table. This size also can be secured on easy payments, spread over 20 months. Cash prices from **£34-10-0.**

Write to-day for Illustrated Price List.

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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 43.—BERNARD DUDLEY.

BERNARD DUDLEY'S smile is proof enough that he is pleased with this issue of the PICTURE SHOW. You'll find a copy in every British studio, any Monday morning you look in. And now British films are coming to the fore, you will find more news of our own British players in this premier paper for picture-goers.

This Week's Pleasant Surprise.

YOU will remember I told you that there was another pleasant surprise for those who look forward to our Art Plates. As soon as you turn to our centre supplement you will know it is here. There are more and more of these beautiful pictures in which the hero and heroine are posed by your favourites in filmland. Will you write and tell me if you like them?

Just a Reminder.

LOVERS of our Art Plates should also remember that the fourth coloured picture is presented with No. 4 of the "Girls' Cinema," out to-morrow. This is entitled "Say Yes," and is a beautiful proposal scene, the hero and heroine being the well-loved film stars, Charles Ray and Seena Owen. These pictures have received such universal praise, I couldn't resist a last reminder to my readers of the PICTURE SHOW to be sure and secure copies for themselves.

The Wonder Man in the "Picture Show."

AS I expect you know, Georges Carpentier, the man who is world famous as a boxer and a perfect type of manhood, has appeared in a film. This film has the fitting title, "The Wonder Man." The story of the film has been secured for the PICTURE SHOW, and will run for two weeks, commencing next Monday.

Every man and woman in the country will be interested in this story, which has a real hero playing the part of a reel hero. It is a story of love, intrigue, and sport. Don't miss it, and tell your friends. They will thank you.

Is This For You?

JAMES KNIGHT tells me some kind reader of the PICTURE SHOW has sent him a tobacco-pouch, but he has no means of ascertaining who the sender is, as all the signature on the little note was "A female reader of the PICTURE SHOW," and there was no address.

Mr. Knight begs me to convey his hearty thanks and appreciation of the gift. So, little lady, who considers James Knight the "best actor in the whole world," Mr. Knight thanks you

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

Music *versus* the Screen.

I SAW Ivor Novello just before he left London for Paris, to see himself as others will see him in Louis Mercanton's film version of "Miarka."

He told me that he does not intend to desert his musical work for the all-conquering films. As you know, his latest song, "Thoughts of You," is being sung with tremendous success by Miss José Collins, in "A Southern Maid," at Daly's theatre, London. Mr. Novello says that it bids fair to rival his now historic "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Gareth Hughes as "Tommy."

I HEAR that Gareth Hughes has been chosen to enact the role of Tommy in the picture version of J. M. Barrie's famous novel, "Sentimental Tommy." Gareth has risen to the forefront of film players in the brief space of twelve months, after making a great impression on the speaking stage. As you know, he is only 21 years old, was born in Wales, went to America as a member of the Welsh Players, and has stayed there ever since.

Raymond Wants to Know.

DO you know that Raymond Hatton, the character actor now appearing in Goldwyn pictures, says that he receives more letters from admirers in England, than from America? Yet Mr. Hatton is an American, and has never been in England. How do you account for this?

Now the Spiritualistic Screen Play.

YOU know there is a wave of public interest in spiritualism now sweeping through the country. Three of the most successful plays in London have this theme, "The Unknown," "The Crossing," and "Mary Rose," so the coming screen version of Robert W. Chambers's novel, "Athalie," is expected to create a sensation, when it is shown over here.

The story centres round a girl, possessed of psychic powers. From her sheltered country home, she becomes a popular and well-known spiritualist. We shall see Sylvia Breamer, Conrad Nigel, and other popular players in this film.



No, not Harold Lloyd, but BRYANT WASHBURN and MARGUERITE LOOMIS in the coming film "The Sins of St. Antony." Glasses do make a difference, don't they?

She Means to be a Pilot.

POPPY WYNDHAM tells me she is busily trying to learn the strictly technical side of flying, for she is determined to pilot a machine on her own account before many more weeks have elapsed.

She admits that the work is both hard and tiring, but she feels that knowledge as to how to pilot a machine is bound to come in useful to her some time in her film work, so she is working with this end in view.

Dangerous Dance Frocks.

LIGHTED gas fires and Hawaiian dance frocks do not take kindly to each other when the gas stove is alight, for, as you know, these hula-hula frocks are made of grass. This was the cause of what was nearly a tragedy at the Metro studios the other day, when one of the dancers who was working with Madame Doraldina, walking past the lighted stove, swished her skirt in the fire, and in an instant was in flames. One of the men immediately grabbed a coat, and threw it around her, smothering the flames before much damage was done.

Needless to say the other Hawaiian dancers, cold as they were in their tropical frocks, kept away from the stove, thinking it better to be cool than burnt.

An Ungentlemanly Ape.

I HEAR that Dorothy Phillips is nursing a bruised head, as the result of being hit by a cocoanut, hurled from the dizzy height of a giant tree, by a large ape. Four members of the ape family were used to give realism to her coming picture, "Men, Women, and Marriage," and it was when Miss Phillips was enacting a most dramatic scene with James Kirkwood that this ungentlemanly ape hurled the nut. Dorothy says that a large picture hat she was wearing probably saved her from more serious injury than she received.

Their Best Parts on the Screen.

IT is not always an asset for a screen player to be "born to the part." For instance, Charles Ray, you must know, was born and reared in a town, yet it is in the "simple country boys" parts that he excels.

While Ward Crane, whom most of you have seen as a dapper city youth, was reared on a farm. The best plays of these respective stars are said to be the ones shortly to be released. Charles Ray in "Peaceful Valley," and Ward Crane, with Anita Stewart, in "Harriet and the Piper."

The Pope on the Film.

MOVING pictures of Pope Benedict the XV. have been secured, after many months of effort to remove the bar against camera-men at the Vatican. These remarkable pictures constitute the first opportunity ever given to view the Supreme Prelate in action, as well as to witness the most sacred ceremonies of the Vatican.

Troubles Never Come Singly.

PEARL WHITE has both of her cars in the repair shop. And the athletic actress put them there herself. She drove one over an embankment to avoid hitting two children. That she did not mind. But when she backed into a ten-ton

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)



LIONEL SCOTT, who has appeared with great success in "The Flag Lieutenant," "David and Jonathan," "The Golden Nib," "The Definite Object," "The Tavern Knight," and is now playing a part in the coming Ideal film version of "The Manchester Man."

truck and smashed her speedster, Miss White was sore. Now she has to travel to and from her work in a hired taxi.

—♦♦—

The Egg-Timer.

MANY famous screen stars can tell of hard times they endured before they won a place in the film world. Bill Hart tells of the time when he lived with a friend in a lodging that was meant only for one, by the simple ruse of going to see his pal late at night, and forgetting to go home.

Another story is told by Tom Moore. He and two friends waged a weekly battle against the expense of living, and a losing battle it was! They had pawned everything marketable except a gold watch. One of the trio would not let this go, because he liked his eggs boiled two and a half minutes exactly in the morning. A second more—or less, spoiled the entire day for him.

His two friends argued that he must let it go, and eventually pointed out that if he did not, there would be no eggs to time. Then came the great idea. Tom suddenly solved the problem.

"We'll pawn the watch," he said. "But before we pawn it, we'll time my pulse. I know it's regular: then we can time your eggs by my pulse!"

The idea was adopted; and Tom relates with a laugh that it was quite successful. Better times have come since then, however. Thank goodness.

—♦♦—

Bessie Love, Authoress.

OF special interest to Bessie Love's admirers is the announcement that she is to publish a series of tales written by herself, known as "Bessie Love's Good Night Stories." These will describe the lives of numerous denizens of the forest, real and fantastic. Notably among them are the Little Blind Squirrel, the Jazzo Bird, the Whoposopolis, the Grasshopper, and the Whipplelita. The stories were written essentially for children, but will appeal to grown-ups as well.

Have you seen Bessie yet in "Over the Garden Wall?" It is her latest, and to my mind one of her happiest plays

Charlie Forsakes the Country.

CHARLES RAY is to depart from his usual country boy role, in his coming film, "Nineteen Phyllis." He is to appear as a dapper nineteen-year-old city boy. It is said he has never had a part in which Charles revelled more.

—♦♦—

A Surprise for Him.

A GOOD story is being told of a picture palace manager who is very fond of Bryant Washburn.

He had a large picture of Bryant in his lobby, and always booked Bryant Washburn's pictures. This went on for so long that Bryant Washburn became to him the most familiar figure in the world.

When he heard that Mr. Washburn was in London, he wrote him, and one night Bryant Washburn called at the picture palace.

"Do you know," said the exhibitor, "I was absolutely offended with him for a moment, because he hadn't recognised me," said the exhibitor. "It was a full minute before I realised that he had never seen me before in his life."

—♦♦—

Bessie's Real Name.

DID you know that Bessie Love's real name is Juanita Horton, though this fact is almost forgotten, even by those who gave it to her. If you were to meet Mrs. Horton, she would probably tell you she was Bessie Love's mother. Bessie Love is as much Bessie Love at home as she is on the screen, only there they pronounce it Bessie, Love. She has no brothers or sisters, and is not married, but lives with her father and mother in a pretty little bungalow near the studio.

—♦♦—

About Letters.

WHAT do you think of this? I hear that Mary Pickford's out-going post is so heavy that the Los Angeles post-office has requested her to use cancelled stamps, thus saving the government the expense of hiring several extra clerks just to cancel the Pickford postage. By the way Nazimova delights in her letters, and tells with great glee of one she has just received from a Japanese, who expresses his admiration of her by calling her "A Leaping Lark."

—♦♦—

MacDonald Not a Convincing Clothes Presser.

WALLACE MacDONALD has proved conclusively that he could never make a living as a presser of clothes. In his new role he was called upon to spend an afternoon pressing trousers. He pressed some of his own. The Hollywood tailor has been busily engaged for several days in an effort to undo what he did to his hapless trousers.

—♦♦—

A Last Word.

TO all my readers who like a really fine serial, and there are a few, I expect, who do not, I have a special piece of advice to give this week, and it is this—make no mistake about securing a copy of "Answers" at once and reading the first long, wonderful instalment of the great romance, entitled PAID IN FULL."

The author of "Answers" new autumn serial is the famous John Goodwin, whose novels, "BLACKMAIL" and "WITHOUT MERCY" first appeared in "Answers," and have since sold by hundreds of thousands in book form all over the world.

In his new serial story—you have all seen the striking posters drawing attention to it—the Editor of "Answers" has secured one of the finest story dramas ever penned. If you are not already reading "PAID IN FULL" you will thank me for my timely hint.

Fay Filmer.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA recently went into a stationer's shop up Hollywood way to purchase a new fountain-pen. The clerk submitted a number of specimens for his approval, and suggested he should try them by writing his name. In an absent-minded sort of way, Sessue scribbled on the blank sheet before him the Latin maxim "Tempus Fugit." Probably the clerk was a disappointed autograph fiend, for his face fell considerably as he said:

"Oh, is your name Fugit? Now, do you know, you look so much like Mr. Hayakawa."

—♦♦—

Dark or Fair.

THE latest of screen modes appears to be ringing a change on the stars' crowning glories. Colleen Moore, filmdom's dark-haired Glad Girl, is, for the time being, a dazzling blonde. No, it's not peroxide, but a wig, her latest part mysteriously demanding this metamorphosis. Anita Stewart in "The Yellow Typhoon" has also been proving that she can be just as beautiful whether dark or fair. Little Mary Miles Minter, who is at present playing the parts of mother and daughter in "Sweet Lavender," on the other hand, has been camouflaging her sun-kissed tresses with a black wig for certain scenes. A little boy who saw her at the Studio the other day, in fact, refused to believe that he was talking to the Mary he had adored on the screen, until Miss Minter let him have a peep at the yellow locks beneath the sedate black wig.

—♦♦—

Why?

JACK WARREN KERRIGAN reads most of the scenarios that are sent him himself. Most of them are very bad, but Jack says that about the worst he ever received was a script that came to him by registered mail entitled "Why Do I Live?" A letter accompanied the scenario urging that it should be given immediate attention. And after wading through some dozen pages of futile and untutored efforts, Jack sat down and wrote the author the following comment: "In reply to your inquiry per script. Because you mailed it instead of delivering it in person."

—♦♦—

B. V. D.

THE secret has leaked out that the initials of Bebe Daniels are B. V. D., said initials having been discovered on a suit-case, and the ownership sleuthed to Miss Bebe. Nothing very sensational in this, you will be thinking, only it happens that in the States B.V.D. is the trade mark of a universally popular brand of gents' underwear, which is, in fact, known by no other name. Bill Desmond used to sport his initials on the door of his motor-car with a harp of Erin entwined, till the urchins made him abandon the effect on account of the harp looking suspiciously like a V.

ELSIE CODD.



AGNES AYRES and MARJORIE DAW have just returned from a flight. WESLEY BARRY put on a stray cap and said he had been flying, too. You can see what the girls say to this.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



PAULINE FREDERICK and JULIAN ELTINGE are both very fond of horse riding. They were photographed before they went for a canter—PAULINE FREDERICK looking more beautiful than ever in her riding-habit.



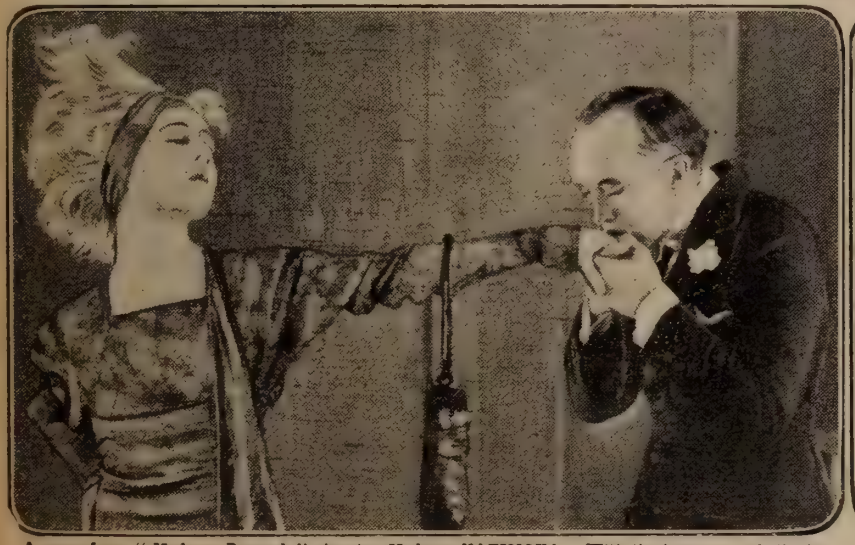
SESSUE HAYAKAWA and his wife, TSURI AOKI, enjoy a quiet read at home.



A tense moment in one of the thrilling scenes of "Smashing Barriers"—a Vitagraph serial. The stars are EDITH JOHNSON and WILLIAM DUNCAN.



MAURICE TOURNEUR discussing scenes for "The Last of the Mohicans" with British soldiers in the old fort at his studio in Universal City. This famous story, by James Fenimore Cooper, which is a great favourite with all boys, should make a fine film.



A scene from "Madame Peacock" showing Madame NAZIMOVA. With the hauteur and dignity of a queen, she confers her favours.



That charming little star, VIOLA DANA, in a scene from one of her films—"Cinderella's Twin."

Our Splendid Serial Telling of a Man's Fight Against Fate and of a Wonderful Love.

"The PRICE of HIS HONOUR"



The Case for the Prosecution.

THE case against Galloway assumed a black aspect from the start.

The newspapers seized upon it with avidity, and the public followed their lead full cry.

The romantic circumstances of the wreck of the Sweet Alice, and the amazing exchange of identity, gave the case outstanding features.

Needless to say, capable journalistic experts soon ferreted out all these interesting details, and served them up sensationally for the benefit of the reading public.

As circumstantial evidence they told heavily against the prisoner, John Galloway, alias Dyson Mallet, as the newspapers described him.

The man in the street immediately judged him guilty. Even the circumstances of his arrest—hatless, dressed in flannels, stained with the mud of the ditches, and torn with brambles; hiding amongst the hay in an old barn—discounted any possibility of innocence.

The coroner's inquiry was held in the village inn, and the result was that Dyson Mallet was found to have been wilfully murdered by one John Galloway.

The police offered no evidence, and at their request Galloway was not permitted to give any.

Other evidence showed conclusively that Galloway when rescued from the sea had papers on him which seemed to show that he was Dyson Mallet. He had been brought to Mallet's house, and although, according to the evidence of Mr. Railton, he had for some time insisted that his name was John Galloway and not Dyson Mallet, he had eventually accepted the latter identity, presuming apparently that Mallet was dead.

It was further shown that on the day of the murder the dead man was at the local inn, the very inn at which the inquiry was held. He seemed to have money in his pocket, although in the matter of clothes and general appearance, he was in a deplorable condition.

He bought refreshments for the thirsty natives, and in exchange questioned them persistently and successfully about the man who bore his name and was living in his house.

It was noticed that what he learned in this connection seemed to amuse him highly.

Further important evidence was given by Mrs. Weston, housekeeper at Mallet's house.

It appeared that this good lady, a nervous soul, soon after retiring had heard voices in one of the lower rooms.

Mr. Mallet, or the man whom she then imagined to be Mr. Mallet, had sent her to bed not long before, and so far as she knew he was alone in the house with the exception of herself and the three maids.

Consequently when she heard talking below she was alarmed, and perhaps a little inquisitive.

She got up and came downstairs in her dressing-gown and bare feet.

She found that the talking was in the smoking-room, and not wishing to reveal herself in her dishabille, she had taken the liberty of peeping through the keyhole in order to assure herself that her master's house was in order.

She had seen in the room her master, now known as Mr. John Galloway, and "as perfect a gentleman as she had ever met." That she would say if all the coroners in the world tried to prevent her, and say it she did.

Her master was in his white flannels. But in the room with him was another whom she had since identified as the dead man, the subject of this inquiry.

They were talking, that was all she could say. She did not hear what they were saying, and she did not try to hear. She hoped she knew her position and her duty as a housekeeper.

But she had noticed that the dead man was drinking something from a glass, and, so far as she could see, the two men were talking in a friendly way.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY

JOHN GALLOWAY is saved from the wreck of the Sweet Alice. When he recovers he is mistaken for his friend, Dyson Mallet. He protests, but no one believes him. Mallet was engaged to

ATHALIE RAILTON, with whom Galloway falls in love.

IRMA GALE was also on board the Sweet Alice, and John thinks she, too, was drowned. But one day she comes to see him.

ALICE MERCER writes a letter addressed to Mallet, hinting at a past love affair. She goes to his house and finds Galloway impersonating his friend. While they are talking, somebody shoots at them from the garden.

DYSON MALLET, whom Galloway supposes to be drowned; but after spending a delightful day with Athalie on her birthday, John returns home and finds Mallet fast asleep in an armchair in the smoking-room.

Dyson is quite friendly, but Galloway leaves the house. He sleeps in a barn, and is awakened by a policeman telling him he is wanted for the murder of Dyson Mallet.

Having seen that she went back to bed, a little exercised in mind because the stranger appeared nothing but a tramp, but satisfied that there was nothing for her to worry about.

She had not seen either of the men leave the house.

The evidence collected by the newspaper experts, however, showed that the two men had left the house by way of the French windows, and had walked across the lawn apparently together. Their tracks across the grass, walking side by side, were quite plain, though they were lost when they came to the field path which led eventually to the high road.

The police-court proceedings opened the next day at the sleepy town of Marlingham. Only formal evidence of arrest was given, and the police immediately applied for an adjournment of a fortnight.

The prisoner, who accepted the name of John Galloway, and admitted that he was not entitled to that of Dyson Mallet, pleaded not guilty.

The newspapers continued to turn up new evidence about the case but warily now, knowing the pitfalls which lurk in the words *sub judice*.

John Galloway had, much to his surprise, found himself represented in the police court by a solicitor, an able Marlingham man named Ransom.

He had not instructed a solicitor himself, having no money to pay him with. Conscious of complete innocence, he had been quite content to allow the case to go to trial, understanding that the Crown would appoint somebody to defend him in the last ordeal. As to the final result of this he was not in the least troubled. His mind was sufficiently full of other matters.

The day after his arrest he had, by permission of the prison authorities, sent a letter to Athalie Railton—duly censored, of course.

The letter contained only these few sentences. In the circumstances Galloway did not think he was entitled to say more.

"I am guilty of everything except the murder of Dyson Mallet. I did deliberately conceal my own identity and live under another man's name and in his house. I allowed you to give me your friendship under a name to which I had no title.

"But Mallet was my partner, and the idea that I should murder him is inconceivable. He came to the house that night. Our interview was perfectly friendly. His attitude towards my deception was one of surprising generosity. We did not quarrel or have a single word of bitterness. When I left the house I left him alive, and as well as when I first saw him.

"I am not at all anxious about the outcome of this case, and am content to leave it to the ordinary course of justice. From you, however, I expect belief, although perhaps I have not much right to expect it.

"JOHN GALLOWAY."

The letter was duly forwarded, and the prison authorities handed a copy of it over to the police.

No reply came from Athalie, nor did Galloway expect one. He might, however, have been more comforted if he could have known the circumstances.

At the news of John's arrest, and the charge against him, Athalie had collapsed, and for two or three days her condition was alarming.

Mr. Railton had opened the letter from Galloway, and, exercising his parental discretion, had locked it up in his own desk and said not a word about it to anybody.

The day after the opening of the police case, Ransom the solicitor, called upon the prisoner.

He was a middle-aged man who had seen a good deal of criminal practice. He looked at his client shrewdly.

"Who instructed you to defend me?" was Galloway's first question.

"I am instructed by a friend of yours," replied the solicitor. "But, of course, if you have another solicitor whom you would prefer, I am quite ready to step out."

"I have nobody," returned John, "and I have no money to pay for my defence. I am quite satisfied for you to conduct my case, but I should like to know who my friend is."

"That I am unable to tell you," returned Mr. Ransom. "I have given a pledge that I will not reveal—er—his name."

Galloway shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well," he said resignedly. "I am very much obliged to him, and I am glad there is somebody who believes in my innocence."

At the word innocence, Mr. Ransom pursed his mouth slightly.

"With your permission," he said slowly and judicially, "I propose to admit that there was a fight."

"A what?" said John startled.

"A fight. The man was not shot or stabbed, but he is knocked about, and there is a nasty blow on the head which the medical evidence says might have been caused by a blunt instrument."

He smiled drily.

"Seem to have heard that expression before somehow. Very well, that injury might easily have been caused by a fist. It will trouble the experts to prove that it was not. There you are, there is my case. There was a fight, there was plenty for you two to fight about. Manslaughter—not murder. The difference is the difference between the scaffold, and say twelve months' imprisonment, perhaps not so much. You complicated matters by running away. If you had stayed and seen the affair out, the police would not have dared to bring a murder charge."

Galloway stood up abruptly.

"I am sorry, Mr. Ransom, I shall not be able to ask you to conduct my case."

"Why not?"

"Because that is not my case."

"What line do you suggest then?"

"I am completely innocent," returned Galloway. "I did not in any way cause the death of my old partner, Dyson Mallet; nor did I contribute to it. When I left him he was alive and well, and I did not run away from him at all. If you represent me that must be your line, and I wish you to put me into the witness-box straight away."

"Hum!" muttered Mr. Ransom. "Very dangerous for you to go into the witness-box unless you *are* innocent."

"If you say that once more, Mr. Ransom, we part company here, and I will get on without a solicitor," said Galloway.

Such was the position of affairs when, two days before the adjourned hearing, Billy O'Farrel landed at Liverpool.

(Continued on page)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF MARC MACDERMOTT.

(Special to the "Picture Show.")



"Ha! Ha!"



Appealing.



Heart Broken.



"I hate you!"



Longing for sympathy.

MARC MACDERMOTT.

The Star Who Longs To Return to England and Buy a Cosy House Along the Thames.

WHEN Marc MacDermott decides he has worked long enough he will return to England, find a real cosy house and farm somewhere along the Thames, and settle down for good. Of course we will be glad to have Marc MacDermott back with us again, but we do hope he continues to appear in pictures even after he "settles down."

We believe Marc MacDermott is really better known to the picture world of Great Britain than he is to the American public, for the reason that we have always claimed him as one of our own, and we have talked more about him and looked forward to his appearance on the screen here.



MARC MACDERMOTT.

If you wish to write to him, address your letter:

Care of Fox Studios,
1401, North Western Avenue,
Los Angeles,
California, U.S.A.

Played With Mrs. Pat Campbell.

MARC MACDERMOTT was born in Goulburn, New South Wales. He began his stage career in Sydney, Australia. He came to London, and appeared with Mrs. Pat. Campbell in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and played the lead with her in a tour of England of Sudermann's "Joy of Living."

Mr. MacDermott went to America with Mrs. Campbell, remaining there a year. After his return to England he toured the provinces in "Sherlock Holmes," under the management of Charles Frohman. He returned to the United States, and for one year played with Richard Mansfield. After that he went into motion pictures, being engaged by the Edison Company. He was with this company six years.

Around the World Making Pictures.

THIS clever actor admits that he has enjoyed pictures. He has been sought out by many directors, so that he has been idle very little. He was sent around the world twice at the head of a company to make scenes and pictures in various countries.

"Each of those trips took nine months," he declared to a representative of the PICTURE SHOW, who was visiting the big William Fox studios. "That was some years ago, and it seems strange to me to hear to-day the excitement that is created in the papers if a company contemplates such a trip. Recalling those trips is odd, because on the second trip Charley Brabin was the producer, and here I am to-day being directed by Charley Brabin in a new Fox picture."

Films In Which He Has Appeared.

MR. MACDERMOTT spent two years with Vitagraph, being starred in "Babbette," "The Sixteenth Wife," and "The Price of Fame." "Mary Jones's Pa," which was called "The Beloved Vagabond" in England. A year's illness kept him out of pictures. Then he played in "The Thirteenth Chair," and was with Norma Talmadge in "The Blue Moon." Under B. A. Rolphe, he appeared in "The Red Virgin" and "Even as Eve." He had appeared in Fox pictures before, and so when the Fox Company was preparing to make "Kathleen Mavourneen," Mr. MacDermott was picked for the squire. He did a splendid piece of work. His acting is always of the best, because Marc MacDermott takes a pride in doing his best, in fact, doing things just right is his big hobby.

Then he was engaged for the big Fox special production, "While New York Sleeps." This is one of the most powerful pictures of the year. It shows three phases of New York's darker side. In the first Mr. MacDermott is a tramp, in the second he is a man-about-town, and in the third phases MacDermott gives one of the greatest pieces of acting ever shown on the screen. He sits in a chair by a fireside, dumb, cannot hear, cannot move his body. But the acting with the eyes alone will cause MacDermott to live long and distinctly in the minds of the people who see this remarkable picture.

When He Comes to England.

HE was at work in another big Fox picture when the PICTURE SHOW representative called on him.

They sat on a piece of furniture that was part of a "set," and talked about Mr. MacDermott's return to England.

"Yes," he said, "I want to go back there and get a house somewhere on the Thames and settle down. Oh, don't laugh! I realise that houses are as scarce as hen's teeth just now, but in five years' time England will be back in her old stride. I feel that I would like to sit down and rest, and to me a home along the Thames is more restful than anything I can think of.

"I hope when I get to England I will be able to write a story about pictures in the States for PICTURE SHOW. In the meantime give my best wishes to all your readers."



"I don't trust you."



"How do you do?"

"The Price of His Honour." (Continued from page 6.)

The Coming of Billy O'Farrel.

BILLY O'FARREL was Galloway's partner and Dyson Mallet's partner.

When the other two, tired out with their luck or lack of it, had left the Calamity Jane in North Rhodesia, with a small opinion of gold mines in general, and their own in particular, Billy O'Farrel had remained behind, unconquered.

He had remained behind to toil and moil and sweat in the tunnels of the well-named Calamity Jane. Now he, too, had come home to look for his partners.

He had not even heard of the disaster to the Sweet Alice. The name brought nothing to him, because he did not know the name of the boat in which his two friends had travelled home.

The newspaper boy did not call every morning at the door of the Calamity Jane, and, in fact, no newspaper of any sort happened along in Billy's direction.

When he got down to Capetown and put himself in touch with the events of the day, the story of the wreck of the Sweet Alice was ancient history and he heard nothing about it.

Consequently when he landed at Liverpool, and learned that one of his two partners was dead, and the other was on trial for murdering him, it was news indeed.

Billy was a partner and a friend of the first water.

He had many things to do, things of importance. But he dropped everything. This business of his two partners became instantly the chief matter for him. Before doing anything else he must clear Galloway of this absurd charge.

He thought it would be the simplest thing in the world, being himself a simple soul.

He appeared suddenly before the police at Marlingham, and was interviewed by an inspector who had the case in hand, or said he had.

"This man is innocent," said Billy briskly. "Why, of course, he's innocent! The thing is absurd I tell you. John Galloway would rescue a cockchafer out of his tea and let it go again sooner than kill it."

"Very interesting," said the inspector. "But you see, Mr. O'Farrel, that is not evidence. What do you know about the prisoner and the dead man?"

"Why, I know all about them," said Billy, with vivacity. "I—I've lived with them both in a hole in the ground for years. For years I tell you! And if you want to know a man inside and outside, you live with him in a hole in the ground for years and years. Then you'll know him, and you won't know him before. Take that straight from me."

"Very interesting, Mr. O'Farrel," said the inspector soothingly. "Where were you when the murder was committed?"

"In Rhodesia—no, on the high seas on my way back from Rhodesia," said Billy.

"Ah! Then I don't see that you can have anything to say about the matter of any weight at all."

"But I tell you the man is innocent," persisted Billy. "Isn't there any weight in that?"

"Very little," returned the inspector. "Of course, you can, if you like, give evidence with regard to Galloway's character when he was in Rhodesia with you, though I don't see that it could do him much good. Nevertheless, I will take your address, and hand it to those in charge of the case. The adjourned hearing is the day after to-morrow, if you wish to be present."

Billy left the address of his hotel in London, and extracted a private promise from the inspector that he would send him a wire if there were any interesting developments before the adjourned hearing came on.

Billy O'Farrel, however, was not the man to leave the matter at this. He was disappointed, because he had imagined that after he had made his statement to the police, Galloway would at once be produced, and he would walk away with him arm in arm.

As it was things did not look very promising. So Billy paid a visit to Dyson Mallet's house, where he interviewed Mrs. Weston and gave that lady the same assurance as he had given to the police.

Subsequently he went post haste to London, where he plunged in and out of the office doors of leading firms of solicitors; and even cornered a great criminal counsel, who listened to his vehement arguments and protestations with far more courtesy than Billy was, perhaps, entitled to.

Finally, nobody held out to him the slightest hope that he would be able to do anything to help his much loved friend and partner in his hour of trial. So the same evening he rushed back to Marlingham, and nightfall found him wandering in Brandon woods, near the spot where Mallet's body had been found.

And here, under a great beech tree, he found a girl on her knees weeping.

When Billy, with his ready sympathy for any human creature in distress, touched the girl on the shoulder, she turned a blanched tear-wet face up to him.

Billy was not old enough to be her father, but he was ten years her senior and looked more.

"What is the matter, my dear?" he asked gently.

A flood of sobs answered him, and mingled with them he caught the name of Dyson Mallet.

At once Billy became on the alert. He sat down on a bole of the tree, and waited until she had had her cry out. Then he spoke to her, and there was something in his voice, some magnetic quality of manly tenderness and sympathy with sin and frailty, which made her reach out to him blindly.

"What is your name?" he asked quietly.

"Alice Mercer," replied the girl.

"I don't know who you are," continued Billy, "but you have just spoken the name of a friend of mine, a friend and partner of many years—who is now dead."

"Dyson Mallet—you are his friend?" said the girl breathlessly, her wide eyes searching his face.

"My name is O'Farrel, Billy O'Farrel. I was Dyson's partner. I have just come from Rhodesia, where we worked a mine claim together called the Calamity Jane."

"Yes, yes," whispered the girl. "I have heard of it and of you. He often spoke of you in his letters. Oh, and now he is dead, and will never speak to me again."

SPECIAL NOTICE!

NEXT MONDAY will begin the thrilling story of

"THE WONDER MAN,"

in which

GEORGES CARPENTIER,

the world-famous boxer, takes the star part in the screen play soon to be released by the Ideal Film Company.

"THE WONDER MAN" is a tale of LOVE, SPORT, and INTRIGUE.

Don't miss the Story in next Monday's "PICTURE SHOW."

It will make you appreciate the photo-play more when you see it on the screen.

"You—you were in love with him?" said Billy, in a very low voice.

The girl held her head up, turned her face to him proudly.

"Yes," she said. "He promised to marry me when he came home. I believe he would have done."

"I believe so, too," said Billy, and hoped the untruth might be forgiven him. "Now listen," he continued. "Dyson was my partner. There were three of us in the Calamity Jane. The other is the man who stands charged with Dyson's murder. His name is Galloway, and although I cannot prove it, I know as well as I know anything, that Galloway did not murder or kill his old partner."

"I know he did not," said the girl quickly.

Billy concealed a start.

"Do you know who killed him?"

"Yes. No—oh, no! How can I say such a thing! I know nothing, like you; but—but——"

"There is something in your mind that is troubling you?"

"Yes, that is it," she answered slowly.

"Will you tell me about it?" said Billy. "You are not speaking to the police. You can look on this place as a confessional if that helps you any. But think. Remember there is a man on trial for his life, and I know, and I think you know also, that he is innocent. I may be able to help you. Two heads are better than one. I am the partner of both men, and for that reason I am your friend."

"I know nothing," said the girl, lowering her head. "But—but I believe Jack Belcher did it. I don't think it was murder. Jack Belcher would not do that if he was in his right mind. But I believe there may have been a fight."

"Who is Jack Belcher?"

"He lives in the village," continued the girl. "He is in love with me; has been for years. Oh, I have been very wicked, and it is my fault. When it seemed that Dyson was never coming back, and—and sometimes he did not write to me for six months at a time, I let Jack think I was in love with him a bit.

"Then when Dyson was rescued from the sea and brought back here ill, I told Jack the truth and sent him away. I told him I had never loved him, but had always loved Mr. Mallet.

"He was almost mad with jealousy, and swore he would kill Dyson. Of course, that was not Dyson who was brought to the house, but I thought it was at first. I went there one night to see him, and while we were standing in the room, a shot was fired. It smashed a mirror over the mantelpiece."

"Who fired the shot?" asked Billy sternly.

"Jack Belcher. He confessed it afterwards to me. He was poaching and had the gun in his hand when he saw me with Mr. Galloway, whom he thought was Dyson. He said he did not fire the shot to hit us, but to frighten me. But I was not sure.

"I believe after that he lay in wait for him, still believing him to be Mallet, although I told him he was not. That is all I know, but I believe he met this man and learned that he was Mallet, and—there was a fight, perhaps."

Billy O'Farrel found Jack Belcher in his cottage.

Although the hour was nearing midnight, the man was sitting up in the little room which opened on to the village street. A tiny lamp was burning, and through the window, before entering, O'Farrel saw the man sitting at the table with his elbows on it and his face buried in his hands.

When Billy O'Farrel entered softly and closed the door behind him, the man started up with a face like chalk.

Then he shook his big shoulders and folded his arms across his chest with a rough dignity.

"You have come for me?" he said.

O'Farrel nodded.

"Right," he said; and it seemed that the long breath he drew was one of relief. "I am ready."

"One minute," said Billy. "You are making a mistake. You think I am a policeman or a detective. I am nothing of the sort."

"Who are you, then?"

"I am Dyson Mallet's partner and John Galloway's partner. You admit that I have a right to interest myself in this matter?"

The man nodded grimly.

"You know that John Galloway did not kill his old partner?" said Billy.

"I know it," said Belcher. "I killed him. I'm glad you've come. Mind you, I would never have let an innocent man go to his trial, but I was trying to hang it out until after the next proceedings at the police-court to see how things shaped. But I don't think I could have held out much longer.

"You're his partner, so I'll tell you. Then we'll go to the police together. They can't hang me, and I don't mind much if they do.

"We quarrelled about a girl. I was hanging about the house and I met this man coming out and followed him to Brandon Woods. He admitted he was Dyson Mallet, and when we spoke of the girl he laughed at me and taunted me.

"We fought out there in the woods like two dogs. It was a fair fight, with only our bare fists for weapons, and he stood up to me well enough.

"There must have been something the matter with him. I knocked him down, only once, and—it was all up with him. He died in my arms. I have hit many a man harder without any harm coming of it.

"Then I got frightened and ran away. That's where I made my mistake. Now I am ready to go to Marlingham with you."

An hour later the two men walked into the police-station at Marlingham, and Jack Belcher gave himself up.

(The conclusion of this splendid story next Monday.)

MARGARITA FISHER

The Petite Star With Glorious Copper Coloured Hair.

MARGARITA FISHER commenced her career at the age of eight in a play called "The Celebrated Case." She made instantaneous success, and afterwards her father included her in his travelling stock company. At the age of twelve she was quite a well-known little actress.

She remained on the stage some time after her father's death, and then entered pictures with the Selig Company.

Her Screen Successes.

SOME of her screen successes are: "The Little Girl Who Wouldn't Grow Up," "The Butterfly Girl," "Jilted Janet," "The Mantle of Charity," "The Devil's Assistant," and "Money Isn't Everything."

Her Beautiful Hair.

MARGARITA is petite, being only five feet in height. One of her chief charms is her lovely hair, which is very thick and wavy, and of a glorious copper tone.

She is one of the best-dressed stars on the screen, and for each new production she always obtains an entirely new wardrobe; so, as you can imagine, she has a most beautiful and costly collection of gowns. By the way, Miss Fisher designs all her own frocks, and I am sure you will agree that if she were not a cinema star she could easily earn her living as a dress designer.

Likes Motoring. But——

MARGARITA is a home-loving girl, and spends every moment there that can be spared from the studio.

She lives in a delightful bungalow with her mother and sister.

She is very fond of music and reading, and likes motoring, although she has the moral courage to confess that she doesn't like to drive herself. She's afraid.



MARGARITA FISHER in a very smart air "get up," including a tight-fitting cap, tunic, breeches and gauntlet gloves.





Margarita is here seen wearing a beautiful model of a fur coat over an evening frock that she designed herself.



From a scene in "The Primitive Woman." Margarita imitates animal camouflage.



Photographed with her motor and her beautiful collie dog.

FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.

NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

"My Most Difficult Scenes."

"THIS incident occurred in the early days of film production.

"We had hired a yacht at Southend, and it was moored at the end of the long pier. We got to work and took several scenes successfully with the aid of some smoke rockets. Then we found our supply of 'smoke' had run out. There was no time to obtain further supplies. In the next scene I wanted to show the skipper of the vessel shouting orders through a megaphone, in a dense cloud of smoke and flames from blazing timber. This I contrived, more or less effectively, by placing some yards of film in a bucket, attaching it to a wire, and dancing the flames up into the scene in front of the camera, and at the same time, having discovered some brown paper, I waved the smouldering paper out of range of the camera. All went well until some burning film got loose and began playing round the feet of the unfortunate actor who was taking the part of the 'skipper.' Before long he began to feel a little warmer than was comfortable about the feet, and, although he was still in ignorance as to the real situation, he began jerking his feet in the most absurd manner, and we had to finish taking the scene with the 'skipper' dancing about, to the vast amusement of the thousands of spectators on the pier-head. Fortunately no one was hurt, and the scene turned out a success, but this was in the early days, and I am afraid this sort of thing would not pass muster now."

WILFRED NOY.



Photo: Hoover Art Studios.
REX INGRAHAM, one of the forces at work in the Metro Studios.

Films to Win Health.

CAN the motion picture break up the rule of sickness and insanity in the world? Mr. Clermont, president of Clermont Photo-plays, believes that by proper presentation of the subject through the medium of films, the next generation would be practically free of disease and insanity, and so efficient that poverty would be a thing of the past.

It is a big claim, but Mr. Clermont holds that ignorance alone is the cause of 90 per cent. of the physical and mental disorders of the race, and he declares that if this be true, the cure is obvious. He would, therefore, begin with the child in kindergarten, teaching hygiene by means of pictures, supplemented by actual practice in the school and the home. As the child grew, he would take up the more complex problems.

Things We Can Learn.

IT is a fact that not one person out of five thousand knows sufficient about his physical body and its functions, and it is this terrible ignorance that Mr. Clermont thinks could be dispelled by the assistance of the motion picture. He believes that care of the health and development of the body should be a matter of knowledge of the individual, and not of a class, and he intends to begin work immediately and make it a world-wide activity. It cannot be disputed that films constitute the best medium to do this invaluable work quickly, and, sooner or later, there is certain to be big developments along these lines.

Producer and Star.

THE following letter, received from "Uliss," makes an interesting contribution to the topic "Producer or Star," which I discussed recently. My correspondent writes:

"I most certainly think that the producer should have his share of publicity and the praise or blame it entails, and also the publicity manager, taking, for instance, a man like Mr. Alec Braid, of whom I never knew till a few weeks ago, when his photo was published in the PICTURE SHOW—of which I have been a reader almost since it came out—and whose work is just as important as the photographer, art director, etc., whose names are usually mentioned in the cast.

But I also think that the full cast should be published in all photo-plays, as, though many people go to see the play, many also go to see a favourite sometimes a minor actor or actress whose name is not always mentioned in the cast.

"I consider Mr. Maurice Elvey one of the finest British producers, and a man we ought all to be proud of. I have never seen a bad Stoll film yet. I think there is a great future ahead for first-class British films, and the best of luck to them; and that future will not be harmed by the producer being advertised. And I should like to see, not 'Producer *or* Star,' but 'Producer *and* Star.'"

What have other readers to say?

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

Success is only failure with a new coat of paint.

* * *

Things are frequently painted red by the green-eyed monster.

* * *

One cannot succeed without merit, yet all who have merit do not succeed.

* * *

The peacemaker is applauded by everybody except the fellow who is getting the best of the fight.

* * *

Indigestion will always harden the heart of the average man.

* * *

A man may find a woman's eyes beautiful and never know the exact colour of them.

The Finishing

MAKE-UP is a very important point where the film world is concerned.

It would be very ludicrous to see a man in every day life running about with a huge powder-puff, but a film actor would be quite lost without his. He is just as particular about it as "my lady" is about her vanity case—except that with him it is a matter of business only.

Although make-up is very important, the person who thinks getting into the movies is only a matter of the proper use of cosmetics, is badly mistaken.

In fact, some of the screen's best stars would look a part and play it nearly as convincingly without any make-up at all, but the camera and the powerful studio lights would do queer things to their features, without the balancing application of cream and the indispensable powder-puff.



JAMES NEILL as the minister in "Stop Thief," says that clergymen should be awarded a medal for wearing collars that button at back


Alma Taylor
HEPWORTH



HER PICTURE FOR HIS W



CH.—William Farnum and Louise Lovely.

Martin Harvey *in The* Breed of the Treshams

THE famous stage play, produced and starred in by Martin Harvey, has now been made into a film play, with the eminent actor in the part he created as "The Rat." It is a story of the Civil Wars in England, when Charles the First was on the throne, and the shadow of Oliver Cromwell over the land. A story abounding with thrills and heroism, with a strong vein of romance. Written of one of the most fascinating times in British history.





MARTIN HARVEY as "The Rat"

"He has a tender spot in his heart for children, and thus 'the Rat' has two



"A friend in need is a friend indeed."



"The Rat" refuses to betray his friends even at the cost of torture and death



The fighting duel scene, reminiscent of the famous painting, "The Last Cavalier Spoken Lightly [illegible] Wounded"

Touch



ETHEL GREY TERRY, who is playing in Goldwyn pictures, has a lovely make-up box, beautifully fitted with all the necessary little pots and jars, while the lid is provided with a mirror.



N LANDIS making up for the Goldwyn film, "This Is The Life." You tice that he has the indispensable powder-puff ready for use. It is a strange sight to see a man powder- ing his nose.



There was a lull between the scenes of "Stop Thief," so IRENE RICH stole away to freshen her make-up. RAYMOND HATTON, who is the bridegroom in this film, is seen on the left. He does not mean to have powder on his suit, so he puts on a long overall before starting operations with his enormous powder-puff.

WOMEN AND THE FILM FIELD.

INTERVIEW WITH PEGGY HYLAND.

THERE were six of us in Peggy Hyland's pretty drawing-room, but there seemed—oh, *far* more! Because I think Peggy embodies so many personalities in her own little self. And yet all the time she *is* herself, and no one else. This is subtle, and I leave you to work it out for yourselves.

Peggy—I feel justified in calling her thus, since she is "our own little Britisher"—is very dainty and quite small (in a flippant moment she measured herself, and found she was barely five feet one). Hence she can flit about like a fairy and laugh like a happy child with impunity. She *is* both fairy and child. And yet——

Perish the illusion! For here we have a serious-minded woman, surveying the world from her armchair with grave but kindly eyes; generous in her estimates, tolerant in her opinions; keen, tremendously keen about life, and her work in it; clever, energetic, *efficient*.

Peggy Talks of Her Films.

IT is just at this juncture that I am in danger of committing some banality about beauty and brains—especially when they are under such a very cute little hat; when Peggy bursts out laughing at the serious expression my face has borrowed from her own, and demands: Won't I come over and sit beside her on the settee? And, oh, *won't* I have a chocolate? And I awake from my reverie to find the guests departed and my tea cold.

I am not, however, to be coaxed into flippancy.

"Tell me," I say, with an utter lack of originality, "what you have been doing with yourself lately."

"Well," says Miss Peggy, immediately grown serious, "I have made two Samuelson films since my return to England, and in doing so have accomplished something I have never done before. The first film was a screen version of Countess Barcynska's novel, "The Honey Pot"; the second, "Love Maggie," by the same authoress, was its sequel. This is the first time I have appeared in a film sequel whose story was also the complement of a previous novel. 'Love Maggie,' by the way, has been rather held up by the weather."

"Do you think we shall ever get over the problem of our climate, Miss Hyland?"

"I don't see why not. Though you may find it difficult to believe, I have always worked under artificial light, even in California, where the sunlight is so perfect. So I do not see why the same thing should not be a success here. You see, it's this way: A shaft of sunshine may light up a set in an ideal way, but, unfortunately, it is not stationary, and by the time the scene has been rehearsed to the director's satisfaction it has probably shifted to quite another angle—and effect. Hence artificial light is essential."

Miss Hyland Discusses the Film Industry.

MISS HYLAND is interested, not merely in the acting end of the film business, but the industry as a whole, particularly in the wide opportunities it offers to people of diverse talents.

"The film industry has opened up a huge field for women," she remarked to me, "and when an ambitious girl comes to me for advice on 'How to Become a Film Star,' I'm always inclined to ask her whether she has considered the promising prospects of the other branches of the profession. The way of a star is hard, and (comparatively) few there be who find it, but there *are* ample opportunities for bright girls to achieve both success and money in studio positions which are less glittering, perhaps, but quite as essential as the star's. Take scenario writing and editing, for instance. Suggest this branch of the business to a girl who is seeking to act when Nature designed her to write, and you will see a little gleam of suspicion enter her eye. 'Oh, it's such hard work!' she sighs. Of course it's hard work. Everything worth doing is hard work. And yet how profitable scenario writing is. Three women in particular I know have done exceedingly well in this direction—Ouida Begere, Mary Marillo and Eve Unsell. Miss Marillo is an English girl, and quite young.

"Then there are the positions of art director and wardrobe supervisor. There, surely, is work for clever women, and when it comes to designing and dressing a set, who should be better qualified for the job than an artist, who is also a woman?

"Film cutting is another very important branch of the film business in which many a smart woman could excel if she chose, but I can imagine quite a number of 'screen-struck' girls turning up their noses at the mere suggestion that they should attempt such a thing. And yet it is one of the most interesting, and certainly one of *the* most important departments of the industry. It takes real genius to be a successful film-cutter, for the making or the marring of the picture is in your hands.

"There are few women directors at present, and—to my knowledge—no 'camera-girls'; but here again are positions which women might fill creditably.



PEGGY HYLAND.

Peggy's Message to "Picture Show" Readers.

BEFORE I left her, "our little Britisher" gave me a special message for that large section of her public here in the Old Country:

"Tell them," she said, "how glad I am to be among them again, and give every one of them my love, and sincere appreciation of all the letters they send me. I always take note of their criticisms, and consider their correspondence a great compliment, and in return am delighted to answer my mail personally and send pictures whenever they are requested."

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

A CHARMING, COMPLETE STORY OF A YOUNG BURGLAR WITH A HEART

"CROOKED ..... STRAIGHT"



CHARLES RAY as BEN in the Paramount photo-play.

WHEN Ben Trimble left the little village of Tilton for New York, he had, in addition to his fare and a few dollars for travelling expenses, one thousand dollars hidden between his socks and the inner soles of his boots.

Exactly eighty minutes after landing in the big city he had been robbed of every cent.

The truth that New York was a hard city to a stranger was bored into Ben's muddled mind as he sat on the ground in a dirty alley in one of the worst quarters of the East Side, on the precise spot where he had landed when thrown out of the tenement behind him.

As Ben felt his battered head and bruised limbs he tried to piece together the story of his adventures since leaving the railway terminus.

He had met two well-dressed strangers who had claimed acquaintance on the ground that they represented the Committee of Welcome to Strangers.

Ben had not read the New York papers for nothing.

He knew that New York was full of pitfalls for the unwary stranger from the country, and he told the two men that he was quite capable of looking after himself.

This statement offended the representatives of the Committee of Welcome, and they insisted, as a guarantee of their good faith, that they should be allowed to buy Ben a lunch.

Ben saw no harm in this, and in the expressive language of crookdom, "he fell for it."

Ben did not remember much about that lunch after the first drink that went with it. He had a dim recollection of leaving the restaurant and getting in a taxi-cab; a more distinct memory of boasting that nobody could rob him of his money because he carried it in his boots; a very vivid recollection of finding himself on a bed in a dirty garret, with the two representatives of the Committee of Welcome pulling off his boots and relieving him of his money; an attempt to fight which ended in one of the men hitting him over the head with a sandbag; and a terrible bump as he hit the hard street outside.

But right in the centre of the muddled thoughts that raced across Ben's bewildered brain, there stood out clear and defined with photographic accuracy, the face of the leader of the two men who had robbed him. Ben decided that he would recognise that face in a crowd of a thousand, and he registered a mental vow that he would search New York till he found the man who had given him a welcome to the city.

Ben got on his feet with a painful effort, and began to bang and kick at the door, but after bruising his knuckles and hurting his toes without getting any other answer than the echo of his knocks he decided he would go to the police.

But he had not travelled far through the twisting alleys when he realised that he would not be able to find his way back. The alley he was in looked just like the one he had left. The uselessness of trying to get his money back struck him as he trudged along and he decided to try to earn a copper or so to enable him to get a night's lodging.

For two months Ben battled with the great city in an attempt to wrest from its billions of wealth enough to keep him alive.

Sometimes he earned enough for a bed and a breakfast, more often he slept amid the litter of merchandise on the river wharfs.

One night, rendered desperate by hunger, he picked up a heavy piece of wood and determined to hold up the first man he came across likely to have a full wallet. The rain was pouring down in torrents as he hid in the shadows of a side street, the stick clenched firmly in his hand. A young, well-dressed man came along, his head bowed before the pelting rain. Ben sprang out with upraised stick, but while his lips were framing a command to the stranger to hand over his money, he felt something hard pressed against his empty stomach, and a quiet voice saying, "Drop that stick or I'll drill a hole clean through you."

Ben saw a blue glint of steel jutting out of the stranger's hand and realised that the hard thing sticking against his stomach was the barrel of a revolver.

He dropped the stick and faced his would-be victim in sullen despair.

The young man was regarding Ben with quizzical good humour.

"Guess I'd like to hear the story behind this clumsy hold-up, kid," he said. "This night doesn't exactly lend itself to conversation in the open, so y u'd better come with me to that eating-house over there and get a square meal. After you've eaten you can tell me all about it.

The stranger stuck his revolver in his pocket, and piloted Ben to the restaurant. He was evidently well-known, for a waiter bustled up and deferentially asked for the order.

The stranger chose a meal for Ben which began with soup and gradually increased in solidity, and ordered something light for himself.

He watched Ben through half-closed eyes as the latter ate his food, striving hard not to devour it. He saw a very young man, probably twenty-one, with a good-looking, open face and honest brown eyes.

"Country bred," mused the stranger. "Same old tale. Came to New York to make a fortune, and is now trying hard to make a dollar."

Ben, casting a quick glance at intervals at his host, saw a strongly built man about thirty years of age, with a clean-shaven face and humorous eyes. The features showed tolerance and good humour. The mouth, which had been set in a grim, hard line when the stranger had shoved the revolver against Ben's stomach, was now set in a sympathetic smile.

The stranger did not speak till Ben had finished eating, then, handing over his cigarette case, he lighted up himself and in a friendly voice said, "Now, kid, tell me all about it."

Ben told the story of his landing in New York, how he had been robbed, and how, for the past two months he had been living from hand to mouth.

The stranger nodded sympathetically when Ben had finished.

"I've been through it, kid. The city is a cold-blooded proposition. It will starve you if you will let it. Personally, I don't. Years ago the city treated me like it has treated you, but I guess I've got it all back."

"How?" said Ben eagerly.

"By taking it," replied the man calmly. "I'm a crook, and I make a good living at it. I need a pal, why don't you come in with me?"

Ben hesitated.

"I couldn't," he said at last.

"Don't be a fool," argued the stranger. "You've a right to live, and you say you've tried the honest way and failed. Be a man and fight the world for your right to live. What good will your theories of honesty do you when you're wheezing out your life in some poor house. You're not too fit now. A few more nights like this, with the rain and hunger, and you'll find yourself in a hospital ward."

Ben shivered as he thought of tramping the streets again. He was warm now, and the feeling of a square meal was good. Why go back to poverty and starvation?"

"You're right," he said at last. "The world owes me a living, and I'm going to take it. I'll come in with you, if you like."

The stranger put his hand across the table.

"My name's Nick Nelson. We're pals from now on. Through thick and thin, to stick together to the last, share and share alike, and may the one that fails or splits end his days in torment."

"I agree to all that," said Ben, as he shook hands with Nelson.

The Voice of Conscience.

THREE months later Nelson and Ben were dining at Tonelli's Cafe, a restaurant much frequented by high-class crooks. The partnership had been successful. Nelson was one of the most expert safe breakers in the country, and he had taught Ben all he knew. They had brought off many coups and not once had the police ever got near them. But to-night, despite their success, Ben was moody and low spirited. He had been loyal to Nelson, but as time went on he realised that he was never meant to be a criminal.

The small but insistent voice of conscience was for ever urging him to give up the game.

"It's no use, Nick, I'm getting tired of the crook game," he said as the two sat talking over their liqueurs and coffee. "I'd like to run straight."

"I've been thinking something like that myself," said Nelson. "I'll be glad to be through with it. What do you say if we make this Jevington job to-night the last? We've got a tidy balance in the bank, and we'll clear while the luck is good."

Ben was delighted that his partner had taken his suggestion in the way he had done, and he felt happier than he had done for weeks. While they were talking Ben heard a man's voice raised in anger in the next compartment. His body stiffened at the voice and tip-toeing to the door he looked in.

A man and a girl were having a row about money, and the man was the one who had robbed him of his thousand dollars.

Calling to Nelson, Ben asked him if he knew the man.

"Yes," replied his partner. "That's Chick Larrabee. He's a crook like ourselves."

"And he's the man who got my thousand dollars," said Ben grimly. "I guess I'm going to get that back."

He walked into the compartment and faced Larrabee.

"You don't remember me, eh?" he said, as the crook looked up in surprise. "Take another look. I'm the man you and your friend robbed of a thousand dollars, and I want that money right now."

Larrabee, who was a coward as well as a crook, tried to rush past Ben, but met with a right-hander that stretched him out.

As Ben was waiting for him to get up, Nelson pulled him away.

"You're wasting your time," he said. "Larrabee hasn't got a dollar. Let's get to business."

He led Ben to the compartment they had left and pulled out a plan of the warehouse they were going to burgle.

While the two men were discussing the plan and talking over the details, Chick Larrabee recovered, and putting his ear to the door he learned enough about Nelson's plan to be able to locate the warehouse they intended to rob.

Ten minutes later he had telephoned the information to the police.

All unconscious that they had been betrayed, Ben and Nick set out to rob Jevington's warehouse. They had partly got through the door of the safe when Nick's quick ear caught the sound of somebody moving in the warehouse.

"It's the cops," he whispered. "Put the light out, quick."

As the two burglars crouched by the side of the safe, they heard the footsteps all round them.

"The only chance is to play hide and seek round the packing cases," whispered Nick. "Dash for it now."

He made a bolt as he spoke, but he had not gone many yards when there was the sharp bark of an automatic pistol, and Nick Nelson fell against a big packing-case.

With spartan-like resolution he stifled the cry of pain that rose to his lips, so that the police should not be able to place him by the sound of his voice, as with a movement of his hands he motioned for Ben to get away and look after himself.

Ben's answer was a shake of the head.

He signalled that he was coming back, and then ran swiftly and silently to the other side of the warehouse.

Picking up a stool he hurled it at a window, and while the police, attracted by the sound of breaking glass, rushed to the spot, Ben ran back to Nick, and hoisting him on his shoulder, carried him outside the warehouse and into the car he had waiting.

Despite a hot pursuit by the police, Ben threw them off the track and got safely to the house he and Nick had rented. But as he put his pal on the bed he could see that he had only brought him home to die.

"It's no use, Ben," said Nick. "The cops have got me fair."

"I'll get a doctor," urged Ben. "He'll soon fix you."

Nelson shook his head.

"I should be dead before you came back, and it would only draw the cops on to you. Listen to me, for I haven't much time. There's a letter there. It's from the dear old mother, I expect. She's the only one that ever writes to me. Read it Ben."

Ben opened the letter and his face changed colour at the first sentence. The letter was from a lawyer saying Nelson's mother was dead. Ben looked at the dying man. There was no reason to add to the agony of his last moments by telling him the sad news.

"Read it, Ben," repeated Nick.

And Ben invented a letter as he read, saying that all were well, and that his mother was anxious to see him again.

"I intended to go down to the country and stop with her for good, when we had pulled this off," said Nelson. "Hard luck to be killed on the last job. Look, Ben, I want you to promise me something. I've got two kids with the old mother. My

wife died two years ago. Take my share of the money and look after my mother and my two little kiddies. If you'll promise that I'll die happy."

"I promise, Nick," said Ben, striving to keep the tears from his eyes. "You needn't worry about them, old pal!"

Five minutes later Nick Nelson was dead.

Ben Meets the Girl.

A WEEK after he had buried his pal, Ben went down to the little country village where Nelson's two children—a boy of six named Tom and Alice two years older—were living on Nelson's farm in charge of a woman who had been appointed by the lawyer. Neither his mother nor anyone in the village had ever suspected that Nelson was a crook, and Ben found it very easy to give out that his friend had met with a fatal accident in New York, and that he had appointed him as executor.

He paid over to the lawyer Nelson's share of the money they had had in the bank, and saw it was invested in safe stock for the benefit of his two children.

Then he cast the old life from him and began to settle down to getting an honest living as a farmer.

In addition to his desire to go straight, Ben was influenced in his decision to remain in the village by Vera Owen, the daughter of Lucius Owen, a wealthy farmer and Ben's neighbour.

Vera was as pretty a girl as one could wish to see, and as good as she was pretty. She was about Ben's age and a strong friendship sprang up between the two, a friendship that was encouraged by Vera's father, who had taken a liking to Ben from the first.

As time went on Ben's friendship for Vera ripened into love, and though he had not declared his love Ben felt that she returned his passion.

But he felt that he could never ask Vera to be his wife because of his past. Night after night he struggled with his problem, and at last he made up his mind he would ask Vera to marry him, but he would tell her the truth about his past life.

His opportunity came the next day when Vera had come over to help him with the children.

He accompanied her part of the way back to her father's farm and on the little bridge by the brook where they had first met, he asked her to marry him.

"But before you give me your answer, Vera," he said, "I want to tell you something. I have been a criminal."

He noticed the shocked look on the girl's face and saw the colour fade from her cheeks, but having taken the plunge Ben determined to tell all. He kept nothing back, and added nothing to his story. When he had finished, Vera looked up at him with trusting eyes as she whispered:

"You were sorely tempted, Ben, and I can't help loving you. But you must promise me one thing. You will never do it again, will you?"

"I would starve first," replied Ben emphatically, and he meant it.

In the days following his engagement to Vera, Ben lived in a new world. He worked hard, and was happy in his work. Each day brought him nearer to the great day when Vera would be his wife, and he felt that when that happened he would have gained all that life had to offer.

And then the blow fell; suddenly and without warning.

There was a fair in the village, and as Ben was strolling around he almost ran into Chick Larrabee.

The crook was talking to Vera's father and as Ben listened, hidden from the two men, he heard Larrabee trying to sell Mr. Owen shares in a company formed to exploit "The Apple Worm Exterminator Patent."

Ben had not to listen long before he knew the so-called patent was a swindle. He made his way from his hiding-place determined to warn Mr. Owen. The latter had not only promised to take one thousand dollars shares, but had also told Larrabee that he had the money and four thousand more in his safe in his house.

Unfortunately for Ben, as he was trying to get away, Chick finished his conversation with Mr. Owen, and turning, saw Ben.

In a few strides he had caught up with him.

"So you heard the game, eh?" he said. "Well, just let me warn you to keep out of it. If you butt in on this, I'll put the police on your track. They still want you for that job at Jevington's. Do you get me?"

"I get you," replied Ben, as he walked away.

Only too well did he know that Larrabee would not hesitate to carry out his threat. He dare not warn Mr. Owen, but at the same time he was determined that he should not be robbed. Ben knew that Larrabee would not now rest content with the thousand dollars, but would rob the safe of the whole five thousand. And as Ben thought of Mr. Owen's safe he smiled grimly. It was an old-fashioned one and a crack safe-breaker could have opened a dozen like it in as many minutes.

"There's only one thing to be done," he said to himself. "I must get to that safe first, and when Larrabee comes he'll find it empty."

Ben carried out his plan that night. As he made his way into Mr. Owen's drawing-room through the French windows, and from there to the library where the safe was, he could not help thinking what an easy job it would have been for him and Nick Nelson in the old days.

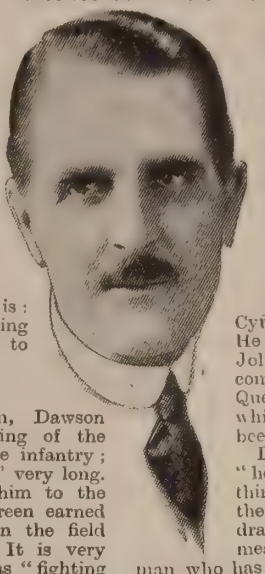
So easy was it that Ben became careless, and as he bent down to get at the lock of the safe, he knocked over a small flower-pot.

(*Continued on page 22.*)

IVO DAWSON.

(Special to the "Picture Show" by George Landy.)

His Six Years' Absence from the Screen Explained.



IVO DAWSON is a prominent name that has been absent from the casts of leading American photo-play and stage productions since the early part of 1914. Where has he been? What has he been doing? What brought about his return? This curiosity on the part of the writer was caused by seeing Mr. Dawson in two recent screen productions, "The Miracle of Love," a cosmopolitan production, and "Footlights and Shadows," with Olive Thomas.

The answer to the first question is: At the front. To the second: Fighting for England and the Allies. And to the third: The end of the war.

His Part in the Great War.

BEING a patriotic Englishman, Dawson enlisted at the very beginning of the world war as a private in the infantry; but he did not remain a "Tommy" very long. The same qualities that brought him to the leading ranks on the stage and screen earned him a commission as lieutenant in the field artillery, and later a captaincy. It is very interesting to note that there was "fighting blood" in the family, since his grandfather was a general and his father a colonel; but Dawson "got there" on his own merit. Rather than accept a desk commission, he got right into the thick of the fighting from the outset, and he stayed there until the very end.

In Mufti Once More.

THE first thing Dawson did after getting into mufti was to have a holiday. But he could not long remain idle, and he was soon at work before the camera in "The Keeper of the Door," produced by Sir Oswald Stoll, the famous British theatrical producer and film magnate. Upon its completion, Dawson decided to return to America, because he wanted to forget the war and because he had established a high reputation in the States.

The Story of His Stage and Film Career.

THE professional history of Ivo Dawson reads like a blue-book of the English and American theatres. He has appeared with Marie Doro, Ethel Barrymore, Irene Vanbrugh, Sir John Hare, Sir George Alexander, Cyril Maude, and Dion Boucicault. He first went to America with Sir John Hare and the original London company to appear in "The Gay Lord Quex." Several of the dramas in which Dawson appeared have since been done on the screen.

Dawson is at his best in so-called "heavy" parts. Let not the reader think that I mean the "villain" of the blood-and-thunder type of melodrama. Far from it! What we mean is the worldly type of man, the man who has seen life in its various aspects and is blasé and cynical as a result.

His Future Plans.

NOW that Dawson's absence has been explained, photo-play followers will doubtless be interested to know what his future plans are. He has just finished work opposite Olive Tell in "Love Without Question," a B. A. Rolfe production, and he intends to remain in America and act in photo-plays as long as the managers want him. And that should be a very long time, as real talent such as Ivo Dawson possesses is not met with too often on the screen make it a drug on the market.

THE WEEK'S NEW FILMS.

A Brief Criticism of the Latest Releases.

"The Edge o' Beyond."

ISOBEL ELSOM and OWEN NARES (*General Film Renting Co.*)

SOUTH AFRICA—that fascinating land of veldt and kopje—is faithfully depicted in the film version of Gertrude Page's famous novel. Such popular stars as Isobel Elsom, Owen Nares, Ruby Millar and Mary Rorke present clever portrayals in this excellent drama.

"Rough-Riding Romance."

TOM MIX and JUANITA HANSEN (*Fox*).

OLD-WORLD romance in an up-to-date guise, with Tom Mix as the hero. He sets out to rescue a real princess, finds many adventures and to spare, and is rewarded by the hand of the fascinating lady. An entertaining film full of "pep" and "go."

"J'Accuse."

M. ROMNALD JOUVE and MLLE. MARISE DAUVRAY (*Pathé*).

A TRAGEDY of France at war—an artistic production that will become a classic of the screen. This film has already been shown to large audiences at the Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus, and the Philharmonic Hall. Described as the most romantic tragedy of modern times, this film will appeal to all lovers of fine screen-craft.

"Crooked Straight."

CHARLES RAY (*Paramount-Artcraft*).

A CHARLES RAY drama. The popular star as a rural lad who goes to town, falls into evil ways, at length comes home and endeavours to "go straight."

"Through the Wrong Door."

MADGE KENNEDY (*Stoll*).

MADGE KENNEDY in a comedy-drama full of novel situations and delightful humours. A young Westerner is robbed of his mine, and he retaliates by annexing the daughter of the "sharp" business man. An entertaining story, well acted and produced.

"Always in the Wrong."

JACK PICKFORD (*Walturdaw*).

AN ambitious grocer's boy, who somehow couldn't make good, is played by Jack Pickford in this photo-play. However, his great opportunity comes, and he makes the most of it, with startling results.

"Victory."

ALL-STAR CAST (*Paramount-Artcraft*).

A SOUTH SEA ISLAND red-blooded adventure, rogues, and a tremendous fight for a girl, are the elements of the picture version of Joseph Conrad's well-known novel. Played by an all-star cast.

"The Grey Wolf's Ghost."

H. B. WARNER (*Jury's*).

ADAPTED from Bret Harte's famous story "Maruja," and starring that great actor, H. B. Warner. A vivid tale of the old South-Western States, of native superstition and of a man who suddenly appeared and demanded retribution from his treacherous father. Well worth going a long way to see.

"The Beachcomber."

JUANITA HANSEN (*Phillips*).

THIS exciting tale of a girl on a South-Pacific island will hold the interest from beginning to end. She waits for her Fairy Prince, and he comes as a Secret Service agent.

"The City of Purple Dreams."

TOM SANTSCHI and BESSIE EYTON (*Gaumont*).

AN absorbing tale in which Tom Santschi's virile personality holds the interest from first to last. The story of a derelict who determined to get to the top.

"Round the World for a Wager."

GEORGE SEITZ and MARGUERITE COURTOT (*Pathe*).

RAPID action and thrills upon thrills. George Seitz and delightful Marguerite Courtot in their best serial up to date.

THE "PICTURE SHOW" CRITIC.

BEGIN THIS LIFE STORY TO-DAY.

"SISTERS THREE" The LIFE STORY of the TALMADGE SISTERS





EXCLUSIVE TO THE "PICTURE SHOW."

FOR the first time the romantic life story of Norma, Natalie, and Constance Talmadge has been written, and will appear exclusively in the "Picture Show." The early struggles of these girls, before they were stars, make most fascinating reading, especially as they have recently visited Great Britain. THE EDITOR.

Read This First.

NORMA TALMADGE was not fifteen when she applied at the Vitagraph Studio, and was taken on as an "extra." After a year she was given a small part, which was her chance, and she made a wonderful success of it.

Norma's Successful Mixture.

THE cinema is now far and away the most popular form of public entertainment. Moreover, it has reached this position of preeminence in an amazingly short space of time. A dozen years ago it was just an occasional music-hall turn, not greatly favoured by anyone and very trying to the eyes. It was a novelty, a little tiresome, destined soon to pass away and be forgotten. That is what we all thought—at least, that is what most of us thought. A few shrewd observers doubtless even in those early days saw both the money-making and the artistic possibilities of the new thing.

The rapidity with which the cinema has achieved its success has caused a good deal of mental confusion in various quarters, and is responsible for all sorts of erroneous ideas with regard to the business.

A superior critic recently declared in all seriousness that a pretty face is all that is necessary for success on the screen, and, if you inquire, you will find that this opinion largely prevails among patrons of the picture house.

No greater mistake could be made. A screen actress should be pretty, but she must be able to act, otherwise certainly she will never achieve supreme success.

Most film favourites were actresses on the speaking stage before they took to the screen—most of them, but not all. Norma Talmadge, now universally acknowledged to be a great emotional actress, had no stage experience whatever.

All she knows of acting she learned in the studio. One of her producers was asked how he explained the rapidity of her success. His reply was brief and significant:

"Miss Talmadge has brains. She mixes them with everything she does."

When she joined the Triangle she was given star parts, and she at once made good. She appeared in a film called "The Crown Prince's Double," which was a great success.

Then just a year before the war broke out a very fine picture was put on, called "The Battle Cry of Peace," and Norma was chosen to play the American beauty.

Her success in this part was sensational; she began to be talked about. Exhibitors and critics were enthusiastic, and predicted a wonderful future for her.

According to Mrs. Talmadge, this picture was really the beginning of Norma's important work. From that date she was universally accepted as a coming star of the first magnitude.

She was always a worker and always a student. If you go to see a Norma Talmadge film—especially the later ones—you will notice that it is correct in every detail, and that immense care has been taken in every little trifle connected with the production.

Quite early in her career she realised the truth of the famous artiste's assertion that trifles make perfection.

Endowed as she is with a most fascinating personality, she does not rely upon that alone. The background has to be right.

She takes immense pains to select the right kind of story, and then in the production she studies every item with the utmost care.

Now that she has her own studio, and, with the assistance of her husband, produces her own pictures, she is able to exercise control over every detail. She is always ready to take advice and to accept suggestions from people who know, but the final decision is her own.

As an example of the conscientious and serious attitude she adopts towards her profession, it may be mentioned that she has recently established at her studios a permanent research department.

A large staff of workers has been engaged, and their business is to provide the producer with all he requires, in order to give an accurate setting to the story which he is filming.

It takes five to seven weeks to make a picture. During this time the director has about all he can do to concentrate on the story and the interpretation of the various parts.

It is an enormous help to him to have someone at his side who can spend hours and hours, if necessary, at the library, looking up the correct cut of a courtier's silken knickerbockers in 1599, the particular way women dressed their hair in China in one of the small villages at some period B.C., the wedding ceremonies of the Umqua Indians, the particular minuet danced at the court of Louis XIV, and so forth.

The research department has to know about the costumes of all periods and all countries, as well as the etiquette and social customs of many peoples of many lands. What it does not know about these things it must be able quickly to find out.

A Real Artist.

TOO often these little matters have been slurred over or "faked" in an otherwise careful production.

"We can't spend time and money on such trifles," says the ordinary producer. "The play's the thing. If we get a good story, accuracy doesn't matter. The public won't know the difference."

"But the public does know the difference," declares Norma Talmadge. "Are you producers blind? Can't you see how conditions have changed in the last few years, and are still changing? The day has gone by when you can thrust any old thing on the public with a handful of thrills and a bit of knockabout comedy. The silly, insincere old stories won't do any more: nor will the cheap, slap-dash production. The picture business is now an art. People demand real stories, with clever plots. That is why some of the best-known names in the literary world are now associated with the business. In the same way, picture audiences are now growing more and more discerning about the production of the pictures.

"They watch very carefully nowadays the furniture in your sets, the clothes you wear, the million and one things which give or take away 'tone' from a picture."

"But surely people who go to the pictures go for the story and for the star?" objected someone who was discussing the subject with Miss Talmadge.

"Yes, and if you go to dine at a restaurant, you go for the dinner. That is the chief thing. But you like it properly served, don't you?" replied the actress quickly. "Audiences of to-day have been educated up to better standards than in the old days, and well-educated people go to the movies now who once considered them vulgar. I want to make my pictures attractive to all classes—to the high-school teacher as well as to the day labourer. And if the high-school teacher knows more about the architecture of the 12th century than the little girl who sews on buttons, who happens to occupy the next seat to hers, then it is up to me to have the 12th century architecture of the door or window against which I am screened accurate enough to please the teacher and perhaps to give the factory girl a sense of the beautiful and of the fitness of things which she could not have got from some faked style of architecture which we hoped would pass."

If Norma Talmadge was a one-part actress, the work of her research department would be easier; but her note is versatility. She can take any kind of part, so long as it has in it the element of human interest.

There is, perhaps, no screen actress who can portray the development of a character so skilfully as Norma Talmadge. In this connection a story may be told.

A well-known actor of the speaking stage, who was wont to speak contemptuously of the films, was induced to visit a picture house. He saw Norma Talmadge, and he was converted—so much so that for a time he could talk of nothing else.

His friends chaffed him, and one of them said:

"She's pretty, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so!" was the reply. "But that isn't it, my boy. She's an artist."

"What did you see her in?"

"I don't remember the name of the thing. She takes the part of a slum kiddy known as Puck."

"Oh, the old stuff!"

"Wait a bit; that's only the beginning. When you see her first, she is just a dainty little sprite of the cheap music-halls—short skirts, hair down, half-child, half-woman. She is the child-wife of the stage strong man, a chap called Vulcan. He is a brute and knocks her about."

"All this seems somewhat familiar," objected the friend.

"Quite so, but listen. I want to make you understand what an artist that little woman is. This is how the story goes. In spite of her husband's cruelty, she forces her way up till she becomes the most popular toe-dancer in London. She has a scene where, dressed as a dragon-fly, with great gaudy wings attached to her little shoulders, she pirouettes and smiles to her audiences. A gay, mischievous sprite she looks, though her heart is breaking under the tinsel. In that scene she is fine, and I thought to myself, 'A clever little character actress.'

"But presently the story took a turn. A fire breaks out in the theatre and the girl is saved by a Captain Merryon, or some such name. He is a British officer who has risen from the ranks. He is another lonely soul like herself. Vulcan, the brute of a husband, is believed to have perished in the fire. Merryon asks the girl to marry him. The frightened child gazes at him, and says, 'You are sure you won't beat me?'

"They are married. After this the actress gets her chance and the way she rose to it I confess astounded me. The gradual transition from the frightened child to the awakened woman passionately in love with her husband, who in order to advance his interests in India, matches her wits with those of experienced men and women of the world, is marvellously well done. I should never have believed that it could be done on the films. It only shows what a real artist can do, no matter in what medium he or she is working."

Constance's Chance.

"YOU are a star now, Norma. That's splendid of course, and I'm awfully glad and proud and all that, but——"

Constance paused, and from the depths of a comfortable cane chair looked up whimsically at her famous sister. They were all now in California, and just beginning to get accustomed to the new life.

Constance was always something of a tomboy, with a quaint and humorous way of expressing herself.

She adored Norma, but could rarely refrain for a whole day from chaffing her.

"What do you mean by 'but'?" said Norma, smiling.

Constance assumed a very solemn expression.

"You are a star, and for the rest of our lives

(Continued on page 20.)



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"SISTERS THREE." *(Continued from page 18)*

we shall worship you—with folded hands and eyes dazzled by your splendour we shall sit and gaze at you while you go from triumph to triumph. Won't it be nice?"

Norma laughed.

"Silly kid," she said affectionately. "You will soon be doing big things yourself."

"No, no!" interposed Connie, in mock despair. "Seek not to rouse vain hopes within my young bosom. My career is nipped in the bud. At the Vitagraph I had a chance—just a wee little chance—but here——"

"Mr. Griffith was asking about you to-day," said Norma casually.

"Eh?"

Constance was on her feet, all her langour gone, and a very eager light in her bright eyes.

"Fact! He wants to see you to-morrow. He is bringing out a new thing—an enormous production. The biggest thing that has ever been done. It is called 'Intolerance.' He thinks there is a part in it for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, he has seen you on the screen. There isn't much he doesn't see. And he fancies you are just what he wants for the part."

"Oh!" cried Constance, clasping her hands. "What a man! What intelligence! I always said he was great. But," she added, suddenly breaking off, "is it a real part?"

"I believe so; something really good. But you will hear all about it to-morrow."

Connie gave her sister a suspicious look.

"Norma, you—you deceiver, you have done this! You have talked him round."

Norma shook her head, laughing.

"Not at all," she declared. "I have told him all along that he must give you a chance, of course; but he has selected you for this part entirely on his own judgment. He is quite enthusiastic. He says he has been struck by your pretty face, your slim figure, and your gallant bearing."

"Oh, my!" gasped Constance, with a comical grimace. "Anyway, it is glorious news. Excuse me, old girl, I must go and tell Peg."

The next day she saw Mr. Griffith, and was chosen by him to play the Mountain Girl in "Intolerance."

In the section of that wonderful production devoted to the Babylonian period she took the lead. It was a splendid chance for so young an actress, and how splendidly she took advantage of it all the world knows.

But Constance did not achieve this success without hard work.

In one section of the film she had to do hard chariot riding, and the rehearsals for this were both strenuous and exciting. It took her some time to acquire the art of standing properly in the rocking and swaying chariot as it was dragged by wildly racing horses round the arena, and for weeks she came home every day covered with bruises, and with her knees black and blue.

But she stuck to it gamely, and at length acquired a perfect balance, with the result that when she is seen on the screen in this part the ease and grace of her slim, girlish figure are a delight to behold.

With this picture Constance Talmadge leaped into fame at a single bound, and from that day she has been an acknowledged star.

"Scandal," "The Honeymoon," "A Pair of Blue Stockings," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "Romance and Arabella," "Two Weeks," "In Search of a Sinner," "The Perfect Woman," are but a few of her films which will be remembered by all lovers of bright, wholesome comedy.

When Constance made her first sensational success it was believed that the third member of the family would at last be tempted to try her fortune on the screen.

But Natalie was still obdurate. She rejoiced in the success of her two sisters, but still persisted that she had neither talent nor taste for the business.

At the same time she refused to be idle, and soon after the family arrived at Los Angeles she became private secretary to Roscoe Arbuckle. She enjoyed this work, and proved very skilful in business matters; but both Norma and Constance never ceased to try to persuade her to become a screen actress.

"Sooner or later you will join us," said Norma one day. "You have real talent if you would only let yourself go. I am sure of it."

Natalie laughed and shook her head.

"Never!" she declared. "The only part of the picture business which appeals to me is the awful amount of money you make out of it. And you know very well, Norma, that an artist is not made that way. You and Con have succeeded because you both love the work. It interests you. It does not interest me."

"Well, we shall see. Wait till I have a studio of my own," said Norma. "I will have a part written specially for you, and if you don't take it I will get Peg to bully you until you do."

And, as a matter of fact, it was just in this way that Natalie finally succumbed and entered upon the path which her two brilliant sisters had trodden so successfully.

She appeared with sister Norma in "The Isle of Conquest," and with sister Constance in a more recent film, and to-day she is steadily making good as a film actress.

It was while she was associated with her sisters in their own studios that her prejudice against film work gradually broke down.

She saw the possibilities of artistic expression in the work, and being a very intelligent little lady when once she had decided to take it up she did so with the utmost enthusiasm.

So now all three of the Talmadge sisters are to be seen on the screen, and although at present only two of them are famous no one can say what the future holds.

"I am the ugly duckling," declared Natalie, on one occasion.

"Well," replied the irrepressible Constance, "you know what became of the ugly duckling in the end. She surpassed all the others."

(To be concluded.)

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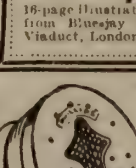
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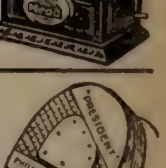
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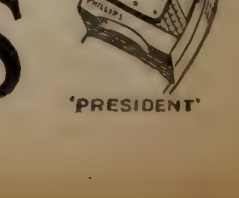
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IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Overhauling the Winter Wardrobe—Cleaning Your Furs and Gloves —Freshening Your Frocks—The Picture Girl's Magyar Blouse.

RENOVATION and freshening is an essential detail of dress at all times of the year if a well-groomed appearance is to be faithfully maintained. And just now, more than at any other time, is it a necessity. For new garments are of such an expensive order that it is essential that old garments be freshened and worn again and again, until they are quite worn out.

Just now the costume will have been packed away, and the big coat and thick frock brought to light. And if the latter are to look well they must be freshened up and cleaned. Cleaners' bills are very heavy, but there is no reason why a certain amount of the cleaning should not be carried out at home. The commodities necessary for this work are of the simple household order: bran, dry salt, and cornflour ranking foremost among them. While petrol is invaluable for cleaning purposes. *Great care must be taken when petrol is used, however, as it is so highly inflammable. Even a glowing cigarette is likely to ignite the petrol in the confined space of a room.*

Cleaning Your Furs.

IF you have had your furs stored away during the summer months, do not bring them straight out of storage and wear them. They will look much better for a good clean. White furs can be cleaned admirably with cornflour. This must be scattered thickly over the fur, and rubbed well into it with the tips of the fingers. Allow it to stay on the fur for a while, and then brush out with a clean, soft-bristled brush. If the first cleaning is not successful—the fur having been in a rather dirty state—a second process will be found effective. White fox or hare can be cleaned with bran. This must be placed in an unbreakable dish and placed in the oven to heat. Lay the article to be cleaned on a sheet of white paper or a white cloth, and, heaping the hot bran upon the fur, rub it in thoroughly. Shake out, and rub again with another heap of hot bran. Later on, shake and brush out, and give a whipping with a fine cane. A final wiping with a white huckaback towel will bring it up like new.

Bran will be appropriate for the cleaning of most furs, and if a slightly damp towel is kept in the bedroom, and rubbed over them every time they are taken off they will keep clean and fresh looking until they are thoroughly worn out.

To Clean Serge Frocks.

YOUR last winter's gabardine or serge frock will need a good cleaning before it is worn again. Petrol is the best to use for this. Fill a bath with cold water, adding a tablespoonful of petrol to it. Then lay the frock in this all night. Take out in the morning, and hang out to dry. When the garment is dry press with a hot iron, and you will find that all dirty marks and grubbiness will have disappeared.

Light coloured cloth can be successfully cleaned with plain kitchen salt—plenty of it, and crushed to a fine powder. You will require a cleaning pad made out of a piece of white cotton fabric and wadding.

Lay the garment to be cleaned on a white paper on the table, and scatter the dry salt all over it. Spread it out carefully, so that there is a powdering of the salt all over the cloth. Then take the pad and rub the salt well into the cloth with long, downward sweeps, so as not to roughen the surface of the material. Allow to stay on for a few minutes, then brush off, and go over the more soiled parts again.

When all the salt is brushed off you will be astonished with the good results of this method of treatment.

Suede Gloves.

SUEDE or kid gloves become soiled particularly quickly if they are of a light shade, and continual cleaning becomes an expensive detail. Besides, they have to be away at the cleaner's for a couple of weeks at least, and this is not always convenient. Therefore, home cleaning is much more convenient, and much cheaper.

They must, of course, be cleaned out of doors, as petrol will need to be used. Place some petrol in a bowl, and begin with the white gloves. Roll the sleeves up above the elbow, put the gloves on, and rub them through the petrol exactly as if you were washing the hands in water. Rub the tips of the fingers of each hand against the palms of the other, and pay special attention to the parts that are badly soiled.

When they are quite clean, take them off, squeeze out the petrol, pull them into shape—seeing that all the fingers are quite straight—and hang them over a clean line in the open air to dry.

Grey or tan gloves can next be cleaned in the same manner, and in the same petrol. Very dark gloves that have become particularly soiled will need a second bowl of petrol to remove all the dirt.

Evening Slippers.

PALE coloured evening shoes will also clean perfectly with petrol. If only slightly soiled, rub them over with a rag dipped in the petrol, but if the dirt is grimed in, then they should be put bodily in the petrol, and brushed gently the right way of the satin, with a soft brush, until all marks have disappeared. Take them out of the basin, and stuff the toes firmly with tissue paper, and leave out in the air until they are nearly dry. Then take out the paper, and place immediately in the dustbin, in case of contact with flames, and leave the shoes to dry thoroughly in the open air.

Perhaps your black satin slippers have become worn at the toe, and the white canvas foundation peeps through threads of the fabric. Remedy this by first painting with black dye, and then neatly covering the shoe with a piece of fine gold or silver lace. The finished effect will be distinctly gratifying, and give the appearance of a new pair of brocade slippers.



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THERE is a distinct charm about the Magyar blouse, especially for dressy wear, and it is particularly commendable on account of the small quantity of material needed for its fashioning. The Picture Girl has a good many in her wardrobe, but prettiest of all is her newest—just a simple little affair of pale grey crepe-de-Chine, on which is printed cherry-coloured fruit. The design has a square neck and short sleeves, and both are bound with cherry silk binding. The very latest draped band takes the fulness at the waist.

* * *

You can obtain patterns of this blouse in 22, 24, 26, and 28 inch waist sizes, for one shilling each from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Department, 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1. P.O. to be made payable to the PICTURE SHOW. Heaps of other designs can be seen at the above address.

A DRESSER.

JAZZ AND GENTILITY.

THE BALLS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IT is rather amusing to turn over an old volume of *Punch* and see pictures of the balls of the 'seventies—the women with voluminous skirts and elaborate coiffure, the men with ultra-long trousers and side-whiskers, the rows of bored chaperones. What would those decorous ladies have said to our scant frocks and bare arms, or to the "deplorably masculine" fashion of "bobbing" the hair?

A dance in those days was a far more formal affair. The débutantes were chaperoned by discreet mammas; they did not dance too much for fear of getting unbecomingly flushed; they did not display their arms in the bold fashion of the 1920 girl; all defects were hidden under long white kid gloves. Only in a very natural vanity did the girls of those days resemble the maidens of our own time.

The modern girl has a harder task to keep herself looking fresh and pretty through a long and arduous evening of "Jazz," "Hesitation," and "Fox-Trot." Dancing is too apt to make one look "shiny" and hot, and the enthusiastic dancer will not spare a second to disappear into the dressing-room to powder her face. "Wouldn't it be lovely," several girls have said to me, "if there was something to put on your face—not real make-up, you know—that would look nice all the evening without any further trouble?"

And to these I reply, "There *is* something. Get an ounce of cleminite from your chemist. Dissolve it in water and bottle it. Before you go to your dance, shake the bottle well, and bathe your face with the lotion, rubbing lightly until it is dry. That will give you all the nice 'bloom' of powder without hurting your skin in the least, and the effect will last for several hours."

GLOVES v. BARE ARMS.

The Victorian miss and her mamma would certainly deplore our casting aside of the conventional long kid gloves as "excessively ungenteel." So also does the woman of to-day, whose arms are better hidden than displayed. Certainly, though a pretty arm gains much admiration, an ugly, hairy one ruins the prettiest toilette. Many girls, whose arms are otherwise white and shapely, suffer from a growth of superfluous hair on them, which is far from attractive. These, of course, can be removed with very little trouble. Shaving is undesirable, for not only is it very tiresome, but the hairs grow again with increased vigour. Electrolysis is painful and expensive. The best method is to procure some safe home-remedy; pheminol is by far the safest and most reliable drug to use. Most chemists stock it ready for use in small 1 oz. bottles; all that is necessary is to add a little water to about a teaspoonful of the powder, and to apply the resulting paste to the superfluous hairs. Directly it has thoroughly dried the hair can be easily and painlessly scraped away with a thin piece of cardboard—a visiting card will do.

Pheminol seems a little expensive; but only a very little is required, and it reduces the future growth of hairs to a minimum.

Let all who have pretty arms then show them. But those who are less well favoured will be wise to moderate fashion a little, and produce a little illusion with "camouflage" sleeves of ninon or tulle.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY. [ADVT.]

"CROOKED STRAIGHT." (Continued from page 17.)

He stiffened and listened intently, but there was no sound from upstairs to show the noise had been heard. But all the same it had been. Vera, for some reason or other was restless that night, and she heard the noise made by the falling flower-pot. Throwing a wrap over her shoulders, she crept downstairs and, peering over the bannisters, she saw, to her horror, her lover robbing her father's safe.

She held her breath as she drew back, undecided what to do.

At that moment Chick Larrabee came in through the library window and as she caught sight of the second intruder she saw Ben creep behind a screen near to the safe.

Ben had previously closed the safe and Larrabee now set to work on it. He was much longer than Ben had been in getting it open, but at last he swung back the door, and began to search for the notes. A smothered imprecation burst from him as he saw there was nothing in it but books and receipted bills.

"The old hayseed must have taken it upstairs with him," he muttered, "Well, I mean to get it if I have to crack him over the head to do it."

He began to climb up the stairs, but he had not gone many steps before Ben was on him. Ben cared nothing about Larrabee's threats now. He only knew that a dangerous crook was out to rob, and that the girl he loved was in danger, should she discover him.

With a swift leap he threw himself on Larrabee. He missed the hold he tried for and Larrabee got him by the throat. Clenched in a deadly grip the two men struggled on the first landing of the stairs. Ben butted Larrabee with his head, and made him release his grip. Getting a waist hold he exerted all his strength and threw Larrabee. The crook fell against the bannisters, which gave way beneath his weight, and both men crashed to the floor.

Ben was partly stunned, and as he picked himself up he saw Mr. Owen running into the library followed by Vera, as Chick Larrabee disappeared through the library window. Outside the servants were shouting and firing guns as they dashed after the fugitive.

As Ben stood there wondering how he could explain his presence in the house he saw Mr. Owen looking at him with a puzzled air.

"What does this mean, Ben, and how did you come here?" he said.

Ben tried hard to think of something to say, but as he stood hesitating Vera came to his rescue.

"I heard somebody moving about the house, father, and I telephoned to Ben," she said.

Having got this start Ben found his voice.

"Yes, that's it, Mr. Owen. I found the window of the library open and when I got in the room I saw the safe had been broken into. The burglar was just going upstairs when I tackled him. We fought on the stairs and the bannisters gave way. I was stunned, and he got away through the window just as I got to my feet."

"And he has got away with my five thousand dollars!" broke in Mr. Owen. "You look after Vera, Ben, while I telephone to the police."

As her father left the room Vera looked Ben straight in the face.

"I saw you take dad's money from the safe, Ben," she said quietly.

"And you lied for me, believing me to be guilty," said Ben, his voice tense with emotion.

"I love you, Ben," said Vera slowly. "I suppose that explains all."

"Well, you've no need to be ashamed of me this time, Vera," said Ben. "That other man you saw was Chick Larrabee. He was going to rob your father and when he knew that I had got on to his scheme, he threatened to give me away to the police for a robbery I committed in the old days if I interfered. There was only one thing to do; that was to rob the safe myself before he came. Your dad's money is safe, I never meant to touch it. Say you believe me, Vera?"

"I do, Ben," replied the girl. "I might have known you would never break your word to me."

She came to him with open arms and in the kiss she gave him was a woman's trust, for then and all time.

Then Ben got swiftly to work. He dropped the bundle of notes among the papers Larrabee had taken from the safe, and there they were found by Mr. Owen when, at Vera's suggestion, he made another search.

"They must have dropped out of his pocket when you were struggling with him, Ben," said the farmer. And Ben let it go at that.

While they were talking one of the farm hands rushed in with the news that the burglar had been shot dead by one of the men as he was running across the meadow.

Ben and Vera exchanged glances.

"That means the last shadow of the old life is lifted for ever from the new," said Ben, as he said good-night to Vera, at the porch. "When will you be ready to marry me, Vera?"

"As soon as you want me, Ben," whispered Vera, as she kissed him once more.

Adapted, by permission, from incidents in the famous Lasky photo play featuring CHARLES RAY *as Ben.*

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If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

DISAPPOINTING PROGRAMMES.

ONE of the chief attractions of a picture theatre lies in the quality of its programme as a whole, and not in any one particular feature of it. Not always, however, does this simple fact receive the attention it deserves, for sometimes the tendency is to screen old pictures for which there is no demand, or new ones of inferior quality, on the principle that everything passes for entertainment.

The usual method, of course, is to tempt the public by means of a single feature attraction. There is nothing to be said against this method provided that care is taken to balance the rest of the programme with items quite as good. What does happen at some theatres, however, is that a thrilling serial or an attractive complete story is prominently advertised. The star's name may be that of a well-known favourite, or the public may have already been made acquainted with the merits of the play. In this way interest is aroused concerning that particular feature, though nothing whatever may be known regarding the merits of the other items.

It is here that the public is at a disadvantage. On the bill outside the bare mention of other titles comprising another drama, a comedy or news film, or whatever else the programme may include, often conveys no indication of their merit. Nevertheless, the public pays to go in and see them all. The exhibitor, on the other hand, having filled his theatre, assumes that the whole programme must be good. There is no logic in that assumption. Nor is the theory always correct.

It is the big feature which invariably acts as the magnet, and, whatever an audience may think of the rest of the programme, it prefers, as a rule, to sit and see it through rather than get up and leave. At the same time, it is up to the public to let the exhibitor know when it has reason to be disappointed with the quality of any of the pictures shown. This can be done by courteously informing the manager of the theatre of the fact either personally or by letter. It is the only method by which the public is likely to get eventually what it really wants.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

A. K. O. (Reading).—Now you must be good and not throw any brickbats at "Vampire," for I notice in sticking up for British films you say "we can, and have, made quite as good and sometimes better, pictures than those of any other country." That's so. Violet Hopson can be seen in "A Turf Conspiracy," "A Daughter of Eve," and "A Gentleman Rider." Yes, Nazimova is wonderful.

A. E. S. (Barking).—I have no doubt Mae Marsh will like your painted portrait of her. Frank Keenan reached the age of fifty-two on April 8th last. Tom Moore was born near Kells, Co. Meath, Ireland.

"A SCHOOLGIRL" (Clapham).—You may rejoice. For since you say you like blue eyes better than any other, Ralph Graves has them. He was in "What Am I Bid?" Pronounce Pauline Frederick's first name as Pawleen.

"BETTY BLUE" (Gravesend).—You have never written to me before. Ah, well, you are the one I have always missed! So you want Jack Hoxie's photo? He was brought up on a cattle ranch, and proved himself quite a clever rider in several champion ship contests before starting his film career. He was born in Oklahoma.

"GLAD" (Worthing).—How many, many years ago did you see the films you mention? They must have impressed you wonderfully. In "Adam Bede," the chief artistes were Malvina Longfellow, Ivy Close, Bransby Williams, and Gerald Ames.

GWEN (Calcutta).—I am sorry you had a difficulty in getting some of your copies of this paper. I am afraid your previous letter must have been lost in transit, but since you have repeated your question, it was the late Gaby Deslys who, with Harry Pilcer, appeared in the films mentioned.

MARJORIE (Cheam).—Believe not the rumours which kill this or that artiste, for Marguerite Clark is alive. Yes, Ruth Roland was the star in "The Tiger's Trail." Dorothy Gish is single, but our old friend Richard is not.

N. F. (Drogheda).—The busiest man is he who finds time for many things. The answer to your tiny request is that Thomas Meighan and Betty Compson were the leads in "The Miracle Man." Warren Kerrigan is thirty-one.

A. M. J. (Blaenavon).—Though I have never met Elmo Lincoln I should say he is nice. Gene Pollard was chosen for "The Return of Tarzan." Elmo was born in Rochester, Indiana, on February 6th, 1889. His real name is Otto Elmo Linkenhelt, and at one time he was a fireman on a railway locomotive

"DINKUM AUSSIE" (Bunbury).—Question marks dance before my eyes all day, and sometimes even haunt my dreams. But I am used to it. William Scott, who has been screen villain so often, was born thirty-seven years ago in New York. He has appeared in "Amarilly of Clothes-line Alley," "Riders of the Purple Sage," "True Blue," and "Pitfalls of a Big City." He doesn't tell us anything about his relations.

ELSIE (Cardiff) and "THE BELLE" (Cubitt Town).—Since both of you want to know about "A House Divided," I have paired you off. In this film, Sylvia Breamer was Mary Lord, Herbert Rawlinson, opposite her, was Philip Carmichael, and Bob Baldwin was Lawrence Grossmith. Priscilla Dean and Ashton Dearholt were in "The Two-Souled Woman."

"HAUT" (Lewes).—Gregory Scott took the part of Reid Gordon in "A Great Coup," the Broadwest film. Others mentioned in the cast were Stewart Rome as Squire Hampton, Cameron Carr (Richard Foxton), and Poppy Wyndham (Kate Hampton). No other actress' name is given.

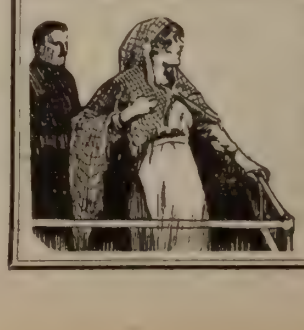
BETTY (Newcastle-on-Tyne). — The books in question were written by a man. Norma Talmadge is three years older than Constance, who is just over twenty. The latter has golden hair and brown eyes. Other information has been given elsewhere.

L. L. (New Southgate), CYNTHIA (Liverpool), E. J. (Brockley), C. G. H. (Yarmouth), M. C. B. (Wednesbury), D. T. (Southport), "TONWALSH" (New Malden), FREDDIE (Hull), "TWO LAWSUITES" (Dundee), EILEEN (Southampton), D. B. (Northampton), L. F. (Winchmore Hill), D. D. (Muswell Hill), D. L. M. (Felixstowe), N. L. (Bermondsey), BERYL (Birmingham), "CURIOUS" (London, N.), A. V. (Liverpool), G. W. (Merton), C. D. (Chelmsford), M. C. (Port Elizabeth), H. C. R. and E. P. P. (Ilford), and TESSA (Cheltenham). Sorry, but other curious folk have just been given on this page the same information for which you have asked. However, don't hesitate to write to me again about something else.

"ANXIOUS" (Handsworth).—You should never look a gift horse, or a film artiste, in the mouth. I don't, so how could I possibly say whether any film stars have false teeth or not? Won't you ask me something easier?

W. B. (Peckham).—I was interested in your criticism of the British film you saw. The producer certainly ought to have been more careful. But let me, in fairness, remind you that several American pictures have contained amusing blunders, especially in scenes attempting to depict the customs of this country. However, let me hear from you often. It was Charles Spere who took the part of Enid Bennett's screen brother in "A Desert Wooing."

(More answers next week.)



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"NOTHING that I or anyone else can say is too good for it, and I am glad to know that you are offering every reader of PICTURE SHOW the opportunity of receiving what I can truly say is a 'Gift-of-Gifts,' for that is what it proved to be in my own case.

Look at the accompanying photograph of Miss Peggy Carlisle's lovely hair, and every reader will be able to judge the value of the "Gift-of-Gifts" offered simply for the asking therefor.



"Oh, what lovely hair!" is the envious sigh of everyone who sees Miss Peggy Carlisle's radiantly beautiful head of hair. Every film lover must have said or thought this when seeing Miss Carlisle in her "Star" part in Miss Marie Corelli's "God's Good Man" and Miss E. M. Dell's "Rocks of Valpre," "Keeper of the Door," "Comradeship," and other notable film successes. "Everyone," Miss Carlisle frankly admits, "can wondrously improve his or her hair by including 'Harlene Hair-Drill' as a part of the daily toilet." To-day every interested reader can have a "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit as a "Gift-of-Gifts." Simply send the Coupon published for the purpose in this announcement.

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1.—A Bottle of "Harlene"—acknowledged and used throughout the world because it is the most stimulating and beautifying tonic-food for the hair. Used daily, and whenever the hair is brushed, as a dressing, it not only feeds the growth of the hair, but "insulates" it against every enemy of the hair, such as greasiness, scurf, dryness, splitting, breaking and falling out, as it "drills" every hair into a shaft of symmetrical beauty and makes it lustrous with the radiance of health.

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4.—The Illustrated Book of "Harlene Hair-Drill" Instructions, revealing the secrets of the 2-minutes-a-day method of (1) cultivating and (2) preserving a glorious head of hair.

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SEND THE COUPON TO-DAY AND RECEIVE

by return of post full Illustrated Instructions, together with the complete outfit to begin the world-recognised only correct treatment, which will enable you to see in your own mirror your hair growing in beauty day after day.

You will be surprised to see within 5 to 7 days your hair looking as if it had been dipped in sunshine. Sitting between the window and other persons your hair will appear to them as though bathed in that halo-like radiance so admired in Miss Peggy Carlisle's hair. Instead of looking dull and matted together, each hair will curl in wavy tendrils of beauty.

Even after the very first Shampoo with the marvellously cleansing and brightening "Cremex Shampoo," your hair will look twice as luxuriant, twice as beautiful in colour, and twice as lovely in that fine silky fluffiness of the hair which is so admired by everyone.

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Such faults as:

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—Brittleness,
—Splitting,
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—Greasiness, Clinging in a "flat" mass,
—Unpleasant Odour,
—Patchy Thinness,
—Baldness,
—Falling and Combing Out,

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So pleased will you be with the same splendid appearance of your hair as seen in Miss Peggy Carlisle's photograph that you will want to continue "Harlene Hair-Drill" as a regular detail of your daily toilet.

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Afterwards you will be glad to know that you can obtain from your Chemists or Stores regular supplies for the "Harlene Hair-Drill" essentials for your toilet table at the following prices:

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Dear Sirs,—I accept your offer of a "Gift-of-Gifts" 4-in-1 "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit as offered to every reader of PICTURE SHOW, and enclose 4d. stamps for postage and packing.

NOTE TO READER. Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Gifts Dept.")

PICTURE SHOW, 6.11.'20.



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PICTURE SHOW, November 13th, 1920. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

No.4 "GIRLS' CINEMA" Out To-morrow Have You Ordered Your Copy ?

TWOPENCE. NOV. 13th, 1920.

Picture Show

No. 81. Vol. 4.

YELLOW, BLACK, AND WHITE PLAY TOGETHER IN "DINTY."



Three little pals whom we are to see together on the screen in "Dinty," the coming photo-play. Wesley Barry, of Freckle fame, you see in the centre; on his right is Aaron Mitchell, his darkey pal; on his left, Walter Chung, his little Chinese friend.

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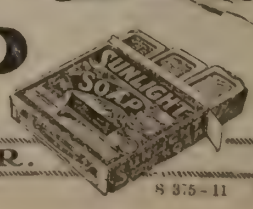
TO the children the cheeriness and happiness of home centres in Mother. In her turn Mother strives to make their lives bright and happy. That is why she uses Sunlight Soap.

Sunlight Soap enables Mother to be out early and happy with the children on wash-day—the washing finished, clothes neatly folded in the basket, and with leisure to enter into the children's pleasures.

Sunlight Soap is the purest and most efficient of cleansers. As a laundry soap it has no equal—as a household cleanser it stands supreme.



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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 44.—MARY MASSART.

MARY MASSART, the dainty little star who is playing the leading feminine role in the Stoll version of Sax Rohmer's mystery story of "The Yellow Claw," is a keen lover of the PICTURE SHOW. She is seen above looking up after admiring the centre pictures of Georges Carpentier, the famous boxer, who is starring in "The Wonder Man" film.

Miss Massart will be more than interested in this issue, for besides the photograph of her, she will be able to read the story of "The Wonder Man," which begins on page 6. Miss Massart will not be alone in enjoying the story, will she?

I know all my readers will turn eagerly to this page and read of a real hero in a hero part on screen and in story.

A Hint for To-morrow.

TO-MORROW, Tuesday, is the date for the fourth number of the "Girls' Cinema" to greet you on your way. There is a most charming plate presented with this issue. Charles Ray and Seena Owen in a delightful love scene. The title of which is "Say Yes."

If you have not yet seen this splendid—and I use the adjective that everyone who has written me about it used—little paper, don't let to-morrow pass without getting a copy. I don't ask much from you. I don't ask you to buy it every week, only one copy to-morrow, for I know you will not need asking to buy future copies.

The "Girls' Cinema" is a paper that every girl fond of the PICTURE SHOW cannot afford to miss.

Poor May.

I HEAR from a friend in California that the residents of Hollywood are bemoaning the fact that they were not up in the early hours of one morning last week, as they thereby missed seeing a startling reproduction of Lady Godiva's famous ride, by May Allison, which is to appear in the coming photo-play, "The Marriage of William Ashe."

The horse on which Miss Allison, attired only in a long flowing wig, was seated, became excited by the lights and the clicking of the camera in the studio, and bolted through an archway, down the streets of Hollywood.

A chauffeur eventually captured the frightened animal, and brought him, and the blushing star, back to the studio. "I'm glad it was three o'clock in the morning," says Miss Allison.

As He Really Is.

PICTURE-GOERS who have watched the clever character work of Raymond Hatton, will have an opportunity of seeing him as he really is in two new Goldwyn productions. Hatton makes up so cleverly that few people who have seen him on the screen would recognise him in real life. But in "Head Over Heels," with Mabel Normand and in "The Concert," he is to play straight roles. In the former he impersonates a press agent, and in the latter, takes the part of a young doctor.

In between he played a Scotch part in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," in which he was completely disguised by his costume.

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

A Proposal from the Skies.

ROMANCE is not dead—not by a long chalk! For the latest gossip from Los Angeles tells how, the other night, Ruth Roland was in her garden playing in the moonlight with "Laddie," her new police dog, when, veritably out of the clouds came a dainty white parachute with a gold basket attached, containing a ten-pound box of chocolates and a proposal of marriage.

In the letter the daring young aviator who had sent the parachute on its journey of love, told he was bashful in his adoration, and so had used a method he had successfully employed while an ace in the world war.

Though Ruth refused, she did it very nicely—told him he was adorably up-to-date, as that was the first time she had enjoyed a bomb from the sky.

A Request from Sarah Bernhardt.

LADY TREE is to be present at the first exhibition in London of Louis Mercanton's film, "Miarka," the screen version of Jean Richepin's famous story, in which the late Madame Rejane made her last dramatic appearance.

Lady Tree is to be present in answer to the following request she received by cable from Madame Sarah Bernhardt:

"My dearest Friend.—Will you be my interpreter, or rather my proxy, and represent me at the first appearance of 'Miarka, the Child of the Bear,' in which our wonderful Rejane is to be seen for the last time? I am quite well now, and would come to London myself if the difficulties of the journey were not so trying. I count on your doing me this favour because of your friendship for me, and your admiration for Rejane, and I send you expressions of my affectionate remembrance.

"SARAH BERNHARDT."

To this Lady Tree replied that she would be proud and delighted, receiving by return a further telegram:

"All my thanks with all my heart.

"SARAH BERNHARDT."

You Can See for Yourself.

THOSE of you who are anxious to see what the interior of a film studio looks like whilst the films are actually being taken, can see it in the Broadwest film, "The Romance of a Movie Star," in which Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, Gregory Scott, and Cameron Carr appear in important parts.

In this film are included some very fine views of London and English country. Picture-goers cannot fail to recognise the view from the top of Richmond Hill, and most interesting scenes are shown in a movie studio.

Eva's Advice to Wives.

ALMOST as many husbands are driven from home by wives who lavish too much attention on them as leave because their wives neglect them. So believes Eva Novak.

"Men were intended to be the aggressors in the battle of love," she says, "and women were cast to play defensive parts. Warriors, once they have completely subdued their opponents, are likely to seek other adversaries. So it is with husbands, and the woman who has been wooed and won, and then displayed her love by too frequent and flagrant fuss and demonstration, is apt to overdo, with disastrous results.

"Men like attention from women, but not too flagrant attention. My advice to the wife is to be sane and conservative in the treatment of her husband, and to retain much of that reserve which marked her courtship."

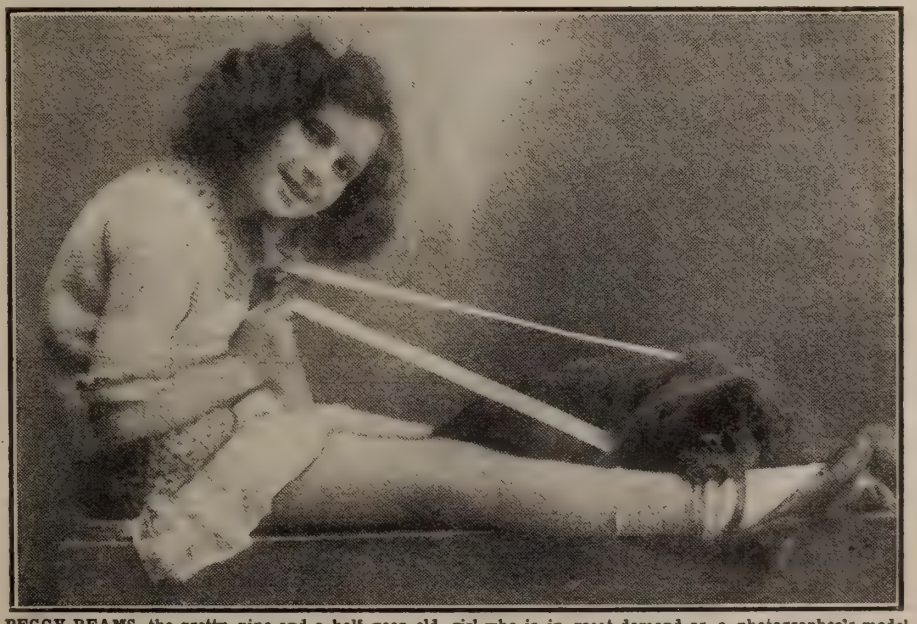
Her Eighteenth Birthday.

EDITH ROBERTS has just returned to Universal City after a month's holiday in New York, her birthplace. It was her first real holiday for several years, and you may guess she made the most of it, especially as her eighteenth birthday fell during the time she spent in New York. She was feted by her former school chums, and a feast was given in her honour. The only drawback to the occasion was the loss of a valuable pearl necklace which had belonged to her mother.

New York police are still searching for the missing gems.

It Was Hot.

HARRY CAREY is now taking the part of the tramp poet, "Sundown Slim," in the picture of that name. It is a story that tells how a tramp poet is thrown into the midst of a sheep ranchers' and cattlemen's feud, and depicts the regeneration from a cowardly tramp to a contented and fearless ranch owner.



PEGGY BEAMS, the pretty nine and a half year old girl who is in great demand as a photographer's model, and who is now making a name for herself on the screen. We can see her in "Our Girls and Their Physique" and the "Game of Life" films.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

Great trouble was experienced in filming the desert scenes of this picture, because of the excessive heat of the Arizona desert. It was necessary to keep the camera covered by a heavy ice pack, and rush the finished film out of the desert every day by motor. To prevent sunstroke, the actors all wore lettuce leaves in their hats.

—♦♦—

Two New Features.

I MUST not forget to tell you that there are two splendid new features in this week's issue of our companion paper, the BOYS' CINEMA. One is the beginning of the world-famous story, "The Return of Tarzan," and the other is a new series of tales of the West, told by Tom Mix, the cowboy star.

—♦♦—

Geraldine Wishes Rumour Denied.

GERALDINE FARRAR has asked me to deny the current report that she is to abandon the movies. Although the operatic stage is very insistent that Geraldine should let them hear her, we may rest assured that we shall see her for some time yet on the screen.



EVELYN BOUCHER, who appeared as Toni in "The Flame," the Olive Wadsley novel filmed by the Stoll Company.



RUBY MILLER appearing in the Stoll picture version of "The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown."

The Servant Problem Solved.

FRITZI BRUNETTE has solved the servant problem. Year in and year out, ever since her friends can remember, Fritzi has had the same maid. The other day she was asked how she managed it.

"Well, you see," said Fritzi, "the average housekeeper has failed to keep a maid for long because they fail to treat them with proper tact. Women call their maids skivvies, Mary Janes, generals, housekeeper, or cook. This is very bad diplomacy."

"What do you call your maid?" she was asked.

"My domestic secretary," replied Fritzi.

—♦♦—

Where to Find Loyalty.

IRENE RICH has something to add to the general discussion about the servant problem.

"If you want loyalty," she advises, "engage a Phillippine servant, and if you can't find one here, make a trip to the Phillippine Islands, and get one."

Miss Rich has reason for her favouritism. Several years ago she lived in Honolulu, and engaged there a native servant, named—by her—Willy Wood. Willy was faithful and devoted, and all that a servant should be. But Miss Rich never suspected the depths of his loyalty.

The other day a dark-skinned youth appeared at the Goldwyn Studios, and asked for her. Of course it was Willy. He had heard, even in Honolulu, of her success on the screen, and followed her all the way to Culver City in the hope of being able to work for her again.

—♦♦—

Why the World is Hard.

SEENA OWEN has a sense of humour. She was talking the other day to her director, who was bemoaning the fact that it was a hard, hard world.

"Yes, you're right, but do you know why?" asked Seena.

"No?"

"Because all the soft jobs are taken," Miss Owen assured him with a laugh.

—♦♦—

Lost His Opportunity.

WILLIAM RUSSELL has a very good friend to whom he has been attached by the tenderest bonds of sympathy and understanding for a long number of years. He never goes anywhere without him, and though this friend is neither young, handsome, nor artistic, he frequently presumes so much upon this long-standing friendship to obtrude his shabby presence between Mr. Russell and the camera, and has managed by sheer "pull" on the part of his influential friend to even sneak his way into many a picture. On some occasions, in fact, Mr. Russell finds his rather disreputable old pal indispensable in achieving some particular effect, and the other day work was held up some time at the Fox Studios, for Big Bill suddenly made the appalling discovery that he had lost his affinity. The whole company heaved a sigh of relief when a property man strolled in and nonchalantly inquiring, "Is this yours?" restored to William Russell his pet pipe of English briar.

—♦♦—

Charlie's Early Days.

COURTENAY FOOTE, the English actor, who came out to America with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, was at the Chaplin Studio the other day and was amusing us with some stories of the times when Charlie was working for the Essanay Company. When he was doing "The Bank," it appears he used to get very depressed and worried, wondering whether the public would stand for a comedy with a strong undercurrent of sadness. Mr. Foote, who is incidentally a born humourist himself, feelingly described how Charlie used to drop into his place of an evening, at once divest himself of his shoes and socks, and seat himself in front of his friend's hearth, whilst Mr. Foote, as he put it, "tried to coax the fire into being a fire." Later in the evening they would adjourn to the kitchen and between them get a Bohemian repast; later they would settle down comfortably for a talk, the latter interspersed by the occasional sizzle of a cigarette ash flicked off into the kitchen sink.

Fay Filmer.



MASTER ROBY, known as "Bubbles" in film circles, on account of his remarkable likeness to the boy in Millais' masterpiece. He has appeared in a number of films, among which can be mentioned "Betha the Gipsy" and "The Temptress."

AN INTRODUCTION.

Special Correspondent for British Studios.



EDITH NEPEAN.

IT has always been the policy of the PICTURE SHOW to give to its readers news, photographs, and stories of the best films and the most popular cinema players.

Until comparatively recently, America and the Continent supplied practically all the pictures shown over here. There were, of course, British producers, all honour to them, but they were few in number, and fighting an uphill battle, by reason of the fact that this country was years behind America in the film industry.

The Time Has Now Come.

TO-DAY, Great Britain is a real rival to America, a fact recognised by thousands of our readers, who write every week asking the PICTURE SHOW to encourage British films. This has always been the policy of this paper, but now that the number of British producers has so vastly increased, and the films have inproved so much, the PICTURE SHOW intends to devote the entire two centre pages weekly to news and photographs of British films, players and producers.

To this end, Edith Nepean, the well-known novelist, has joined the PICTURE SHOW, as its British studios correspondent. She will act for this paper as our residential correspondents in Los Angeles and New York are now doing.

Welcome to British Films.

MUCH of the success of American films is due to the persistent booming of the industry. The value of publicity is recognised much more in the States than it is here. The British producer in the past has suffered from his modesty. He has been content to let the public judge for themselves. But while that is a sound maxim—for the patron of the cinema must always be the final judge—the up-to-date producer, when he has got a good thing, will take care to let the public know.

We of the PICTURE SHOW can assure the British producer that the cinema-going public of the country are only too anxious to patronise British films, when they are worthy of patronage. Every week we receive hundreds of letters bearing out this statement.

Exclusive Stories of British Filmland.

EDITH NEPEAN, whose first novel, "Gwyneth of the Welsh Hills," was dedicated by special permission to the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, is well known in film circles, and even in the dark days of the British film industry, she had always an unshakable belief that the early struggles of the pioneers would eventually meet with success.

Week by week she will give to the readers of the PICTURE SHOW exclusive stories about their favourites of the British screen, and up-to-date information about British films.

A Request to Our Readers.

MAY I ask a favour of our readers? In this latest addition to the many features of the PICTURE SHOW, I shall be glad to receive your opinion of British films and British players. We of the PICTURE SHOW have never made any secret that the outstanding success of this paper has been due as much to the helpful suggestions of our readers as to ourselves.

THE EDITOR.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



Our representative calls at the Metro Film Studios, and gives MR. LAKE, Director of Publicity, his weekly copy of the "Picture Show." MR. LAKE looks as though he is very pleased to receive it.



NAOMI CHILDERS, a pretty Goldwyn film player, sat on the front of her car to have her photograph taken for the PICTURE SHOW before going for a spin.



A happy-looking group, mostly composed of the Cudahy family, who are all members of Monroe Salisbury's company. Left to right are: DR. JOHN MOORE, the Cudahys' family physician; MRS. JACK CUDAHY; ERNEST KING, Monroe Salisbury's Valet; MISS ANN CUDAHY; MILTON MARKWELL, juvenile lead; MASTER MICHAEL CUDAHY; JACK CUDAHY; JOHN R. CUDAHY (standing); MONROE SALISBURY; DONALD CRISP, his director; and MRS. DONALD CRISP.

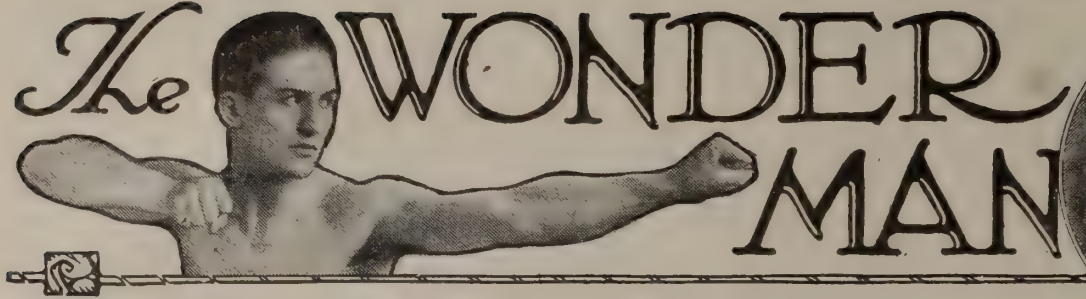


LUCILLE CARLISLE, who is leading lady to—well, you can see his photograph in front of her, and you are sure to recognise LARRY SEMON.



TOD SLOAN, the world-famous jockey, visited the studio of RUTH ROLAND, Pathe star, and they ran a race. It would be interesting to know who won.

The WONDER MAN





The Story in which Georges Carpentier, the World-Famous Boxer, plays the part of Henri D'Alour in the Ideal photo-play, which will shortly be shown in all the leading Picture Houses in the British Isles.

IT was the opening night of the social season of the Potomac Ridge Club—one of the most exclusive institutions of its kind in America.

The Potomac was unique in many ways.

It could not—like so many clubs in England—demand that its members should be able to show an unbroken line of aristocratic descent, or at least have no connection with commerce, for America being a commercial country, it follows that its leading citizens must be business men; but its committee could, and did insist, that the men who sought membership, or who were introduced as guests, should be above suspicion, judged either from the standpoint of business or the social standard.

The Potomac, among many other things on which it based its title to be the finest club in America, pointed with pride to the fact that the wives, daughters, and women friends of its members were, in the eyes of its committee, quite as important as the male members.

If the latter had their splendidly equipped gymnasium, baths, training-track, tennis-court, golf links, billiard-rooms and cardrooms, the women, in addition to sharing most of these, had their private tea-gardens and reception-rooms, and in what might be termed mixed social events, where non-members were invited to the club, the women were more strongly represented than the men on the committee that sent out the invitations.

On this opening night of the season, the Potomac was ablaze with light, and hundreds of pounds had been spent on the floral decorations.

On a balcony overlooking the magnificent ballroom stood Mr. Robert E. Stoner, one of the heads of the firm of The Western Machine Corporation, a firm that was supplying France with immense quantities of military equipment.

He was a man about forty years of age, with a keen but pleasant face.

He was smiling down at Mrs. Stoner—his second wife, a handsome, but rather dissatisfied-looking woman about eight years his junior.

She was talking to E. Guiscon Steven, Mr. Stoner's partner, a middle-aged man with a keen face but rather shifty eyes. The two were joined by a young man, tall, well-built, and rather aggressive-looking. He was passably good-looking, but there was something in the sardonic cast of the dark-complexioned face and the cold, domineering eyes, which would have indicated to the close observer that Alan Gardner was a man accustomed to getting his own way, and that he would not be over particular as to the means he employed to get it.

Gardner was an agent who acted for the firm of Stoner & Steven in their dealings with the French Government.

After he had exchanged greetings with Mrs. Stoner and Steven, Gardner gave an almost imperceptible backward inclination of his head and whispered something, which, to judge from the sneering expression on his face, was not very complimentary to the person to whom it referred.

Mrs. Stoner and Steven turned casually and focussed their attention on a young man in the uniform of an officer in the French army.

He was a man who would have commanded attention in a gathering ten times as large as that which now filled the Potomac Club.

Just under six feet in height, he was so splendidly proportioned that his figure almost seemed slight, but any physical culturist would have instantly known that the well-fitting uniform covered a body that had all the strength and suppleness of a panther.

His face was strikingly handsome.

It would have served a sculptor for the face of one of the ancient Greeks when that race of supermen was at its zenith.

The thick, chestnut-coloured hair was brushed straight back from the forehead, accentuating the classical outline of the features, but what was perhaps the most pleasing characteristic about the young man—he was not much over twenty—was his unaffected boyishness.

Henri D'Alour, despite his terrible experiences on the Western battle front, was still full of the joy of life.

Robert Stoner smiled to himself as he looked on D'Alour, but the smile quickly changed to a frown as he heard the young man's name mentioned by two men talking beneath the balcony.

"There's that protegé of Stoner's here again," said one. "It's a queer thing that nobody seems to know who D'Alour is or what he is doing here. It makes me tired the way the girls run after him. One would think he was a god, not a mere man."

He certainly does look like one of the gods of mythology," replied the other. "I confess I have never seen a more handsome or fascinating young man. But as you say, he is a bit of a mystery. I think Stoner might have told us more about him, since he brings him to the club so often."

"What womanish jealousy," muttered Stoner as he moved away. "All the young men are peeved with D'Alour because they have no chance with the girls when he is around. And I don't blame the girls either. Hello! My own little Dorothy is evidently of the same opinion as the others."

His glance wandered to a petite and strikingly pretty girl who had just come from one of the inner rooms and joined D'Alour.

Dorothy was Stoner's only child.

Her mother was his first wife, and there was not any great affection between the present Mrs. Stoner and the girl.

This was revealed by the cold nod she gave to the young couple as they passed her, but D'Alour and Dorothy were too happy to worry about Mrs. Stoner's scarcely veiled hostility.

"I thought you were never coming," said the young man as they hurried out of the crowd to a palm court.

"I hope you were not prevented from enjoying yourself with other girls through waiting for me," said Dorothy with a pretence at anger. "There, now, you know I am only teasing you," she went on as she saw that D'Alour had taken her seriously. "Really I simply rushed to get here in time. Look! I have not even powdered my nose."

She took out a little powder-puff and a tiny mirror as she spoke and began to dab at her face.

"I can't understand why you use that stuff when nature has given you such a wonderful skin," said D'Alour teasingly.

"Makes me feel grown-up," replied Dorothy flippantly. "Still, that's quite the nicest thing you've said to me yet and you shall be rewarded."

She gave the young man a playful dab with the powder-puff as she spoke.

"Now you'll have to lend me your mirror," expostulated D'Alour, as he began to wipe off the powder with his handkerchief. As he looked in the mirror the girl handed to him the smile suddenly left his face and his jaws set with a snap.

Revealed in the glass was reflected from behind him the face of Alan Gardner.

There appeared to be no reason why D'Alour's expression should so suddenly change at the sight of Gardner. The latter was not even looking in the direction of the Frenchman, but was just chatting easily with some fellow clubmen.

But that there was some latent antagonism between the two men was evident from the look on D'Alour's face.

It passed almost in an instant, and he was the same smiling, debonnair young officer as he handed the mirror back to Dorothy with a courtly bow.

"Now that we have both completed our toilet," said Dorothy, "I think we might go to the ballroom. I'm simply dying to teach you that new two-step."

The Challenge.

THERE was an involuntary murmur of admiration from the dancers as the two took the floor.

Dorothy Stoner was recognised as the best girl dancer in the club, and Henri D'Alour danced—as he did everything else—with an ease that made other men envy him.

If he had only just begun to learn the new dances he must have proved an exceedingly apt pupil, for he made no mistakes, and even when he and Dorothy practised the new two-step in a secluded part of the ballroom during an interval, he seemed to know instinctively what to do, and at the end of five minutes Dorothy declared him to be proficient.

While D'Alour was dancing with Dorothy he noticed that Gardner kept staring at him in a very insolent manner, and he could have sworn that the agent was making derogatory remarks about him to his friends.

But if D'Alour thought these things he took no action.

One might almost have thought that he was afraid of Gardner, so anxious did he appear to be to avoid a quarrel.

The dance passed off without any open quarrel between the two men, though Gardner's rudeness was the cause of much comment among the men.

The next day Gardner's hostility to the Frenchman took an open course.

D'Alour was in the gymnasium practising with the punching-ball, and at the other end of the room Gardner was sparring with a fellow member.

Gardner was the champion heavy-weight boxer of the Potomac, and he generally let all know it who were foolish enough to spar with him.

After hitting his opponent about with unnecessary roughness, Gardner looked round for another victim.

"See that pretty French boy there?" he said to one of his cronies. "How would you like to see me spoil his beauty. He wants taking down a peg."

"Good idea," laughed the other, "if you can persuade him to put the gloves on, but I doubt it."

Several other members gathered round as Gardner explained that he meant to take a rise out of D'Alour.

Gardner was a bit of a bully, and, like all bullies, he had a number of toadies among his friends.

It was a very unsportsmanlike thing that Gardner was suggesting.

Not only was he going to take advantage of his boxing skill, but he was deliberately planning to hit D'Alour as hard as he could in what purported to be a friendly spar.

"As soon as I get him off his guard, boys, I'll give him such a smashing uppercut that he'll need a set of false teeth," he laughed.

Sychophants though they were, some of Gardner's friends thought this was playing a very low-down game on one who was a guest of the club, but they were all too afraid of Gardner to make any protest.

"Like to have the gloves on for a couple of rounds?" shouted Gardner to D'Alour. "Just a friendly spar, you know."

"I shall be delighted!" replied the Frenchman, coming forward.

There were many scarcely suppressed titters from Gardner's friends as the Frenchman put on the gloves, but if he suspected that he was being made the victim of a trick, D'Alour gave no sign that he did so.

As soon as the men put up their hands the spectators saw that the Frenchman was no novice at the game.

As light on his feet as a dancing master, his long arms moved in and out with a smoothness that could only have come with years of practice.

After attempting a light left lead to the face, which D'Alour easily dodged by a quick turn of his head, Gardner smashed in a right to the stomach; but the Frenchman had anticipated the blow, and guarded it with an ease that made Gardner look a bit foolish.

Then, before he could jump back, D'Alour planted two snappy lefts to his face.

"That guy can box some!" whispered the club instructor. "If our champion doesn't look out, he'll be receiving a boxing lesson instead of giving one."

The same thought had evidently struck Gardner, for instead of holding his opponent cheaply, as he had done at the start, he was now putting in all he knew; and that was something considerable, for the agent was undoubtedly one of the cleverest amateurs in America.

He did not attempt another vicious blow, but began to box at a fast rate.

A fast and very scientific spar followed, in which honours were about even, though a keen judge of the game would have seen that, while Gardner was all out, D'Alour had something in reserve.

At the end of the round there was a spontaneous burst of applause. For once in a way, Gardner had met a man who was as good as himself.

Gardner had realised that D'Alour was his master at boxing, but he felt that the Frenchman was a quitter, and he determined to test his pluck.

"He's a pretty boxer, but I bet you he won't take a wallop!" he whispered to the man who was fanning him during the interval.

The second round was even faster than the first, and though Gardner about held his own, it was only by exerting himself to the uttermost, whereas D'Alour was sparring with an ease that showed he had a lot in reserve.

He was much quicker on his feet than Gardner, and in the first minute of the round he twice jumped in and planted his left glove straight on Gardner's nose when the latter thought he was out of distance.

The club champion could see from the faces of his friends that he was being made to look cheap, and an ugly look came into his eyes.

He meant to put D'Alour not only down, but out. But, like the crafty fighter he was, he did not give his scheme away.

Forcing a smile to his face, he boxed lightly and shot out a word of praise whenever the Frenchman did something smart.

This was to put D'Alour off his guard, and in this Gardner succeeded.

The Frenchman had not been blind to the viciousness of that right-hand punch in the first round, and he had watched Gardner very closely afterwards. But now, seeing his opponent smiling and apparently boxing in the best of humour, he relaxed his watchfulness.

Gardner got his opportunity following a clinch.

In a friendly spar, it is the usual thing for both boxers to step back after a clinch, and then begin again.

D'Alour, who, had he been engaged in a real fight, would have protected himself as he stepped back, now moved away with both hands down, leaving his face and body entirely unprotected.

Like a flash, Gardner hooked his right to the jaw.

Too late D'Alour saw the trap he had fallen into.

He could not altogether avoid the blow but, by turning his head, he minimised its force.

But even then the force of the punch was such that he was rendered helpless for the moment.

Even Gardner felt a little ashamed as he caught the look on the face of the club boxing instructor.

"I think that will do, Mr. Gardner," said the instructor significantly.

There was a dangerous glint in the Frenchman's eyes as he half-drew away from the instructor, as though he intended to carry on the contest; but apparently he thought better of it.

As he held out his hands for the instructor to unfasten his gloves, he looked straight at Gardner.

"I thought this was a friendly spar," he said quietly; then, without another look at his opponent, he went to the dressing-room.

Gardner gave a sneering laugh as D'Alour walked away.

"What did I tell you?" he said, turning to his friends. "That French dude can box all right, but when it comes to taking one of my wallops, his chicken heart can't stand it!"

His sycophantic friends hastened to agree with him, but the instructor, himself an old fighter, knew that it was not fear that had stopped D'Alour going on with the fight.

"I don't know what made that French guy take it lying down," he said to himself, as he put away the gloves; "but, whatever it was, it wasn't funk. One day those two are going to meet again, and when it comes off my money is going to be on the Frenchman!"

The story of the spar got round the club, and the general opinion among the real sports was that, though Gardner had taken an unfair advantage, D'Alour had shown the white feather in not insisting on another round.

Throwing the Knife.

BUT something happened the next day which made the members of the Potomac Club forget all about the sparring bout. Mr. Stoner's chief clerk was found murdered in his office. The news was brought to Mr. Stoner by Detective Monroe from the Central Station as Stoner was sitting in the library of the Potomac Club.

"The chief thinks there's something queer about this murder," said the detective. "When I got on the scene, I found that the door of his office was locked on the inside, yet your clerk was stabbed in the back. We can't make out how the murderer got in or got away. Another thing that is puzzling us is the motive. Nothing has been taken from the cash box your clerk had in his desk, and there has been no attempt to break open the safe."

Mr. Stoner looked thoughtful.

"I can't offer any explanation, Mr. Monroe," he said. "When I left the office an hour ago my clerk was at his desk. So far as I know, he had not an enemy in the world."

Mr. Stoner turned suddenly as Steven and Alan Gardner came up.

"I see by your face that you have heard the news," he said. "This is Mr. Monroe, a detective from the Central Office. His chief is baffled as to the motive for the murder. Nothing is missing from the safe, and there is another strange thing about the murder, according to Mr. Monroe. The door of the clerk's office was locked on the inside, and the police can't make out how the murderer got in."

"That's right," said Monroe crisply.

"The only thing I can think of as to the motive," said Mr. Stoner, "is that the murderer was after those contracts of Gardner's. But he could not have been very well informed, for I happen to keep those contracts in my private safe at home. What beats me, though, is how the murderer could have got inside an office where the door was locked on the inside—which, as you know, Steven, was one of poor Granger's customs, so that he should not be disturbed—and stabbed him in the back."

"May I suggest an explanation?"

The four men started at the sound of the voice.

Henri D'Alour came up to them with a pleasant smile on his handsome face.

"I could not help overhearing your conversation as I came into the library," he said, "and I have just been told about the death of your clerk, Mr. Stoner. May I suggest that it is not necessary for a man to get in a room to stab another in the back. There is such a thing as throwing a knife. I presume that, the day being very warm, Mr. Granger would have his office window open. See!"

D'Alour took up a dagger that was lying in front of Mr. Stoner. It was a curio one of the members had presented to the club.

The Frenchman balanced it on the palm of his hand for a moment, and then fixed his eye on the old-fashioned wooden fireplace of the library.

"I will throw this knife so that it will stick in the right-hand pillar of the fireplace," he said.

(Continued on page 8.)



GEORGES CARPENTIER as Henri D'Alour, and FAIRE BINNEY as Dorothy Stoner in the Ideal photo-play

THE WONDER MAN.

(Continued from page 7.)

With a swift jerk, he threw the knife, and it stuck in the centre of the pillar.

"I agree that is a very good explanation of the problem that has baffled my chief," said Detective Monroe, looking fixedly at D'Alour. "I will tell the chief of your demonstration, Mr. ——"

"Monsieur Henri D'Alour," broke in Mr. Stoner. "D'Alour is, in a way, my guest, Mr. Monroe."

"Pleased to meet you," said the detective.

Henri D'Alour bowed politely. Then, turning to Mr. Stoner, he said:

"Will you please excuse me, Mr. Stoner? I have an appointment."

With another bow to the others, he left the library.

"I don't want to suggest anything, Mr. Stoner," said Alan Gardner; "but don't you think that your friend, Mr. D'Alour, seems very familiar with the methods of criminals, not to say murderers?"

"Guess you've just taken the words out of my mouth!" broke in Monroe. "Who is he?"

"No one seems to know," answered Gardner, with a shrug. "I've always said there was something suspicious about him. No one knows anything about him, except he has taken care to get introduced to this club and has made himself particularly nice to the ladies. I shouldn't be surprised if there was some motive behind this; girls talk, you know! D'Alour must have some business in this country, but no one knows what it is. How do we know it is not something connected with your contracts, Mr. Stoner? Remember how he has attached himself to your daughter Dorothy."

"But why—why——" stammered Mr. Stoner.

But Monroe broke in.

"Mr. Gardner is right, Mr. Stoner. This young man must be watched."

"But if he is guilty, why should he have gone out of his way to show how the crime was committed!" exclaimed Mr. Stoner.

"If you were in my business, Mr. Stoner," said the detective quietly, "you would know that one of the strangest things about murder crimes is that the murderer is often the very man that comes first to the police to report the affair. I'm not a betting man, but I would wager something that D'Alour killed your clerk. He's not an ordinary murderer, this young friend of yours, and I'm all at sea as to his motive; but I'll stake my reputation as a detective that D'Alour killed your clerk."

(To be concluded next week.)

FINDING FAULTS IN FILMS.

WHEN Alice Brady in "Redhead," looks out of her window down on to Broadway there is no balcony, and the window is several storeys high; but a few minutes later a man is seen walking by the window. Was he walking on air?—5s. Awarded to M. Coffin, 9, Maple Road, Bitterne Park, Southampton.

In "The Judgment" (Domino Film) it says, "Ten years have passed." During this period the girl Mercy has aged at least 30 years, while her son, one month old, has grown up to be the chief magistrate of the island, with two children of his own, about 10 and 14 years old!—5s. Awarded to Miss M. Dolby, 91, Lathom Road, East Ham, E.6.

In the "Iron Test," Antonio Moreno's seriai, Red Mask, otherwise Lewis Craven, shot an aeroplanist in his shoulder, and the aeroplanist was limping after he had got up from the ground.—5s. Awarded to S. Fleet, 225, Burbury Street, Lozells, Birmingham.

In "Boundary House," the photo-play in which Alma Taylor stars as Jenny Gay, although the room downstairs wears an air of absolute poverty, and nearly everything has been pawned, yet when Jenny enters her bedroom this is most gorgeously furnished.—5s. Awarded to Miss H. Appleyard, 57, Ainslie Street, Grimsby, Lincs.

Five Shillings will be awarded to the sender of every "fault" published in the "Picture Show." If we receive the same "fault" from two readers, and we think it worthy of a prize, this will be given to the one which reaches us first. Address your postcard: Editor, Film Faults, "Picture Show," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.





Love Maggy



"LOVE MAGGY," sequel to "The Honeypot," by Countess Barcynska, has been filmed by the Samuelson Film Company.

These novels are tales of the stage and "Love Maggy" is the story of the heroine's life after she is married to Lord Chalfont.

Peggy Hyland is delightful as the warm-hearted and impulsive Maggy, who leaves her husband, whom she passionately loves, because a man whom she has known in the past comes into her life once more and tries to blackmail her. Rather than any trouble should come to her husband through her, she leaves Chalfont Towers and goes back to the stage. She is a wonderful success, and one day her husband goes to the theatre and sees her. He takes her away from the stage life, and all ends happily.

Some of the scenes for this film, which, by the way, was produced by Mr. F. L. Granville for the Samuelson Film Company, were taken at the Holborn Empire, London.



One of the scenes taken at the Holborn Empire. Peggy Hyland can be seen on the stage. Above is a photograph of Miss Hyland with F. L. Granville, who takes a part in the film as well as producing it. The photograph at the top of the page shows Mr. Granville as producer.

THE EXPRESSIONS OF LILLIAN GISH.

(Exclusive to the "Picture Show.")



Repose.



Just wondering.



Delight.



So sad.



Her wistful smile.

LILLIAN GISH.

The Talented Screen Artiste With the Heart of a Child.

FROM the day that Lillian Gish, at the age of seven, played the part of little Willie in "East Lynne," her career was decided. Lillian naturally possesses a pathetic charm that is all her own, and the power to get right to the hearts of her audience. The culminating point of her success was reached in her rendering of the girl in the now world-famous "Broken Blossoms."

It was Mrs. Mary Gish, the mother of the two popular Gish girls, who paved the way for her two daughters to become the popular successes they are to-day.

When only twenty-three years of age, Mrs. Gish was left a widow with two tiny girls to support.

Mary's Part in Her Life Story.

A FRIEND procured for Mrs. Gish a walking-on part at the local theatre. In time she was advanced to better parts, and whilst touring round with her two little girls, they made the acquaintance of Mary Pickford. Mary was then herself playing child parts on the stage and Lillian and Dorothy were adding to the family income by playing small parts, when they were needed, in their mother's company.

Many children step from stage to the screen these days, but in the early days of the films, it was not an easy matter. The two little girls lived for six years in third-rate hotels, and moved from town to town with the theatrical company without any hope of ever being anything more than just a member of that third-rate company.

Her First Screen Success.

THEN one day they visited a picture show, and recognised in the star no less a personage than the little girl with whom they had become so friendly on a previous tour, Mary Pickford. They had appeared together in one show, and the little girls had become very fond of each other.

As soon as the company reached New York, the Gish girls called on their old friend, whom they had known when she was playing under her real name of Gladys Smith. Mary was genuinely glad to see them, and after getting Lillian an engagement for a small rôle as a fairy in "A Good Little Devil," in which Mary was playing an important part on the stage, she gave them an introduction to the great D. W. Griffith, and then and there he engaged Lillian to play a small part on the screen.

A Lover of Simplicity.

FROM that day to this, Lillian has made rapid strides in her screen successes. Early plays in which you may remember her are, "The Battle of the Sexes," "Home Sweet Home," then in "The Birth of a Nation," and "Intolerance," in which she took the part of the woman who rocks the cradle, "The Greater Love." Last but far from least is the part of the child in "Broken Blossoms," which is well known to every reader of the PICTURE SHOW.

Lillian is just as simple in her tastes as in the characters she portrays so well on the screen. She says she owes much of her success to the simplicity of the frocks she wears. She is devoted to her library and her treasured books; she sings a little, and one of her greatest treasures is a little ballad called "Broken Blossoms," presented to her by the author. She says she finds genuine pleasure in singing it, and is delighted and proud that her picture is printed on the front cover.

Must Learn How Not To Act.

LILLIAN has a very real admiration for D. W. Griffith, the world-famous producer. She tells how Mr. Griffith trains all his players how *not* to act. That is the very first thing on which he insists, she says.

"We must move through our parts just as we would in real life, there must be no artificial expressions and no posing. Mr. Griffith teaches that to express an emotion, you must feel it, then the expression will be real. He is a dreamer who makes his dreams come true, and his ideals of truth and beauty are contagious. It is more difficult not to understand him than it is to understand him. His very simplicity of method and his quiet direction make for complete harmony between his players and himself."



A picture of charm.

Born to Serve.

PERHAPS that is why Lillian has made such a wonderful cinema actress. She loves to be dominated; in fact, obedience is the chief trait of her character. Mrs. Gish says that both of her girls are wonderfully good, but Dorothy is wilful, and likes her own way, while Lillian can always be relied upon to do just what she is told. Lillian believes that some people are born to rule and some to serve, and she places herself among those who serve.

Her Ambition.

IT is difficult to get Lillian to talk about herself. By way of greeting she will ask you if you have seen Dorothy in her latest picture. It is her ambition to see London, and as her friend Norma Talmadge told me, she was more than disappointed that she was unable to accompany her mother and Dorothy on their visit to Europe. However, she has promised herself a real holiday soon, during which she has planned a tour of Great Britain. So we may soon see her over here,



LILLIAN GISH.

If you want to write to her, address your letter:

LILLIAN GISH,
c/o Griffith Studio,
Mamaroneck,
New York.

FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.

NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

The Jack London Films.

IT seems that a good deal of surprise was expressed in the motion picture studios when Edward Sloman was selected to produce the Jack London pictures, which Metro are filming. How could a native of Great Britain, a product of her most modern cities, know of the primitive conditions of the Great West? In reply to his critics Edward Sloman said, "They forget that in England we have 'penny dreadfuls' which have a great vogue. Buffalo Bill, to me, was a greater divinity than he ever seemed to the young people of America. When I grew older I turned to weightier books, but a good many of them were about life in the Wild West." Thus Mr. Sloman absorbed the customs and traditions of the West. As for the sea, Mr. Sloman explains that an Englishman is born with the love of it in him, with the thunder of it ringing in his ears, and with glorious traditions of his sailoring forbears constantly set before him. With this in mind he tackled Jack London without the slightest misgivings, and that he took the right step is proved by his successful productions, "Burning Daylight," and "The Mutiny of Elsinore."

The Star System.

DISCUSSION has again arisen over the various merits and demerits of what is known as the "Star" system in films. Some critics make bold to say that film stars will pass into oblivion, while others are of the opinion that stars



B. A. PRAGER, President of the Mayflower Photo-play Corporation.

are an indispensable fixture of the screen industry. Robert Brunton, of the Brunton Studios, is at present making a test of the star system. The contract of his latest star, J. Warren Kerrigan, has just been completed, and he is now producing a series of all-star features. Here are a few of Mr. Brunton's remarks on the topic:

"There will always be stars. The most short-sighted producer cannot but see the certainty of that. To eliminate these darlings of the public it would be necessary to suppress personality, beauty, and talent itself. Once a player attracts strong popular favour, it follows inevitably that he or she be featured until the tide of favouritism turns. In every city and community of this nation there is some figure that dominates, someone who stands pre-eminent by reason of superior talents or unceasing effort.

"By the same token, certain actors, being better equipped for their line of work than others, and more earnest in the pursuance of it, are bound to tip the scales of popularity and attain recognition as stars."

In Mr. Brunton's opinion, authors themselves make the star indispensable. Every well-written play has a dominant figure, someone who succeeds in reaching an objective against the will of another. The person taking this part, naturally carries the sympathy of the audience, and receives the applause. It would be a trying and almost impossible task to reduce every role in a play to an equal basis. Some character must prevail, that is a primary rule of drama.

The Public Make Stars.

MR. BRUNTON firmly believes that the public will always demand stars. "People delight in according recognition to individual worth," he says. "If Bill Henry does some particularly striking work in an obscure role the barometer of public favour will assuredly push him upward. Should he display star qualities, star he will become. There is an erroneous belief to the point that producers 'make' stars. No greater fallacy exists. The public in their own attainments make them. Producers merely gauge the most propitious moment to launch a climbing actor with star credit. One fact alone is sufficient to preserve the star-system—it is a commercial success. A production bolstered with the reputation of an established star rarely fails, even though the scenario be bad and the direction worse. On the other hand, the so-called star feature is a hazard: it requires infinite care and expense. It may bring a fortune, and it may fail entirely." Mr. Brunton sums up by stating that the public has awakened to keener judgment, and stars will undoubtedly be forced to produce a higher grade of work; but it is a mistake to predict their extinction altogether.

"The Elusive Pimpernel."

IN Baroness Orczy's romance, "The Elusive Pimpernel," the house of Sir Percy Blakeney is supposed to be a beautiful old mansion in Richmond. In the Stoll screen version of this story the building that does duty for this house is really Richmond Old Palace. The gardens surrounding the palace, however, were not considered by Maurice Elvey, the producer, to be ornamental enough to figure as the gardens surrounding Sir Percy's mansion, so all the garden scenes of the photo-play were taken in the beautiful grounds of General Sir Arthur Paget's place at Kingston.

"The palace grounds," Mr. Elvey says, "are rather Tudor in style, whereas General Sir Arthur Paget's grounds are all marble and stone, and exactly in keeping with the book."

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

It is better to be proud of your children than of your ancestors.

* * *

All men want to be heroes, and all women want to be martyrs.

* * *

Real fame is to be discussed by strangers in a railway carriage.

The BEBANS AT HOME

GEORGE BEBAN is always glad when Sundays come round, for Sundays in the Beban household are delightful days of rest, when all the hard work of the cinema studio is forgotten.

He then has time to enjoy his home in beautiful Hollywood, and spend a lot of time with George Beban, junr., who is nicknamed "Bob White."



The Bebans love to [illegible] of the vine-cov[illegible]



"Bob White" [illegible] second "[illegible]



George Beban is very fond of roses. He has them on his breakfast table, in his studio, and they even adorn his coat lapel. Mrs. Beban is about to cut a buttonhole for her husband, while he looks on in admiration of both the cutter and the flower.



The daring heroine in "The Lost City," Kilner's Exclusive Films, Ltd.



A SEAT FOR TWO.—T



MIX and JANE NOVAK, in "Desert Love." (Fox.)

Her Dancing Dress.

EVERY kind of dainty materials is fashioned into entrancing party frocks for these Dainty Dancers of the Screen.



MARY MILES MINTER in white net and Valenciennes



POPE HAMPTON in silk and silver tissue



MOLLY MALONE favours cream lace over satin



MME DORALDINA in her Hawaiian frock of raffia



COLLEEN MOORE adores crepe-de-Chine with lace insertions



CONSTANCE BINNEY in her chiffon petal gown



ir meals out of doors, and here you see them having lunch under the shade
olas, which are found in the gardens surrounding the Beban estate.



n shows a new servant how the sprinkler works. He wants to be a
Fairbanks, so every day finds him busily swinging the dumb-bells.



There was nearly a tragedy in the Beban home! George attempted to cook the Sunday dinner, and Mrs. Beban saved the situation only just in time. Mrs. Beban had not much faith in her husband as a chef.
(*Photos: J. C. Milligan.*)

"THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN LONDON."

INTERVIEW WITH JOAN MORGAN.

The Romance of Joan Morgan.

AT the tender age of eight years Joan Morgan made her screen début. To-day, at the age of fifteen, she is Bryant Washburn's leading lady. Who said romance was dead?

But to get down to brass tacks.

Little Miss Morgan, as I have just remarked, first cast the shadow of her elfin personality upon the screen at eight years old, an age when most of us are still struggling with the mysteries of the multiplication table and fighting for the acquisition of somebody else's marbles. But Joan was different. How different you may guess when I tell you that not only did she appear in a film, but starred in it—right away! The film was called "The World's Desire"—a B. and C. production—and no less a celebrity than Lillian Braithwaite had a subsidiary part in it! That of Joan's "mother." For Joan herself the principal role was written, and it was Joan who raced away with the chief honours.

Not content with one success, the youthful actress speedily followed it up with two others—"Queenie of the Circus," a Motograph picture, in which she appeared with Elizabeth Risdon and Fred Groves, and "The Woman Who Did," the first film the Broadwest Company produced. She was then nine years old.

Temperament at Ten.

THE interest now switches to the States, whither, in 1915, when she was nearly ten, Miss Morgan journeyed to appear in American pictures. During her stay there she played in two Brady productions—one being "The Reapers," in which she appeared with John Mason—and then (such are the terrors of the artistic temperament at ten!) she became *very* homesick, and returned to the Old Country in 1916. Shortly afterwards she appeared in the Ideal picture featuring Ellen Terry, "Her Greatest Performance."

On the Stage.

BUT Joan was not a film actress exclusively. That is, she had talents which could be used to great advantage on the stage. She could dance, she could sing, she was very musical. Her next move was the embarkation of a theatrical career. Accordingly she went to Mr. André Charlot—and stayed. She was with the famous producer for two years, appearing in such successes as "The Pierrot's Christmas" at the Apollo, and "See-Saw" and "Bubbly" at the Comedy, and then, upon his good advice, left the stage.

"Wait till you are sixteen or so, and then—come back," he told her. "Preserve your voice and abilities, little girl, and don't wear yourself out using them too much while you are so young."

And being a wise little girl, Joan obeyed

Back to the Screen.

NOW thirteen years old, she returned to the screen, where she appeared with George Foley and Fred Groves in the Gaumont production of "Drink." She did not, however, neglect her musical and dancing studies, but contented herself with making just this one picture in a year, giving the rest of her time to them and her general development.

Fourteen saw her as "Lady Noggs" (although we have still that pleasure to come), a Progress film, directed by her well-known father, Sidney Morgan. Fifteen (her present age) finds her the heroine of "Little Dorrit" and "Two Little Wooden Shoes,"—also directed by her father for the same company—*and* (it's a big "and") Bryant Washburn's leading lady!

The Great Discovery.

IT was at the trade-show of "Little Dorrit" that the big discovery was made. As you know, shortly after his arrival in England, Mr. Washburn announced his intention of finding a British girl for his leading lady in the picture he intended producing over here, "The Road to London." But, alas! suitable leading ladies do not grow as freely as the flowers in spring. Bryant and his adviser were beginning to feel that their desperate search might prove fruitless.

And then Mr. Washburn saw Joan.

He didn't know he was going to see her when he visited the trade show of "Little Dorrit"—he had been attending trade shows for weeks without avail, and went to this one just on the chance that here he *might* find the girl he wanted. And he found her. Immediately the show was over Joan and her mother received word from Mr. Washburn's agent requesting an interview with the youthful actress. When the agent saw her he was amazed (as everyone would be) to find her so young, in view of her finished performance; moreover, he was distinctly impressed. With the glad knowledge of this impression Joan left him, only to receive a wire two days later saying that Mr. Washburn was very keen to see her with her hair up and dressed in grown-up clothes, and that he would like to have a test made of her under these conditions.

Accordingly Joan piled her beautiful blonde hair on the top of her head and attired her little self in a really-truly grown-up frock and presented herself before the camera that was to decide her fate. And then came some anxious hours of waiting, but they *were* only hours, for



JOAN MORGAN.
(*Photo: Claude Harris.*)

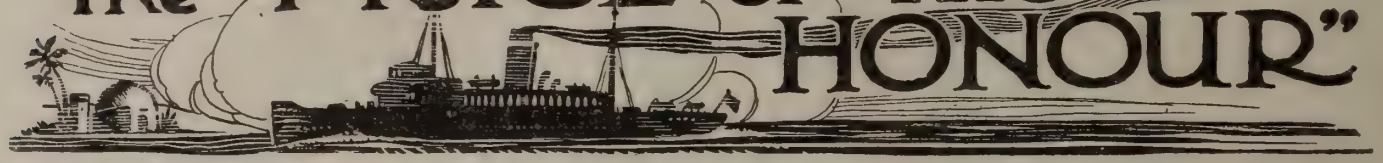
almost immediately arrived the wire bearing the magic word: "Fixed." Bryant Washburn's leading lady had been found!

"When I received that wire I felt I was the luckiest girl in London," Joan said to me the other afternoon, when she was telling me all about her good fortune. "I ran round to all my friends near by to tell them the great news. I never"—here her grey eyes sparkled—"felt so excited in my life. I admire Mr. Washburn so much; *and to be his leading lady—well——!*" Plainly Joan thought it was almost too good to be true.

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

CONCLUSION OF THIS SPLENDID SERIAL STORY.

"The PRICE of HIS HONOUR"



Billy O'Farrel's Triumph.

WHEN John Galloway appeared for the second time in the little stuffy police-court at Marlingham on the adjourned hearing of the murder charge, he was hoping for the best but expecting the worst.

He had no great faith in his solicitor, Ransom, whom he had not seen for several days. The man was too clever, and at their last interview it had been only too evident that he believed his client guilty, although he courteously pretended not to.

John had no sooner taken his place in the railed dock than somebody struggled through the well of the court, upsetting a solicitor's chair and making a general disturbance.

The next moment John found himself shaking hands wildly with Billy O'Farrel. A uniformed constable acting the part of usher darted forward with the obvious intention of removing Billy at all costs; but Billy resisted quietly and firmly.

"John," he said, in his out-door voice, which was loud enough to be heard plainly by the magistrate who had just taken his seat, "this is all fudge. I've ordered lunch at the Red Cow for both of us, and we'll talk things over together. I've got a number of things to say. You're innocent of the death of poor old Mallet, and I'm here to tell them so."

"And I'm glad to see you, Billy," returned Galloway, smiling in spite of his position. "I only hope they'll believe you, but I'm afraid they won't."

"In ten minutes, my son, you'll be a free man," said Billy. "I'm here with the goods. Watch me."

Billy was almost as good as his word. In less than half an hour Galloway was fully acquitted and left the dock.

Jack Belcher took his place, and on his own confession was duly committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

The two partners lunched at the Red Cow at the appointed time, and Billy O'Farrel made a great business of talking without saying anything in particular.

He was consumed with curiosity to know why his friend had played the strange part which had eventually landed him in goal. He considered John the last man in the world to lend himself to such a doubtful business, and generously put it down to mental disturbance consequent on the shock of the wreck.

It was obvious to him that John was very far from his usual self. He asked no questions. Seemed to have no interest in the progress of things at the Calamity Jane, and took it for granted that Billy had thrown up the sponge as he and Mallet had done.

Billy did not undeceive him, and in fact studiously avoided the Calamity Jane as a subject of conversation. But John's settled aspect of gloom was too obvious to be passed without comment.

"For a man who has just escaped the attentions of the public executioner by the skin of his teeth," said Billy, "I think you are the most dismal proposition ever. I have just dragged you from the edge of the nether pit, and I think a small show of decent gratitude would be usual."

"I'm sorry, Billy," said John gripping his friend's hand across the table. "I am grateful, and you know I am. Forgive me if I don't show my feelings as I should."

"You're showing your feelings all right," returned Billy. "But on the surface they are the feelings of a man who, on the whole, would have preferred to be hanged."

John smiled grimly.

"You do me less than justice, Billy. I am grateful. I am glad to be out of prison. I was not at all in love with the idea of being hanged. As for you—you are a wonder. How did you find that man Belcher?"

"I didn't find him," said Billy. "I found a woman—that is, a girl. A rather pretty girl; and I had a talk with her."

John started slightly, and Billy, who was watching him keenly without appearing to do so, did not fail to notice it.

Galloway's eyes flashed. His wearied air disappeared. As Billy expressed it, he began to sit up and take notice.

"Who was this girl you spoke to?" he asked.

"Her name is Alice Mercer," said Billy. "When the case against Belcher goes on to the next stage she will be called as a witness, and your humble servant also, I suppose.

"He will get off with a few months' imprisonment, I expect. Perhaps with nothing at all. I have it on good authority that the medical evidence will go to show that Mallet's heart was in a rotten condition, and that his death was, in in all probability, due to the excitement caused by his scrap with Belcher rather than from any injuries received.

"As for the girl—I met her in the Brandon Woods. She was sitting under a tree crying pretty badly when I blundered upon her, and she just told me the whole story with hardly any persuasion."

But by this time Galloway did not seem to be listening at all. He had relapsed into his old condition of listlessness, and was looking moodily out of the window at the white road which, as he knew, led eight miles farther on past Athalie Railton's house, and farther still past the little lane which meandered into Portallock Bay.

"Hum!" said Billy O'Farrel to himself, "there's a woman in this, and the woman is not pretty Alice Mercer. Now I wonder who this woman is, and how much she had to do with old John's departure from the paths of righteousness and grace."

For the present moment Billy gave it up. There were other pressing matters which he had shelved in order to help his old friend and partner, but which must be attended to without further loss of time.

"Well," he said, expanding his big chest, "I have to go to London, and there I shall be busy for two days, perhaps three. I give you those two or three days to yourself. After that I have matters of moment on which I want to see you. Have you a programme? What do you propose to do with yourself?"

John shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"I have nothing to do, Billy. I have had my little fling, and thanks to you I haven't had to foot the bill in the ordinary way."

"Oh! I think you're footing it all right!" muttered Billy.

"Perhaps I am," returned John with a sudden tightening of the lips.

"Well, son," Billy cut in eagerly, "don't think too much of it. It was only a frolic, after all, and there's no harm come of it. Rather comic interlude, in fact, and in your place I don't know that I shouldn't have done just the same thing. Anyway, what's the next move for you?"

John shrugged his shoulders again.

"I suppose it's to look for a job. I must get some sort of work to live."

"Well, there's no hurry about that. Rest up for a bit until I see you again. Why not stop here? It's a pretty place."

"No," returned John quickly. "Anywhere but here. I must get to London. Besides, I can't stay here. I've nothing to pay my way with."

"Come to London with me, then," said Billy. "I've got a room at the Majestic, and there's an extra bed. You can roll in luxury as my guest. They do you very well at the Majestic."

"But whence all this wealth, Billy? I've never known you to be wallowing in riches before. Has anything happened?"

"It's a secret," said Billy mysteriously. "I've got an aunt."

"Has she died?"

"Oh, no, she's very much alive! Never knew, in fact, that she had any money until recently. She's a surprise packet. Jane her name is, and she's a good sort. She's handed me out a bit unexpectedly. But, mind you, I deserve it. I've worked for her—toiled for her. I've sweated blood for her when it never looked as if I should get a penny in return. Now she's repaying me like a lady."

"Good luck to her," said John without enthusiasm. "You deserve to have a good and wealthy aunt, Billy. I'll be your guest at Aunt Jane's expense for a few days until I have found a job."

Portallock Bay and the Magic of Aunt Jane.

JOHN found that he had the run of the Majestic at his friend's expense, but never felt less inclined to enjoy its amenities.

Billy had not only a bedroom but a private sitting-room and bathroom—riotous luxury to a man who had lived in a hole in the ground, and taken his occasional bath in a petrol tin with the side cut out—water at the Calamity Jane being a precious commodity.

He saw very little of Billy. He was out early in the morning and returned late at night, with a wearied air and a disinclination to talk. This went on for four days, and still Billy seemed as busy as ever.

When John asked what it was all about, he murmured vague things about his Aunt Jane, and Galloway presumed that he was working for her.

These were bad days for John.

At first there had been a wild hope that there might be a letter from Athalie in reply to the one which he had sent her, and which she had never received. If only she would send her forgiveness!—he asked for nothing more. Then he would get up and face the world again, and try to take an interest in the business of living.

He had taken precautions to ensure that she would have no difficulty in finding where to write to him. The police of Marlingham knew where he was; also Mr. Ransom, the solicitor. He had been told that he would be wanted to give evidence at the adjourned hearing of the case against Belcher. Further, he had written to Mrs. Weston, the housekeeper at Mallet's house, whom he knew could be trusted to spread the news locally of his whereabouts.

But no letter came, and at length he was forced to realise that he had never expected one.

What girl, however queenly in her generosity, could be expected to forgive his elaborate and sustained scheme of lying and deception?

Perhaps it was for the best.

Even if, in her angelic charity, she had forgiven him, he would never dare to see her again—and he knew that in every fibre of his manhood he was burning to see her.

But it would not do.

If he saw her, he would have to tell her the stark truth—that it was his love for her, and nothing else, which had made him play this mad game of sorry deception. He had sold out his honour like a lunatic, and her love was the price he had sold for.

And how should he, a penniless vagrant, dare to tell her this?

Supposing, by some scarce, imaginable miracle, she still loved him. Matters would be far and away worse than they were now. She was the daughter of a rich man; and he was worth—well, he was not worth the clothes he stood in, because they had come out of Billy O'Farrel's trunk.

So the only thing to do was to try to forget her, and to hope that she would not have too much difficulty in doing the same.

(*Continued on page 18.*)

EILEEN SEDGWICK

THE UNIVERSAL SERIAL STAR.

EILEEN SEDGWICK, the Universal star, whom you have probably seen on the screen with Eddie Polo in "The Circus King," and the "Cyclone Smith" series, was born in Texas.

She commenced her career on the stage while still a child. She must have been a clever little actress even in those days, for she appeared in drama, and musical comedy, and these are so different from one another that it calls for great versatility to appear in both successfully.

Contrasts.

EILEEN is three inches over five feet in height, and has dark blue eyes and curly fair hair.

By the way, have you noticed that Eddie Polo nearly always acts with fair girls. He says this is because he is so dark himself, and he must have a contrast.

A Thrilling Serial.

A VERY thrilling serial, in which Eileen Sedgwick appears, is "The Great Radium Mystery." You must not miss this when it is released to the public. Some of the scenes from this film are shown on this page.

Other films in which you will be able to see Eileen are "Man and Beast," "Dropped From the Clouds," "Trail of No Return," and "No. 10—West Bound."





A scene from the fourteenth episode of "The Great Radium Mystery."



"Hands Up!" says EILEEN SEDGWICK as she levels her weapon in a masterly way. This is another scene from "The Great Radium Mystery" serial, which has been produced by the Universal film company.



EILEEN looks very fascinating in her quaint dress. Above you will see her rescued in the nick of time from a perilous situation.

"The Price of His Honour." (*Continued from page 16.*)

But when he thought of Portallock Bay, and all the bewildering sweetness and serious charm of her—they were black times, and he wished that he had never survived the wreck of the Sweet Alice.

On the fourth morning Billy O'Farrel was as grave as an owl over breakfast. When the meal was finished, he spoke with awful solemnity.

"I want you to stop here this morning," said Billy. "I'm coming back before twelve o'clock, and I shall have some papers, important papers, for you to sign."

"For me to sign? But what the deuce have I got to do with your papers?"

"You've got nothing to do with them except to sign them. Yours not to reason why; yours but to do as you're told. These are matters of import, I tell you. Stir not out of this room at your peril. You must be here when I come back if the roof falls in. Do you get me?"

"But these papers! What are they? Are they anything to do with your Aunt Jane?"

"They are."

"Oh, very well! I'll wait here until you come back, and sign whatever you ask me."

"Good lad!" returned Billy. "And, by the way, I've got to apologise to you humbly. I'm a forgetful beggar."

He drew from his pocket a dirty and crumpled envelope.

"This is for you," he went on. "I've been carrying it about with me for days, and have misremembered it, until I got up this morning."

John took the rumpled envelope, and for some occult reason an electric thrill ran through him. It was addressed to John Galloway, Esq., at Mallet's house.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, a little unsteadily.

"Given to me, my son, by a Mrs. Weston, your late housekeeper."

"When?" demanded Galloway.

"Let me see. The day I went to Marlingham. That was the day before I walked you out of the police court. I ought not to have forgotten it, because the old soul was rather worried. You see, she said that this letter came by post on the very morning of the discovery of poor old Mallet's death.

"For some reason or other she forgot to give it to the police on the day of its arrival. Later, she found that you were John Galloway, and she continued to keep it from the police from a sense of loyalty to you I suppose. Then when I turned up and told her that I was your friend, she gave it to me. Sorry I've made a mess of it. I hope it's nothing important."

"But don't you see," said John, with a strange look in his eyes, "this letter must have been written the day before the discovery of Mallet's death, and at that time nobody knew I was John Galloway!"

"Perhaps it's from Mallet," answered O'Farrel. "He knew. Anyway, I can't stop."

He disappeared at a run.

Conscious that his hands were shaking and that his breath was coming uneasily, John opened the letter. This is what he read:

"John, my very dearest. I said I would be in bed saying good-night to you by half-past nine. I think I can just do it, but I want to send this letter out first.

"This has been the most perfect day I have ever had. Whatever may happen to either of us in the future, I shall never forget our picnic in Portallock Bay. I hope you will not forget it, sir. You have been very sweet to me, John.

"Will you promise me this one thing? If in the future there should come, as come there may, any cloud between us two, will you think of this rather ordinary girl of yours as you thought of her to-day, when we joined hands over the Wishing Stone, and when she wished you all the good that heaven can give you? Good-night.

"ATHALIE."

Galloway stood breathing hard, with a face as white as the paper in his hand.

What did it mean?

This letter was written on the night of their picnic in Portallock Bay.

It was written and posted only a few minutes after they parted, after he had held her in his arms and kissed her at the gate of her garden.

Yet she, who knew him only as Dyson Mallet, and who had quaintly insisted all day on calling him Mr. Mallet, called him John in her letter; and the envelope was addressed in her writing to John Galloway.

It meant that she *knew* all the time.

He grabbed his hat and made a bolt for the door. Duty pulled him up, and he remembered his promise to O'Farrel to remain in to sign mysterious papers for him.

Hang Billy O'Farrel and his Aunt Jane! He scribbled a note for Billy, and rushed from the room.

He dashed across London by taxi, and caught a train to Marlingham. He borrowed a bicycle there, and was enquiring at the house of the Railtons' in short time.

Athalie had gone out on her bicycle. She had not stated where she was going, but she had ridden in the opposite direction to Marlingham.

An inspiration came to Galloway, and he set off at reckless speed, bearing straight for Portallock Bay.

By the Wishing Stone.

HE found her sitting on the broad Wishing Stone, a solitary, rather pathetic little figure.

She was looking out to sea, and the tide was coming in. The waves were breaking only a few yards from her feet, and, owing to their uproar, she did not hear his quiet approach.

Not until he spoke her name.

Then she turned like a flash and saw him; and he saw the light come into her eyes that comes to a woman only for one man in a lifetime.

The next moment they were in each other's arms, and he was holding her tight and hungrily to his breast, although through the whole journey he had been telling himself grimly that this was the one thing which must not happen.

He sat down on the wave-worn Wishing Stone and drew her on his knee, secretly amazed at the lightness and girlish slenderness of her, and more than half afraid of hurting her with his unaccustomed handling.

He need not have been. Athalie found his gentleness a most exquisite thing.

"Oh, my dear!" she murmured. "What a time I've had! Why have you been so long coming? I was beginning to think that—that after all, you were not the sort of man which I knew you were. That's rather Irish, isn't it, but it exactly expresses what I mean."

"I only had your letter about three hours ago in London, Athalie," said John. "The letter which you wrote to me on the night of our picnic in this never-to-be-forgotten bay."

"Oh!" She stared at him with wide eyes still tear-wet, but without making the least attempt to draw away from him. "Then you would not have come but for that letter, sir?"

"How could I come, Athalie?" John was a little hoarse. The stern resolutions of the journey down were making themselves heard in his mind. "I was an impostor, and I had played you the worst trick that a man could play on a woman. I had no reason to suppose that you would ever speak to me again, much less forgive me."

"After all," she said, "you were not playing a trick on me any more than I was on you. Because on the day of our picnic—our wonderful picnic, I knew your real name, sir, and all about you; every bit. The night before our picnic a girl came to me. Her name was Irma Gale, and she told me everything. To prove her statements she gave me a letter which she had stolen from your house—a letter which you had written to your friend Billy O'Farrel.

"Do you know, I had always rather hated the idea that I had fallen in love with Dyson Mallet; and when I found that you were not Dyson Mallet I was just glad, and that's all I can tell you about it.

"Do you think I found it very difficult to overlook your deception, when I found from that letter to Billy O'Farrel that it was all for my sake? I am afraid this is a rather frail and human sort of girl you are going to marry, John."

The word brought him out of his dreams with a start. He stood away from her abruptly.

"This is all wrong," he said. "I think I must be mad. I have no right to be here—no right to speak of love to you."

But she was not to be frightened now. She knew her power, and only looked at him with mild astonishment.

"What is the matter now, sir?" she asked.

"What right have I to speak of love to you when I cannot ask you to marry me?"

"Why not? John, you are not going to disappoint me? It seems to me you *have* asked me."

Very obviously she was laughing at him.

"Look here, Athalie," he said. "You love me?"

"Heaps and heaps!" she murmured.

"Will you wait for me?"

"How long?" she asked anxiously.

"Heaven knows! But I have never loved a woman before, and there will never be anyone else in my life but you. But I am penniless."

"Do we want very much to get married on?" she asked, wrinkling her sweet brows. "Because I am rather well off myself."

"But don't you see, dear, that's impossible!"

"No, I don't," she said.

They were interrupted by a distant *halloo*, and saw a man emerging from a car on the distant road. He came running towards them waving his hand. It was Billy O'Farrel.

He was introduced to Athalie, and with one smile she made him her slave for life.

"Phew!" he said, mopping his wet brow. "I am glad I have found you, my dear. You must let me call you 'my dear.' I am an old man. I suspected your existence, but I could not get my hand on you."

He turned to John.

"You left me in the lurch," he said, with a twinkle. "But I'm not grumbling. These papers have got to be signed to-day, and I just had to pursue you in a motor-car."

"Good Lord!" gasped John. "Are your Aunt Jane's papers so important as that?"

"Just that!" returned Billy. "You see, my Aunt Jane's full name is the Calamity Jane, and I am here to say that I have been deceiving you with malice. I did not leave the Calamity Jane because I had got cold feet, like the rest of you, but because I struck oil—I mean gold, in paying streaks. To-day I have sold out our old claim for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. How does that sound to you? Poor old Mallet's share automatically disappears with his death, but I have made over ten thousand pounds to the girl Alice Mercer. By a simple process of arithmetic that leaves seventy thousand pounds for each of us. Sign here, please!"

And Billy produced a fountain-pen like a cavalier drawing a sword.

Athalie was the first to recover.

She put her arms round Billy's neck and kissed him.

"Billy O'Farrel, you're a darling!" she said.

A quick look flashed between the lovers, and they walked away together arm in arm.

Billy sat on the Wishing Stone watching them.

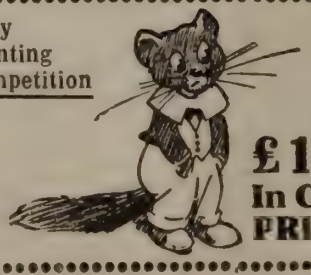
He was thinking of the look he had seen in Athalie's eyes when she walked away with his handsome partner.

He filled his old, worn briar pipe thoughtfully, stubbing down the tobacco with his toil-worn fingers.

"I reckon I'd give my seventy thousand cheerfully to be fifteen years younger, and have a girl like her look at me that way!" he murmured.

THE END.

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WONDERLAND WEEKLY (1½)

The Jolly COLOURED Picture Paper.

CONCLUSION OF THIS LIFE STORY.

"SISTERS THREE" The LIFE STORY of the TALMADGE SISTERS





EXCLUSIVE TO THE "PICTURE SHOW."

FOR the first time the romantic life story of Norma, Natalie, and Constance Talmadge has been written, and has appeared exclusively in the "Picture Show." The early struggles of these girls, before they were stars, make most fascinating reading, especially as they have recently visited Great Britain. THE EDITOR.

BOTH Norma and Constance Talmadge now have their own studios and their own companies. They produce their own pictures, and the amount of money each earns in a month is about equal to the annual income of a Prime Minister.

In spite of this they remain just two simple, natural, unaffected girls. When you meet them in private life the first thing that strikes you is that they do not belong to the actress type. They dress well but not conspicuously. Norma is short, but perfectly proportioned. Constance is tall and slim. Both are very pretty—prettier than on the screen—but there is nothing of the professional beauty about either of them.

They are young and eager, and in love with life. They delight in having a good time, but their work is never long absent from their minds, and thus they escape that boredom which often comes to young people who have too much money to spend.

They have recently been on holiday in Europe, and they have enjoyed themselves immensely. They liked Paris, were impressed by Rome, and they adored Venice.

In talking to Constance you get the idea that to her life is a great and glorious joke.

She has been called Tomboy Talmadge, and the appelation fits her tolerably well. She is just the healthy type of young American girl bubbling over with life and high spirits. She has a habit of saying the first thing that comes into her mind, with the result that after every other remark she makes she will add "Don't print that!" accompanying the warning with a look of comical dismay.

Everyone who knows her loves her, and her great screen rival Dorothy Gish is her bosom friend in private life.

Constance is fond of her work, but she confesses that she has a secret ambition to appear on the speaking stage in a good comedy part.

"I should love to be face to face with my audience," she admits.

She might easily gratify this ambition if she chose, for many managers have made her flattering offers to appear on the regular stage. But her popularity on the screen is so enormous and so world-wide that for some time, at any rate, the cinema is likely to retain its hold upon her services.

She takes a girlish delight in relating some of her queer experiences as a film actress.

A little while back D. W. Griffith—for whom, by the way, she has an enormous admiration—reconstructed the Babylonian story of "Intolerance." A number of new scenes were added, for which Miss Talmadge again donned her mountain girl garb.

"It was good fun," she says, "resuming the famous character which gave me my start, but I discovered that I had grown considerably thinner, and where these new scenes are spliced in among the old ones, if you look closer you can see that I gain or lose ten or fifteen pounds in a second without any apparent discomfort. But seeing the revised story did relieve my mind. I had been afraid I was getting old. But my wrinkles don't register on the celluloid yet!"

When one is twenty even if you are a film star you can afford to jest at getting old!

Apart from their screen work, the two sisters devote a good deal of time to the acquirement of new accomplishments, and latterly they have taken up classic and Russian dancing.

"You should see me doing the classic stuff," says Constance with a delightful gurgle. "Adolf Bolm, who is teaching us, just looks at me, rolls his eyes in anguish, and keeps saying the same word in Russian over and over. Norma says it means 'No, *no*, NO!' but I suspect it is something a good deal stronger."

Constance laughingly denies all reports and rumours of her various marriages.

"I have been married to everybody on the coast. Of course there isn't a word of truth in any of the stories. I am not in love with anybody. I like men—they're nice to have around; but I'm not going to get married for years and years and years. There's something to be said for marriage—quite a lot—but, oh! I do love independence!"

But though so light-hearted and even tomboyish, Constance Talmadge is a very conscientious and serious young artiste in everything that pertains to her work. She takes a great deal of trouble in selecting her stories, and this indeed is one of the most difficult of her tasks. Every one knows and enjoys a Constance Talmadge comedy. It has a flavour of its own, but it is difficult to say off-hand wherein lies its peculiar charm.

"Although some sixty manuscripts are submitted to me every week," said Miss Talmadge recently, "it is exceedingly difficult to get exactly the kind of comedy I want. I want comedies of manners, comedies that are funny because they delight one's sense of what is ridiculously human in the way of little every-day common-place foibles and frailties—subtle comedies, not comedies of the knock-about variety.

A Question of Art.

"I WANT comedies," she went on to say, "chiefly because I enjoy making people laugh; secondly, because this type of work comes easiest and most naturally to me. I am not a highly emotional type. Norma could cry real tears over two sofa cushions stuffed into a long dress and white lace cap to look like a dead baby, and she would do it so convincingly that nine hundred people out of a thousand in front would weep with her. That is real art. I couldn't do it, but my kind of talent would lead me to bounce that padded baby up and down on my knee with absurd grimaces that would make the same nine hundred people roar with laughter.

"Oh, yes," Miss Constance admitted in reply to a question, "in my way I take my work quite as seriously as my sister does hers. I would be just as much in earnest about making the baby seem ridiculous as she would about making it seem real. That I think is the secret of being funny on the speaking stage as well as on the screen. If you want to be really funny, you must take yourself seriously.

"Would I like to take an emotional part? Sometimes I think I would. There comes over me a yearning to emote! And yet I don't know. I am not fitted, I fancy, to be a vampire. There is nothing alluring or exotic or neurotic about me. Perhaps I'll stick to comedy. At any rate until the dear public begins to grow tired of it."

Nevertheless, she is quite capable of appreciating other and more serious forms of art.

On her recent visit to London she went to all the best plays and enjoyed most her evening at the Haymarket Theatre, where Sir J. M. Barrie's "Mary Rose" is being performed. That poetical and mystical fancy she declared to be the most beautiful play she had ever seen.

Norma Talmadge, though equally charming in another way, is a more responsible and dignified young lady than her lively sister.

The first impression one gets of Norma is of bigness, of womanly sympathy and understanding, and, above all, of human quality. She knows no professional jealousy, nor has she lost her head by reaching the pinnacle of success while still in the very early twenties.

Next to her generosity and impulsiveness, ambition is perhaps her most dominant characteristic. She goes from triumph to triumph, but still is not satisfied.

Besides working on the pictures early and late, she studies singing and dancing. She also keeps up her swimming and riding, partly for healthy exercise and partly to perfect herself in these accomplishments for her screen work.

She dislikes anything "faked" in pictures and is opposed to the use of a "double" in any of her productions. In "By Right of Conquest," one of her most popular films, the story has to do with a fire on a ship at sea, and she is supposed to swim in the perilous ocean to a desert island.

It was suggested that a professional swimmer could be used in this scene, and with her cap pulled down over her eyes, and only the head bobbing up and down at intervals in the splashing surf, no one would know that another person had been substituted for Miss Talmadge. But Norma would not have it so; she insisted upon doing her own swimming, and took a whole company to Florida for three or four days to take these scenes.

This conscientiousness is one of the chief elements of her success. She is always thinking how she may make her pictures better, and everything she sees or hears at once becomes possible material for her work.

She is a great student of the fashions in women's dress as well as the costumes of many periods.

She is one of the very best dressed women in the pictures, and she has achieved this reputation by constant study. It is only a detail of

(Continued on page 20.)



NORMA as a girl of fifteen.

"SISTERS THREE." (*Continued from page 19.*)

her work, but with her every detail is important where her profession is concerned.

Among the thousands of letters she receives every week from admirers all over the world many are from women who want to know where she gets her dresses.

But, as she says, it is the personal element that counts in dress. You must have a very clear idea in your own mind of the effect you want. Then you can go to the professional dress-designer and in consultation get the costume which suits both you and the occasion for which you require it.

Recently she discussed the subject at length.

"Why are certain things the fashion at one period?" she asked. "Why do styles recur at certain intervals? Where do fashions have their origin?

"If you want to be a well-dressed woman—and every normal woman does—you should learn the answers to these questions. I had to find out the answers for myself when I was studying style from the standpoint of the screen. It is not every girl who can afford to engage the services of a great stylist to dress her. I certainly could not during the first years I was in motion picture work. A great number of my dresses during that period I made myself.

"To-day is, above all others, the day of the individual, the time when every discerning woman knows she can draw on any period of style to enhance her good looks.

"Why is it that nowadays we are breaking away from uniformity in style and seeking to take the best from history and tradition that we may apply it to modern uses? I think the War has something to do with it. Most of the nations fighting against Germany sent representatives to France, and the French dress experts, who are wonderfully quick in picking up ideas, borrowed inspiration from the national dress of the people who fought shoulder to shoulder with their men. Jean Paton, great soldier as he is a great stylist, came back to Paris from the trenches and brought with him the Algerian inspiration. The bright-coloured embroideries of last season, the deep sashes and harem skirts we saw everywhere, were the result of Paton's genius. But after all, novelty is not the most important thing. Good dressing is chiefly a matter of line, a matter of studying one's own figure, learning the good and bad points, and then finding out the styles that make the most of the good points and minimise the bad ones.

"For example, if your arms are thin, you should wear long sleeves that are rather full. If your heart is set on short sleeves, you should have them cut so as to reach at least an inch below the elbow.

"By the way," says Miss Talmadge, "I do hope Englishwomen will not judge my taste in dress by some of the pictures you see of me in your English picture houses. I am charmed with wonderful London, but I am really distressed to see old, out-of-date pictures in your picture shows. Some in which I am shown were made three and four years ago, when I was making good. They are silly and out of date in theme and dress. I really wonder what the women in the audiences think of my four-year-old frocks!"

However, the evil to which Miss Talmadge thus draws attention is likely soon to be remedied. The British patrons of the pictures are beginning to get restive, and the time is possibly not far off when only the latest and best American films will be accepted in this country.

One interesting fact is that the Talmadge sisters, like some other leading American film stars, intend to return to this country next year and make pictures here.

They also intend to take steps to insure their latest films being exhibited promptly in England.

The art of the cinema is developing so rapidly that a film is very soon out of date. And although all the work of the Talmadges is interesting, an artiste naturally likes to be judged by her best work.

It is one of the penalties of fame that as soon as a cinema actress becomes a great popular favourite, all her early and immature work is dragged into light and offered to the public ostensibly as a fair sample of her work.

However, both Norma and Constance Talmadge are too firmly established in popular favour to have much to fear from this practice. Their new films, excellent in every way, are being widely exhibited, and it is by these films that the gifted young artistes will be judged by their countless British admirers.

In the next year or two there is likely to be a great fight between British and American film producers, and we have little doubt that as a result of that fight, rubbishy American films will be driven out of British picture houses. The public are already demanding something better, and they will get it.

How soon a change for the better comes, will, of course, depend largely on the public.

A famous American producer visiting England has put the case very tersely:

"The people of this country," he said, "are being imposed upon by the exhibition of so much trash. It is partly due to their own fault in tolerating so much fourth-rate stuff, and partly to the system we Americans have introduced here. Our producers are able to offer you about ten times as many pictures as you need. The British people, instead of taking advantage of this over-production by selecting only the very best, have calmly allowed their exhibitors to force them to take good and bad alike in blocks.

"Great Britain has chosen cheapness instead of quality. If the public in England will make a stand against the rubbish which has been poured over here, and demand the best we have to give, they will soon get the best."

This is, no doubt, true. But whatever the future holds, lovers of the pictures in this country will always be grateful to the many clever Americans who have contributed to their delight, and certainly in that list a very high place will always be held by the beautiful and gifted sisters, Norma, Natalie and Constance Talmadge.

THE END.

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FILMS OF THE WEEK.

"In Old Kentucky."

ANITA STEWART and MAHLON HAMILTON (*Jury's.*)

HERE is a tale of the mountain region of old Kentucky, adapted from the stage success, and starring the beautiful Anita Stewart as the mountain maid. A delightful love story played against a background of exquisite scenery.

"L'Apache."

DOROTHY DALTON (*Paramount-Artcraft*).

THE gay haunts of Bohemian Paris and the sordid world of the Apache—both are shown in this picture with a wonderful realism and fascination. A dual role is acted by Dorothy Dalton with much power and artistic insight. The wife of an Apache finds her double in a rich American girl in Paris. When she takes her place, many thrilling adventures begin, and lead up to a startling climax. First-class entertainment.

"The Web of Chance."

PEGGY HYLAND (*Fox*).

PRETTY Peggy Hyland, as a girl detective, who thought her lover was a thief, and endeavoured to run him to earth. A great surprise awaits her when she *does* capture her quarry, and in the end she finds *herself* a captive for life. A rollicking story that will enliven the most depressed.

"The Elusive Pimpernel."

MARIE BLANCHE and CECIL HUMPHREYS (*Stoll*).

A HIGHLY distinctive photo-play of Baroness Orczy's delightful romance. Cecil Humphreys and Marie Blanche head the cast as the inimitable Sir Percy and his lovely wife, and production and photography are of the best.

"Beyond the Dreams of Avarice."

JOYCE DEARSLEY and HENRY VICTOR (*Ideal*).

THE tragedy of ungovernable greed of money. Sir Walter Besant's famous novel adapted for the screen. This is an intensely dramatic story, which leads up to a terrific climax. British acting at its best.

"The Polar Star."

MANORA THEW and HAYFORD HOBBS (*Walturdaw*).

THE mystery of a London solicitor's death and dishonour, and the attempts to unmask the villains, form the basis of this British photo-play, through which a pretty love story runs. Delightful scenes, showing the beauties of the Italian lakes. Average production.

"The Case of Lady Camber."

VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME (*Broadwest*).

AN absorbing photo-play indeed is the screen version of H. A. Vachell's stage success. A cast of popular players, headed by Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome, and including Pollie Emery in her original part of "Peach," present clever portrayals.

"An Innocent Adventuress."

VIVIAN MARTIN (*Paramount-Artcraft*).

DELIGHTFUL comedy-drama, featuring the dainty star. She tried to help a friend by stopping a letter, and then found her dog had chewed it up. She thinks she is a thief, and is led into all sorts of adventures, but in the end she steals nothing but somebody's heart.

"Angel Esquire."

AURELE SYDNEY and GERTRUDE MCCOY (*Gaumont*).

EDGAR WALLACE'S exciting novel in picture form. The mystery of an old man's fortune, hidden in a huge column. He leaves a puzzle, and the first person to solve it gets the money.

"The Girl Woman."

GLADYS LESLIE and MAURICE COSTELLO (*Vitagraph*).

DRAMA with plenty of thrills. The story of a girl who tries to clear her father who has been in prison, and the intrigues into which this leads her. Woven into this web of mystery is a slight love story.

THE "PICTURE SHOW" CRITIC.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Wrinkles—The Cause of Premature Wrinkles—How to Prevent Them—Their Cure—The Picture Girl's Suit.

IT is the habit of the majority of women when they have passed the age of thirty—and maybe married and settled down—to neglect their looks, and personal well-being. Perhaps they find so much to occupy their time that they think it is not worth while troubling about their appearance. But little do they realise what effect such neglect will have upon them in years to come. For time will, without doubt, lay its hand on the physical body and lessen the underlying support of flesh and limb. Of course, it is out of the question to wholly outwit the hand of time, but, nevertheless, it can be stayed, and its ravages may be held at bay.

Wrinkles in Youth.

THIS is true in regard to wrinkles, whose coming is ever dreaded, and whose first appearance is allied with a sort of despair and resignation to the inevitable. Often times, too, wrinkles can be found in quite young folk, these having been encouraged by scowling over fine work, or poring over a book, or even by grimacing during conversation in a manner that is really as unnecessary as it is unpleasant to see.

The wrinkles that come from laughter are not unsightly as every one of their curves denote a happy disposition. But those that spring from a morose nature are as strongly indicative of temperament, and these become more unsightly as time goes on.

Deep set wrinkles that result from years cannot be removed nor can they be lessened much by any method. But there are many preventatives of wrinkles, which, if carefully practised will delay their coming for years. The first and most important possession is a happy disposition. That may be cultivated and made a habit as readily as any beauty culture in the world.

Miss May Allison says that, "More wrinkles are caused by worry, than by years." Then she adds her remedy. "Therefore every woman should keep alive, take an interest in all things, and keep a broad outlook on life. She should live up to the times, and look alive. The flesh of such a woman will be kept young, the face rounded, and the smile pleasant, and the whole figure erect. All this will do much for the outwitting of time, mentally." And here I think this beautiful actress has hit the nail right on the head.

Prevention is Better than Cure.

HOWEVER, much can be done physically to prevent the wear and tear of years. Cleanliness is the first rule. Allow no neglect to permit dust or grease to settle in the pores of the skin. When drying the face with a towel, for instance, always rub the skin back towards the hair. Do not rub downwards, as the lines tend towards that way, and following their direction will naturally accentuate them. Do not allow the skin on the face to grow dry or harden, nor become thin or sallow. Exercise—walking or any other form that causes perspiration is absolutely necesssary to keep the tissues of the skin young and firm. Wrinkles are usually the result of loose flabby skin. Therefore any pure lotion that tightens the muscles will have a beneficial effect on their delay.

A Lesson from the Chinese.

A GOOD lesson can be taken from Chinese women who never wrinkle. Sleep without a pillow, for soft down pillows push crow's-feet around the eyes and lines in front of the ears, and each side of the nose.

Massage is undoubtedly the best treatment for the removal of wrinkles. Before commencing to massage the face, the skin should be steamed to make it more receptive to the cream. When massaging wrinkles or lines on the face, remember that a light and gentle stroke should be employed.

For crow's-feet smear a little cream at the corner of the eyes, and gently tap it in with the tips of the fingers. Never rub the skin around the eyes, as by so doing you are liable to stretch it, this part being the most delicate of the whole face.

Wrinkles between the eyebrows should be massaged with a little cream with the tip of the middle finger. Work in a rotary movement. Then remove with a pad of cotton-wool any superfluous grease, leaving merely all that has been absorbed, to remain in the pores. Five minutes treatment is enough each day.

To Remove Lines From the Face.

THE lines from chin to mouth are the most ageing, and are invariably the result of mental or physical suffering. Therefore, a more persevering treatment is required for them. Smear cream gently along each line, then slip the tongue under it, and massage across, not up and down. Afterwards stroke the face gently from the corners of the mouth towards the ear.

A rule to be remembered when massaging the face is that all movements should be upwards and outwards, that is from the chin to the forehead, and from the mouth to the ear. An astringent lotion should be applied to brace up the muscles after each massage.

When wrinkles have once settled on the face, great care should be taken with the application of powder. It should not be allowed to settle in any of the wrinkles. If it is, it will only cause the lines to deepen and make them all the more difficult to remove. If powder settles at all in the lines, it should be brushed out immediately with a "hare's foot."



No. 28,523.

A smart suit of striped gabardine specially designed for the Picture Girl by the Editress of "Home Fashions."

The Picture Girl's Suit.

THERE is a fascinating smartness about striped material, especially when it is fashioned into a tailored suit. The stripes lend themselves so effectively to different arrangement of pattern, and thus help decorate the costume. Striped suitings are particularly predominant just now, and can be obtained in a very large range of colourings and widths. Cosy striped tweeds are delightful for every-day wear, and as serviceable as they are charming, being fashioned in effective colour combinations. While for smart wear there is nothing nicer than a costume of striped gabardine, white stripes running on a background of black or navy.

The Picture Girl is the possessor of a smart suit of this description—illustrated here. It is arranged with a four-gored, high-waisted skirt, with sides cut the reverse way of the material. The coat has sides to correspond and the fronts are turned back to form revers, and joined to the collar. The sleeves are of ordinary shape. Allow 4½ yards of 50-inch wide material.

PAPER PATTERNS of this costume can be obtained in 22, 24, 26, and 28 inch waist sizes for one shilling each—Postal Order made payable to the PICTURE SHOW—from the PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

"Shots" from Broadwest

October has been one of the busiest of months for the BROADWEST Company. No less than four films have been completed by this famous all-British Company during that time. "The Great Gay Road," from Tom Gallon's story, was the first. This stars Stewart Rome as the gentleman-tramp, and is a typically English film. Then came "Trent's Last Case," a thrilling detective story from E. C. Bentley's famous novel. Gregory Scott plays the leading part, in this film, with Cameron Carr, as the police inspector. Both of them have recommenced this picture, on their various deeds long for a time. Cameron Carr, however, makes up for his "good." Next in "A Rank Outsider," another BROADWEST racing film, for in this picture he stars as a villain of the deepest dye.

Following these three productions is "Her Penalty," an original story dealing of life in the Australian bush. Stewart Rome has the leading part in this film, and makes an excellent backwoodsman.

□ □ □

The Walturdaw release list included for October 21st, the BROADWEST film "The Romance of a Movie Star." Apart from the exceptional scenic interest of this film (for it shows the manufacture of a motion picture) the acting is of the highest standard, being carried out by an all-star cast. It is headed by Violet Hopson, as Vania Georgie, the movie star, with Stewart Rome, Gregory Scott, Cameron Carr, Mercy Hatton and Violet Elliott in the other leading parts. Such an eminent cast is seldom seen—and what is more, they are all British Stars.

□ □ □

On November 11th is released the BROADWEST production, "The Case of Lady Camber." This film is among the best of British productions. The story is an excellent one, the acting of the best, and the photography and settings are beyond reproach, Violet Hopson, and Stewart Rome play the nurse and doctor respectively, whilst Gregory Scott and Mercy Hatton appear as Lord and Lady Camber. It is a British film which no one should miss.

B.B.

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THE QUESTION OF RE-ISSUES.

AMONG the large number of films released for public exhibition each year, there are usually a few which leave a more lasting impression than the remainder on those who see them. This fact may rightly be regarded as a proof of their quality, for it is these few pictures which members of the public are anxious to see once again, even though several months or more may have passed since their first release.

We have, of course, re-issues of old pictures from time to time, but in some cases it seems hard to tell what could have induced their second exhibition. Certainly there appears to be no public demand for them, and their inclusion in the programme must necessarily mean the crowding out of other and better films, whether old or new.

On the other hand, queries often reach me asking whether there is any likelihood of an old picture starring this or that favourite being shown once more. This is never an easy question to answer. It rests with the exhibitor. If the requests for any particular film happen to be in the majority, then the local picture theatre, where such requests should be sent to, might find it a good policy to screen the picture in question.

It is easy, of course, to understand the disappointment of those who fail to see their favourite film once more, but it is also easy in certain cases to discover the reason. There is not much use in desiring the re-issue of a picture, no matter by whom it may have been produced, if nobody else seems eager for it. Obviously, the exhibitor cannot please every individual taste. He must consider the limit to his programme and the release of new pictures. It would be advisable, therefore, for those who desire to see some past screen success to enlist first of all the support of their friends and then press their requests.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

NORMA (New Jersey).—I am glad to hear that you and your American chums enjoy reading this paper each week. It seems to be getting famous everywhere. Many here will no doubt envy you for being able to see so many film favourites in the flesh. Here are two potted biographies you want. Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1891, and is 6 feet in height. His colouring is brown hair and eyes, and his wife is Clara Grant. Creighton Hale is an Irishman born in Cork, twenty-eight years ago. He is married to a non-professional. His height is 5 ft. 10 ins., with light brown hair and blue eyes.

MAUD (Burton-on-Trent).—I had to give up counting the question marks in your letter, though I believe this will satisfy you all the same. Pronounce Sessue in two syllables. Sorry, but Louis Willoughby won't tell me just yet. Wyndham Standing and Conway Tearle both began life in the same year, 1880. Besides the one you mention, Conway has appeared in "Stella Maris," "The Reason Why," and "Virtuous Wives." He was born in New York, but was educated in this country. Hugh Dabernon Stoke was Oliver Leach in "God's Good Man." Herbert Rawlinson in "Kiss or Kill," "A House Divided," and "The Carter Case." You can fling some more at me when you like.

LOUISE MAUVE (New Southgate).—So Elsie Ferguson's height puzzles you, and you can never be certain what it is. The measurements as given me are 5 ft. 6 in. Your other favourite, Winifred Kingston, is a London girl, and has played lead with Dustin Farnum in several of his plays. She has reddish hair, grey eyes and is not more than 5 ft. in height.

"INQUISITIVE" (Leamington Spa).—Shows what a generous kid Wesley Barry is to have sent you eight photos of himself all signed in his best manner in reply to your letter. Yes, it is true, alas, about poor Bobby Harron's death! Sidney Wood has played for Harma, Ideal, and Samuelson. He was born in 1908, and "Her Benny," "The Ever-Open Door," and "The Warrior Strain" are his pictures.

N. M. S. (Belsize Grove).—If you haven't ere this had a reply from Douglas Fairbanks, there would be no harm in your writing to him again. Doug. doesn't disappoint anyone if he can help it. Some of Kathleen Kirkham's films are "The Beloved Cheater," "The Beauty Market," "The Master Man," and "The Third Kiss."

J. B. (Lichfield).—As far as I know at present Alice Brady's is that artiste's real name, and her married name is Mrs. James Crane. Her height is 5 ft. 7 in., and she was born in New York City twenty-three years ago. Colouring—brown hair and eyes. A few films in which she has starred are "Her Great Chance," "The Death Dance," "Her Silent Sacrifice," "The Ordeal of Rosetta," and "Redhead." Sorry, J. B., but I have no photos of her to send you.

"WHITE HEATHER" (Abertillery).—I believe I have heard from your town before. Quite a number of readers, of course, are answered by post. The late Olive Thomas was born in Charleroi, Pa., and Jack Pickford, who is twenty-four, was born in Toronto, Canada. The star who shone with such brilliance in "Blackie's Redemption" was Bert Lytell. Well, you haven't been terribly inquisitive so far.

"PEN" (Wolverhampton).—Mary Hay, whom Richard Barthelmess married, is otherwise known as Mary Hay Caldwell. Here is something about Conrad Nigel, as requested. He is the husband of Ruth Helms, and stands 6 ft. high. He was born in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1896. "Forever After" and "Little Women" are two of his pictures.

GABY (Paris).—I had to brush up my knowledge of French when your letter arrived. Mary MacLean, who played in "Marriage Beyond the Tomb," is a Universal artiste. No, Wallace Reid is American, not English, and his wife is Dorothy Davenport. You can write to him through the office of this paper. Thanks very much for all the nice things you say. I am glad you like the PICTURE SHOW.

ANITA (Cheadle).—I am afraid Jack Armstrong must be very shy. Anyway, he is keeping well in the background so far as personal information is concerned. Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber were the leads in "The Mystery Ship." Marie Walcamp was the heroine in "The Moon-Child."

ANTHONY (Barry).—George Walsh was born on March 16th, 1892, and Antonio Moreno in 1888. The latter, however, does not tell us his birthday.

GLADYS (Earlsfield) and J. A. (Ramsey).—Francelia Billington was in "The Masked Heart" with William Russell. In "The Four Shadows" the names given are Rene Navarre, M. Davert, and Suzanne Linker.

"GYP" (Calcutta).—I know you have written before, and I do not regard you as a pest at all. You are quite welcome. But remember your real name should be given in every letter. You ask me to make inquiries about the PICTURE SHOWS you have not had, but how could I, with the insufficient address you gave, no name, and no information whether you are a subscriber or otherwise. You must let me know fully. I am very sorry, but I cannot spare the space to publish any photos of dead artistes, however popular they were. You have no idea of the numerous requests I receive about those who are still in the land of the living.

"HUMBLE" (Bombay).—Thanks for your and your friend's subscriptions. In answer to your question, there is no limit to the number of letters you can send through the office of this paper. So now you can both get busy.

"HENRY" (Warwick).—You must blame the size of my mail-bag. Olive Tell was born in New York, but when she won't tell—just yet, at any rate. I note you like our art plates the best, and the coloured ones especially. Other information will be given when made known.

JOSEPHINE (South Shields).—For sixteen, your thirst for knowledge is simply staggering. Three foolscap sheets all full of question marks! Alas, child, my space is limited! Yes, Mae Marsh was in "Miss Misunderstood." Madge Evans is eleven. Tom Moore was born in 1885, and is not married at the moment. Alma Reubens was the heroine in "The Answer" and Jane Novak in "The Claws." Come again.

"MYRA" (Liverpool).—Whatever you saw about Pearl White in previous issues of this paper was quite correct. But no definite news has been received to the effect that she is married to Wallace McCutcheon thus confirming the rumours you have heard. Ethel Grey Terry, who played in "The Carter Case," was born in Oakland, California. Her height is 5ft. 6in., and she has brown hair and grey eyes. She also played in "The Sign of the Cross," "Arsene Lupin," and "Greater Than Love."

S. E. R. (Wakefield).—So you don't mean to let me be idle. Well, work may be made a tonic or a poison, but I shan't let it kill me, though I take big doses of it. Ann Little has dark hair and brown eyes. She was born in Sisson, California, twenty-six years ago. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Illinois, and has reddish brown hair and blue eyes. Enid Bennett has light hair and blue eyes. Born in York, Australia. Pauline Frederick's colouring is dark brown hair and blue eyes. Age, thirty-four, and birthplace, Boston, Mass. Jack Hoxie is thirty, and was born in Oklahoma. Thomas Meighan, born thirty-two years ago in Pittsburg, Pa., has black hair and brown eyes.

M. K. (Cairo).—See the PICTURE SHOW dated July 24th. The film you mention has not been shown here as yet. There are doubtless other Japanese screen actors, but none so well-known as Sessue Hayakawa.

"BETTY" (Easteote).—Your newsagent will be able to tell you. I have not heard that the Mac-Allisters or the Lees you mention are related. Opposite Constance Talmadge in "The Lesson" was Tom Moore, in "The Shuttle." Albert Roscoe was her leading man, while Harrison Ford was with her in "Who Cares?"

"BLUE EYES (Johnstone).—Manora Thew and Hayford Hobbs were in "The Man and the Moment." Eddie Lyons is thirty-three, and his famous partner of the screen, Lee Moran, is two years younger. Frank Keenan, not W. S. Hart, was in "The Ruler of the Road." Sorry, I don't know who in filmland was born on the same date as you. Several artistes do not give their birthdays.

"MAUD" (Norwich).—What were the questions you asked me before.? I really don't remember them. However, in reply to yours before me now, Lina Cavalieri was the star in "The Woman of Impulse."

"MAN-HATER AT TWENTY-ONE" (Ware).—Ah, my dear young lady you will change your mind before you are much older. So be-Ware! I can settle the little argument you have had by saying that Mary Pickford did not play in "Painted Lips." C. W. Mason was in "Hard Boiled," and J. Barney Sherry in "The Secret Code." The leads in "Temptation" were played by Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid.

"JERRY" (Worcester).—I presume you want no sauce since you ask for a "very nice answer." This is as nice as I can make it. Stewart Rome does not say whether he was ever a bank clerk in your city. According to his own confession he took up civil engineering, worked for a time at Greenwich, but soon threw up his job to go on the stage. Then he went out to Australia where he had a varied career before returning to this country to start on the films. He was born in Newbury, and is not married. It will be better and less disheartening to you to "bloom unseen" than to wander round film studios wearing out boot leather.

"SYDALG" (Brighton).—Glad you value our art plates so much. Everyone says that they are unequalled. But what suggestion can I offer you if framing them you find is too expensive, and simply pinning them on the wall makes them dirty. No doubt you have thought of the album idea already. I must leave you to put on your thinking cap again, unless some other reader can solve the problem.

(More answers next week)

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STAR.—You are kindly requested NOT to ask for any addresses by post, owing to the large number of other queries that have to be answered. If you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, The PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4., and it will be forwarded by the next mail. If the letter weighs more than 1 oz. it will require an additional 1d. stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. Remember always, when writing to artistes, to give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. It must be understood, however, that we cannot guarantee that such letters will be replied to. Please keep these addresses for reference.

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(More addresses next week.)



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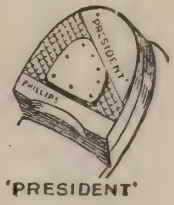
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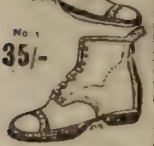
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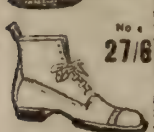
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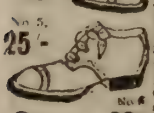
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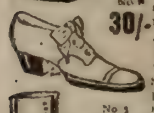


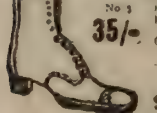












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Show Your Friends
The "Picture Show."

'The Standard of Quality'



PHILLIPS
RUBBER HEELS and TIPS





Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 45.—JACKY ATKINSON.

AMERICA has not the monopoly of screen comediennes. Here is Jacky Atkinson, whom we are shortly to see as the village idiot in a coming British photo-play. Jacky is no idiot when it comes to choosing books to read and enjoy. But you have found this out for yourself, by one glance at the above snap of her, Jacky reads the PICTURE SHOW.

—♦♦—

Your Request Answered.

YOU will have noticed by now that your insistent demands for news of British players has been met by your favourite paper. The PICTURE SHOW has now a special British correspondent, in the person of Edith Nepean, a New York correspondent in Louella O. Parsons, and a Los Angeles correspondent in S. E. Jacobs, as well as your own Fav Filmer, so from now on you will get all the gossip and information you can want from these four sources. The first of Edith Nepean's chats begin on page 10.

—♦♦—

My Heartfelt Thanks.

I WANT to particularly thank the readers of the PICTURE SHOW who followed my request and have become subscribers to my own little cinema paper the "Girls' Cinema." Judging by the letters I have received they are very many, and I have not disappointed them. In fact, I am flattered to think I have pleased them. May I give a last word of appeal to any reader who has not yet seen a copy to buy one to-morrow, when No. 6 will be out?

Among other fine things I have gathered together for this issue, I may mention: James Knight edits a page in which he tells us why he is "AFRAID OF GIRLS"; well illustrated pen pictures of Chrissie White and Henry Edwards; a letter from Gregory Scott to the up-to-date girl; long complete story, and all the usual features.

—♦♦—

By the Author of "Destiny."

OUR Editor has asked me to tell you that in next week's issue of the PICTURE SHOW will begin a splendid new serial entitled "Manacled by Money." When I tell you this story is thought by the author to be the best yet from her pen, and that it is written by the author of "The Silent Dupe" and "Destiny," I know you will welcome the news.

—♦♦—

"The Wonder Man" at the White House.

I HAVE just heard that the film version of "The Wonder Man," in which Georges Carpentier plays the hero part, the story that is now appearing in this paper, has been shown to President Woodrow Wilson, at the White House.

—♦♦—

Who Had Got Who?

DURING the filming of "Suds," the coming Mary Pickford photo-play, about a hundred cats had to be used in one scene. One black Tom-cat, of unusual promise, was selected to do a special bit of acting, but just at the critical moment he broke loose, and disappeared in a tiny space between the sets.

The director, who had written the scene for Mr. Tom Cat, rushed to the spot, and thrust his arm into the crevice, where Tom was hiding, then—let out a real yell!

"Got him!" inquired the camera man.

"Lor', no!" was the painful response. "He's got me!"

—♦♦—

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

He Didn't Escape.

WESLEY BARRY was delighted the other day, when he was told that he was to accompany the players of his company, who were going away for scenes into the country, especially when he heard that his teacher would remain behind.

His joy was great. He had visions of no more lessons for four weeks. But when Wes. got out of the train, the first person he saw was a young lady with some books under her arm.

"I am your new teacher for the time you are here," she said; and Wesley says she was even stricter than the one at home.

—♦♦—

D. W. Griffith's Plans.

IT is rumoured that David W. Griffith is finding production of motion pictures in New York too expensive, and the latest news is that he is going to Southern California to build a studio, and there make the most ambitious photo-play of his career. This is to have Abraham Lincoln as its central character.

—♦♦—

Mildred's Accomplishment.

MILDRED DAVIS is much liked in the film colony. She is a great home lover, and delights in making old-fashioned rag rugs out of old pieces of silk, an art taught her when a child by her Quaker grandmother. All her friends have received these acceptable gifts at Christmas or on their birthdays.

If you could peep into Mildred's boudoir you would see many of them in service on the floor.

—♦♦—

No Wonder Jack is Indignant.

JACK CONWAY is a very indignant man these days. He has been accused of curling his hair. Jack indignantly denies this, claiming that his hair is naturally curly, and that even as an actor he would not resort to such artifices.

He is now acting the role of William Sanborn in a virile photo-play, entitled "The Killer." His director says that he cannot conjure up a funnier vision than that of the handsome, athletic young hero of "The Killer" retiring to bed with his hair in curling-papers.

—♦♦—

When Bob McKim Dies.

ROBERT McKIM was caught the other day buying a picture frame. It now hangs in his study, and contains a letter from a newspaper critic, for Mr. McKim says it is the best compliment he has ever received. One paragraph reads:

"Every time I see you pass out of a picture, downed by the hero in the final round, I feel like applauding, not because we are rid of the villain, but with something of the feeling with which one applauds an old tragedian of the old stage days doing a classic flop to the boards. You build up something powerful in a picture play that one misses as soon as you pass out. As I heard someone say at one of your pictures the other day: 'Picture's over, Bob McKim's dead. Let's go!'"

—♦♦—



RUBY MILLER and PARDOE WOODMAN in "The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown," a coming Stoll film version of E. Phillips Oppenheim's famous novel.

Bananas—and His Arm.

TOD SLOAN, the famous jockey, who is playing in a coming film, entitled "The Spender," seems to have an uncanny influence over horses.

The other day he demonstrated his skill, when he subdued a very nervous horse, who had just thrown one of the picture cowboys.

One of the cowboys made a bet that Tod could ride any of the worst broncbos in Cheyenne. He told how Tod made his horse eat a banana, and added: "The only other irreg'lar diet I've ever seen that horse take was a piece of my arm!"

—♦♦—

Another Royal Compliment.

THE Hepworth Picture Plays, Ltd., have received another Royal compliment.

You will remember that Cecil Hepworth's comedy, "Alf's Button," was shown to the Prince of Wales and his staff, and that the Prince sent a message of hearty congratulations. Following this, comes the information that "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" and "The City on the Hill" were also filmed before His Highness and staff, and regret was expressed that more of such excellent British pictures had not been shown abroad.

—♦♦—

Real Treasure Hunt.

AN interesting way of advertising the film version of "Treasure Island" comes from America. Arousing the piratical instinct, which lies more or less dormant in the heart of every small boy by the mention of Long John, the Good Ship Haspinola, the half-witted Ben Gunn, and all the charming characters in the exciting story of "Treasure Island," a piece of ground was hired, and a real treasure was buried. Three treasure chests were buried, containing vouchers, convertible into money or passes to view the picture. A chart of location was provided to any one on application.

—♦♦—

Monte Carlo Filmed.

WHEN we see "The Empire of Diamonds," a Pathé film, we shall see the famous Casino at Monte Carlo on the screen. For the first time, it is said, permission has been granted to film scenes within the gambling establishment, and these scenes were taken when the play was at its height.

—♦♦—

The Smallest Foot in Filmland.

MISS DAISY BURREL, who will shortly be seen in the new boxing film, "The Bride of Fancy," is said to possess the tiniest foot in filmland. So small are her feet that all her shoes have to be specially made for her, as she is, as she explains, "between sizes."

—♦♦—

Talmadges Coming Back.

NORMA, Constance, and Natalie Talmadge are now back, hard at work after their two months holiday. They are most enthusiastic about their trip, and have planned another for next year, when they mean not only to return to England, France, Italy, and Spain, but to visit Japan as well.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

Alice Joyce as Cousin Kate.

AS you know, "Cousin Kate" was an enormous stage success. We are now to see it on the screen with Alice Joyce as Cousin Kate.

—♦♦—

Appropriate.

MILDRED DAVIS has just had two new pets sent to her, and has christened them "Screech" and "Scream" respectively. Their names are appropriate, as they are two East Indian paraqueets.

—♦♦—

Left £6,000.

OLIVE THOMAS PICKFORD, the popular little star who died in Paris, has left no will. She has left personal property to the value of about six thousand pounds.

The latest film in which she appeared was "Everybody's Sweetheart." This is now showing in America, and we are to see it over here shortly.

—♦♦—

A Two-Months' Job.

WHEN you see "Earthbound," the Goldwyn sensationally successful photo-play, remember there is one man, who is not mentioned in connection with the film, who deserves a great deal of credit. He is named Alexander Troffey, who cut and edited the film to its present size. This job kept Mr. Troffey hard at work for two months.

This film, written by Basil King, is now showing to record houses at Covent Garden Theatre, London, and will shortly be shown in big houses all over the country. It has a spiritualistic theme.

—♦♦—

Johnny's Latest Catch.

TWO turtles have found a home in the big water tank at the Goldwyn studios. These are the property of Johnny Jones, having been caught by him while away making scenes for "Edgar the Explorer," the seventh of the Booth Tarkington series, which will soon be seen over here.

—♦♦—

Charles Hutchison Injured.

CHARLES HUTCHISON, who, as you know, is one of the most daring actors who has ever appeared before the camera, has been seriously injured, while making scenes for the coming serial "The Double Adventure."

With two wrists broken, both legs severely lacerated, and other painful, if not serious injuries, Mr. Hutchison will probably not return to the studios for two months.

This is particularly unfortunate, as Mr. Hutchison had almost completed "The Double Adventure," in which the star repeatedly took chances of both life and limb in his desperate stunts.

—♦♦—

Three Hundred Hats.

IT has always been a mystery where Raymond Hatton gets his wonderful hats from that fit so well with the characters he portrays. He tells me he had three hundred, some he stole, some he found at pawnshops, he picked two out of the gutter, and designed the others himself.

FINDING FAULTS IN FILMS.

In the picture, "The Bondage of Barbara," featuring Mae Marsh, Jack—the employer's son—is seen threatening Tony. They are all in a room, and Jack is wearing a straw hat. They turn the gas off, and the scene changes to the passage outside, and there Jack is wearing a large cap.—5s. awarded to S. W. Norman, 79, Talfourd Road, Peckham, S.E.15.

—:o:—

A BUNGLED BUNGALOW.

A couple in "His Bridal Night" go for their honeymoon to Billy Barlow's bungalow, but scenes in the "bungalow" show a flight of stairs leading to bedrooms above.—5s. awarded to J. Nicholas, 36, Cornford Grove, Balham, S.W.12.

—:o:—

In Douglas Fairbanks picture, "Say, Young Fellow," Douglas on entering the train is hatless and empty-handed, and yet when we see him get off the train he has a cap and two suitcases.—5s. awarded to Barbara Tennant, 22, Rock Mount South, Old Swan, Liverpool.

—:o:—

In "The Conqueror," featuring William Farnum, the period was early Victorian, yet in the background stood an up-to-date motor-car.—5s. awarded to Belle Reeves, 27, Culverden Road, Balham, S.W.12.

—:o:—

In "Exile," featuring Mme. Petrova, the villain, Perez, was conversing with his wife. He extended his hand towards her. A "close-up" was shown of his wife, and the villain's hand was also shown. It was his right hand. When the camera flashed back to the scene the villain was withdrawing his left hand.—5s. awarded to Miss Martha Troland, 2, Frederick Place, Belfast.

—:o:—

Five Shillings will be awarded to the sender of every "Fault" published in the PICTURE SHOW. If we receive the same "Fault" from two readers, and we think it worthy of a prize, this will be given to the one which reaches us first. Address your postcard: Editor, Film Faults, PICTURE SHOW, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From America.

An Electric Shock.

MADAME PETROVA leaves for the middle west this week to fulfil a vaudeville engagement. She had just time to spend a week at her country place in Great Neck before starting on her tour. Dame Nature arranged a little surprise party for her in the way of a bolt of electricity. It struck the chimney, came dancing down through the fireplace, lighted on a choice statue of Psyche, and darted backwards to the birdcage. Psyche was broken into fragments, but the little bird was only overturned in his cage and badly shocked.

As for coming back to Merrie England, madame hopes to make that possible one of these days. She had several interesting offers to make pictures, and if she should decide to sign such a contract after her theatrical season closes—well, who knows? she may take a trip across the sea. If she does, I hope I may come with her—beautiful England and its charming people is one thing in the world that measures up to expectation.

Charles Chaplin a Recluse.

POSSIBLY the most difficult man to see at the present time, not excepting President Wilson, is Charles Spenser Chaplin. He has retired into his shell, and absolutely refuses to venture forth or submit to an interview of any kind. This attitude on the part of the comedian is caused by the recent trouble with his wife, Mildred Harris Chaplin. Mrs. Chaplin, in a series of interviews, told of her famous husband's penurious habits, being quoted as saying she couldn't extract a cent from him with a vacuum cleaner.

Mr. Chaplin has taken these newspaper stories to heart, and spends his life dodging newspaper reporters. A mutual friend called on him in his apartment in the Ritz, and found him with an old violin, playing an assortment of classics such as one could imagine Kubelik or any of the masters choosing. Another time, he found Charlie deep in Macaulay's "History of England." This led to the rumour Charlie had sailed for England, and was going to visit his mother. He was even said to have sailed on the Olympic, but up to yesterday he had not left New York.

Dennis O'Brien to Spread the Word.

DENNIS O'BRIEN, whose official capacity as general council of the United Artists' Company, and personal attorney for Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, gives him prestige, has sailed for London. His mission is to arrange for the distribution of the Fairbanks, Pickford, and Griffith productions. He hopes to overcome the difficulties of delayed release dates, and has several plans up his sleeve.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.



A thrilling scene in the coming photo-play "Dust of Desire," in which BETTY BLYTHE wears this wonderful negligée.



VIRGINIA HAMMOND in the Hayward production "The Battle."



LOUISE HUFF in a heart-breaking scene in the coming photo-play "False Pretences."

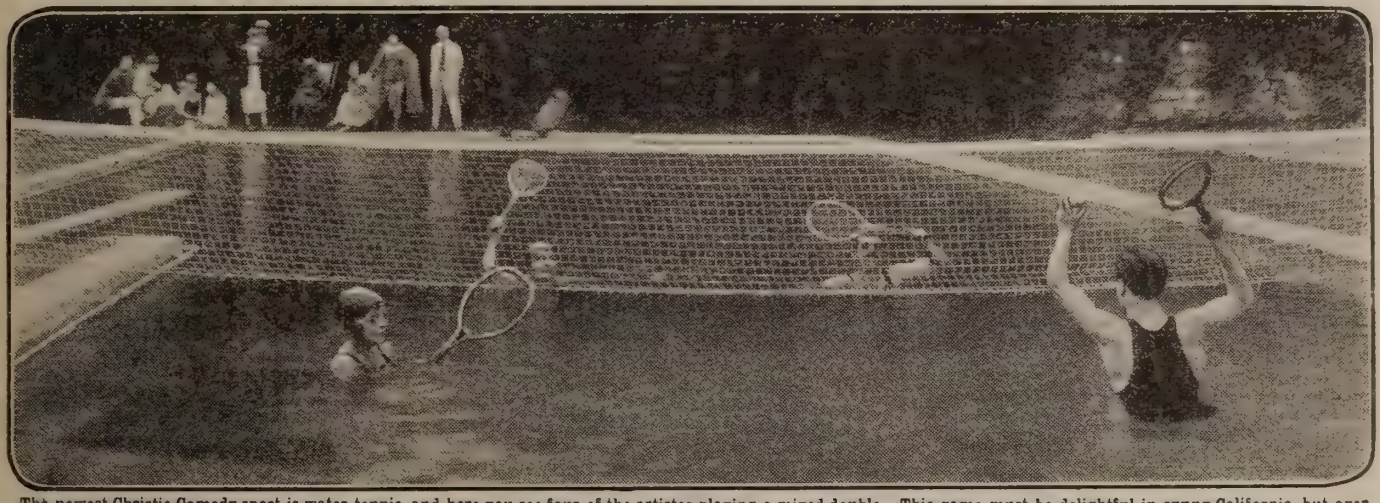
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



Two great stars who are acting for Robertson Cole: MAE MARSH, who will soon be seen in "The Girl who Lived in the Woods"; and OTIS SKINNER, who appears as Hajj in "Kismet."



LUCILLE RICKSEN, the little Goldwyn player, who will appear in the "Edgar" series, pretends that her dolls are film stars, and they all have to be "made up" in the orthodox style.



The newest Christie Comedy sport is water tennis, and here you see four of the artistes playing a mixed double. This game must be delightful in sunny California, but over here we shall probably prefer to keep to the lawn or hard court. Ugh! in our climate we would get rather chilly standing in the water waiting for a shot to come our way.

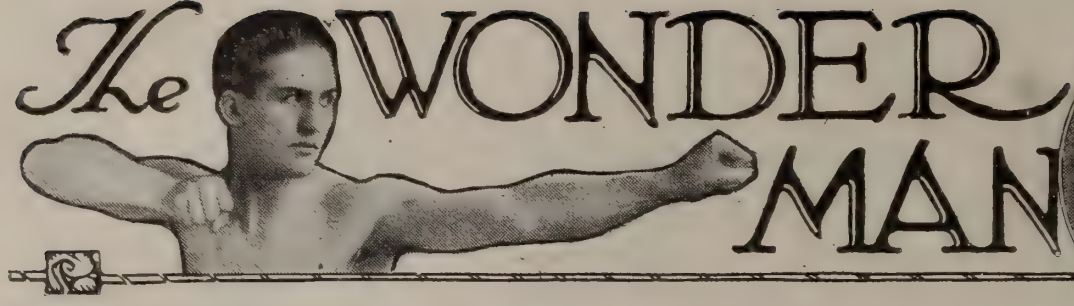


Brains! The company tries to think of a funny "stunt" for the film, "The Farmerette." GALE HENRY is seen seated on the table.



EDDIE POLO and PANSY PORTER, who appear in the Universal production "Circus Life."

The WONDER MAN





The Story in which Georges Carpentier, the World-Famous Boxer, plays the part of Henri D'Alour in the Ideal photo-play, which will shortly be shown in all the leading Picture Houses in the British Isles.

Read This First.

MR. ROBERT STONER, partner in a firm supplying France with military equipment, introduces to the Potomac Club Henri D'Alour, who falls in love with his daughter Dorothy. Gardner, agent of the firm and bully of the club, invites D'Alour to box and behaves in a very unsportsmanlike way. Next day news comes that Stoner's chief clerk, Granger, has been murdered. The only motive appears to be some contracts of Gardner's. Suspicion falls on D'Alour.

The Reception.

MR. STONER was a man who prided himself on being able to judge a man by his face, and without flattering himself he could honestly say that in the course of a long business career in which he had been constantly called upon to exercise this gift, he had made few mistakes.

But he was a little concerned about his judgment of D'Alour, after the remarks passed by Alan Gardner and his partner, Steven. Also he had not been blind to the fact that Detective Monro clearly suspected D'Alour. In fact, the detective, though he had not said much, had clearly shown by his actions that he was only biding his time to arrest the Frenchman.

Behind his natural anxiety that a man he had introduced to the Potomac Club should prove worthy of his trust, was the thought that his daughter, Dorothy, was as much in love with D'Alour as the Frenchman was with her.

Robert E. Stoner gave himself an hour in his study to think out things, and at the end of that time he came to a definite conclusion.

And that conclusion was this.

Although circumstances seemed to be against D'Alour, he still believed in the young man.

Having settled the matter to his own satisfaction, Mr. Stoner dismissed it from his mind, with the parting reflection that whoever had made the attempt to get at the contracts, the fact remained that they were still in his private safe.

Then Mr. Stoner began to get busy on the reception he was holding that night. For certain reasons he wished the reception to rank as one of the most successful ever held by a member of the Potomac Club.

He worked all the day with the assistance of his wife and Dorothy, and when he took a final survey of his mansion before the guests were due to arrive, he confessed himself satisfied, and Robert E. Stoner was a hard man to please in these matters.

Among the first arrivals was Henri D'Alour and had Stoner listened to the conversation between the Frenchman and his own butler, he would have thought that the suspicions of Gardner and Stevens were well founded.

As the butler took D'Alour's coat, he whispered: "Gardner is here. Be careful!"

"What influence has Gardner? Does he suspect anything?" said D'Alour, in a low tone.

Before the butler could reply, other guests arrived, and D'Alour, with a pleasant smile on his face went to meet his host and hostess.

Stoner greeted him effusively, but Mrs. Stoner gave him the most frigid bow, and then turned away to smile on the guest that followed him.

D'Alour moved away, there was not a sign on his face that he had noticed the polite snub administered by Mrs. Stoner, but he was thinking. "That woman suspects me. I must be careful."

He found Dorothy, but the girl seemed as little pleased to meet him as her mother had been.

"Why so cold, Dorothy?" asked D'Alour.

"Can you ask when you failed to keep your appointment with me yesterday?" replied the girl. "We American girls are not accustomed to being treated in that manner, if it is the fashion in your country."

"But I telephoned to you that I had a very important business appointment," protested the young man.

Dorothy pouted, and remained silent.

"You know I love you, Dorothy," pleaded D'Alour. "Why do you let such a small thing as this come between us?"

Dorothy's face brightened, and she was just going to acknowledge that she had been in the wrong when Gardner came up.

He bowed politely, but there was nothing friendly in his voice as he turned to D'Alour.

"Mrs. Stoner sent me to tell you she would like to see you," he said.

D'Alour knew that Mrs. Stoner had sent for him merely to prevent him talking to Dorothy, but he was obliged to obey the summons.

As soon as he had gone, Gardner turned to Dorothy.

"Since this mysterious Frenchman has been here you have made me play a very poor second fiddle, Dorothy. You know my love for you is sincere, and I can't bear to see you being fooled by an impostor like D'Alour."

"Impostor," cried Dorothy indignantly. "How dare you, Mr. Gardner?"

"I am only expressing the opinion of practically every member of the club," said Gardner, with a shrug. And then he poured into Dorothy's unwilling ears a long story about D'Alour. How no one knew where he came from, and how no one trusted him except her father, and that he was suspected of murdering Mr. Stoner's clerk, and that he might be arrested at any moment.

Dorothy was very indignant and defended D'Alour valiantly, but at the back of her mind there was a worrying doubt. She had heard from another source that D'Alour had been seen near her father's office just before the murder, and then he had not kept his appointment with her, an appointment that coincided with the time the murder was committed. Again, though he had made as his excuse for not meeting her, a business appointment, he had not told her what that appointment was, or where he had been.

But despite her doubts, Dorothy attacked Gardner and defended D'Alour.

"You would not dare to say such things in front of him," she said.

"Pardon me, Dorothy, but I should be only too pleased," said Gardner coolly. "I love you, Dorothy, and I mean that you shall marry me."

Before the girl had any idea of his intention, he had taken her in his arms and kissed her.

"How dare you!" gasped Dorothy, as she fought her way out of Gardner's embrace.

At this moment D'Alour came up. He had seen what had happened, and his face was deadly pale.

His hands were tightly clenched at his side as he faced Gardner.

"Mr. Gardner has been saying awful things about you," said Dorothy, "and I dared him to repeat them in your presence."

"I shall be only to happy to do so," sneered Gardner, "though M. D'Alour knows perfectly well what I mean. He cannot have been deaf to what all the club is saying."

Two bright red spots burned in the centre of the Frenchman's cheeks as he half-raised his hand. But with a desperate effort he controlled himself.

"If we were not guests in this house," he began.

But a derisive laugh from Dorothy stopped him.

"I hate a quitter," she said contemptuously. "Why don't you make him eat his words?" Before D'Alour could stop her she had moved into the other room without so much as a backward glance.

Gardner followed her with a triumphant glance at the Frenchman.

"You know where to find me when you want me, Mr. D'Alour or whatever your name may be," he called back.

For a moment, D'Alour stood on his toes as if he would have hurled himself on Gardner. Then he turned his back, and getting his coat and hat left the house.

"I must steer clear of that man for a while," said the Frenchman to himself as he walked home, "or he will ruin all my plans."

The Fight.

BUT though D'Alour, for some reason, did not wish to come in contact with Gardner, at least, for some time, the latter was determined to goad the Frenchman to a fight. His opportunities came the next day.

It was the day for accepting entries for the club boxing championships and there was a goodly entry for all classes except the heavyweight section, of which Gardner was champion.

No member had put his name down to contest Gardner's claims, and as the champion walked up and saw the board he remarked in a loud voice: "What! Are you fellows going to give me a walk-over?"

"You're too good for us, Alan," replied one member. "There's only one man who would have any sort of chance with you. D'Alour, there."

He pointed to the Frenchman who was seated on a settee reading a paper.

"That fellow," shouted Gardner contemptuously. "He's too yellow to fight. Even his girl calls him a quitter."

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then D'Alour sprang up and faced Gardner. His eyes were blazing but his voice was calm as he spoke.

"For some reason you appear determined to pick a quarrel with me. I could not oblige you last night, but I can now. You are a liar and a bully!"

Gardner raised her hands, and was about to strike the Frenchman who was already in a posture of defence, when the secretary of the club dragged Gardner back. "We cannot allow fighting in the smoke-room," he said. "Look here D'Alour. This thing has gone too far to be settled without a fight. Why don't you put your name down to challenge Gardner, and the thing can be carried out in a gentlemanly fashion?"

D'Alour stepped up to the board, and wrote down his name.

"I thank you for the opportunity," he said to the secretary. Then with a bow to the rest of the company, he walked out of the club.

The coming fight was the one topic of conversation, not only in the club but in the town, and heavy wagers were made on the result. Both men went into strict training, and the rival camps were watched closely by the club members.

The general opinion was that D'Alour was slightly the cleverer boxer, but everybody seemed to doubt his gameness, and it was this fact that made Gardner a strong favourite in the betting.

Dorothy, who had been delighted when she had heard D'Alour was going to fight Gardner, heard these doubts about the courage of the Frenchman, and it was this that prevented her sending him a letter wishing him luck.

"He must first prove that he is game and no quitter," she said to herself. "I love him, but I will never marry a coward."

Had she but known, it was the lack of a letter from the girl he loved that was likely to lose D'Alour the fight. When the night of the fight arrived and she had not even sent a short note to wish him luck, he could only assume that Dorothy had now no interest in him at all.

Never had there been such a gathering at the Potomac Club. Over two thousand men were assembled in the big gymnasium when the principals entered the ring for the big fight.

Gardner was the picture of a thoroughly-trained athlete as he stepped over the ropes, and his face was beaming with confidence as he nodded to his many friends. In striking contrast was the appearance of the Frenchman. True, he was beautifully trained, and his magnificently proportioned body would have served as a model for a fistic gladiator. But that was all that could be said about him. He was very pale and dejected, and there was a listlessness about his whole appearance that suggested that his heart was not in the fight.

Some of Gardner's friends went to D'Alour's dressing-room just before they came in and offered him as much as five to one, but he wouldn't back himself for a cent.

"He's a good boxer all right, but he hasn't the heart for a real fight."

The words of the speaker were justified in the first round. From the sound of the bell D'Alour devoted all his skill to getting away from his opponent. He boxed like a man who is without hope, and though he showed clever defence, he lacked the necessary grimness to inspire confidence.

As the men went to their corners at the end of the first round as much as six to one was offered against D'Alour, but there were no takers.

While his chief second was attending to the Frenchman, he kept whispering to him.

"Put some spirit into your fighting," he pleaded. "It was not in this way that our glorious soldiers kept Verdun from the Boche."

But D'Alour only smiled feebly.

In the second round Gardner tore into his man, giving him no rest. Never had the club champion fought more fiercely.

He showed his contempt for the Frenchman by practically ignoring defence, taking what few punches D'Alour sent over with a mocking smile.

"Pretty stuff," he sneered in one of the clinches, "but it don't hurt me. You can box, but you can't fight."

But though Gardner battled like a grizzly bear robbed of her cubs, he could not land a knock-out blow on D'Alour.

The Frenchman's defence was uncanny.

His judgment of distance was superb, and he moved in and out with a grace that reminded one of a panther.

Gardner was now using a hard left dig to the stomach and a right hook to the jaw, but he could not get the right home.

Every time he chanced his right D'Alour anticipated the blow, and with ever such a slight movement of the head, he made the glove slip past the point of the jaw.

"That Frenchman has sure got it on Gardner when it comes to defence," said a veteran ring-fight reporter. "What beats me is that he doesn't attempt to hand a few wallops himself."

"Too scared," remarked man at his side. "He hasn't got the grit to make a fight of it. If he does Gardner will out him quick."

"You talk like a babe to a doll," remarked the veteran reporter. "I've seen every big fight since James J. Corbett put it over John L. Sullivan, and I guess I can see the yellow streak when it's around. No, sir, that Frenchie's not scared. If this were not a gentleman's club I'd swear he was doped. He's fighting like a man in a dream."

"Waiting to find a soft blow that will enable him to go to dreamland," sneered the other. "You can have seven to one to any amount if you fancy that cur."

"I've just got five hundred that says you're wrong," said the reporter, handing out a roll of notes. "There's sure something wrong with him, but it's not fear."

"Gee! What a chance for a knock-out uppercut," he muttered as Gardner, rushing in wildly was cleverly side-stepped by D'Alour, leaving Gardner's jaw simply asking for a right jolt to the point. But for some reason D'Alour did not take advantage of the opening. The round finished like the first had done. Gardner had done all the attacking and the only points D'Alour had gathered were for defence.

Henri's Inspiration.

THE third round was a hummer from Hummerville. Gardner, acting on the advice of his seconds, went out for a knock-out, but the slippery Frenchman dodged all the hard ones, though he took many which shook him up considerably.

"Why don't you make a fight of it, you yellow quitter?" hissed Gardner.

For an instant there came the light of battle in the eyes of D'Alour, as he shot out a left to the face with the speed of a snake striking.

It caught Gardner full in the mouth, but though it rocked his head he rushed in with a hail of blows that forced the Frenchman to the ropes. Even his marvellous skill could not save D'Alour from the hurricane attack.

"I'll lay seven thousand to a thousand on Gardner," said a member quietly, but no one took it, for at that moment D'Alour went down.

"Gardner's got him!" shouted one man.

"Silence!" roared the chairman of the club. The Potomac, like the famous National Sporting Club, of London, tolerated no remarks between the rounds, especially when one man was on the floor.

But though no one else spoke, everybody was saying the same thing with their eyes.

D'Alour's had that glassy appearance that comes to a man whose senses are leaving him. But the instinct of the fighter came to his aid, and he struggled up at eight seconds. Mechanically he smothered, leaving no vital opening for Gardner to get in a knock-out, and he was still on his feet when the bell rang for the end of the round.

While D'Alour's seconds were working like madmen to bring their man round, the butler from Mr. Stoner's mansion forced his way to D'Alour's corner.

He held out a note to the Frenchman's chief second.

"Give this to him, and he will win," he said. "It is one certain thing he cannot lose it any worse than he has done," said the second, as he held out the note to D'Alour.

The latter read it and his whole frame stiffened.

"Win for me.—Dorothy."

Only four words, but if someone had given the Frenchman four bottles of the mythical Elixir of Life, he could not have been more changed.

Gone was all his lethargy as he advanced at the sound of the bell. Before he had been a boxing machine, almost faultless in the science of defence, but totally lacking the fighting spirit. Now he was like a tiger after its prey

Gardner never remembered anything about that round. He saw two burning eyes set in a white face; a lithe, panther-like body hurling itself at him, then felt a fusillade of blows that he never saw coming and could make no attempt to stop.

Had he been a rag doll he could have been no more powerless against D'Alour's attack. He tried to clinch and he tried to smother up, but D'Alour literally punched out openings. Gardner went down to a terrific right to the jaw. He was dead game and got up at nine seconds, only to be sent down with a short right to the chin. This time he stayed down. The fight was over. D'Alour had won.

"Reckon I was right," said the veteran fight reporter as he pocketed his winnings. "I would sure like to know what was in that note. Whatever it was, it did remove that dopey feeling. Gee! What a fighter when he started."

A Happy Ending.

SO far as his public utterances went, Mr. Stoner had always set himself against the fight, but when he got the result, his eyes twinkled and he went to his cabinet and selected a cigar that he only smoked on special occasions.

It was strange, too, that he decided to give another reception, and that he made a special journey to personally invite D'Alour.

There were a tremendous number of guests and D'Alour and Dorothy had little opportunity for a long talk, but the young Frenchman managed to tell the girl the thing that was nearest his heart.

"I love you Dorothy, as I have never loved anyone before, and never thought I could love anyone. Will you marry me, dear?"

"I have never loved anyone else," murmured Dorothy. "Even when I was angry with you for not making Gardner take back his cruel words, I knew I loved you."

"Listen, dear," said D'Alour lowering his voice impressively. "There were reasons why I did not wish to quarrel with Gardner. You know now that those reasons were not fear. But the same reasons why I did not wish to fight Gardner, still control my life. I want you to trust me. No matter how strange the circumstances are I want you to trust me. There are enemies who seek to ruin me, but with your trust I do not fear them."

There was no time for him to get Dorothy's answer, for at that moment Mrs. Stoner called her step-daughter.

One of the features of the reception was a great swimming and fancy diving competition in a magnificent swimming pool in the Stoner mansion.

Henri D'Alour proved himself as wonderful

(*Continued on page 8*)



GEORGES CARPENTIER as Henri D'Alour getting ready for the fight, talking to his manager, Francois Descamps, who played the part of his chief second in the film.

"THE WONDER MAN." (Continued from page 7.)

a swimmer as he was a boxer, and he was the centre of attraction amongst the crowd of bathers. As he came away from the pool to change, the butler dropped a note at his feet.

D'Alour picked it up and when he got to a quiet place he read it.

"Steven is warning Central Office about you."

That was all, but it caused him some consternation to judge by his puckered brow. He had promised Mr. Stoner to stay over night, but as soon as he could make an excuse he went to his room, and sat there fully dressed. When the guests had gone and the house was quiet, he put on his coat and crept downstairs. As he looked through the window he saw a number of men coming to the house.

"Detectives!" he muttered.

As he stood in the shadow he saw Steven creeping towards the library, followed by the butler.

D'Alour followed silently, and saw Steven open the safe and take out some papers. D'Alour was about to move forward when the butler suddenly appeared and pushing a revolver against Steven's ribs, made him hand over the papers. The butler glided away silently and as he passed D'Alour he pushed the papers into his hands.

At that moment there was an alarm, and Mr. Stoner rushed downstairs, followed by his wife and others of the household. The detectives, accompanied by Gardner, now came into the library and turned up the lights.

"What does this mean?" said Mr. Stoner, looking at D'Alour. "I thought you were going to stay the night?"

"I had urgent business," said the Frenchman.

"It looks as if there had been some very urgent business here, Mr. Stoner," said Gardner. "Your safe has been burgled."

As Mr. Stoner rushed to the safe, Steven came up and whispered something to Gardner. The latter nodded and turned to Mr. Stoner.

"I do not think it needs much more than putting two and two together, Mr. Stoner, to see who has robbed you," he said, looking straight at D'Alour.

"I won't believe it," cried Dorothy, who had followed her father into the library. "Tell them it is not true, Henri!"

But D'Alour did not speak.

"I suggest you search him," said Gardner.

As he spoke he dashed up to D'Alour and pulled the bundle of papers from his pocket.

"Will you be convinced now, Mr. Stoner?" he shouted triumphantly. "These are the French contracts which you placed in your safe yourself. Do you need any further proof?"

Mr. Stoner turned to D'Alour.

"What have you to say?" he asked.

"Nothing, except that I did not take those papers from your safe," replied the Frenchman.

"Guess you can tell that to the Chief at the office," said one of the detectives as he walked up to D'Alour. "You're under arrest."

"Just one moment," said a quiet voice.

Standing in the doorway was the Chief of the U.S. Secret Service.

"M. D'Alour is perfectly innocent," he said. "We have evidence that those papers were stolen from the safe by your partner, Mr. Steven," he said as he turned to Mr. Stoner. "One of our men, who has been employed as your butler, saw him take them. He made Steven hand them over, and then he passed them to M. D'Alour for safe keeping. We have now got all the evidence against Steven and Gardner, who is his partner in this affair. For months the two have been robbing the French Government by altering the contracts. There is also now the more serious charge of murder. We have been a long time getting them, and I do not mind admitting that we might never have got them had it not been for the valuable assistance given us by M. D'Alour, who, I may tell you, is a very trusted officer of the French Secret Police."

It was then that Dorothy understood all, and as the detectives left the house with Steven and Gardner, she went up to D'Alour.

"I see it all now, dear," she said. "Please forgive me for doubting you. I will never do so again."

"There will be no need for me to be mysterious any more," said her lover, lifting her up in his arms and kissing her. "I shall never have any secrets from you when you are my wife."

THE END.

"MANACLED BY MONEY."
Splendid New Serial Begins Next Week.

SAILING SCENES.

JOHN BOWERS and HELENE CHADWICK in "The Black Pawl."

JOHN BOWERS' great hobby is sailing, and his friends always think of him as a sailor first and an actor afterwards.

He revelled in his part in "The Black Pawl"—a fine Goldwyn photo-play, in which he appeared with Helene Chadwick—for the company were a month or more on the high seas aboard a ship called "Deborah" taking scenes.

First of all, however, John Bowers did not want to go on board the "Deborah," even though he was to play with lovely Helene Chadwick. The reason was that Bowers' beautiful yacht "Uncus" was expected any day from New York, and he was so afraid the "Deborah" would sail before she arrived.

"But think what fun you'll have with all of us land lubbers," consoled Miss Chadwick. "There isn't another man in the cast who knows as much about a ship as you do." And John Bowers admitted that there might be compensation in that.

When the ship encountered some heavy gales, John Bowers was the envy of all the other members of the cast, for an epidemic of seasickness prevailed; and as only good sailors continue to go below for meals in times like these, Bowers had his meals in solitary state.





JOHN BOWERS is quite at home, but HELENE CHADWICK has to hold on tightly.



This seems a perilous position to HELENE CHADWICK, and she takes a long look backward before following the lead of JOHN BOWERS. These photographs were all taken on board the "Deborah," while the two were playing in "The Black Pawl." [Photos: Goldwyn.

CREIGHTON HALE ON HORSESHOE "LUCK."



CREIGHTON HALE is delighted because he finds a horseshoe on his way to the studio.



He nails it to the door of his dressing-room "for luck," but nails it the wrong way up.



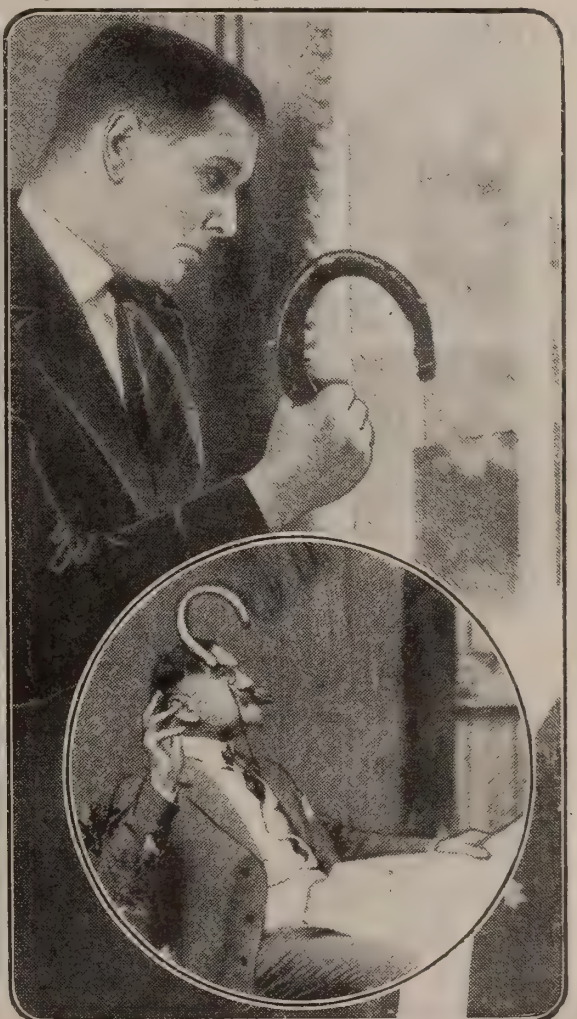
First thing on leaving his dressing-room a ladder, used by painters, falls on his head.



While he is making up, a painter dabs him in the face. He has words with the painter, and the painter wins



Whew! He is standing against a partition, when a workman on the other side drives a nail in his back.



"No more horseshoes for me!" He throws it out of the window, hits his director on the head, and loses his job. Never mention the word "lucky" to Creighton.

THIS PAGE IS ALL A

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS, STORIES FROM TH

WHEN I went to have a chat with Owen Nares shortly after a matinee last Saturday afternoon, an immense crowd of fair admirers were waiting to see him leave the theatre.

"Quite enough to make a mere man enormously conceited," I thought, "but then the idol of 'Romance,' 'Mister Tom,' cannot be called 'mere man;' he's one of our very big favourites, isn't he?"



OWEN NARES.
(Photo: Claud Harris.)

He was removing the grease paint from his face as I entered his rose-shaded dressing-room. He laughingly remarked he couldn't shake hands.

Owen Nares needs no introduction to my readers, but here is his latest studio portrait.

He looked just as attractive in his grey dressing gown as he does when wearing his immaculately cut clothes in "Wedding Bells." He's really the most deliciously unaffected and natural of men, which goes to prove it takes a lot of lionising to spoil an English man!

Climate and Film Work.

"WE'RE having another summer," he remarked. "I'm glad my children are at the seaside. They love it!" Fancy Owen Nares with two sons!

From the climate we talked about British films, for the weather matters a lot when filming outdoor scenes.

"Bad weather is a financial consideration when taking exteriors," he told me. "The past exceptionally wet summer has been very trying to the British producer. In July you do expect to get fine weather, but I had to journey to Boulter's Lock three times just to get three flashes!"

"Flashes?" I queried.

"Those little episodes that last a second or two on the screen," Owen Nares explained. Three afternoons spent to get three seconds on the screen!

The Discrimination of Cinema Goers.

"THE public show a lot of discrimination nowadays about the films they want to see," Owen Nares told me. "More and more care will have to be taken over the selection of a book for a plot or a film scenario. People soon show their disapproval if they don't like a thing by staying away.

"To be successful," he thinks, "a film should be artistic, and the people who produce it should have a thorough knowledge of the stage."

£2,000 a Year Expert.

HERE is a suggestion for film companies. Mr. Nares thinks a company who desires to achieve great things should be prepared to pay a good salary, say £2,000 a year, to a literary man who really knows books, and would have expert knowledge as to what would make a really good film.

"They've got to get good things on the screen," he declared, "and if they pay for them they will succeed."



ANN ELLIOTT.

Big Stars and Big Salaries.

I ASKED Owen Nares what he thought of the big salaries that were paid to stars across the "Herring Pond."

"£20,000 a year is a modest salary," was his answer; and then he added, "a friend of mine who is a celebrated surgeon, asked me the same question not long ago, and when I told him a Mary Pickford or Charlie Chaplin would perhaps make four or five times as much, he was amazed, and told me that 'the most famous surgeon cannot hope to make more than £15,000 a year.'" Mr. Nares retort to this is worth repeating.

"But Charlie Chaplin is a surgeon to millions!"

And he's right. Laughter can cure many ailments.

May Go to America.

"I HAVE been asked to act with the Talmadges," he told me, "and D. W. Griffith offered me a five years' contract. Financially, of course, it's a big temptation. But I'm insular. I prefer my own country. All the same, I expect I shall go for a time, in the dim future. But not for some months."

By the way, Constance Talmadge told me when she was over here, how she admired Owen Nares in his part in "Wedding Bells." She is to star in this play in the film version.

Where Owen Nares Failed.

I COULDN'T resist asking him about a funny little doll on his dressing-table. "Is it a Mascot?"

He shook his head at my question, and took up the queer little grey wooden creature and examined it.

"The understudies had a competition," he explained, "making butterflies; you know the idea. Dab various coloured splashes of paint on a piece of white paper, then fold it, open it, and there is your painted butterfly! *I got the booby prize because mine was the worst!*"

An Open Window and a Fire.

I WENT to have a chat with Ann Elliott the other afternoon. She was wearing a little close-fitting nigger velvet hat, with a very chic glace silk bow at the side. It looked tremendously becoming on her fair, sunshiny hair. We sat beside an open window overlooking Esher Common. At the same time there was a bright fire burning in the grate. There is something very luxurious about an open window, and a fire close at hand to take the autumnal nip out of the atmosphere.



SIR SIMEON STUART, BART.

"What made you take up screen work?" I asked.

Miss Elliott laughed.

"One day, just for fun, a friend suggested I should go to a film studio and discover if there was any chance for me. I was in a mood for adventure, and off we went, straight away."

A Lucky Expedition.

"I WAS very kindly received at the studio, which, by the bye, was Barker's," she said. "I was told that the Eros Film Productions were advertising for a star. I casually left my photo behind, and I thought no more about it.

"Three days after I was asked to go to the studio, and there I met the producer of the Eros Films. Two days after I was asked to go again to the studio to go through a test, but at the last minute I just felt I couldn't! I telephoned and said so. To my intense surprise the producer then came to see me, and offered me the part of leading lady in the Eros Film Productions, and I signed my contract before he left."

This is Ann Elliott's photograph. Have you seen her?

A Baronet Film Actor.

I CALLED on Sir Simeon and Lady Stuart the other afternoon in their delightful flat overlooking Regent's Park; a romantic spot, where squirrels make sport amongst the greenery, and sable barges creep through the canal that winds beneath the trees.

"Colonel Sir Simeon Stuart served in the divisional staff in France, and after being slightly gassed one day, when lying in hospital, he told me that a brother officer said:

"What are you going to do when you get home, Stuart? Your military career is over."

"Oh, I don't know!" said Sir Simeon.

And then his friend cheerfully retorted:



DOUGLAS MARSHALL (in Chinese costume)



BARBARA HOFFE, LESLIE HOWARD, and LEWIS RANSOM in "£5 Reward."

HUSBANDS and WIVES

SOME happy photographs of screen heroes and the charming women to whom they are married



JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS



WHEELER OAKHAM is married to PRISCILLA DEAN.



HARRY CAREY snapped with his charming wife.



CHARLES HUTCHISON is married. Here is a holiday snapshot of Mr. and Mrs Hutchison



"Gentleman Jim," as JAMES CORBETT is known to his friends



and Mrs. JAMES CORBETT.



ZASU PITTS with her husband, TOM GALLERY.



NILES WELCH and his charming wife, DELL BOONE.



Mr. and Mrs. MAHLON HAMILTON at home





SESSUE HAYAKAWA.

Laughing Moments on the MOVIES

"Laugh and the world laughs with you" is proved by these happy stars.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS makes the darkey smile.



(Paramount Artcraft.)



MARGUERITE CLARK wears the smile of the flirt in "Widow by Proxy."





Big BILL HART has a hearty laugh in "Sand"



WALLACE REID can tell a joke and share it—in "The Dancin' Fool."

FATTY ARBUCKLE believes in the saying "Laugh and grow fat," and tries to make BEBE DANIELS laugh, too

...OUT BRITISH PLAYERS.

...STUDIOS, AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.



...HALL ...LI in ... | MRS. R. PODEVIN and IVAN BERLYN in "Bookworms."



...ITH CELLI in "The Bumps." Inset another ...favourites.



LEWIS RANSOM, BARBARA HOFFE, and LESLIE HOWARD in "£5 Reward."

"You've done a lot of amateur acting. Why don't you go on the Movies?"

"I never answered," Sir Simeon smiled, "but as I lay in bed, waiting to get well, I thought of my friend's remark.

"At Oxford I was one of the founders of the University Dramatic Society, you know, popularly known as the 'O.U.D.S.' I was there associated with Bourchier, Holman Clark, and H. B. Irving."

In the Ranks.

"SO when you left hospital," I prompted.

"I shaved off my moustache," Sir Simeon confided. "I met Adrian Brunell, the producer, and to get accustomed to the camera I did crowd work. So I served my time in the ranks," he laughed.

"My chance came at last. My first part was with the British Actors' Film Company, when I played in 'The Usurper,' and a big part in 'The Lady Clare.' I also played father to Violet Hopson in 'Snow in the Desert.' I have played in 'The Auction Mart,' and 'The Face at the Window' for the British Actors'. 'The Shadow Between,' and 'The Squire's Inheritance.'"

Sir Simeon has just finished playing The Dean, in a film of "The Headmaster," with Cyril Maude.

All in a Row.

I WONDER how many readers of PICTURE SHOW were present at the Victory Carnival at the Crystal Palace, not so very long ago? British film stars judged the costumes—a very difficult task, believe me! So much ingenuity was displayed, so much originality and beauty galore!

"The Stars" got a terrific reception. Stewart Rome was besieged with autograph hunters, and one fair admirer "just died to tell his fortune." He wouldn't tell me what she said.



MRS. LONGFELLOW COOPER.

Former War-worker.

MISS JANE COOPER, who in private life is Mrs. Longfellow Cooper, has been chosen for a small part in Bryant Washburn's "Road to London," and will be seen with the Stoll Company in "The Mystery of Bernard Brown." During the war she was an inspector of canteens. She gave up her place, Wakeswood, St. Marybourne, Hampshire for a hospital. I think she said it was at Christmas that the fascination of the screen really got hold of her, and now she declares it would break her heart to give it up.

The English Harold Lloyd.

DOUGLAS MARSHALL, who plays the lead in a Minerva comedy, is perhaps better known as a singer, for he is a great artiste. He studied in Italy and is a Cambridge man.

"I hope to do a good deal of screen work now," he told me. "I took it up for a joke at first, but now I'm deadly serious."

When I asked him his favourite parts, he confided that they were private comedy parts. "They call me the 'English Harold Lloyd.' I've been playing a lead in 'The Bump.'"

Three Minerva Film Comedies.

WITH real joy I watched three delightful British comedies produced by Minerva Films, Ltd., soon to be shown in the picture houses. The author is A. A. Milne, the famous contributor to Punch. The first of the comedies, "Bookworms," shows how Cupid chose the infectious and dangerous season, "Spring," in which to plant his arrows not only into the susceptible hearts of youth but also into other more unlikely victims. Of course the young man Richard (Leslie Howard) lives in rooms opposite to Miranda (Pauline Johnson) and falls in love with her.

But her aunt Priscilla (Henrietta Watson), as you may guess, is of a serious turn of mind. There is a dragon, too, played by Mrs. R. Podevin, who keeps an eagle eye on Miranda. Poor Miranda is not allowed to indulge in thoughts of Love's young dream. Richard boldly visits Miranda's Uncle Josiah (Jeff Barlow) and pretends to be an expert on old books. All efforts fail. At last Richard writes an anonymous letter begging for an interview at a certain spot, slips it in a book at the library for Miranda's benefit. Uncle Josiah finds it, and believes it is for him. Then follows the fun, and Cupid makes three couples happy.



DOUGLAS MARSHALL.

"The Bump."

"THE Bump" is another sparkling comedy. Lillian Montrevor (Faith Celli) likes to jazz with Freddy (Richard Marshall). F. W. Grant and Jane Cooper play Lillian's parents. Lillian wants to meet a real man. Then by artifice she becomes acquainted with the great explorer John Brice (Aubrey Smith). She listens breathlessly to his stories and, fascinated by his hair-breadth escapes, asks him to tea one Sunday afternoon in Kensington.

On that particular Sunday Lillian, clad in her Sunday best frock, gives strict orders that nobody is to be admitted but John Brice!

She waits and waits and waits in vain! And John Brice, who has threaded his way through the mazes of forests is lost in the labyrinth of London streets. Months afterwards, aged beyond recognition, the explorer arrives in Kensington, too late. Freddy has won!

"£5 Reward."

TONY MARCHMONT (Leslie Howard), the descendant of a hundred earls, with thousands and thousands at his bank balance, falls in love with sweet Audrey Giles (Barbara Hoffe), the daughter of Farmer Giles (Lewis Ransom). But Farmer Giles did not believe in inherited wealth.

"Bring me five pounds earned by the sweat of your brow," says he, "and then you shall marry my daughter."

"Done," says Tony. "Here's my pocket-book. Take care of my money until my return."

Tony thrusts aside collar and tie. Dons a soft shirt, a country hat, and togs to match. Cleans out a pig-sty, sleeps in a barn. Sweat comes to his brow, but only a shilling a day, or two-and-six at most in his pocket.

Squire Giles loses the note-book, and offers five pounds reward for its return. Audrey finds it. Sends a discreet note to Tony, then goes for a walk, and carefully places the note-book in the road; of course Tony finds it, and eventually wins fair Audrey!

Producer's Point of View.

ADRIAN BRUNELL told me the other afternoon, that some ten years ago he used to be a short story writer.

"By accident," he said, "I endeavoured to write a film story. Bitten by the desire to improve something that was a new and great art, I took it up more seriously as the years went on.

Highbrow Literary Friends.

"THEY dropped me as a crank," he said, with his slow smile. "I'm afraid I was also regarded as one by my new associates in the film world, since I looked upon picture-making from another standpoint than that of mere money-making. Now that my ideal has proved to be correct, strange to say, Art has won the day in the Cinema."



ADRIAN BRUNEL.

Mr. Brunell is the proud producer of the Minerva Comedies, the pictures of which you see in the centre of this page.

EDITH NEPEAN.

THE STORY OF AN EXCITING CHASE ENDING IN A STRANGE MARRIAGE.

"The BEST MAN."



LOIS WILSON and J. WARREN KERRIGAN as Celia and Cyril.

A Big Task.

"WE must get those papers back from the Holman gang at all costs, and I have selected you, Gordon, for the task. I'm taking a risk giving you the job over older and more experienced men, so don't fail me."

The Chief of the Secret Service Department at Washington looked hard at Cyril Gordon as he spoke, as much as to say, "Here's your chance. If you win through you're made; if you fail you'll have to wait a mighty long time for another chance."

"I understand, sir, and I thank you for the opportunity," said Gordon, a young man, with a strikingly handsome face and the figure of an athlete.

"Now listen very carefully to what I am going to say," went on the chief. "The Holman gang are at the Hotel Cosmopolis, New York, that is, all of them except a man named John Burnham, their expert cryptographer. Burnham has been working in London, and none of the gang have ever seen him. You must go to the hotel and register in his name, and get your business over before Burnham turns up. The gang can't move till Burnham comes, for the documents, fortunately for us, were written in the new cypher. You can have all the assistance you wish, but it seems to me that it is a one man job."

"I would sooner work alone, sir," said Gordon. "but if I need any help, I'll fix up with one of our men in New York."

"Well, good-bye and good luck," said the chief.

"I feel that I will win through, sir," said Gordon, as he rose to go. "May I again thank you for the chance?"

Cyril Gordon went straight to his flat where his coloured servant brought out the travelling bag which was always packed for such emergencies. When he arrived at New York his first task was to make sure that the real John Burnham had not arrived. A look at the hotel register showed that Burnham was not in the hotel, and with a chuckle of satisfaction Gordon signed in the book "John Burnham."

The hotel clerk looked up as he noticed the name.

"There's a telegram for you, and a gentleman named Brady, who is staying with a party in suite thirty-five, told me to let him know the moment you arrived."

"Thanks," said Gordon languidly. "You might let Mr. Brady know I'm here. I'll be in the lounge as soon as I have dressed for dinner."

Once in his room Gordon opened the telegram.

It was from his chief, and read: "Let nothing hinder you."

A few minutes after Gordon had entered the lounge a page boy brought him a note from Brady, asking him to dine with him in suite thirty-five.

"This looks so easy that it seems to be too good to be true," thought Gordon. "Here I have got a clear field before the real Mr. Burnham arrives. I am invited to dinner by the head of the gang—second only to Holman himself.

"There can be no question that they are all simply crazy to know the real meaning of the documents they have stolen. Well, if I can't get hold of them now, I'd better leave the Secret Service and go in for catching colds."

Cyril Gordon pulled out a number of papers and selected one. It was written in the same kind of cypher as the chief document he was out to recover, and the plan he had formed on his journey to New York was to substitute the bogus paper for the real document. He knew Brady from a photograph that had been supplied to him, and when he entered the room, he quickly sized up the man he would have to fear most. Brady was a strongly-built man, with a lion-like head and a very intellectual face. He was not the kind of man who would be easily deceived. The other three present (two women and a man) did not impress Gordon as being dangerous.

Remembering that the real John Burnham was not known to the gang, Gordon stood hesitating just inside the room as the waiter announced him.

"My name is Burnham," he said.

Brady was across the room to him in three quick strides. He shot a swift glance at Gordon as he gripped his hand.

"I'm Brady," he said. "Guess you've heard of me from the old man?"

"Yes, I was told you would probably be the one to meet me," replied Gordon. "Who are the others?"

"They're all with us, but they are not in Holman's secrets. I'm running this show with you. I'll introduce them, and then you needn't worry about them."

Brady went over to the others and whispered something. Then he introduced the others to Gordon, and they all sat down at the table. Nothing was said till dinner was finished, and then Brady brought out the stolen document and threw it over to Gordon.

"Guess it's not much good to Holman till you can decipher it," he said. "The other papers don't count. They are merely ordinary business letters, instructions, and so forth, that we found on Jamieson when we robbed him."

Gordon looked at the paper closely for a few seconds before he spoke:

"This is a new cypher to me," he said. "It will take me some time to decode it. The fact that it is in a new cypher would indicate it is an important paper."

"If it is the thing Holman thinks it is, it means a fortune to the lot of us," said Brady, "take your time with it. There's all the night before us."

Gordon took up the paper and while he was polishing his microscope with his handkerchief, he knocked the paper off the table. As he bent down to pick it up he substituted the bogus paper for the original under cover of his handkerchief. Then he went on making notes as if he was trying to decipher the document.

He had arranged with one of the New York Secret Service men to ring him up at a certain time, so as to give him an excuse to get out of the room with the document, and he waited with nerves on edge for the message. At any moment the real John Burnham might arrive, and then the game would be up. At last, to his great relief, the telephone bell rang.

Gordon did not even look up. He appeared to be so concentrated on his task that he did not hear the bell.

"A man named Forbes wishes to speak to you, Burnham," said Brady, who had answered the telephone.

Gordon got up with a smothered imprecation.

"Yes, yes," he shouted impatiently, as he took up the 'phone. "Burnham speaking. What is it you want?

"No, I can't possibly come. I'm very busy. I told you I could not be disturbed till I was through. Oh, in the lounge, are you. Right, I'll pop down!"

"It's my assistant," he explained to Brady. "He's got scared about a Scotland Yard man who followed us from London. Just nerves, that's all. Hold on to this cypher, while I see him. I won't be a minute."

He lit a cigarette casually and strolled out of the room.

But he did not go to the lounge. He passed swiftly through a side entrance and darted into a taxi-cab he had ordered to be in waiting. Under the seat of the taxi was his bag, and a hat and coat.

"Drive off!" he whispered to the taxi-man.

It took Brady exactly a minute to discover the trick that had been played on him. In the sort of game that men play when the losing end means prison, and occasionally death, nothing is taken for granted. Brady glanced at the document, and at the first sight everything appeared to be right. He was about to place it at the end of the table where Gordon had been sitting, when he saw that the private mark he had put at the right-hand top corner was missing.

"Hocussed!" he shouted. "That guy has rung a cold deal on us. This paper is a fake. After him, the lot of you."

Brady led the rush downstairs, but he got to the front of the hotel only in time to see a taxi-cab dashing away at top speed, and a glimpse of Cyril Gordon inside.

Calling for his car, which was waiting outside the hotel, Brady whispered swift instructions to his three companions. Then, as his car drew up, he noticed a policeman on a motor-cycle.

"That man in that taxi ahead there is a criminal. Follow him and I'll give you the charge against him."

The policeman looked in the direction pointed out by Brady, and jumping on his motor-cycle dashed off in pursuit.

Brady jumped into his car, and telling the chauffeur to follow the policeman, he banged the door.

The Wedding.

IN the meantime, Gordon was figuring out things with a swiftness that was one of his greatest assets. He had seen Brady outside the hotel, and knew he was being pursued. Taking the cypher document from his pocket, he screwed it up and forced it into a cigarette holder. Then he drew out a heavy automatic pistol and awaited developments.

The next act in this quickly moving drama, was stage-managed by strangers, and came as a surprise to Gordon. He saw his taxi pulled up by a crowd of men with white buttonholes outside a church, and as the cab stopped one of the men took him by the arm as he looked out of the taxi and rushed him to the church. The men were all talking at once and from what Gordon gathered, they had mistaken him for the best man at a wedding, which was due to be solemnised at that moment.

"You gave us a scare, old man," said the one who had dragged him from the taxi. "You're five minutes late as it is. Put a move on, old son, and explain afterwards."

Gordon's brain worked at the same speed that a hawk strikes. He knew Brady was close behind him. Here was a chance to slip him. After all, there was no harm in acting as a substitute for a best man at a wedding.

Murmuring apologies for being late, he followed his guide into the church. The bride was already waiting at the altar. Her veil hid her face, but Gordon got the impression that she was young and pretty.

The man who had brought Gordon in went to the clergyman who was standing on the altar steps, and whispered something. The clergyman nodded understandingly, and then, Gordon found himself by the side of the bride.

The terrible truth flashed across his brain.

He was not the best man, but the bridegroom.

He turned to explain, but before his lips had framed the words, he remembered the instruction of his chief:

"Let nothing hinder you!"

He cast a glance behind him.

Brady was sitting in a pew watching him with a hawk-like look. Behind Brady was the policeman who had chased him on the motor-cycle. If he hesitated now he was lost. Doubtless Brady would have got some charge framed up against him that would cause him to be arrested and his papers seized. It might even be that the policeman was a bogus officer in the pay of Brady. At all costs he must go through with the ceremony and take the name of the real bridegroom. Protected by that, he could defy Brady and the Holman gang.

As in a dream he found himself responding to the marriage service. At the proper moment, the best man—the man who had dragged him from the taxi—thrust a ring into his hand. Mechanically he placed it on the finger of the bride.

Then, with a curious kind of feeling that deadened his usually quick-thinking brain, Cyril Gordon realised he was married.

Married to a woman he had never seen before!

The final details of the wedding ceremony seemed like a blurred nightmare to Gordon. He heard the congratulations of the men, and was kissed by a woman who, he gathered, was the mother of the bride. But amid all his bewildering emotions he was acutely conscious of one thing. When he had touched the hand of the bride to put on the ring, the hand was as cold as ice, and, as he caught a glimpse of her eyes, behind her bridal veil, he saw in them such a look of horror and loathing, that he had almost dropped the ring.

What did it all mean?

Why had not the birde recognised that he was not the man she had promised to marry? Why had the mother andt he best man—in fact, all of those present—not seen that he was not the real bridegroom?

Could it be that he was the double of the man who ought to have stood at the altar?

On the way to the vestry to sign the marriage register he realised that he did not know the name of the man he was supposed to be.

Taking the best man on one side, he whispered: "Look here, old man. Being late has so upset me that I've forgotten my name. Honest to death, I have. It will come back in a minute, but I don't want to look a fool in the vestry. Tell me—who am I?"

"George Hayne, you fool! Pull yourself together. You've given enough trouble to me as it is. Whatever is the matter with you? Have you been drinking?"

"I did have one just before I left the hotel to steady me," replied Gordon, seizing this explanation as an easy way out of his dilemma. "I suppose it must have got in my head."

"I should say it had," remarked the best man savagely.

Having signed the register, Gordon found himself with the bride on his arm following the party from the church. As he got outside he heard the policeman say to Brady:

"Nice sort of fool you have made of me. You tell me to follow a man who you want to charge as a crook, and put me on to a man who is coming to church to marry Miss Celia Hathaway, the daughter of one of the most tony families in New York. Nice mess I would have been in if I had not put a few questions. I've a good mind to run you to the station. Beat it before I do take you."

As Gordon entered a magnificent motor-car he

(*Continued on page 18.*)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF CHARLES RAY. *(Exclusive to the "Picture Show.")*

CHARLES RAY.

The Star Who is Known as the Wonder Boy of the Screen.

CHARLES RAY is known in filmland as the wonder boy of the screen. The reason for his convincing portrayals of the honest struggles of a boy against adverse circumstances, dreaming of conquering the world and obtaining that which he most desires, is because in these parts on the screen he is virtually playing his own life story.

As you know, Charles had a desire to act even in his school days, and, despite repeated parental objections, he determined to adopt a theatrical career, and the story goes that Charles' father gave him two years in which to make good on the stage, or to enter a bank.

Six Parts a Day.

DETERMINED to attain to his ambition, Charles joined a troupe of travelling players, and for two years played all manner of parts, from musical comedy to tense tragedies. But those uncertain days of hard work, many performances, and little money were surely the basis for Charles' present success.

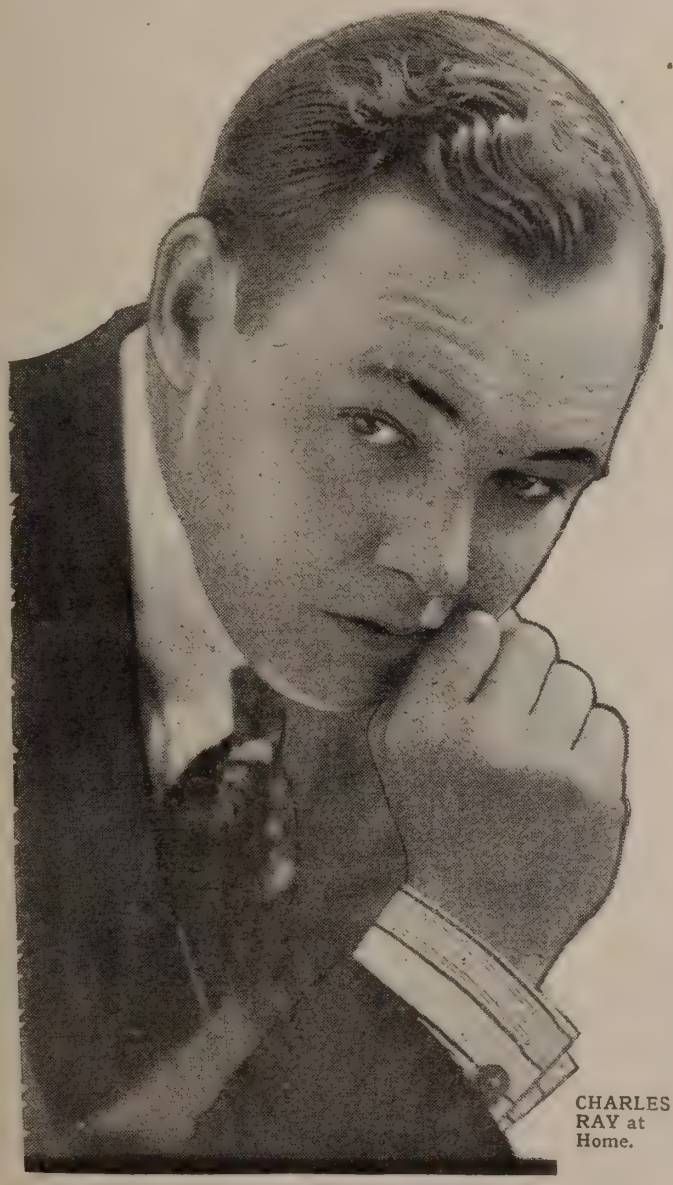
He tells that in those days he played as many as six parts a day, and his only trouble was to make himself look older than he was.

In Comedy Parts.

CHARLES RAY thought at this time that his role was comedy, and for a season he appeared with Chester Conklin on the music-hall stage. Chester Conklin, as you know, is one of the Mack Sennett comedians.

It was Thomas Ince who gave Charles his first real chance on the films, but even then he appeared in many plays before he found himself in the role that he, as a born artiste, knew was to be his own for always.

It was in the picture called "The Coward," in which he played second to Frank Keenan, that his remarkable performance of the boy who was a coward and, by force of circumstances, became regenerated, that Charles Ray attained to the foremost position he now holds in motion pictures. And in this part Charles Ray proved to his screen admirers that he was right when he thought that he should play in comedy, but not in rough-and-tumble comedies. How many of us have seen a Charles Ray picture and not laughed at his unusual adventures?



CHARLES RAY at Home.

An Inspiration.

CHARLES RAY'S career is an inspiration to any boy. He is known as "Charlie" by thousands of people, and, by sheer pluck and grit, he has persevered for eight years, till now he has reached the pinnacle of his profession, for Charlie, as a boy, was handicapped by a modesty and diffidence that would have deterred almost any other lad from mixing with the hurly burly of life. But he determined to make a success in life by hard work and close study, something which is not very popular in these days of easy jobs and high pay, but Charles Ray did not care for a meteoric success, he wished it to be lasting. Those of you who have seen him in his latest photo-play to be released over here, entitled "The Knock-out Blow," know how he has succeeded.

Of course, you know Charles Ray is married, and has been for two years. Mrs. Ray is as pretty as a picture. They live in the Beverley Hills, are very domesticated, and prefer their country home and a few friends to all the delights of town life.

If you wish to write to him, address your letter—
c/o CHARLES RAY PICTURES,
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E. Hollywood,
California, U.S.A.



Out of luck.



Credulous.



Innocent.



Bashful.



Mischief.



Just wants to know.

"THE BEST MAN."

(*Continued from page 16.*)

saw the policeman push Brady to one side as he went towards his motor-cycle.

"I've lost the most dangerous man in the Holman gang, but I've found a bride in a woman I have never seen before," thought Gordon as he sat down beside the woman who had so strangely become his wife.

The motor-car pulled up at one of the big mansions in Fifth Avenue, and still like a man who is walking in his sleep, Gordon led his wife up the broad steps. A repast was laid in a dining-room in keeping with the rest of the magnificent mansion, and Gordon found himself at the head of the table with his wife at his side. He listened to the speeches and congratulations of the guests, and made a speech in reply. He felt it was so halting and incoherent that those present must have seen he was not the real bridegroom; but, to his astonishment, the speech was greeted with loud cheers.

A glimmer of light came to him from a remark of a middle-aged man who was evidently an old friend of the family.

"I haven't seen him since he was a boy, and I suppose I'm the only one here, apart from the bride and her mother, who ever saw him before. But I never saw such a change in a man. When he went away to England he was a waster. He appears to have sown all his wild oats, and I think Celia will find she has got a good husband."

Further light on the reason why everybody had accepted him as the bridegroom without any question was forthcoming when the brother of the bride shook him heartily by the hand.

"I don't mind telling you, George," he said, "that at first I refused to be a party to this marriage. You were a bit of a bounder when you went away, but your stay in England has made a new man of you. I thought when you did not turn up at the church that you had left my sister in the lurch, but I'm only too glad to apologise, George. Mother and I are going as far as Satterville with you and Sis. Then, when you've finished your honeymoon, we'll be real pleased to see you at our place for a spell. I suppose your luggage is still at the hotel?"

Gordon remembered that his taxi-driver had managed to think about transferring his bag from the taxi to the car.

"All my heavy luggage is at the hotel, but I brought enough things with me in a bag to last the—er—honeymoon out. Your chauffeur put the bag in the car, I think."

"All right. I'll see to it," said the other. "Don't you worry, old man."

A little while later Gordon found himself at the station. His wife's brother bought the tickets, and then Gordon saw they were for a place called Myrtle Springs, a summer resort about a hundred miles from Washington. From conversation with the best man and his wife's brother Gordon gathered that he was going to a country cottage owned by Mrs. Hathaway.

"Well, since they are going to leave us at Satterville," he thought, "I shall have a chance to explain to my unknown wife. It will be awkward, but from what these people think of the real George Hayne, she has been pretty lucky to escape getting married to him. Anyway, she can easily get free from me when she knows the truth."

Up to now he had not had a chance to have a real look at his bride. But as she got into the carriage after saying farewell to her friends, and pushed up the veil she was wearing, Gordon saw she was a very beautiful brunette, and with a strange feeling, he realised that this girl, whom he had never seen before, made an appeal to him as no woman had ever done.

It was a queer party that settled down in the train. The bride scarcely looked at her husband, and when she did it was with fear in her eyes, though once Gordon thought he caught a wondering look as though she was asking herself if she might be mistaken. For the greater part of the way to Satterville the conversation—such as it was—was confined to Mrs. Hathaway, her son, and Gordon. The bride remained silent, looking out of the window with her head averted.

"She evidently likes this George Hayne as much as the average citizen likes small-pox," reflected Cyril.

At Satterville Mrs. Hathaway and her son got out. Young Hathaway gave Gordon a cordial handshake; and Mrs. Hathaway, after tenderly embracing her daughter looked up to Gordon as he leaned out of the window.

There was a tense note of appeal in her voice as she said:

"You will be good to my girl, won't you?"

"I will be as good as a mother to her!" replied the young man fervently.

As the train went on Gordon made an attempt to explain to his bride, but the girl turned on him fiercely.

"Please don't speak to me," she said. "Surely the least kindness you can do is to leave me alone."

"There's only one thing for me," thought Gordon. "I'll slip off the train at the first station we stop at. Then write to her mother and leave a note for the bride with the guard of the train."

He walked into the smoking-car and the train slowed down, an attendant who answered the bell, told him that they were held up with a minor accident on the line ahead.

"This is where I beat it fast," thought Cyril.

He scribbled a note, told the attendant to give it to his wife, and hastily made his way out of the train. But as he set foot on the platform he saw his wife coming out. It was an awkward situation for both of them.

"I was just going to see if we could not get to Milton, the next station, by road, and catch another train," he said.

"That was my idea," said his wife. "I was just coming to tell you. I know this district. It is not far by road to Milton."

Gordon took her bags and they stepped out. They had not gone far when Celia stopped with a little cry of pain.

"What is it?" asked Gordon tenderly.

"Something in my shoe," replied his wife.

In a moment he was down on his knees taking off her shoe. There was a small, sharp stone in it which he threw away. Then he replaced the shoe and his fingers lingered round the dainty ankle as he did so.

Celia blushed, but the next second her lips tightened, and she walked on in silence. Not before they were in a fast train for Washington did Gordon again speak to her.

"You needn't be afraid of me," he said. "I have tried to explain, but you will not let me."

"You have been very kind since we have been married," she said; "but I can't forget those threatening letters and the price I have had to pay."

Gordon felt he owed it to himself to clear his name.

"Will you tell me all about it," he said. "I think I shall be able to prove that I am not the man you think I am."

And then the girl poured out such a terrible story that Gordon could understand why she had regarded him with loathing.

The Explanation.

THE real George Hayne held some compromising letters of her mother's, and his price for silence was that Celia should marry him. He had come into possession of the letters in England, where he had been for many years, which accounted for the fact that neither the girl nor her mother suspected he (Gordon) was not the real George Hayne.

After she had finished her story Cyril Gordon turned to his wife.

"You will have to trust me a little longer," he said. "For the present I can only tell you that I did not write those letters, and that you will be safe with me. Do you believe me?"

"I do," replied Celia. "You are not at all the kind of man I expected to meet."

On arriving at Washington Cyril engaged a taxi and told the man to drive to the Grand Hotel. He intended to leave Celia there while he wired to her mother and went to the Chief to deliver the document.

But they had not gone far before Gordon saw there was something wrong. The taxi was going at a swift pace and in a contrary direction to that he had ordered. Gordon tapped at the window, and as he did so he noticed that there was another man with the driver. The second man turned, and motioning the driver to go on, showed an ugly automatic pistol to Gordon. The latter then tried the door, but found it locked.

"It's a trap," he said to Celia; "but don't worry."

He settled down in his seat as if resigned and then, when the man with the pistol was looking to the front, he seized his suit-case and smashed it through the front window of the cab. Before the astonished pair could collect themselves, Gordon had snatched the automatic, and placing it to the driver's head, ordered him to pull up. Commanding the men to get down he left the cab in a side street, and engaging a taxi he drove Celia to his rooms.

"You will be quite safe here," he said. "My servant will look after you, and as soon as I come back we will make arrangements for you to go back to your mother. My secret business will soon be finished now and then I can explain."

Gordon went straight to the Chief's office, and when he had dropped the recovered document on the chief's desk the old man shook him warmly by the hand.

"I knew you would get there, Gordon. You can take it from me that there's going to be a big job in the Department as a reward for this."

"I'm afraid I've got a bigger one on at present, sir," said Cyril.

Then, as quickly as he could, he told the chief about his strange marriage, and wound up by saying that he had fallen in love with the girl he had met under such romantic circumstances.

"Then get back to her, boy, and tell her so before she goes off to her mother," said the Chief. "And let me wish you luck again."

When Gordon got back to his rooms he found Celia holding a newspaper in her lap and staring at the great flaring headlines.

"Capture of Noted International Crook!" read the top headline.

And then the story went on to say that George Hayne, who had been working for an international gang of criminals in England, under the name of Burnham, had been followed to America and arrested by Scotland Yard detectives for a crime known as the Stanhope murder.

"I begin to see things clearly now," said Celia. "You took Hayne's place at the wedding, but why? You had never seen me before."

"Nor had I ever heard of Hayne before," said Gordon; "but I impersonated him under his other name of Burnham, in order to get back a document that had been stolen from the U.S. Secret Service by his gang. The fact that Hayne, or Burnham, was under arrest explains why he did not turn up at the wedding."

Cyril then told Celia the whole story, and at the end the girl said:

"It's a terrible situation for you to be married to a girl you could not care for, but I'm very thankful to you for saving me from Hayne."

"But I do care for——Celia, I love you," burst out Gordon. "The only thing is that I cannot hope to make you care for me."

"You haven't asked me yet," replied Celia, turning away her head to hide her blushes.

When Gordon's old servant came back, some half-hour later, he was given a long telegram to Mrs. Hathaway. The major portion was an explanation of what the reader already knows. But the last lines were:

"Don't trouble to come for Celia. We are both coming to you to consult you on best place for our real honeymoon trip.—Cyril and Celia."

(*Adapted from the "Ward's" film, featuring Warren Kerrigan as Cyril.*)

FILMS OF THE WEEK.

"Toys of Fate." NAZIMOVA (*Jury's*).

THE great Russian actress, Nazimova, in another of her remarkable films, a story of gypsies, in which she takes the dual role of Azah, the gypsy girl, and Hagar, her mother. This is a powerful, dramatic tale.

"The Shark." GEORGE WALSH (*Fox*).

A THRILLING romance of the sea, full of exciting situations and stirring moments, admirably acted by the athletic star and a fine cast. Fights and a strong love interest that will enthral young and old alike.

"The Counterfeit." ELSIE FERGUSON (*Paramount-Artcraft*).

AN original story of a girl who struggled to save her invalid mother from poverty. The beautiful star in quite a new role—Secret Service agent—in which she is called upon to tackle safe-cracking. Elsie Ferguson again proves herself a great actress. Beautiful settings of fashionable Newport, U.S.A.

"A Bachelor's Wife." MARY MILES MINTER (*Astra*).

A LIVELY story of mistaken identity with the dainty little star in a delightful role. As the young Irish girl who undertakes to find the husband of her deserted sister, and takes the baby with her, she achieves another distinct success.

"Bare Fists." HARRY CAREY (*Gaumont*).

A PICTURESQUE romance of the cattle country, with the redoubtable Harry Carey as Cheyenne Harry.

"The Ghost Flower." ALMA RUBENS (*Western-Import*).

A TALE of the intrigues of the Camorra, with Alma Rubens as Guilia, a lovely Neapolitan girl, relentlessly pursued by a dreaded agent.

"Fools' Gold." FLORENCE TURNER and MITCHELL LEWIS (*Stoll*).

A DRAMATIC photo-play showing how the happiness denied to a man and woman was realised by their children, but only after much sorrow and misunderstanding. A mine disaster and a thrilling rescue are sensational episodes in this film.

"A Temperamental Wife." CONSTANCE TALMADGE (*Walturdaw*).

A TYPICAL role for Constance Talmadge. This star, who is now in the foremost rank as comedy actress, plays the part of a wife who is jealous of her husband's secretary. Most amusing situations ensue, and the whole play runs with a dash and sparkle that cannot fail to thoroughly entertain.

"The Girl of To-day." CORINNE GRIFFITH (*Vitagraph*).

THIS screen-play endeavours to show the spirit of the girl of to-day. In thrilling situations and stirring scenes are shown the adventures of an American girl who is the means of unmasking a German spy. Cupid takes a hand, however, with a Secret Service lover, and, with the exposure of the villain, misunderstandings are cleared up and happiness abounds.

THE "PICTURE SHOW" CRITIC.

LEATRICE JOY "SNAPPED" AT HOME.



A delightfully unconventional photo of LEATRICE JOY playing with a little friend, for whom she is cutting out paper toys.



LEATRICE is very fond of music, and here you see her after a busy day at the studio, trying over a new song.



The piano is not the only instrument LEATRICE JOY can play. Playing the banjoline is another of her accomplishments.



A happy home snapshot of LEATRICE, taken in the garden with her mother, who is very proud of her gifted daughter.



LEATRICE JOY is a very versatile young lady. She is almost as clever with the typewriter as she is on the screen.



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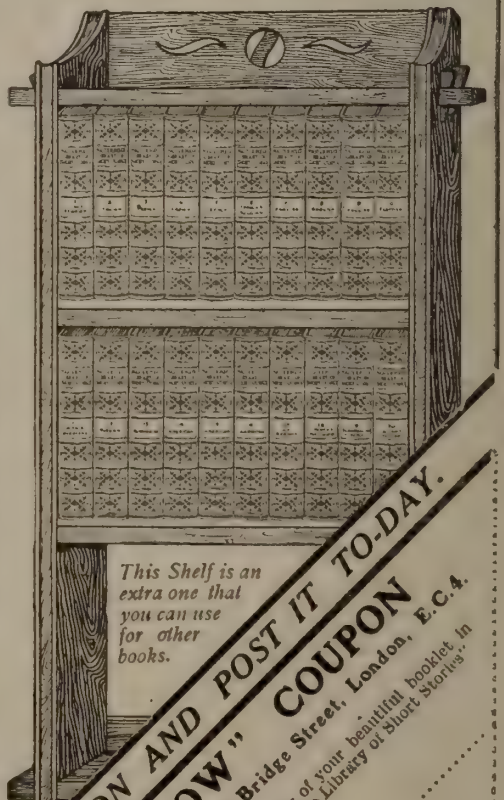
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P.S.S.

BEFORE HE BECAME A STAR.

Mr. Reeves Chats About His Old Friend Charlie Chaplin.



BILLIE REEVES.

IF you will cast your mind back to the early days of the motion-picture industry, when the old Lubin Company was one of the important factors in the business, you will recollect that the star comedian of that concern was Billie Reeves—Billie Reeves the famous music-hall comedian, whose present sketch, "The Right Key but the Wrong Flat," is amusing audiences all over the country, and whose name has been before the public since he was a little boy. It was not of those Lubin days, however, that Mr. Reeves chatted to me the other evening, but of his more famous association with Fred Karno, and, through Fred Karno, with Charlie Chaplin.

"Almost every day of my life," remarked the genial Mr. Reeves, "some journalist comes to me and says, 'Tell me about Charlie Chaplin,' and I suppose you are no exception to the rule?"

I did not deny the soft impeachment.

"Well, then——" began Mr. Reeves.

"But first," I interposed, "I should like to hear the details of your career prior to Charlie's entrance to the story."

And here are the facts as Mr. Reeves gave them to me.

An Interesting Career.

BILLIE REEVES, son of John Reeves, was born with Lord George Sanger's circus, where his father was a lion-tamer and his mother an equestrienne. At seven years old he was in the ring himself. When he left Sanger's circus he went to France with Bostock and Wombwell, later joining the Folies Bergere. Next came engagements with the Fletcher Troupe and "The Three Musical G's"; seven years on the legitimate stage, and then an engagement with Fred Karno.

With Karno Mr. Reeves remained for twelve years, during which time he figured in such successes as "Hilarity," "Jail Birds," "Early Birds," a pantomimic version of "Oliver Twist," and "Mumming Birds." This famous sketch was played for two years in England before being sent to France, and it was while it was on at the Oxford that the late Chas. Frohman saw it, and announced his intention of sending it to America. As "A Night in an English Music-hall" it played in the States from coast to coast—a distance of over 6,000 miles—one of its landing-stages being at Hammerstein's, on Broadway, where it stayed for four consecutive months. Alfred Reeves was a prominent member of the troupe, and it was with his brother that Billie went to America, performing at a salary of £40 a week.

At the end of three years Alfred Reeves brought the Karno troupe home, but his brother remained behind, having accepted an even more lucrative engagement in the Ziegfeld Follies, with which he remained for four years before joining Lubin and appearing in films.

Enter Charlie.

WHILE Billie Reeves had been playing in America, Charlie Chaplin had been filling his place in the Karno company at home, figuring in such Karno classics as "Casey's Court" and "The Football Match," so when it was decided to send the "Night in an English Music-hall" troupe out to America again, Mr. Karno instructed Alfred Reeves to take Charlie with him.

"Charlie played my old part in America," Billie Reeves told me, "and 'got away' with it splendidly. In 1911, when my brother returned once more with the troupe, he left Chaplin behind, and it was then that he joined the Mack Sennett forces. He had been getting £8 a week with Karno's company, but he jumped to £110 with Sennett, with whom he stayed a year. Then he went to another company for £200 a week, during which time he played with Marie Dressler in 'Tillie's Nightmare.' Marie Dressler had the stellar part, but when the film appeared the only star was Charlie. He just romped away with the honours.

A Little Sidelight.

"I SHOULD like to give you a little sidelight on the kindness of Charlie's nature," continued Mr. Reeves. "My present sketch, 'The Right Key but the Wrong Flat,' has been performed all over the world, and two years ago I took it to the Orpheum, Los Angeles. When I arrived at the film city whom should I find awaiting me but my old friend Charlie, now grown a rich and successful man. There he was with his motor-car waiting for me, and he and my brother Alf—now his business manager—gave me a royal welcome. It does my heart good now to think of the warmth of Charlie's greeting.

"At the Orpheum Elsie Janis and I were the chief turns, but it was for me that Charlie and his friends bought the house out the first night. I played there for two weeks, but spent a month in Los Angeles altogether, and had the time of my life. Charlie invited me down to the studio with him, and took me round the beautiful country and to Catalina Island, and altogether gave me a royal holiday.

"The Best Little Fellow Alive."

"YES," concluded Mr. Reeves, "Charles Spencer Chaplin is the best little fellow alive, and the charming thing about him is that he has no 'side' whatever. He is as free from that as in the days when he had but £2 10s. a week, and that is more than one could say of some great men."

"And how about your own film career?" I queried as I rose to take my departure. "Shall we see you on the screen again?"

But in view of his present vaudeville activities, Mr. Reeves could not say.

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

The Fascination of the Short Skirt · Its Effect Upon Footwear—Its Smartness and Its Pitfalls—The Picture Girl's Office Frock.

THERE is a rumour afloat that skirts are to be decidedly longer during the coming winter. This news will cause a flutter of distress to the majority of women, for very few wish to return to the skirt of ungainly length that nearly dragged the ground, and hampered all the movements into the bargain. The short skirt is such an approved favourite, however, that I fancy the design of greater length would have a distinct difficulty in finding favour in milady's eyes.

Attention to the Feet.

WHETHER tight or full, the skirt that is cut a dozen inches from the ground is as becoming as it is hygienic, allowing as it does for perfect freedom, and keeping the lower part of the frock free from dust and dirt. But more important still is the fact that it has taught the British girl how essential it is for her feet to be always perfectly groomed and ingrained into her the desire for smart shoes and nice stockings. For it is an undisputed fact that more attention is being paid to footwear, now than a few years ago. Then it was not an unusual thing to see a girl wearing shoes that were heavy and ungainly in make, and that were down at heel into the bargain. Not so now, however. Every girl you pass in the street steps forth with smartly clad feet peeping from beneath a short, neat, little skirt.

The Tango Style.

UNFORTUNATELY, the dressing of the feet is in some instances very much overdone, but happily this is not often the case.

Black shoes with lacings of ribbon tied up the leg and light-coloured stockings worn out of doors are in extremely bad taste, and spoil any other attempt the wearer has made to look smart in the way of clothes. Ribbon lacings are certainly effective for evening wear; but even then the whole set—shoes, stockings, and lacings—should be of the same colour if they are to look pretty. Dark lacings on light stockings, are fatal for showing up the size of the feet. Not that girls are as stupidly sensitive over the size of their feet as they were years ago. They will not sacrifice comfort for the sake of making their "four" foot squeeze into a "small three"; but at the same time they will be wiser to avoid any touch of undue conspicuousy.

The fashion for coloured shoes is a delightful one, and one that has caught on considerably. Soft greys, fawns and browns all look delightful, both in suede leather and antelope; and if worn with a costume of the same hue, add just the right touch of smartness to the toilette.

A Word of Reproach.

HERE I must add a word of reproach to the wearer of suede shoes who forgets to clean them regularly, thinking that their texture does not show the dirt. Perhaps it does not at first, but very soon the shoes show signs of neglect, and to the critical eye appear no better than a dusty, dirty pair of black leather.



No. 28,587. A smart frock of Navy gabardine, with trimmings of braid, specially designed for the Picture Girl by the Editress of "Home Fashions."

It is not often that new fashions in footwear make themselves especially noticeable, but this year must be an exception to the rule, for all kinds of new and wonderful styles have crept into favour. First of all the ankle strap, then the shoe with banded instep, and now all kinds of wonderful sandal-shaped styles. All becoming in their way, but to look well must suit the shape of the foot they adorn. The slim-ankled maiden, for instance, does not become the shoe with the ankle-strap, while the sandalled style certainly looks most ugly on the fat foot that bulges through all the various straps of leather.

The long slim shoe is the predominant fashion just now, and very pretty it looks. But woe betide the girl with the wide foot who affects this style. It will mean endless agony to her, and perhaps be the cause of many unnecessary corns and bunions. She will be wiser to stick to the square-toed shape, leaving the slim style for her slender-footed sister. The girl who *will* be fashionable and buys every shape that comes into fashion is indeed foolish, for as she dons a different-shaped shoe each day she does endless harm to her feet, and paves the way for untold agonies in the future.

The Picture Girl's Office Frock.

WITH her usual regard to neatness and economy, the Picture Girl has chosen ordinary Navy-blue gabardine for her office frock for everyday wear. It looks particularly well, too, with its trimmings of wide black silken braid.

In design it is novel with its smart collar that rolls high to the neck, although, of course, this can be turned down if desired. It is also fashioned with the new long-waisted effect, the bodice being joined at the hip line to the skirt, while the fulness at the waist is drawn in by a belt. The sleeves are set into ordinary arm-holes.

Patterns of this frock can be obtained in 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist sizes, from the PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W.1, for 1s. each. P.O. to be made payable to the PICTURE SHOW.

A DRESSER.

Beauty Midway Between Two Uglinesses.

EASTERN & WESTERN IDEALS.

"VIRTUE," says Aristotle, "is a mean between two vices."

Thus generosity is a mean between foolish extravagance and avarice; modesty a mean between prudishness and wanton-ness; a good comedy a mean between a revue and a propagandist play.

I suppose the reverse is true, *i.e.*, that a vice is a mean between two virtues. But there is probably something wrong in the assumption. Like the converse of "All cabbages are vegetables," which is "All vegetables are cabbages," and which landed one in a logical muddle in one's schooldays.

The axiom holds good when applied to beauty; a beautiful figure is the mean between the ugly extremes of leanness and obesity. A beautiful face has neither too much nor too little hair upon it—crudely, in a woman, the eyebrows and lashes are luxuriant, yet no downy growth blurs the outline of cheek and upper lip. Our convention which demands that women should have long eyelashes but no moustaches would probably seem curious to certain savages who shave eyebrows and lashes, and admire moustaches in women, just as our partiality for white teeth would astonish the Hottentots who prefer them black or yellow!

In Europe, however, and among the civilised Eastern races, the beauty of long curling eyelashes and delicately marked brows cannot be over-estimated.

What glorious lashes one sees in the East; especially among the Greek girls in the native quarter of Cairo. The tendency among such beauties to grow superfluous hair on the face is combated by the razor or by depilatory paste, recipes handed down sometimes from the days of Cleopatra or the glory of Carthage.

In England women are beginning to realise that neither shaving nor electrolysis are ideal for removing unwanted hair. A method which is steadily gaining in popularity is that of treating the superfluous hair with a paste made of pure pheminol and water. The paste is spread rather thickly on the hair, and allowed to dry thoroughly. The hair is completely destroyed and can then be painlessly removed with a very blunt knife or a piece of cardboard.

The application of a little tekko paste is recommended after the hair has been removed with the pheminol.

The trouble with most English women, however, is not that they have too much hair on their face, but too little. Scanty eyebrows, and poor, light lashes are common in this country, and often render an otherwise charming face insipid or even plain. It is a good and safe plan to encourage the growth of brows and lashes by the occasional application of a little mennaline. Mennaline is rather a pleasant substance to use, and it has the advantage of not only increasing the growth of the eyelashes, but also of giving them a delightful inclination to curl at the tips.

The eyes owe half their expression and charm to the lashes surrounding them, just as the face owes so much to its frame of hair.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY. (ADVT.)

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

THE CHARM OF ROMANCE.

WHEN everything has been said for and against the film serial, the comedy, and the domestic drama of the familiar type, there remains the simple romantic story with its attraction over all others as powerful as before. It is the one thing upon the screen of which the public is never likely to tire, whatever other changes they may demand in their entertainment. Yet the reason lies neither in the production nor in the telling of this particular type of story, though both these things may undoubtedly contribute much to its success. It is in the heart that one must seek it. For however changeable men and women may be in their affections, the love of romance in each is the one human characteristic which is never wholly removed even with the passing of years.

It is true that the Darbys and Joans of to-day will derive their pleasure in looking back on the romance of their past. But there will be the proof, at any rate, that they have altered but little. Naturally with youth it will be otherwise, for it has both the present and the future, and what wonderful gifts may not either contain! And it is on the screen that both age and youth desire to see more of romance in pictures.

Women are essentially the romantic sex, and it is they who comprise the major portion of the audiences at most picture theatres. They may not go there solely to see romance picturised, but they certainly like it best. The girl sitting by her lover's side in a cinema finds her greatest happiness when following the hero and heroine through a romantic story. She can understand something of their joys; she can sympathise, too, with their hopes and desires. And there is the equal pleasure it affords the girl without a hero of her own and the woman who is married. For each of them romance on the screen has something to tell them of hopes not yet realised or of days that have passed.

Were producers to give still more of romance they would delight the public as never before. It's a subject which cannot be exhausted, and the charm of which will always remain fresh and sweet.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

"GERALDINE" (Leigh-on-Sea). — Your writing seems good enough, Geraldine, but are you sure you signed your full name each time you wrote asking questions? Grace Darmond was with Wallace Reid in "The Valley of the Giants." Some of Ethel Clayton's films are: "The Girl Who Came Back," "The Whims of Society," "Broken Chains" "Maggie Pepper," and "Love's Bargain." There is no charge whatever to be answered on this page, so you are welcome.

"IDA" (Bradford).—I am pleased you have written, for now you can convince your friend that you have courage, and also that I am a most harmless specimen. Madlaine Traverse was born in 1887, but Violet Hopson does not state her age. Alma Taylor is in her twenties. The first named artiste has dark brown hair, hazel brown eyes, and is 5ft. 9in. in height. Henry Edwards is a bachelor and has brown hair and grey eyes. Lew Cody was the villain in "The Bride's Awakening."

"NORTH COUNTRY LASS" (Carlisle).—Only one of your questions has white hairs, for it has been answered on this page so often. "Is Stewart Rome married?" is now among the ancients. Cameron Carr was in "In the Gloaming," and Gerald Ames played in "A Turf Conspiracy." Yes, Jack Holt was opposite Enid Bennett in "A Desert Wooing." Gregory Scott is single. I will try and oblige about Peggy Carlisle as soon as I know.

"TONY" (Dublin).—So you got your sister to start off your letter by saying I ought to have a pet name, and having gained courage after that "blarney," you sat down and wrote the rest of the epistle. However, I thank you both for the compliments sprinkled therein. Ethel Clayton was born in 1890, but her birthday has not been revealed.

F. J. (Clitheroe).—Of course, you are welcome again. You must have misread my answer in the issue for November 1st, as you will see that the replies are all differently numbered, which means they refer to different questions. Lew Cody, of course, is not married to Carmel Myers. So you are quite in love with Bruce Gordon. He will have to tell us more about himself. In "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," the others with him were Queenie Thomas, Walter Timms, and Adeline Hayden.

"PIP" (Leatherhead).—Yes, there has been an art plate of Alma Taylor. Some of this popular artiste's films are: "Oliver Twist," "Heart of Midlothian," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "Boundary House," "Touch of a Child," and "The Nature of the Beast."

"MARGUERITE" (Fishbourne).—Art plates of Mary Pickford have already been given away with these issues: May 3rd, 1919; Oct. 25th, 1919; Dec. 20th, 1919; and March 13th, of this year. The last one was a big double one of her. Peggy Carlisle has appeared in "Comradeship," which was her first picture, and also in "God's Good Man," "The Keeper of the Door," and "Rocks of Valpre." William Russell, Lucille Lee-Stewart, and Robert Cain in "Eastward Ho!"

G. G. (London, E.C.).—Burton Law was the artiste in "The Little White Savage." Why can't you write to your favourite through this office?

"TINY" (Ferrybank).—If your sister has had a photo from Mary, I am sure she would not disappoint you. Francis MacDonald was born in Bowling Green, Kentucky, twenty-nine years ago. His wife is Mae Bush.

"SPASMS" (Earlsfield).—Yes, I get them, too—the merry kind, of course. The part of the son of Lord Broughton in "General Post," was taken by Colston Mansell. No, Gordon Griffith is not related to the producer of the same name.

N. A. M. B. (Worthing) and "JANET" (Balham).—"The Garden of Allah" was filmed some time ago, and the hero and heroine in it were Tom Santschi and Helen Ware.

"MAMIE" (Greenock).—I could spare you anything except money. Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome are not married to each other. That little bit ought to be learnt by heart. True, Nicholas is her very own son, and a clever one, too. Nay, Mamie. Katherine MacDonald is not a Scotch lass, for she was born in Pittsburg, U.S.A.

T. A. K. (South Gosforth).—So your brother and you have been having an argument lasting over a week. I hope this will find that peace has been declared. Anyway, he appears to take a lot of convincing, for you were easily right. H. S. Northrup was the villain in "The Way of the Strong," and he is certainly not the same person as William Conklin.

"NOSEY" (Manchester).—Fancy calling yourself that. 'Twas Alan Forrest in "Rosemary Climbs the Heights" who captivated your fancy so. In "The Rock of Ages," the part of Father O'Flynn was taken by Bernard Vaughan. Campbell Gullan was the artiste in "Caste" in which the lead was taken by Sir John Hare.

"PICTURE MAD" (Southwold).—Alma Taylor is single, and Clara Kimball Young is not married now. Kathleen Clifford was twenty-six on February 16th last, and was born in Charlottesville. She has light brown hair, brown eyes, and is an inch over 5 ft. She was partly educated in this country. Ruth Clifford's real Christian name is Catherine. She was born in 1900. Marie Walcamp, who is the wife of Harlan Tucker, was born on July 27th, 1894.

(More answers on next page.)



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Answers to Correspondents (Continued from page 22.)

"CAROL" (Gt. Berkhampsted).—So you know me to be "a man all over" by my replies? I confess to it humbly. But you evidently take me good-naturedly which is the spirit also in which I write. Your suggestion is quite good, but though it has been considered already, it is the space that's lacking. All the same, I want you and every reader, in fact, to let me have opinions about the films and what is or is not wanted, and I will deal with the most interesting of such opinions in editorials. Gwynne Herbert was born in Sussex (I must locate the exact spot later), and may be seen in "Alf's Button." Her other films are "Boundary House," "The Kinsman," and "Possession." Yes, Ivy Duke was in the stage play "The Maid of the Mountains."

"FRENCH GIRL" (Liverpool).—Pleased to hear from you, and if it is art plates you want, one of Mary Pickford was given away with the issue for March 13th, and one of Mary Miles Minter with the "P. S." for August 14th. Harrison Ford was with Vivian Martin in "You Never Saw Such a Girl," and Vernon Steele in "The Witness for the Defence." Yes, your favourites may oblige you if you write to them.

F. R. (Sheffield) and others.—With regard to the cover of the issue for October 9th, the photos of the sisters Talmadge, reading from left to right, were those of Natalie, Norma and Constance. This will help to subdue all the fierce arguments which have arisen.

G. V. S. (Antwerp).—Cheyenne Harry or Harry Carey as his screen admirers also know him, was born in New York. He appears to have tried his hand at a good many things, ranging from cowboy to his present occupation. There is 6 ft. of him, surmounted by blonde hair. His life story appeared in the "Boys' Cinema" for May 15th.

"NORABISCUIT" (Stonebridge Park).—I hope it tastes nice, anyway, though I can't say I have heard of a biscuit like that before. James L. Crane, who is the husband of Alice Brady, was born in Ranfoul, Ill. His height is 5 ft. 11 ins., and he has black hair and grey eyes. Yes, he has played opposite Billie Burke, as well as his wife, in some of her pictures. Norman Kerry, please inform your sister, was born in Rochester, New York, and has dark hair and hazel eyes. In height he measures 6 ft. 2 in.

"RABBITS" (East Ham).—The ages you want are Virginia Pearson, thirty-two; Vivian Martin, twenty-two; and Ruth Clifford, twenty. Viola Vale was opposite Earle Williams in "The Hornet's Nest."

(*More answers next week.*)

I will tell you Free how to Reduce Your Weight



I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and, strong as I was, I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman and have plenty of work to do. While my earthly self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in this direction brought sorrow and consternation, because I knew that I must give up business or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely, because I felt that my company was no longer desired, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point of my life.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain effort to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration and succeeded, for 36 lbs. of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practice tiresome exercises, nor starvation diet, nor wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as I could wish.

You could reduce your weight the same as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclose two penny stamps to pay postage.

W. Grace Hartland (Dept. 52), Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C. 1.

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STAR.—You are kindly requested not to ask for any addresses by post, owing to the large number of other queries that have to be answered. If you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, The PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4., and it will be forwarded by the next mail. If the letter weighs more than 1 oz. it will require an additional 1d. stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. Remember always, when writing to artistes, to give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. It must be understood, however, that we cannot guarantee that such letters will be replied to. Please keep these addresses for reference.

CHARLES BRYANT, ALLA NAZIMOVA, care of Metro Pictures Corporation, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

LINA CAVALIERI, care of Famous-Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

LILLIAN GISH, RUTH CLIFFORD, care of Frohman Amusement Corporation, Times Building, New York City, U.S.A.

(More addresses next week.)



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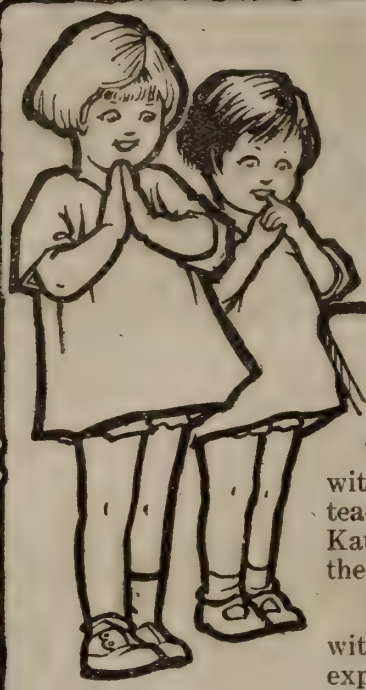
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WALLACE REID AND BEBE DANIELS SHOW US THE NEW TANGO.



Other steps are shown on Page 7.

Dancers will get many hints in the coming Paramount-Artcraft photo-play, "The Dancin' Fool," in which Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels show us some of the latest Tango steps.



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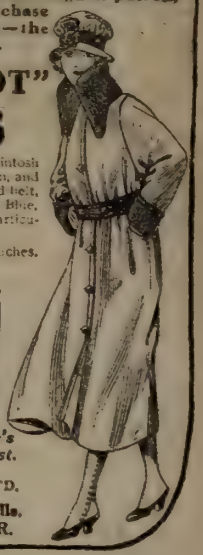
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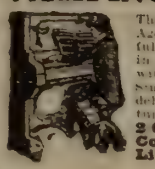
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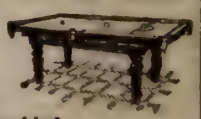
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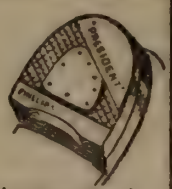
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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 46.—SINCLAIR HILL.

ONE of the youngest producers in the kingdom is photographed above reading the PICTURE SHOW. It was Mr. Hill who produced the "Tidal Wave," and he has just completed "The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown," the Stoll picture version of E. Phillips Oppenheim's famous novel.

Now that we have Edith Nepean on our staff and two pages devoted weekly to British productions we shall learn more about the talented artistes in the British field of film producers.

Fay's Own Paragraph.

I CANNOT resist squeezing in a little word about my own paper here, for I've something very attractive this week for you in the "Girls' Cinema." Pauline Frederick has sent us a letter telling us of the men who have made love to her—on the film, and I've managed to get a number of Confessions out of James Knight. A splendid long complete story entitled "Out of Luck," and pages and pages of interesting reading profusely illustrated. Get your newsagent to save you a copy, for seen once you will always want it. It is a fine companion paper to the PICTURE SHOW.

The Delight of Real Boys.

BY the way, did I mention last week that the "Return of Tarzan" is now appearing serially in the "Boys' Cinema"? Also that Tom Mix is writing some thrilling Wild West yarns, and Big Bill Duncan is editing a page, and telling us of his early struggles and ambitions in this splendid paper for real boys. Have you yet seen it?

A Power for Good and Evil.

IN this issue of the PICTURE SHOW begins our new serial, "Manacled by Money," a splendid story proving that gold may be a great power for evil as well as a power for good. Telling how money may tie a man's hands as tightly as any bonds forged by poverty. This story by the author of "Destiny," is the most fascinating yet from that writer's pen. Do not miss it.

News of Mary and Doug.

THE latest message I have received from Los Angeles says that Douglas Fairbanks is to make two productions by December 1st, and on December 15th he and Mary Pickford will start for a trip round the world. Mary Pickford is also to make two pictures before sailing.

Their present plans are that they will make the journey to France by way of Honolulu, Japan, China, India, and Egypt. Arriving in France, Douglas Fairbanks will make two pictures, one of which will be "The Three Musketeers," and Mary Pickford will make one picture.

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

Gloria the Second.

GLORIA SWANSON SOMBRON the second arrived in Los Angeles the other evening, bringing with her much interest and excitement in the film world. She is a film baby, her mother being no less a person than Gloria Swanson, her father Herbert Sombron. Little Gloria weighed 9½ pounds, and is, according to information from film circles, the image of her beautiful mother.

Mae to Desert the Screen for a While.

MAE MURRAY is now back at work after a visit over here with her director husband —Robert Lennard. She has started on the production of a film play straight away, though there is a possibility that she may leave the screen for a while, as a well-known theatrical manager has an option on her services to play for him, providing he can find a play to fit her.

To My Six-foot-three Male Readers.

ARE you six feet three, male gender? If so, communicate with Betty Blythe, who is residing at the Hotel Hollywood, Hollywood, California. Miss Blythe tells me she is seeking a permanent lover, for screen purposes. He must be of the rugged, athletic type, to match his height; and must be able to swim, ride and drive a car, and also look intelligent.

Miss Blythe has just completed the photo-play, adapted from the famous novel, "Nomads of the North," and is now enjoying a holiday, while her director looks for the great lover.

From Choir Boy to Star.

IT is not generally known how Hugh Thompson was introduced to the world of make-believe. In an emergency he was selected for the juvenile role in "Pinafore," on the merits of his singing voice heard in a boys' choir by an impressario some years ago. Later Mr. Thompson became an actor, and then the screen seemed to offer him a place. He has since played opposite no less than thirty feminine film celebrities.

We shall see him opposite Mabel Normand in the coming photo-plays, "The Slim Princess," "What Happened to Ross," and "Head Over Heels"

Beaded Frock for Doraldina.

A NEW bead garment, consisting of the kind of beads that usually go to make up the bag so popular these days, forms one of the startling frocks worn by Madam Doraldina in her forthcoming production, "Passion Fruit." It is a very wonderful creation, and consists entirely of pearl beads of various sizes.

The bodice is a mass of beads, and the skirt consists of two fringes, also of beads. A girdle of multi-coloured beads is tied around the waist.



You will hardly recognise handsome TOM MOORE in this photograph, but this is how we shall see him in the coming Goldwyn picture entitled "Canavan."

A Real Thrill.

ONE of the thrilling incidents in the early days of the war has been re-acted for the coming picturisation of the wonderful production, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

A celebrated Paris singer contributes this gripping scene to the picture. She reproduces a patriotic scene at a Paris café, when she wrapped herself in the French colours and sang "La Marseillaise" with such effect that diners left their tables to rush to enlist.



COLLEEN MOORE. The latest picture of this pretty star, who is soon to appear in a number of Marshall Neilan productions. Her first screen appearance was with Bobby Harron.



ANNETTE KELLERMANN, whom we are shortly to see in more wonderful swimming scenes in coming photo-plays, starring the world-famous water girl.

Will Rogers in the Pulpit.

WILL ROGERS has been many things in his life, and now he is to add to the list. To ease the minds of his admirers, I will tell you at once that he is not going to leave the screen, nor throw away his lariats.

He is to appear in the pulpit for one night only, and preach a sermon. He was invited by the Rev. James Whitcombe Brougher, the Pastor of the Temple Baptist Church in Los Angeles, after the Rev. Brougher heard him debate before the Los Angeles Advertising Club. The debate was on, "Who has done more for civilisation—cowboys or preachers?"

When Rogers enters the pulpit his sermon will be on "Humour in Religion."

Beauty Steele a Real Character.

SIR GILBERT PARKER paid a visit to the Metro Studio the other day, for a special showing of the adaptation of his famous novel, "The Right of Way," in which Bert Lytell plays the role of Beauty Steele, the hero.

It is interesting to hear that Sir Gilbert Parker fashioned Beauty Steele with the minutest accuracy from a lawyer in Montreal with whom he was personally acquainted about twenty years ago.

"This man was peculiarly fascinating," said Sir Gilbert; "and his exploits were the talk from one end of the city to the other."

Mabel's Collections.

MABEL NORMAND, whose school adventures are now appearing in the "Girls' Cinema," is not a collector in the strict sense of the word, but she keeps a copy of the scenario of every photo-play in which she has appeared, with a photograph and autograph of every member of the cast.

"Rather nice to look back on," Mabel says, "when she has left the screen."

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

Viola's New Home.

VIOLA DANA has acquired a half interest in a home which is large enough to lose herself in without any effort. With her equally famous sister, Shirley Mason, Miss Dana has purchased a vine-covered house in the Hollywood hills.

For neighbours, Miss Dana has May Allison two doors away, Charles Ray a street away, and Enid Bennett, also only a street away; while close enough for neighbourliness is the home of Mary and Doug.

With her new home, Miss Dana becomes the possessor of a marble swimming pool, a tennis court, and a kitchen garden large enough to provide the whole of Hollywood with salad. The only superfluous part of the house, she thinks, is the cellar.

"All we can get to put in it is coal," Viola complains. "And what is the use of coal in the land of eternal sunshine?"

An Amazing Letter.

SEENA OWEN has received an amazing letter from a British admirer. The writer claims that he has known her for something like 2,000 years, and apparently belongs to that school of thought which believes in prior existence on this planet.

"I remember you well," he wrote, "when you were an Egyptian princess and I a slave. I saw you in a picture the other day, in which you played the part of a princess, and old memories returned with a rush."

In sending me this information, Miss Owen remarked that her recollections fall considerably short of what occurred two thousand years ago.

A Painful Experience.

ATTACKED by an infuriated half-tame deer was the exciting but painful experience of Barbara Bedford, playing the lead in Maurice Tourneur's new picture, "The Last of the Mohicans." The accident happened in the mountains of the Yosemite.

Miss Bedford was making a scene with Albert Roscoe, who plays Uncas, with the deer in the background, and in some manner it became angered and attacked her, jumping high and coming down at her with its front feet. Roscoe ran to her aid, and, with the assistance of the director, rescued her; but not before she had sustained a badly bruised shoulder when she ducked from the infuriated animal's first attack.



LILLIAN HALL is a British girl, born at Chelmsford, Essex. She played Beth in Paramount production of "Little Women," and has appeared with Sessue Hayakawa in "An Arabian Knight."



DOROTHY PHILLIPS, who is now busy starring in the Alan Holubar seven-reel production of "Man, Woman—Marriage." Miss Phillips is Mrs. Alan Holubar off the screen, and a great favourite over here.

Designs Her Own Gowns.

CARMEL MYERS does not believe in following too blindly the dictates of old Dame Fashion. Ever since she has been on the screen, Miss Myers has designed everything in frocks and gowns she has worn in her films. Sometimes she will buy a model costume and make a few alterations to suit her own ideas. When she was on the musical comedy stage she was permitted to plan all her own costumes.

"No woman, though she be generously endowed with good looks, is able to wear all the frills and fancies," says Miss Myers; "and I always make it a rule to temper the ideas of the professional designer with what I know is better suited to my personality."

"Shooting the Stars."

"SHOOTING the stars" is the favourite form of outdoor sport just now at Universal City.

Every day, between the hours of eleven and one, hundreds of tourists and sightseers gather around to watch the stars as they walk across the Plaza to a restaurant.

Such well-known stars as Priscilla Dean, Carmel Myers, Harry Carey, and Eva Novak are often to be seen, and most of the spectators are armed with Kodaks. As the stars cross they are asked to remain still long enough to be "shot." As a rule, they oblige, and put on their prettiest smiles for the benefit of the Kodaks, and every time about a score of lens are pointed in their direction.



SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER is rapidly becoming as well known as a character actress on the screen as she is on the stage. Here we see her in "Laddie," a coming Master Film production, which will be shown by Butcher's Film Service.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From America.

HAZEL DAWN is making preparations to return to the screen fold. She says after five years' absence she feels she ought to bring back some new ideas. She, it will be remembered by those who follow film history, starred in a series of pictures made by Famous Players-Lasky; then came the call of the stage, and Hazel, who is blonde and beautiful, starred in a succession of Broadway farces. Luck was with her in this stage venture for every last one of the bedroom farces, from "Up in Mabel's Room" to "The Pink Lady" were successful box office attractions. But Hazel grew weary of the footlights, and longed for a change of pasture, so when A. J. Bimberg offered to star her in a series of motion picture productions she accepted with alacrity. Her first will be "What is Love?"

Speaking of Working in Two Places.

ALICE BRADY probably holds the record for working harder than any other film star. She always has at least two professional engagements. The last time I saw her she was rushing to the studio to finish a scene in a picture, and hoping she would get through with her director in time to make a rehearsal for her new play. All the time she was having final rehearsals in "Anna Ascends" she was playing before the camera, working all day and most of the night.

W. A. Brady, her father, who is tremendously proud of Alice's histrionic talent, believes honest labour never hurt anyone. He never seems in the least worried when Alice averages nineteen hours a day's work, his only concern being how well she is doing these various things.

"Anna Ascends" came in for a great deal of adverse criticism from the New York dramatic critic, but strangely enough the entire clan were agreed on one thing, that, poor as the play is, Alice was at her best, and did as well as anyone could with such a bad vehicle. But she can snap her fingers at the critics up to the present writing the house is selling out for every performance, and we all know the box office is the only thing that counts in the end.

Pearl White as an Intellectual.

I WAS highly amused to find Pearl White at the speaker's table at an Author's League luncheon this past week. Sitting with her were Sir Gilbert Parker, Rupert Hughes, Gilette Burgess, and other well-known writers. Pearl was down for a speech on "The Author's Place on the Screen," and she gave all of the "high brow" members of the league the surprise of their lives at the soundness and excellence of her analysis of this much mooted question.

Gilette Burgess, in introducing her, said:

"Miss White is not an intellectual—that is not in the sense of Doris Kenyon, who writes poetry; and Charlie Chaplin, whose wife left him because he insisted upon reading all the time, but she does know the screen."

Evidently Pearl decided it was time to let Mr. Burgess see she was far more of an intellectual than he gave her credit for being. She gave some of these folk who sell their plays and books to motion pictures more food for thought than any other speaker. She showed not only a familiarity with their side of the question, but surprising knowledge of their shortcomings as well. There were shades of humour and flashes of wit that kept the whole luncheon party convulsed.

The Passing of Ned Finley.

THE motion picture world in New York was shocked last week to hear Ned Finley, the well-known screen actor, had ended his life by taking poison. Mr. Finley at one time was one of Vitagraph's players. He belonged to the old stock company that J. Stuart Blackton assembled. For the past few years Mr. Finley has been playing in hard luck, aggravated by the high cost of living and his apparent inability to get a permanent position. He attempted to kill himself once before by slashing his arm, and succeeded only in losing a hand. This time, however, he was successful, and the end came after he had taken an overdose of opium. He was buried by the Actors' Fund, and many of the men and women he had known in the old days were present at the funeral services.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



MARGARET LOOMIS being interviewed whilst taking a ride on an ostrich, by Miss Emily Squier, one of America's best story writers.



WESLEY BARRY looks as though he might have a little difficulty with his novel mount. He has chosen a calf for his steed.



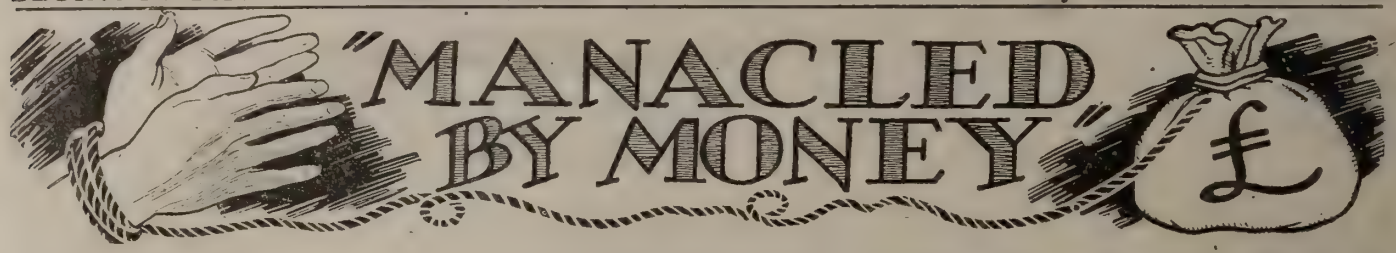
A love scene with MALVINA LONGFELLOW and ALEC FRASER in "A Gamble in Lives," a B. and C. production, adapted from Frank Stayton's play, "The Joan Danvers."



Baby thinks she would like a lesson in cooking, so tries her hand at mixing a pudding. An amusing incident in a new comedy of the Direct Film Traders, Ltd.

A film camera often has to be fixed into awkward positions to take a scene from the point the producer desires. Here you see the camera-man at work on the front of a carriage, in which can be seen ERIC VON STROHEIM, who is taking the part of a Russian prince.

BEGINS TO-DAY! A POWERFUL STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION. By EMMIE ALLINGHAM.



A Woman's Confession.

GREYSTONE MANOR lay bathed in the afternoon sunlight, as a young man, dressed in a well-worn tweed suit, crossed the parkland—not without effort, for the grass was knee-deep—and came towards the house.

He glanced up at the huge edifice of grey stone, with its curiously turretted corners, and a shadow passed over his not unhandsome features.

He could remember the time when the house had been one of the show-places of the county. When his aunt, Amy Greystone, heiress in her own right, had kept open house to all her friends, and there had been lavishness and hospitality for all. That was before she had married.

The young man reached the moss-grown, neglected carriage drive which separated the house from the park.

A flight of six broad steps, dim and discoloured, went the full length of the building. In the centre were four huge pillars which supported a porch.

On either side some half dozen large windows reached the height of the rooms; they were curtainless and dirty.

An indescribable air of neglect and decay pervaded the whole place.

The young man walked thoughtfully up the steps, and pulled at the rusty bell.

No one came to answer it, but the visitor did not apparently notice the omission for some minutes.

Although he lived not ten miles away it was nearly nine years since he had last visited his relations.

He had made an unfortunate marriage, a mesalliance, and his people with one accord had washed their hands of him.

It had not worried him in the least at the time. He had sufficient to live modestly. He was naturally proud, and when his young wife had presented him with a daughter, and then faded away, he had felt at the time that he would never forgive those of his own flesh and blood who had dared to ignore her.

But that had happened seven years ago, and time had softened the bitterness.

The change in the appearance of Greystone Manor had been a shock to him. He had heard vague rumours of his uncle's extravagance and wastefulness, but that the place could have fallen into such decay in the space of a few years was almost inconceivable.

He was about to ring the bell again when the door was suddenly opened, and an old woman, wearing a tall muslin cap over her scant grey hair, beckoned him to enter.

"My mistress saw you as you crossed the park, sir. She was certain you would have reached the house by now," she said, in the half-querulous voice peculiar to old age, as she fixed her faded eyes upon the visitor.

"You remember me, Ann?" said the young man, smiling down at her.

Somehow, it was a relief to him to see someone unchanged in the old place.

"Yes, I remember you, sir. It's not so many years ago that I clouted your ear for stealing the apricots I was wanting for myself."

"By Jove, no, Ann! I remember that! You were in a tantrum. I never knew apricots were such a little failing with you."

"You were always a greedy boy, Master Arthur," replied the old woman, as she proceeded to lead the way up the bare oak stairs.

The young man noticed that the rich Turkey carpets and the priceless pictures, which had given such an air of comfort to the staircase, had all disappeared.

The old woman threw open a door on the first floor, and Arthur Weston found himself in a large, bare room. It was fitted up with a huge, old-fashioned post bedstead and a wardrobe. A few rugs were strewn about the floor.

In an easy chair, propped up with cushions, sat a woman. She turned her head eagerly as the young man entered.

She was a greyheaded woman, not much past middle life, but sorrow and disappointment had left their pitiless marks upon her.

Arthur went forward to greet her, but suddenly he stopped and hesitated.

Surely this miserable, sad-eyed woman was not his aunt.

The sick woman smiled mournfully as she held out a frail, thin hand.

"I suppose you find me changed, Arthur," she said.

The young man took the hand between his own.

"My dear aunt," he exclaimed in a shocked voice, "you are ill!"

"Yes, I am. I know that, Arthur. That is why I sent for you."

The young man gazed at her anxiously.

She had not released his hand, and now she clung to it.

"Arthur, I am thinking about my boy."

Amy Rae's Trust.

THE words broke from her lips with a sob of anguish.

Arthur was bewildered.

"My dear aunt, I am afraid I don't understand," he said. "What does it all mean? I had no idea you were in trouble. Tell me all about it, and if I can do anything, you know I will!"

"Yes, I believe you, Arthur. You are a gentleman by birth and breeding. Oh! why would I not listen when I was warned?"

The sick woman's eyes were very bright her bosom heaved beneath her thin cotton gown.

Arthur put his arm around her. He had always liked his aunt Amy in the old days.

"Tell me all about it," he said gently.

The sick woman clutched at his shoulder.

"It's your uncle Cecil, the father of my Harry!" she said excitedly. "Although I have never confessed it before, he married me, not for love, as he pretended, but for what I had. I found it out as soon as my baby—my Harry—was born. I heard him talking. He was in drink; but a drunkard often speaks the truth. I watched him after that. I never told him, I knew, but he had made me think. I had been such a fool. He is ten years younger than I am, and I would not bother about settlements, I trusted him so thoroughly."

The woman's voice broke, and the tears gushed from her eyes.

"He wanted to live in London. After that night I left him there and came back here. I tried to save—but where I saved a hundred he would spend a thousand. It was always like that, until I got desperate. They tell me now that he actually talks of putting this place into the market."

Arthur stared at his aunt incredulously.

"But surely, aunt, you have something to say in the matter? I can't understand it all. You bewilder me. I thought that you and my uncle lived on the best of terms; that you were an ideal couple."

The sick woman nodded her head.

"We never do quarrel. We seldom get angry with each other, for he goes his way and I go mine. He spends his time in London, and I live here. He married me for what I had, and so I have let him have it."

"But, my dear aunt, this is madness! I can't think what uncle Cecil can be thinking about! Do you mean to tell me that my cousin Harry is absolutely unprovided for? Why, what age is he? He is at school now, of course?"

The sick woman nodded her head.

"He was sixteen last birthday," she said.

"And do you mean to tell me that there is no provision made for his future?" cried Arthur indignantly. "It is monstrous. I've never heard of such a wrong."

The sick woman was regarding him steadily. What she saw in his face apparently satisfied her.

"Arthur!" She uttered the name in a tense voice.

He looked at her, and waited.

"Would you help Harry if you could?" she whispered eagerly.

"My dear aunt, of course I would! But what can I do? I have a child of my own. But if you like I will go and see my uncle, and reason with him."

"That would be of no use, Arthur, but——" She paused, and her feverish eyes swept the room.

"There is no one about? Where is Ann?" she asked.

Arthur went to the door, and glanced out into the passage. Then he came back to the sick woman.

"There is no one about," he said gently.

He was going to take his seat again beside her, but she motioned him away.

"Over there, under the mattress!" she said excitedly. "Go and get it and bring it to me."

"Bring what, dear?"

"The bag! Quick, before anyone comes in!"

Arthur went to the bedside and placed his hand along the mattress. He could not find anything for a moment, until he became aware of a peculiar shaped pillow, which he thought at first had been thrust along to keep the bed in shape.

"That is it," cried his aunt eagerly.

He noticed how her frail hands were trembling as he watched her undo the wrappings.

Then suddenly she paused and glanced up at him again.

"Arthur, can I trust you?" she said again.

"I think you can, aunt," said the young man, smiling down at her.

She seemed satisfied then.

"Take this then, boy. It is my savings. When I saw that my property was going, I helped to let it go. I said to myself, if I try to save the estate, Cecil will get it sooner or later. I am but saving it for Cecil to waste again. He never knows what he spends: he only knows he spends all there is. This is mine. I've saved it for my boy, but I dare not give it him. If his father knew he had it, it would all go, just as mine has, and so I have sent for you. I shall not live long now. I should have not lived as long as I have, if I had not been thinking of my boy. I want you to take this money, and at my death this house will come into your hands.

"It was left to me, and I can leave it to whom I choose. When Cecil, my husband, comes to see me, or sends to ask me to sign the papers necessary for its sale, I shall not refuse; but they will come too late for me to attend to. I shall be gone. I will make a will to-night leaving to you, apparently, this house, but it is really for my boy. When he is twenty-one you must pass it on to him. The money is for you to invest for him, and then to keep it up while the farms are being nursed. You will have five years, and my boy will not prove ungrateful, Arthur. You will do this for me—for him?"

The sick woman had clutched hold of his hands; her feverish eyes were fixed with a fierce intensity upon her companion's face.

"But, aunt, I suppose I am stupid, but even now I do not think I clearly understand. You are going to make a will in my favour, and this——"

He glanced at the pliable leather bag, which was evidently intended for a music case, which rested on her lap.

She nodded and thrust it towards him.

"It is a small fortune, and all in hundred

(*Continued on page 8*

DANCING ON THE FILMS.

Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels :: in "The Dancin' Fool." ::



SOME people predicted that the dancing craze would have waned by this season, but these prophets have now been proved to be very much in the wrong; in fact, the dancing boom is greater than ever.

Every dance instructor is being kept busy from morning till night because everybody wants to learn the new Tango.

WHEN "The Dancin' Fool" is released we shall see Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels give an exhibition dance of a Tango, so this film will be very interesting to all who love dancing.





JUST a few of the steps of the Tango which Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels show in "The Dancin' Fool" are to be seen on this page. In the top left-hand picture Wallace is asking Bebe to dance with him. The picture on the right shows the kick, which is a great feature of most of the tangoes. This must be done very gracefully.

ANOTHER version of the "kick" is to be seen in the left-hand lower photograph. This is very effective on the screen, but as dancing is very simple nowadays, it would be rather out of place in a ballroom. The last picture shows the commencement of a new glide.



"Manacled By Money."

(*Continued from page 6.*)

pound Bank of England notes," she said. "Arthur, tell me again that I can trust you."

Did an intuition warn poor Amy Rae of the risk she was taking?

Arthur bent and kissed her. He was greatly moved.

"May God indeed punish me if I do not respect your trust in me," he said very earnestly, and at that moment he meant sincerely what he said.

The Temptation.

IT was not until that evening in his study, with the curtains drawn well over the windows and the door closed, that Arthur Weston examined the contents of the bag.

He caught his breath as sheaf after sheaf of notes were piled up on the table.

His aunt had spoken truly. There was a fortune represented in the crisp bank notes before him.

Arthur Weston leaned back in his chair and stared before him thoughtfully. He went over in his mind the conversation he had had with his aunt. She had talked of leaving him Greystone Manor, in charge for her son, and he wondered how she would word the will. It was altogether a strange business, and a great responsibility.

He glanced at the notes again, and then he became aware that his hands had gone forward quite unconsciously and were fingering them.

There was something very fascinating in their touch.

Twenty thousand pounds!

A slight noise startled him.

Involuntarily he swept the notes into the bag, glancing anxiously around as he did so.

Never in his life before had he aught to conceal. He had led a somewhat lazy, uneventful life, except for the episode of his marriage.

Nine years ago he had gone to London for a holiday, and had been introduced to a little chorus girl—a frail but charming creature who brought out all that was best in his nature.

He had married her and brought her home. They had been quite happy, except for one tiny fly in the ointment. His people ignored them, and the little wife had fretted.

Arthur had discovered the fact. It had not troubled him, but after her death he had nursed it up against them as a grievance.

The bag was fastened, and lay on the table before him, when the door was cautiously opened. As the man looked up, the tense expression on his features relaxed, as a small girl in her nightdress suddenly peeped round the door at him.

"May I come in, daddy?" she said in a low, anxious whisper, as she gave a hurried glance behind to see that she was not pursued.

The father held out his arms, and the little creature glided across the room and flung herself upon him.

Jessica Watson was seven years of age. Her hair, which was now confined in rag knobs over her head to fall in graceful curls on the morrow, sparkled as newly burnished bronze where a stray wisp had escaped confinement.

Her eyes, dark blue with the velvety softness of the pansy blossom, were large, expressive, and full of intelligence.

Her skin, delicate as the peach blossom, was now flushed with excitement.

"I have been trying to get to you, daddy, for hours and hours," she declared, with her mouth close to the man's ear, and her warm little body nestling against him.

"I went to tea with the Fergusons to-day, you know, and Jim has a lovely little Shetland pony. It is a darling, daddy, and it let me sit on its back. And there is another one, just like Jimmy's, and I do so want it, daddy. I said I would ask you to give it to me, and Jimmy laughed. He said it would cost lots and lots of money, and he knew I could not have it. But I can, can't I, daddy?"

Arthur Weston smiled at his little daughter's eagerness. She was always wanting something new. It was natural, he supposed.

Jessica patted his cheek with an eager little hand.

"Don't laugh!" she cried indignantly. "I don't love you when you laugh. You always do that when I tell you what I want. And it isn't funny, daddy dear. I do want the pretty little gee-gee. I could ride it, and I would never, never be frightened like Jimmy is. He told his mother that he wasn't, but I saw his toes all squirmy like in his shoes. He was frightened, and I wasn't, not one bit.'

"But what about Gyp? You have had him less than a month. Are you tired of him already?"

"Oh no, daddy. Don't be so silly. I can't ride a fox terrier, can I? And Gyp wants the pony too. He told me so."

Jessica paused to discover how this information would be accepted.

Her father held up a warning finger.

"Jessica, Jessica," he said, shaking his head at her.

The child caught hold of the finger and tried to bite it, while she laughingly carried on the argument.

It was difficult for the man to refuse her. Even now the tears were standing in her eyes—eyes so like her mother's.

"Daddy dear, do say yes. You have only got to say yes," the baby voice was pleading.

And then as his eyes wandered round the room, as he strove for suitable words to break the refusal to her as gently as he could, his gaze suddenly rested on the bag which lay on the table before him—the bag which held a fortune.

"It is not mine. It all belongs to young Harry Rae," he told himself passionately. But the baby arms about his neck seemed to be uttering a protest.

"Naughty daddy. You must give Jessica the little pony. You must, daddy! Oh, please! please! please!"

Harry Weston gazed down at his child.

Never before had he done a dishonourable action that he could remember, but he had never been so tempted before.

"She will tire of it, and then I can sell the pony perhaps to advantage. After all, it will be stock," he told himself.

"Well, suppose I say you may have the pony?" he asked, turning a smiling face to the child.

"You darling daddy!"

He was clasped round the neck in a strenuous embrace, and his face was covered with somewhat moist kisses.

"Daddy, good-night! I must go to bed now, so that I wake up early in the morning. I must get up, mustn't I, daddy? I must go and tell Jim. And tell his father, too, to send the other pony down to us, and not send it back."

She was half across the room by now, and she had quite forgotten to whisper. Her shrill baby voice was raised high in her excitement.

"I suppose you couldn't go and let Gyp in just for a minute, could you, daddy?" She had stopped suddenly and turned again towards him. "I only want to just breave it in his ear."

Arthur sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

"Gyp is fast asleep in the stables. You would not wake him up, would you? Tell him to-morrow."

"You don't want to go out into the cold yourself. You are a bad daddy, but I do love you awful much."

She had allowed him to take her in his arms. Out in the passage an anxious nursemaid was waiting.

She broke into a volley of excuses for her charge, but Jessica interrupted her.

"You said I would not get the pony, but daddy says I may have it. And he wasn't a bit angry, were you, daddy? Mary said you would be."

A dark flush spread over Mary's face. As she explained to cook afterwards.

"It isn't as if he were so generous with us. Telling us to keep on economising, and then going and buying a new horse. Nothing is too good for that kid; he just spoils her. She will bring trouble to him one of these days. You mark my words."

Cook smiled good-naturedly.

"She is a rare, pretty, little thing. And if a man don't spoil his own, whose should he spoil?" she said.

The Will.

A FORTNIGHT later Amy Rae died.

Arthur was not asked to attend the funeral until the last moment.

But he had been expecting that, and was quite prepared.

It was a cold and blustering day in early September, and never had Greystone Manor looked more desolate.

Already the leaves had commenced to fall, and under the leaden-grey sky the old house wore a most mournful appearance.

Cecil Rae had come down the night before from London, and Arthur overheard him informing the Rev. Mr. Ferguson that he had already taken steps to place the property on the market.

He did not see Harry until they all met in the shabby, dismantled library for the reading of the will.

Arthur saw a tall, slight youth, who had the small, aristocratic features of his mother. There was now something in his expression which reminded his cousin very forcibly of her.

Arthur went up to him and grasped his hand.

"Where have you been, old fellow?" he asked, in a hushed voice, suitable to the occasion. "I've been looking out for you ever since I arrived."

Harry flushed slightly.

"I've been round looking at the old place. It looks a bit of a barn, doesn't it?"

"Yes; but it could be made very nice. I suppose you do not remember it in the old days?" said Arthur.

"Oh, but I do. I remember it when I was little. I always picture it when I am away just as it was then."

Harry spoke feelingly.

He turned away abruptly. He was abnormally sensitive, and had all a boy's horror of showing his feelings, and so he avoided Arthur for the rest of the day.

The reading of the will did not take long.

A Boy's Confidence.

MR. CECIL RAE became very excited and angry when the will was read. Somehow, he had never thought of the possibility of there being one. There were a few small bequests to the servants. The sum of one thousand pounds in trust to the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, to pay for Harry's schooling and expenses; a small legacy for the clergyman for his trouble, and five hundred pounds to the boy himself. Greystone Manor, the contents and all the land surrounding, was bequeathed to Arthur Weston, the dearly loved nephew of the deceased.

Mr. Cecil Rae here interrupted the lawyer with a volume of excited protest, and Arthur quietly took his departure. He had heard all that he wished to hear. Greystone Manor was, to all appearance, and as far as the law was concerned, his property. Only he and his God knew that he held it only in trust. He took his way slowly through the grounds. He knew that they were neglected, but already in his mind plans for the restoration of the place were forming. He had five years, he told himself. Five years before he was to pass it on to the proper owner. Already his hands were itching to begin the good work. He passed through the kitchen garden into the orchard. The fruit hung heavy on the trees.

"This fruit must be sold," he was thinking, quite unconscious that such a thought had never entered his mind about his own orchard.

This place was something quite different. It was left him to work; to turn into something like a business proposition.

At the farther end of the orchard there was a gate which led through to the home meadow.

From there he could get to the road without returning to the house. As he made his way towards it he became aware of voices the other side of the high, overgrown hedge.

"It is not that I mind him having it so much, Grace. It is the beastly feeling that mother did not trust me. I was her son. She knew I loved the old place, and yet she gives it to him—a man she never seemed to care for."

"I know, Harry, and I cannot understand it at all; but you must not think unkindly of your mother. I am certain she meant well. Whatever she did I know she believed she was acting for the best."

Arthur had listened to so much, before he realised who the two young people were. Then he recognised that the boy was Harry, and the girl Grace Ferguson, the vicar's daughter who was about the boy's age.

"If she meant well, it is a strange way of showing it."

Harry's voice was harsh with pain.

"I can't believe that mother could have made such a will, Grace. Honestly, now, can you? She knew how I loved the old place, and how scared I was when dad talked of

selling. I always thought she hung on here just to keep it for me. But that she should actually make that will and leave it to that outsider. Why, she never even invited him to the place. I've been in the trap with her, and she has passed him by, just as though she never knew him. I never did hear what he had done, but I guess it was something mean. He looks like it. Don't you think so?"

"Poor Harry! It is an awful blow, old fellow, but don't let it make you unjust," said the girl gently.

The boy threw back his head with a haughty gesture.

"You must not think that I really mind very much, Grace," he said, biting his lip to keep it from trembling. "I shall come in to-night and talk to your father. I don't mean to waste my time with any more education. What will be the use of it to me now, anyway? I shall get him to let me have some money just to give me a start in life. I shall go out to Australia; that is what I shall do."

"To Australia? But that is so far away; and you are only a boy."

The words had passed the girl's lips before she was aware that she was speaking aloud.

Harry glanced at her sharply.

These two had always been good friends, ever since the boy could remember. His mother had loved Grace and the girl was always a welcome visitor.

In those far off days, when he had first returned home from a preparatory school, Grace had ever been his willing little slave.

She could shoot and fish with as good results as himself, and he never knew the hours she spent in making herself proficient and so worthy of his notice.

"I know that I'm only a boy," he said. "But many boys start earning a living when they are younger than I am. I have got to work my way up; that's all. I mean to do it, too," he went on, as he squared his shoulders. "I shall show them all what I am made of, and then I shall come back."

He drew a deep breath.

The girl beside him made no answer.

She had stooped to pick the daisies at her feet, and her face was turned away from him. She dared not look up or trust her voice.

The idea of Harry going away filled her with a fear that almost amounted to terror. When he was at school she knew that she could never go to him, that weeks would pass, perhaps, and he would not give a thought to her, but there was always the possibility. And when he did come home—now there would be no home. He would go away, and she might never see him again.

The boy guessed nothing of what was passing in her mind.

He glanced down at her somewhat impatiently. He wanted her to answer him. It was at this moment that he became conscious of the man behind the hedge.

Arthur had stopped to listen. He was quite unconscious that he might not be acting quite honourably.

He was thinking it was a grand opportunity for him to discover the type of youth his cousin might be.

He was waiting to hear more, when Harry uttered an exclamation, and when he spoke again, his voice was raised slightly.

"If you want to interest yourself in our conversation, why don't you come up and show yourself instead of skulking behind that hedge?"

Arthur did not realise at first that the words were addressed to him, but when a clod was dropped over and hit him on the shoulder, he suddenly woke up to the fact that he was discovered.

His first impulse was flight, his second to go forward.

He was indignant and angry with his cousin's attitude towards himself, which he felt to be unjust.

He hurried towards the gate and looked over.

"Look here, youngster," he said, "I think you have said quite enough rude things about me. I must confess that I never thought you looked upon me in this light. You have avoided me all day, and I have not had a chance to speak to you; but you and I must not quarrel. If only for your mother's sake I am willing to be friends."

Harry had flushed a deep crimson. He was

(Continued on page 18.)

FILMS OF THE WEEK

The "Picture Show's" Guide to Picture-goers.

"The Woman Gives." NORMA TALMADGE (*Walturdaw*).

THE eldest of the three clever Talmadge sisters in a dramatic role as a girl artist in a romance of the New York artists' colony. It is a story of the ties of friendship, and shows how a young girl, determined and unaided, saves a man, body and soul.

"Upstairs." MABEL NORMAND (*Stoll*).

A PHOTO-PLAY that will keep you in the greatest spirits is this film, with Madcap Mabel in her merriest mood. It tells of a girl "below stairs" in a hotel, and her longings to explore the unknown region "upstairs." Her adventures when she does get there are of the true Mabel Normand variety.

"The Dragon Painter." SESSUE HAYAKAWA and TSURI AOKI (*Jury's*).

A LOVE legend of Japan brought to life on the screen. It tells of a young painter in the mountains and his wild and at length fruitful search of his ideal, "The Dragon Princess." It shows how a love came between him and his art, and how a ruse was the means of bringing happiness to both the princess and the painter. Exquisite in every detail.

"More Deadly than the Male." ETHEL CLAYTON (*Paramount-Artcraft*).

AN original photo-play founded on Kipling's famous line, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." Ethel Clayton plays the role of a woman-riddle-tigress-angel, and plays it splendidly. There is a startling climax in this play.

"Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." HENDERSON BLAND and MARIE ODETTE (*Ideal*).

AN appealing story of an Italian girl brought up in England, and of her great love for a man, selfish and unworthy. Gilfil, her guardian angel, does not keep for long his long-awaited happiness, and the play ends on a note of tragedy. Fair production.

"A White Man's Chance." J. WARREN KERRIGAN and LILLIAN WALKER (*Gaumont*).

THE love and adventures of a white man and girl in Mexico, with the well-known favourites in typical roles. Thrilling fights between the hero and the villainous Mexican and effective love scenes are provided in a well-told story.

"Over the Garden Wall." BESSIE LOVE (*Vitagraph*).

A DELIGHTFULLY acted story of two sisters, the daughters of an old bookworm, and their love affairs. The disappearance of a contract adds to the complications, and a thrilling abduction provides many exciting situations. Acting very good.

"Deuce Duncan." WILLIAM DESMOND (*Western Import*).

THE breezy actor in a fine Western role—a dashing, hard-riding cowboy. Plenty of rapid action and stirring moments.

"The Bat." EDWARD MATHE and MLLE. STELLA (*Gaumont*).

MYSTERY that ever holds young and old alike is here. This drama is written round a plot in which a man is blind in daylight, but can see in the dark.

A LITTLE STAR

Interview With Little Joan Mary

My First Engagement.

MY first experience was to play "water-babe" in an artistic scenic entitled "Historic Hampstead," which was conceived and carried out by Mr. K. C. Spiers, the well-known journalist who has also the honour of being my uncle. (No, that isn't swank; he says he's proud of me!)

Well, in that film I had to crawl out of a bed of water-lilies with very little on except flowers. It was lucky I was requested to crawl, for I could do little else at that time, being but—well, what's less than 1—0 and a half?

A Jammy Story.

MY second performance was in my daddy's picture-play, "The Heart of a Rose." I had "some" part in that! I was only two years of age, and had to be "on" in a dozen scenes. Sometimes I wanted to and sometimes I didn't, which worried the producer, Mr. Jack Denton. But he's awfully nice to kiddies. He didn't smack me, though I stuck his working script so tight with jam that he couldn't see what came next till the stage carpenters got hot water and unsticked it.

I wasn't the only one who got all over jam; there were other children in the scenes—all Mrs. Shufflebottom's children. We started off by eating cakes and jam very nicely, but by the time we'd rehearsed the scene umpteen times, because some child looked at the camera or some dreadful un-actor-like thing of the sort, we gradually got so sticky all over that I was afraid we'd have to be scraped.

"Testimony."

MY most recent engagement was a few weeks ago in the George Clark Productions latest screen play, "Testimony."

Her First Love.

I'VE had a really and truly love letter from an unknown admirer—a little girl in Lancashire who saw my picture in the PICTURE SHOW last year. In her letter, she says, "I think you're the dearest, sweetest little girl I ever saw." Mother and I are keeping her letter, so that when I grow up I will remember to be always sweet and dear to other little children.



Little JOAN MARY, daughter of Langford Reed.

THIS PAGE IS ALL A

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS, STORIES FROM TH

Yellow Net Curtains and Sunshine.

IVY DUKE has a wonderful idea of colour effects. When I went to have a chat with her the other morning she was wearing a delightful black silk stockinet gown, with touches of white. The daintiest of black lace hats showed off the glint of her fair hair and the charm of her delicate features.



IVY DUKE.

"I usually wear dark colours off the stage, or when I'm not doing film work," she told me. "I love simple things, and I have a craze for collecting old oak, not oak with a lot of carving, but plain Puritan oak of the Queen Anne period, and I'm very fond of old glass," she added smilingly, "especially of the old Waterford variety."

She asked me if I had ever tried yellow net curtains on my windows.

"They give a sunshiny effect," she declared.

From Fairy Queen to Villainess.

"AN old actress told me the other day," Miss Duke confided, "that there were not so many good actresses about now as in the old days when many were paid about twelve shillings a week."

"Because," she explained to Miss Duke, "then we had to play everything from fairy queen to villainess. One was never allowed to say, 'I'm too old or too young for a part,' she had simply got to make herself do it.

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

"I THINK the old actress's comments were most useful," said Miss Duke, "for it's so easy to get into the habit of thinking one can only play a certain role—comedy or tragedy.

"Personally, I find comedy difficult, and it's very trying work for a producer when he finds himself up against rooted ideas. If he'll take the trouble to get one out of a rut, he's a decided blessing to the fortunate artiste who can awaken his interest.

"It's a terrible mistake to let people persuade one to do only one part all one's life.

The Lowest Rung of the Ladder.

"YOU see I had luck," Miss Ivy Duke confessed. "All the same, if you start off in a leading part, you've got to be bad to be good. But I quite realise it is best to begin at the bottom and work up to the top. If a girl aspires to walk on in the films, in the hope of gaining a small part one day, she must keep her eyes open and train herself to be observant."

"But don't you think Cinema acting a gift?" I asked.

"It's a question of experience. One has to be terribly persevering. Anyone who has brains in their head and a heart in their body can get on.



GERALD LAWRENCE.

Can You Cry at Will?

"I DEFY anyone to do so without training," said Miss Duke. "Until you can cry, you cannot call yourself an artiste."

"When I first started," she laughed, "I had to use onions to bring tears to my eyes, but the effect wasn't natural enough. Not long ago I played from ten o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock at midnight, and most of the time I had to cry.

"I simply had to work myself up into a state of real emotional grief. Having reached that stage I was filmed."

Another Lure.

BUT much as Miss Duke adores screen work, she has another passion and that is animals and open-air life. "Betty," Miss Duke's rough-haired terrier, is also a star in her way, and often does film work.

"On a farm in Oxfordshire," Miss Duke told me, "I've got three horses, some pigs, two calves, and a kitten, and, of course, I've two dogs. If my heart was not in films, I should like to work on the land, do rough riding, and groom my own horses."

In Picturesque Garb.

I WENT to see Mr. Gerald Lawrence the other evening. I expect many of you saw him in the role of Mario Cavaradossi, in "La Tosca" not so long ago. Incidentally it was a part that accentuated that fascinating musical voice of his.

An Irving Touch.

"I ADORED Irving," he told me. "In fact, I worshipped him, and I was equally devoted to Laurence, with whom I collaborated in the play 'Richard Lovelace.' When Irving gave me the parts that Laurence had hitherto played, the latter never showed the slightest resentment. We were always friends to the last.

"I was playing the King to Irving's Becket the week he died. I always used to look forward to a little chat with him between the acts. It was a strange coincidence that only the night before he died, he turned to me and said:

"'Just as one is beginning to know a little about this work of ours, it's time to leave it.'

A Strange Coincidence.

"I'M immensely interested in British film production," Gerald Lawrence admitted. "Of course, I think that the producer has the most difficult task. He has to be so careful to build up each consecutive part of the play or the effect is disjointed.



MERCY HATTON.

"Amongst films in which I've played are 'David Garrick' and 'A Bunch of Violets.' My last film was for the Gaumont in 'The Fall of a Saint.' By the by," he added, "of course I did 'Enoch Arden.' It was on my suggestion that we played some of the scenes where 'tropical effects' were required in the Scilly Isles.

"We put up at a hotel there, and a few days after the landlady came to me and asked: 'Are you doing "Enoch Arden"?' When I admitted that that was the case she said, 'Come with me.'

"I followed her through the hotel grounds to a certain spot near an immense tree, and there was a tablet which bore words to this effect: 'In those grounds in 1869 Alfred Tennyson wrote "Enoch Arden."'"

Mr. Lawrence told me that he had no idea of this fact when he suggested the Scilly Isles for some of the scenes.

Mercy!

"IT'S my own name," laughed Mercy Hatton, when I was having tea with her the other afternoon; "but they used to call me 'Fiery' in the department in which I worked at the War Office during the war.

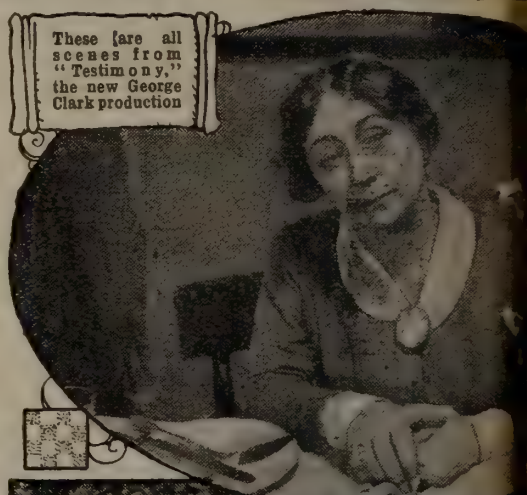
"No, I assure you it had nothing to do with my temper," she laughed. "It was because of the red tint in my hair."

Indian Embroidery and an Idea.

MISS HATTON and I found that at least we shared one pleasure in common, and that was watching other people, but for the moment I was quite content to look at her.

She was wearing black charmeuse, and a wonderful charmeuse coat-cape affair, with big, wide kimono shaped embroidered cuffs, and touches of gold across the collar.

"It was my own idea," she confided. "I adore designing. The gold embroidery is Indian. It was once a funny little Indian gold embroidered cape. So if you have such a treasure, you'll know what to do with it."



These [are all scenes from "Testimony," the new George Clark production



IVY DUKE and MARY RORKE in "Testimony" screen by Guy Newall from the novel by Alice



Mother love. Another strong scene showing IVY DUKE, who takes the leading role.



Malvina Longfellow





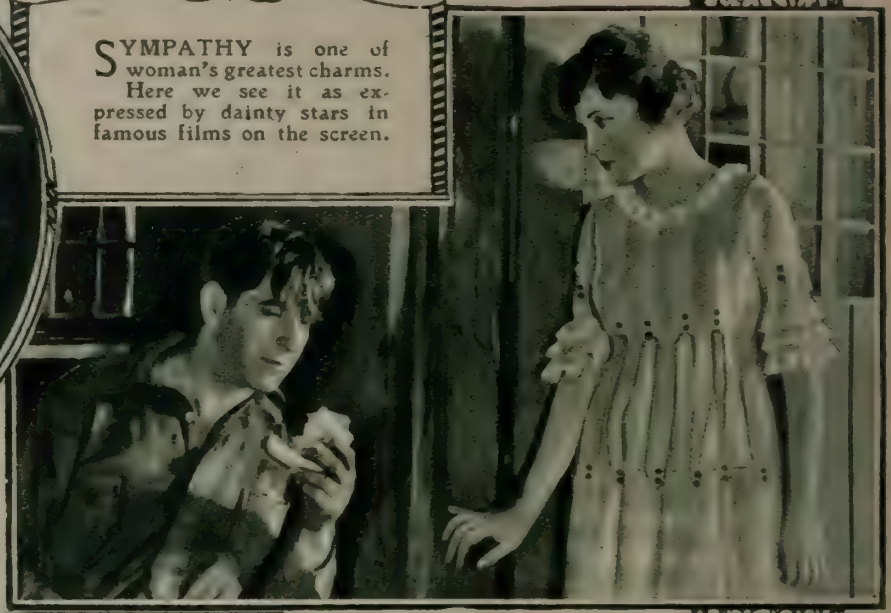
ONE NIGHT IN JUNE.—MAY ALLISON and WYNDHAM STANDING.

MINISTERING ANGELS

SYMPATHY is one of woman's greatest charms. Here we see it as expressed by dainty stars in famous films on the screen.



ENID BENNETT as a silent comforter—in "The Virtuous Thief." *Paramount*





VIOLET HOPSON shows practical sympathy to MERCY HATTON



Miss DAISY CORDELL proves a friend in need—in "The Shoeblack of Piccadilly." *Academy Photoplays*

A good Samaritan to ROBERT WARWICK—in "Thou art the Man." *Ericraft*



ENID BENNETT and GERTRUDE CLARE—in "Stepping Out." *Paramount*

OUT BRITISH PLAYERS.

STUDIOS. AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.



ed for the Askew.

IVY DUKE in a thrilling love scene.



It is hard to convince him, but she will succeed in the end.

The Fluffy Heroine.

"I'VE played in quite a lot of films," Miss Hatton told me; "and in several of Baroness D'Orczy's books, and I simply adore her. She's a dear!

"I've played in 'Her Son,' and 'In the Case of Lady Camber' for the Broadwest Films. Also in 'The Romance of a Movie Star,' and 'In the Sands of Time.'"

Between ourselves I think I might mention Miss Hatton is delightfully pretty, but she obviously doesn't mind sacrificing her youth and beauty to her art, for she plays the mother in "Her Son," and she also assured me that she was not keen on the "fluffy-haired" heroine type, but she preferred doing character parts.

In Search of a Storm.

I MET Alec Fraser the other evening. He had just come back after some exciting adventures off the Welsh coast, where he was doing film work with the B. & C. Company.

"Knowing that this is the month for storms," he laughed, "we set off on a collier to find one. But we sailed about on water as smooth as glass, and beneath cloudless skies for three weeks without the trace of a storm. Most disappointing!"

The Porter and the Lady.

ALEC FRASER was playing the part of a captain, and rigged in his blue and gold uniform, he was going down the stairs of his hotel one morning to join the rest of the company, when a lady suddenly rushed up to him, thrust her suit-case in his hand, and said: "Porter, take this up to room number eight!"

"Hullo, Dearie!"

"I WAS one of the first British actors to go in for film work," Mr. Fraser told me, "in the days when fifteen shillings a week was considered a huge salary. I've played in revue; my best-known song was 'Hullo, Dearie.' I was Dick Smith in 'The Wild Widow' at the Lyceum, and I also played in 'Boy of My Heart.' Of course I've played in crowds of musical comedies, amongst them being 'The Belle of New York.'"



ALEC FRASER.

He's now at work on a film for the Ideal Company.

Scenario Editor and Producer.

ONE of our most versatile of producers is Mr. Guy Newall. Hard work has no terrors for him. He lives, dreams, and slaves for his ideal—that of producing the best films in the world.

"It was when Mr. Richard Clark and I were stationed at Dover on those nights of air raids, that we decided, 'when the war was over, to set up and make pictures,'" he told me the other morning.

One in a Hundred.

"ONE has to be tremendously particular in the choice of a scenario. Hundreds of books are studied by our readers during the course of a year, yet the percentage that is selected only works out at one in a hundred."

The Sub-title Habit.

"SUB-TITLES are of the greatest importance," he declared. "The days of the commonplace phrases are past. When describing the intervening period, for instance, between summer and autumn, 'three months are supposed to elapse,' was quite good enough in old days for a sub-title, but not now!"

This is one of Guy Newall's sub-titles to describe an interval between the seasons:

"The sickle of time had been to the corn,"
Much pleasanter reading, don't you agree?

A Fine Film.

THE other afternoon I went to see "Testimony," adapted from the novel by Alice and Claude Askew, and included in Stoll's Eminent British Authors' Series. The scenario and entire production is by Guy Newall. Miss Ivy Duke plays the leading role.



GUY NEWALL.

Rachel Lyons (Mary Rorke), the descendant of Puritanical stock who for centuries have lived at Lyons Farm, has an idol in her son—Gilian (David Hawthorne), and an ideal—that what was in the beginning, shall so remain!

Rachel is a hard, just woman, and rules Lyons Farm and its inmates with a rod of iron. Lucinda (Barbara Everest) lives with Rachel and her son. Rachel has trained Lucinda to become Gilian's wife, but at the opening of the story his heart is fancy free.

The Disappointment.

THEN one day Althea May (Ivy Duke), bred in a city, comes as a schoolmistress to the old-world village, and with her beauty, her bewitching charms, and her poppy red gown, she fascinates Gilian. She reminds him of a flower.

But practical Lucinda has been told by Rachel, "she is to go about more with Gilian." Lucinda at last, stung to bitterness, says, "if Gilian wants me for a wife, he'll have to ask me himself; besides I'm not good enough for him;" to which Rachel replies:

"Take this for your comfort—no woman could be."

But Gilian becomes more and more enamoured with Althea May. At last, one glorious summer's day, they discover their great love for one another. Althea lived with a little old maid named Lissie Emmett (Miss Marie Wright), who watches love's young dream with wistful sympathy.

When Rachel hears of this, she faces the disappointment of her life. Her castles in the air come crashing to the earth. She has a bitter quarrel with her son. At last, however, she has to give way, but her stern unbending spirit remains. Gilian and Althea are married. Through many months Althea suffers the iron will of her mother-in-law. At last her child is born. But she has now entirely cut herself adrift from Rachel. She refuses a bundle of old-fashioned baby clothes, because she preferred pretty ones for her baby, not knowing that they had been Gilian's. In her agony and rage, Rachel burns the little garments she had long cherished.

The End of the Story.

THE baby dies, and the gulf widens. Rachel regains her old power over Gilian. An uncle, Reuben Curtis (Douglas Munro), writes and offers Althea May a home if she is unmarried. Believing Gilian no longer loves her, and knowing that Rachel regrets her son did not marry Lucinda, she runs away. A terrible scene follows; when Gilian discovers his wife has gone, he blames Rachel, and goes out into the world to seek Althea.



MARY RORKE.

Althea is now the petted heiress of Reuben Curtis; she is flung into the vortex of London social life. Reuben wants to marry Lady Letty (Ruth Mackay). She consents to do so if Althea marries Cecil Coram (Lawford Davidson). When Cecil Coram asks her to be his wife, Althea has to confess she is already married. Reuben Curtis turns her out. She goes back to the farm. Gilian is still searching for her. Eventually Rachel's heart is softened, and with Gilian's return, new and abiding happiness comes to Lyons Farm.

EDITH NEPEAN.

A Story of a Strange Legacy, and How a Backwoodsman Learnt the Ways of Society.



WILLIAM S. HART as John.

WINIFRED WESTOVER as Caroline.

"John Petticoats"

WHEN Hardwood John Haynes arrived in New Orleans and stood outside the station, he would have made a good photograph for a comic paper, with the title, "Lost in a Big City."

Picture a man six feet in height with a wiry, powerful body toughened by toil, and a face tanned deep brown by sun and wind—a strong, handsome face, but the face of a child of nature.

His clothes consisted of rough homespun, with the trousers tucked into high boots. In his hand he held an old-fashioned grip-bag, on his face was an expression of utter and nervous bewilderment. John Haynes was just as much out of place in that quickly moving throng as any of the well-dressed city men would have been in the timber camp from which he had just come.

The reason for Hardwood Haynes coming was contained in a letter he had received from a lawyer, telling him that his uncle had left him a legacy—the land, building contents, and goodwill of a modiste's shop.

Until well on his journey Haynes had not even known what a modiste's shop was, and when, by careful inquiry of a fellow-passenger he had learned that it was a place where they sold ladies' frocks and frills he had thought more than once of turning back. But doggedness was John's strong point.

He determined to see the shop and then decide what to do with his strange legacy.

He had the address, and after many directions he got to the shop. But when Haynes saw the dainty and alluring garments displayed in the windows he stopped dead at the door.

"No, I just couldn't do it," he muttered. "Face them girls inside with all that stuff hanging like banners in the breeze? No, Hardwood, you've got to think of some plan."

As he waited outside he caught sight of an old gentleman of a very distinguished appearance gazing sadly at a window filled with wax models wearing gorgeous lace-trimmed gowns. As the gentleman was about to enter John Haynes went up to him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "If you are going in there would you mind me coming in with you, for I ain't got the courage to go in alone?"

The gentleman smiled, and noticing the backwoods dress of his questioner, guessed the reason.

"Certainly," he said politely.

Haynes stuck to the gentleman as he walked up to a counter, though the flush of mortification showed through his tan as he heard the undisguised titter of the shopgirls as he passed them. He stood behind the gentleman as the latter, producing a paper on which were written some measurements, asked to see a frock suitable for a young girl.

A good many were brought to him, and he at last asked the price of one.

"Ninety dollars," said the saleswoman.

A flush passed over the gentleman's face.

"I am sorry I have given you so much trouble," he said, "but I haven't got so much money. Could I ask you to reserve the frock for me till later in the day?"

"With pleasure, sir," replied the young lady.

When they got outside John Haynes suggested a drink. Somewhat bewildered, the gentleman consented, and as they stood at the bar Haynes put forward a proposition that had suddenly leapt to his mind.

"You must excuse me, sir, but I couldn't help ove hearing what you said about not having enough money."

"That cannot concern you," said the gentleman stiffly.

"Just hear me out, please," pleaded Haynes. I've got very important business in this city, and I'm needing a place to board at. From what I've heard, if I go to one of them big hotels some clever coon will get me sure. Would you mind taking me as a boarder, and sort of looking after me? I'll pay just what you ask and thank you."

The stranger frowned for a second, and then the humour of the situation appealed to him. That he, Judge Clay Emerson Meredith, of one of the oldest families in the South should be asked to take in a boarder, and that boarder a rough backwoodsman, was too funny for words.

But then came the thought how useful the money would be.

Judge Meredith was badly pressed for money.

His granddaughter, Caroline, was leaving school, and she had written asking him to buy her a frock for a party to which she had been invited, and it grieved him greatly to think he might not be able to raise the ninety dollars for the dress he had fixed his mind on.

He looked up at the face of John Haynes.

There was something in it that appealed to him.

"One of nature's gentlemen," he thought as he held out his hand.

"I will agree to your suggestion," he said, "because I need the money, and also because I feel that I may be of assistance to you in what business you have to transact in the city. I feel sure you will never give me cause to regret taking you to my house."

"You may rely on that, sir," said Haynes.

The Judge then told Haynes his name, and mentioned the sum he would be willing to accept in return for his hospitality.

Haynes took a wallet of notes from his pocket.

"And now, Judge, there is only one more favour I wish to ask you. Will you allow me to pay one month in advance. I shall feel more comfortable like if you will."

The Judge knew only too well that it was his poverty that had prompted Haynes to make the offer, and he appreciated it.

"You have the instincts of a Southern gentleman, Mr. Haynes, and I will take advantage of your kindness. If you will wait for me I will complete the purchase which my—er—lack of funds delayed."

The Paying Guest.

AND so it was that Hardwood Haynes became a paying guest in Judge Meredith's house. By the time Caroline Meredith came home John Haynes, under the discreet but careful tutoring of the Judge, had begun to shed much of his backwoods roughness. He had begun to have faith in himself to accomplish what he had determined to do once he had taken up residence with Judge Meredith—show these city people that it was easier to learn the conventions of society than it was to wield an axe.

But when he saw Caroline all his old shyness returned.

She was a petite, golden-haired girl, with a fairy-like figure, two dancing blue eyes, and a mischievous mouth which reminded Haynes of a rosebud just opening its petals for the first time.

He felt just like a hired man in a drawing-room.

But to his great relief, Caroline did not appear to notice his rough clothes or his awkward manners.

She talked to him about the subjects he knew best, the big woods and the lonely spaces. When she left him John Haynes heaved a tremendous sigh.

"Gee! But I guess I wouldn't mind being a city dude if I thought it would please her."

But with the coming of Caroline came another, to whom Haynes took an instinctive dislike.

He was a young man named Wayne Page, a handsome, well-dressed young man, who took little pains to disguise the contempt he felt towards Haynes—that is, when John was not present.

The backwoodsman decided that Page was a waster, but he determined to take one lesson from him.

He meant to get some city clothes.

He broached the subject to the judge, and the latter, who had been wondering how he could suggest the same thing without offending Haynes, agreed to act as his adviser.

And when John Haynes was arrayed in city garb he certainly looked every inch a gentleman.

It was only when he began to talk that one would have suspected that but a few weeks before he had been felling big timber.

One night the Judge—who had in the meantime come into a decent sum from his shares in a company which had suddenly begun to prosper after not paying a dividend for years—gave a party.

Haynes was dressed in evening clothes, which fitted his superb figure like a glove.

Caroline, who was the first to see him as he entered the reception-room, ran up to him with real admiration in her eyes.

"You'll be the lion of the evening, Mr. Haynes. All the girls will fall in love with you, and the men will be frightfully jealous," she burst out in her girlish way.

John Haynes blushed and grinned sheepishly.

"It's good of you to say that, Miss Meredith," he said, "but if you knew how I felt. Lordy! It seems to me if I move I shall burst something."

"Oh, no, you'll soon get over that feeling," laughed Caroline. "Don't forget you must ask me for a dance," she cried as she ran off to meet some of the other guests.

The Dance.

JOHN HAYNES swelled with pride at her words. Little did he think it was the pride that went before a fall.

At the first opportunity he asked Caroline for a dance.

If there was one thing Haynes was certain he could do well it was dancing. Had he not been the best dancer in the loggers' camp?

But in the camp it was customary for the man to dance a reel before taking his partner, and poor John, in his ignorance, imagined it would be the same now.

To the astonishment of the guests he shouted out to the leader of the orchestra:

"'Say, mister! Can you play 'Turkey Show a Leg'?" And when the music began John set off with a breakdown at a terrific speed.

So sure was he that he was scoring a great success that he did not hear the giggles of the company; and as he went on not even the loud laughter of those who could restrain themselves no longer reached his ears.

He danced till the sweat ran down his cheeks, till his white tie became undone and hung like a flag in distress from his limp collar. Only when the band stopped did Haynes stop.

Then, as he turned with smiling face to await the applause, he felt that he could have dropped through the floor. With the exception of the judge and Caroline all the guests were doubled up with laughter.

"Idiot!" he muttered. "You're sure the prize fool."

As he stood there, not knowing how best to get away, Caroline ran up to him.

"I guess my brand of dancing ain't been introduced south yet," he said apologetically.

"Never mind, Mr. Haynes," said the girl loyally. "I liked it, and you must teach me those steps some time."

She placed her arm on his and tactfully guided him to where he could watch the dancing. And it was Caroline's hands that re-tied his tie.

Haynes danced no more that night, but he watched the others, and he determined to learn the society style if it killed him.

All that night he turned the matter over in his mind, and at last he thought of a plan.

He had seen the manager of his shop and arranged with him to draw money as he needed it. While he had been talking to the manager the girl who had served the judge with the dress came in, and she had been introduced to Haynes as Miss Rosalie Andre.

Incidentally he had learned that there was a recreation room attached to the shop where the girls learned to dance, and held occasional parties.

He determined to ask Miss Andre to teach him dancing, and full of his resolve he visited the shop the next morning and saw the girl.

He impressed upon her what he wanted, and added that he did not want any of the other girls to know he was the proprietor.

"But how shall I introduce you?" said Rosalie.

"Couldn't you say I was a poor relation?" suggested John.

"I'm afraid that would not do," replied Miss Andre with a smile. "I know, I'll say you are the new store detective."

She led him through the various departments and introduced him. Haynes thought that some of them seemed to recognise him, but if they did they said nothing.

When they got to the recreation-room there were a number of girls present, but Haynes was determined to learn to dance, if the whole world was looking on.

"Guess you'll find this funny, girls," he said, "so laugh if you feel that way. Don't mind me."

And laugh the girls did, but Haynes persevered till, on looking round, he saw Wayne Page in the room.

Then he stopped, and, thanking Rosalie, began to think of getting out before Page could question him.

But by this time the girls had become interested in the handsome stranger, and determined to have a lark with him.

"Let's rush him in the lift and keep it working up and down," said one. "I'll bet he's never been in a lift before."

(Continued on page 18.)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF DORIS MAY. *(Exclusive to the "Picture Show.")*

DORIS MAY.

The Gifted Star With Many Accomplishments, Ranging From Music to Cooking.

CHARMING little Doris May is a co-star with Douglas MacLean in Thomas H. Ince productions, and whenever we see these two artistes on the screen we can be quite sure of a delightful photo-play. Their chief charm is their spirit of youth—Doris May and Douglas MacLean are essentially one's ideal of a modern girl and boy.

Mr. Ince's Persuasive Powers.

DORIS MAY'S mother was very much against her daughter going on the films, but when Doris's father died this sensible little girl felt that she ought to do something to help fill the family coffers, and she thought she could do this best by motion-picture acting. She applied at the Ince Studio, and it was Mr. Ince who finally over-ruled all Mrs. May's objections, and persuaded her to let her daughter join his company.



The Importance of Make-up.

WHEN Doris May applied at the studio, Mr. Ince told her that she must have a test. Poor Doris did not know much about make-up, and her hair was not quite right, so that when the test was run off she came on the screen looking a fright. It does not seem possible, does it, when you think of pretty Doris May?

Mr. Ince, however, ordered the test to be done again, and he personally directed Doris' make-up. This time she was so successful that she was immediately engaged to act with Charles Ray; and now Doris has proved that she chose the right profession, for she is a co-star with Douglas MacLean.

These are some of the films in which these two have acted: "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave," "What's Your Husband Doing?" "Let's Be Fashionable," "Green Eyes," and "Playing The Game."

Literary Ambitions.

ONE would naturally imagine that Miss May had reached the height of her ambition, but no, this little star has other heights which she wishes to scale.

Perhaps it is not surprising to learn that she cherishes literary ambitions, since she is the daughter of Willie Green, a sporting editor, while her mother was a feature writer on a newspaper.

An All Round Sports Girl.

DORIS MAY confesses that she would rather read than anything else in the world; but she is also an all-round sports girl. She loves to go for a morning canter on her mare "Strawberry," while she is a good tennis player and swimmer, and not so very long ago she started to learn golf. The reason for this was that in one of the May-MacLean films, Doris had to play golf, so Douglas offered to teach her.

She also has a wonderful talent for music, and is a splendid pianist.

They Knew What Was Good.

ANOTHER accomplishment of this gifted star is cooking. During the making of a film it was necessary to have bran muffins. The property man had a difficult task—he couldn't find anybody who knew how to cook them.

Then Doris came to the rescue and cooked the bran muffins herself. They were so delicious, and a member of the cast happened to taste them with disastrous results—they had very soon all disappeared.

The scene that was to have been filmed had to be delayed until the next day, and Doris had to do more cooking. The director warned everybody in the company that they must not touch the second batch, but he counted without "Teddy" the dog. Teddy happened to find the muffins and once more the plate was cleared. Doris had to cook on still another day, but third time lucky!

A Short Description of This Pretty Star.

DORIS MAY has soft hazel eyes, and very light brown hair with golden lights in it, and she is only two inches over five feet in height. She has an adorable lisp that is most fascinating.

If you wish to write to her, address your letter—

DORIS MAY,
c/o Thos. H. Ince Studio,
Culver City,
California,
U.S.A.



Appealing.



Rather shy.



Her adorable smile.



"No nonsense, please!"



Delight.



"I must think about it."

"JOHN PETTICOATS."

(*Continued from page 16.*)

They made a laughing rush at Haynes, and before he knew what had happened he was in the lift.

Haynes had never been in a lift before, and an unreasoning fear took possession of him. He began to shout for help, and as the steel cage dashed up and down, he became really terrified. As he clutched the latticed steel work of the door he caught sight of Wayne Page.

"Get me out of this!" he shouted.

Wayne Page stopped the lift, and as Haynes staggered out he grasped the young man by the hand.

"You've saved my life," he gasped, "and if the time ever comes when I can repay you, you can bank on Hardwood Haynes to do anything you ask."

The First Suspicion.

As Haynes was going out of the shop he ran into Caroline, who was doing some shopping.

"Whatever are you doing here, Mr. Haynes?" she asked.

John Haynes blushed furiously. He did not care to tell Caroline that he had come to learn to dance.

"I'm shopping," he said awkwardly.

"Surely you don't shop at a ladies' store?" said Caroline.

And then, suddenly realising that Haynes was misleading her, and that she was taking too great an interest in the doings of one who was a comparative stranger, she gave him a pleasant bow and was passing on when Haynes, anxious to put himself right, added:

"I have started here as a store detective."

"A detective!" echoed Caroline, in a tone which told that she did not think much of Haynes's choice of jobs. Then with another bow she left him.

John Haynes walked back to Judge Meredith's house in a very miserable state of mind.

He had made a fool of himself before all the girls in the store; had put himself under an obligation to Wayne Page; and he felt that Caroline despised him because she thought he was a spy in a store.

As he neared the house he saw Rosalie Andre outside the gates. The girl was evidently in trouble, and as he got nearer Haynes could see she had been crying. As Haynes moved forward with the intention of asking what was the matter, Rosalie started to walk away.

Haynes followed her, and as they neared the landing-stage of the river he saw to his horror that Rosalie was making for the edge of the jetty. He started to run, but before he could reach her Rosalie had thrown herself in the water.

John Haynes dived in after her, and after a struggle got her to the bank.

Rosalie was only semi-conscious and as she looked up into his eyes and clasped him round the neck she said in a heart-broken voice:

"Wayne dear. You won't leave me now, will you?"

In a flash the terrible truth came to John Haynes. Wayne Page was Rosalie's lover, and he had deceived her and then left her in order to marry Caroline.

By this time a number of people had come up, and Rosalie was placed in a vehicle and taken to the hospital. After seeing that she was being well looked after, Haynes began to think what was the best thing to do. At last he determined to tell Wayne Page exactly what had happened.

He found Page at the judge's house, and without any beating about the bush, he said:

"Miss Andre tried to commit suicide this evening. Does that mean anything to you?"

"What should it mean?" replied Page in a blustering voice, but Haynes saw him change colour.

"I mean that you will go to the hospital in the morning and take a minister with you," said John.

The next morning Haynes went to the hospital, and to his horror learned that Rosalie had died during the night from shock following exposure. In a very sad mood he returned to Judge Meredith's to find that the judge had read the report of Rosalie's suicide.

"I wish to speak to you and Wayne Page about this affair," said the judge. "Last night I overheard you two men quarrelling, and this poor girl's name was mentioned. I have sent for Mr. Page. Ah, here he is."

The judge repeated what he had said to Haynes, and then, addressing the two young men, said:

"I await an explanation."

John Haynes was about to tell the whole truth of the matter when Page, in a whisper, reminded him about the bond he had given when he had rescued him from the lift.

No other man, probably, would have regarded his word as binding in such circumstances, but Hardwood John Haynes came from a country where a man's word was sacred. He remained silent, and the judge, taking his silence to mean a confession of guilt, told him to leave the house.

Haynes's one thought now was to get away from the city as soon as possible. He went straight to his shop and, calling the manager got him to draw up a document making the establishment over as a deed of gift to Judge Meredith.

While they were thus engaged, there came a telephone message from the judge saying that Haynes was to return to his house at once.

When he arrived Haynes found that his innocence had been proved by a letter Rosalie had written to her mother, in which she said that she did not wish Wayne Page to be punished, as it was as much her fault as his.

"Why did you keep silent when you could have cleared yourself?" asked the puzzled judge.

John told him about the lift incident, and how he had pledged his word to Page, and then he added:

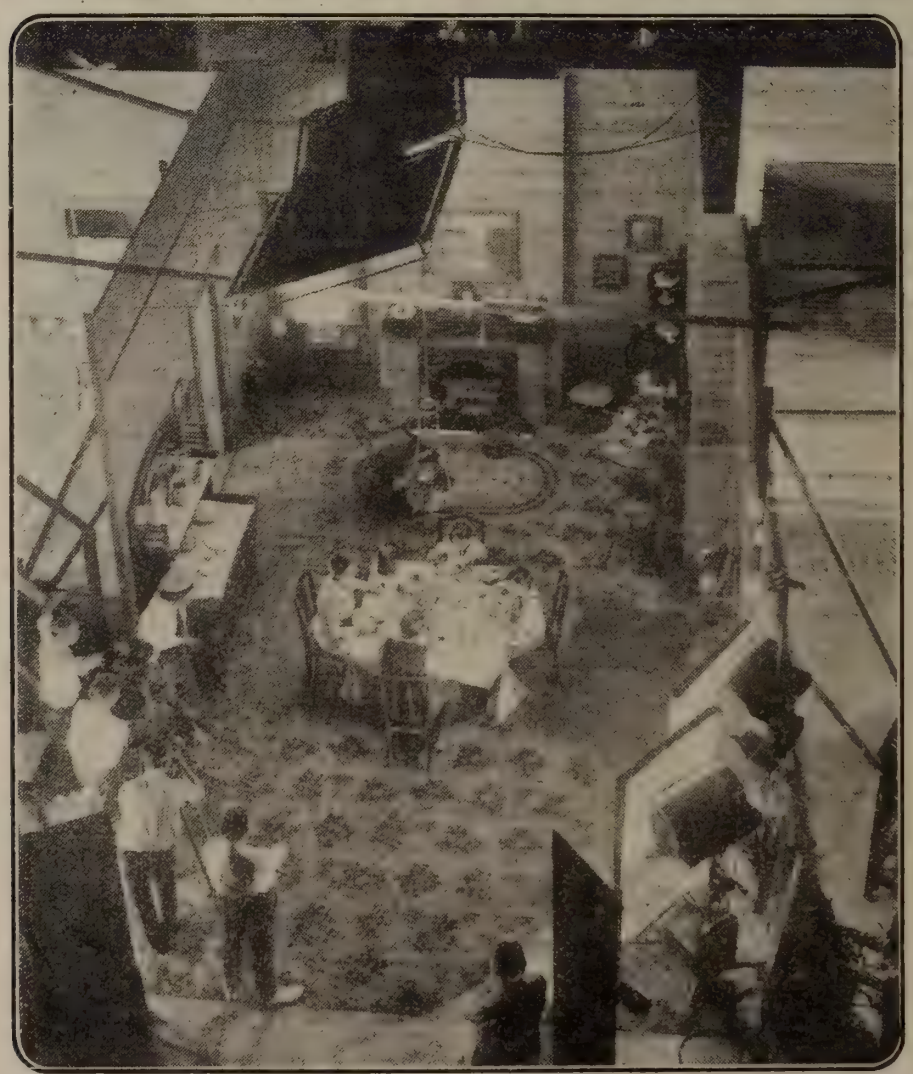
"Besides, I figured that you and Miss Caroline would sooner believe it of me than of the man she is going to marry."

"You don't suppose, I would allow my daughter to marry Page after this, do you?" said the judge. "I have ordered that man out of the house, and he will never return here. But there is something I can tell you which ought to interest you. Before all this happened Page proposed to Caroline, and she refused him. And, sir, if you have not been quite blind, you might guess the reason."

"I may be slow, judge, but I think I get your meaning. I'm going to find Miss Meredith right now."

And when, an hour later, the judge saw his daughter and John Haynes walking in the garden, even his old eyes could see in the happy smiles on their faces that Caroline's answer had been "Yes."

(Adapted from incidents in the Paramount-Artcraft photo-play, featuring William S. Hart as John. By permission.)



This unusual picture was snapped by an intrepid photographer who climbed up into the beams of the Goldwyn Studio, while "Fans," the eighth of Booth Tarkington's "Edgar" comedies, was being filmed, and pointed his camera downward. The photograph shows the director telling Johnny Jones and the other actors what to do. The whole gives an excellent idea of how the movies are made.

"Manacled By Money."

(*Continued from page 9.*)

ashamed of himself, but that fact only made him aggressive.

"You had no right to listen," he said, eyeing his cousin very steadily. "You do not seem aware of it, but it is simply not done by the people I associate with."

"You young cub! When I want you to teach me——"

Arthur went towards the boy threateningly.

Harry threw off his coat.

"You go back into the house, Grace. I'll follow you when I have finished with this fellow," he said carelessly.

The girl glanced with big, frightened eyes from the man to her companion, and then she sped away.

Harry rushed forward, and Arthur found himself in the position of having to defend himself.

A sharp blow between the eyes made him realise suddenly what he was up against.

Arthur was no fighter. Harry had it completely his own way, and after a few minutes Arthur had to own to an ignominious defeat.

He saw the contemptuous smile on the boy's lips as he turned on his heel, and after picking up his coat, sauntered off whistling in bravado as he went.

Arthur picked himself up from the ground. He was furiously angry. Never since his boyhood's days had he been so debased.

All the bad blood which had lain dormant for years rose up within him. All his good intentions towards his cousin were swept aside.

"I will punish him for this!" he said malevolently, under his breath.

It did not help matters when the story got about. Arthur had to hide his bruised face from an inquisitive world. Even his own servants sniggered when they saw the marks that Harry's fist had left.

"You be marked, sure, sir," the cook had tactlessly remarked. And she received a month's notice on the spot.

A few days later Arthur received a letter from his lawyer.

Cecil Rae was going to dispute the will in a court of law.

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

"THE LITTLE HOUR OF PETER WELLS."

GRANGER—BINGER PRODUCTION.

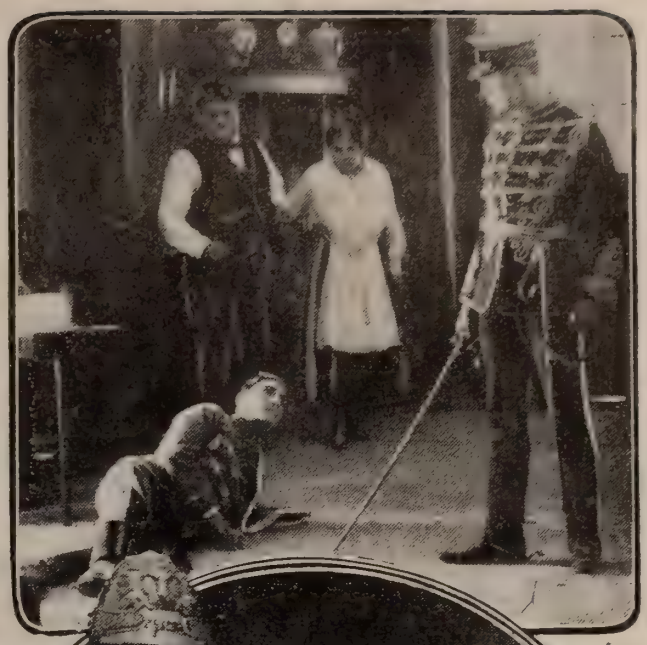
THIS photo-play, adapted from David Whitelaw's novel of the same name, presents a combination of romance and everyday fact that is somewhat rare in screen plays. It is the story of a little Cockney clerk who finds himself suddenly embroiled in the revolutionary activities of a small foreign kingdom. For a little while—a glorious hour of crowded life—Peter Wells plays a man's part in a world of men, to retire gracefully and somewhat heroically at its close. The story is typified by the well-known lines of Dryden the poet:

> *"Not Heaven itself to take the past has power,*
> *What has been has been—and I have had my hour."*

From the first moment when we are shown Peter Wells cycling to his work in the early morning we follow the adventures of the little clerk with interest. The discovery of the wounded pierrot—a late reveller from the fancy dress ball at Covent Garden—lying behind a crate of oranges in the market, plunges our humble hero into all manner of high adventures. For Peter Wells there is to be the glamour of courts, the flash of rapiers, the clash of arms and the smiles of women. For a short period the little clerk drinks deep at the cup of life, and then . . . back to the humdrum existence, an existence to be for evermore sweetened by memories.

It is interesting to note that David Whitelaw, the author of the book, is also the author of the story version of Griffith's great film spectacle, "Hearts of the World."

The picture in the top right-hand corner of this page shows one of the most striking scenes of the play—a duel between Captain Faroa and Pranco. Below Mr. Hebden Foster and Miss Heather Thatcher as the new King and Queen of Bragalia.







To the old King of Bragalia, dogs are more important than his subjects.



The warning of revolution reaches the Convent of the Sacred Thorn.

PHYLLIS SHANNAW

The Nineteen-Year-Old British Actress Who Won Fame in her First Picture.



PHYLLIS SHANNAW.
Photo: Basil.

IF you read a novel in which a girl of nineteen, with no previous film experience, was starred in her first picture, and starred with such results that she literally became famous overnight, I would not mind betting the modest sum I'll receive for this interview, that you'd put the book down with a snort, remarking, "What nonsense! Such things happen only in books! *Never* in real life!"

Yet such things *do* happen sometimes—rarely, I'll admit, but sometimes—in real life. They happened in the case of Phyllis Shannaw, heroine of "The Call of the Road," the British film which created such a sensation upon its presentation to the Trade and Press, that in twenty-four hours it was the talk of London.

How She Was "Found."

MISS SHANNAW told me the story of her meteoric rise to fame a few days after that fame had become an accomplished fact. She told it with freshness and modesty, for she herself is fresh and modest; very like the sort of girl we "polled" with at school—lithe, athletic, even freckled! with a mop of wavy, reddish hair, blue-grey eyes, and a pretty, but not absurdly small, mouth. A thousand miles from the clinging, sugary-sweet type of ingenue.

"Contrary to some reports, I had never appeared in a film in my life when I first came to the notice of Mr. I. Bernard Davidson," said Miss Shannaw. "Only in a little sketch on the halls. But I had sent my photo in to Mr. Sydney Jay, the film agent, and it was at his office that Mr. Davidson happened upon it—just by chance, you know, but how luckily for me! Mr. Davidson, it seems, had been wanting to give the British public something in the way of a picture which should be a departure from the type of film imported from America—something showing a typical aspect of British life in a regular British setting; and to this end Mr. A. E. Coleby, who is his producer, as well as being a fine actor himself, had written the scenario of "The Call of the Road," but they had not been able to find just the girl they wanted for the heroine. And then——"

"Then they found you."

"Well, they found my photo," laughed Miss Shannaw, "and then speedily found me, by requesting an interview, and next, a film test. I went to the studio, where I was dressed in the old-time costume of the heroine, and then had up for Mr. Davidson's and Mr. Coleby's inspection. How awful I felt, not knowing where to look or what to do, especially as they wondered whether, in the first place, I was tall enough for the part, considering I am only about 5 ft. 4 ins, and had to play opposite such a giant as Mr. MacLaglen, who is six feet two or three! But they got over that difficulty by piling my hair high on my head, and after a little more careful consideration, I was allowed to go, with the promise that I should receive their decision as soon as possible. It came a few days later, and——"

"How did you feel?" I broke in, fired by the sparkle in Miss Shannaw's eyes.

"Oh, awfully excited! It seemed too good to be true! And yet, although I was without experience, somehow I felt I could carry the part through all right if I were given the chance!" (Did I say that Miss Phyllis is a very determined young lady?)

The Producer's Genius.

BUT despite her determination to "make good," and the feeling she had that she could and would do so, no one is more astonished at the success of Miss Shannaw's film debut than Miss Shannaw herself. In fact; she does not attribute her success to her own talents at all, but rather to those of Mr. Coleby, whom she considers "one of the best producers in England."

"Whatever effects he wants from one he brings out so naturally that the result cannot help being natural. I think he is a genius, and I'm particularly glad for his sake that the film has already proved a success."

"You must have been very thrilled by its reception at the Trade show," I suggested.

"My heart was pumping like this," confessed Miss Shannaw, with an expressive gesture. "I felt, awful, not knowing how the public would receive an absolutely unknown player, and even when the audience seemed to like me, and the ordeal was over, I still felt awful, for then the pressmen came crowding round to ask me questions, and I didn't know a bit what to say! Could only blurt out how glad I was to have been given such a chance, and how delighted I was that the picture had been well received."

Remaining in Films.

MISS SHANNAW was educated at Wentworth Hall, Mill Hill, and I was much interested to hear that one of her school chums was Vera Beresford, daughter of Kitty Gordon. In those days Phyllis intended to take up a stage career, and she and Vera (who cherished a like ambition), would discuss the possibilities of the profession between tennis sets. Vera, Phyllis thought, stood a much better chance of success than she did, in view of her mother's position on the boards, but anyway—Phyllis took up dancing, singing and elocution studies at the Guildhall, and just hoped that one day her chance would come.

"But since it has come in pictures I intend remaining in pictures, if the public will have me, and have given up all thought of the stage," she told me. "I do not think one can combine the two. For the present I am continuing with Mr. Davidson and Mr. Coleby, and my ambition is to do better and better with every picture I make!"

Here's wishing you luck, Phyllis!

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Facial Expression—The Beauty of a Pleasant Expression—How to be Really Beautiful—The Picture Girl's Coat.

EVERY picturegoer has felt thrilled at some time or other by the performance of one or more of the cinema actresses. Perhaps her acting was wonderful, perhaps her beauty was striking; but if you stop to analyse the matter you will, more often than not, have to admit that it was her wonderful expression that charmed and held you most of all. And it is the same the whole world over. Beauty is lovely to gaze upon, but without a pleasant expression it lacks half its charm.

A Love of Pleasure.

IT is surprising to note how many girls assume a disagreeable or indifferent expression of face from sheer laziness. Just at the age when life should be a joy to them they allow their minds to resent everything that is not for their personal pleasure. And particularly does this apply to the modern girl, who is always on the look-out for some amusement. These girls assume a blasé, stolid expression of countenance which only belongs to women hardened by extreme misfortunes and continued disappointments.

No girl should assume such an expression. It was not put there by Nature. She may be a little less kind to some than to others in the way of features, but it is up to each and every girl to make the best of the charms she has, be they ever so minute.

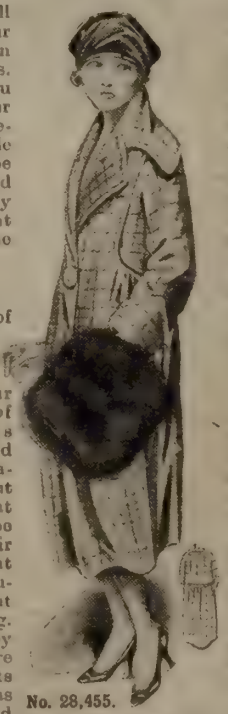
Adopt a Happy Expression.

IF a girl looks at the world as her enemy, because everything she wishes for is not handed out to her immediately, she will cultivate a disagreeable expression of features that will grow harder and uglier with years. Even though your nose is not just the shape you would like it to be, nor your lips a perfect Cupid's bow, you can make them appear far prettier by adopting a happy expression. Pleasantness will cover all disfiguring features. Love and kindness in your heart will imprint beauty upon your face, for your expression changes with your thoughts. If you resent what gifts you have, a scowl droops your eyes and wrinkles your forehead; while all possible prettiness of mouth will be ruined by its down-turned corners. If you simply don't care, an unpleasant countenance will be the result.

Exert a Little Effort.

I HAVE heard crowds of girls bemoan the fact that they are not beautiful; yet they do not in any way endeavour to make even the best of themselves. Perhaps they resort to powder and cosmetics for the beautification of their appearance, but they entirely forget that such applications cannot be expected to alter their appearance to any great extent. Complexion camouflages are very helpful, but they will not do everything. Pleasant thoughts, a happy disposition, and the desire to please others, imprints itself upon the features as well as upon the mind, and goes very, very far to beautify an otherwise plain face. As a well-known cinema star remarked, only the other day: "Beauty is *not* only skin deep; it starts at the heart." And a little thought over the matter will convince you that his philosophy is correct. No woman can be beautiful unless her mind is equally flawless. So if you would be beautiful, don't go about with a long face and groan over every little difficulty that besets your path and worry over every minute trouble in your life. Put a bright face to the world, and do your best to overcome all obstacles. Thus will you acquire a charm and beauty that is preferable to perfect features and that will gain for you more friends and happiness than a mere pretty face.

Remember that Nature gave you your features, and that she also gave you the mind to guide them to beauty or ugliness.



No. 28,455.

A smart little wrap coat of fawn blanket cloth, checked with brown and mauve, specially designed by the Editress of HOME FASHIONS.

The Picture Girl's Coat.

THERE is a distinct charm about the newest blanket-cloths, especially when they are printed in check pattern and show the combination of a couple of pretty colours. Fawn backgrounds, for instance, with brown, blue, or mauve stripes running through them, are delightful; while a background of grey holds an immense amount of possibility in the way of coloured stripes.

The Picture Girl has a very smart coat of beaver-coloured cloth, with an overcheck of brown and mauve, and so that the effect of the fabric shall not be lost she has chosen a simple design for its making.

The coat is arranged with front and back panels, cut in with the basque parts, and joined to the Magyar sides. The fronts turn back to form revers, and join to a large collar.

PAPER PATTERNS of this coat can be obtained in 34, 36, 38, and 40 inch bust sizes for one shilling each—Postal Order made payable to the PICTURE SHOW—from the PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

A DRESSER.

CARMEL MYERS

The Girl who Cried her Way to Fame.

IT might be said that beautiful Carmel Myers cried herself to fame.

When D. W. Griffith, the famous producer, asked her if she would like to act for the pictures under his direction, she gazed up at him, and her lips began to quiver. She was so overcome because she realised that the big chance which comes to most people once in a lifetime, had come to her, that she burst into tears.

It was a strange thing that later on, when another director wanted her to cry for a film, she just could not do it until she ran to her mother, and told her that she simply *couldn't* cry, and then and there the tears began to flow. Her mother immediately pushed her back in front of the camera before they ceased to flow once more.

Fond of Motoring.

Carmel is very fond of motoring, and it is said that at her home the chauffeur has a very easy time, because Miss Myers nearly always insists upon driving herself.

A Few of Her Films.

Carmel Myers is one of the most versatile screen artistes. You may have seen her in some of these films: "Sirens of the Sea," "The Dream Lady," "A Society Sensation," "The Haunted Pyjamas," "The Little White Savage."



A beautiful artistic study of CARMEL MYERS. Inset, a small photograph showing her happy smlie.



CARMEL does not look very happy here, does she?



CARMEL MYERS blows a kiss to the readers of the "Picture Show."



A beautiful costume that Miss MYERS wears in "Folly's Trail."

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A remarkable experience that befell a British Officer in the East has led to the disclosure of a secret Eastern remedy of vital interest to all who take a pride in their personal appearance.

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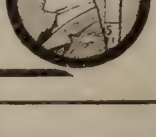
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SHOW YOUR FRIENDS

The "Picture Show."

CHANGEABLE CHARLIE

A Personal Impression of the Great Comedian.

IN one of the first chats I had with Charlie Chaplin, I remember him saying:

"The trouble with me is that I am so changeable."

This explains to a great extent the puzzled bewilderment of so many who have met him. They find it so difficult to reconcile the Chaplin they think they know with the Chaplin other people have met, or, what is often the greater puzzle, with the many different variations of Chaplin they have encountered in print.

Yes, Chaplin is changeable; but change spells progress, so I think he has little cause to bewail the fact. His inherent restlessness, his eager enthusiasms, his quick receptiveness urge him on an eternal quest of fresh impressions and wider knowledge. This type of self-education tends to make of a man either a genius or a wastrel. The ultimate result depends entirely upon the man himself and the use he makes of his powers of selection. The whole of Chaplin's eager quest of knowledge is a passionate desire to understand the meaning of Life and its relation to his fellow-men.

The sure instinct that guides him in his erratic pursuit of knowledge, in a flirtation with some new hobby or intellectual "divertissement," is, in his case, a vital and character-building quality, inasmuch as it has given him wider interests and a broader outlook on life and humanity, without ever allowing one branch of knowledge to become an intellectual obsession.

A good many people labour under the impression that Chaplin is rather an ignorant sort of fellow. He is entirely self-educated, and yet his knowledge would shame many a man who has been through public school and college. He can talk on any subject, and talk well. This surprised me, for I had been led to believe that he was shy and rather inarticulate. He has read every book worth reading, and confesses that he does not care for Beethoven interpreted by a French orchestra.

His Gift of Expression.

THE other day he showed me a picture he had recently purchased from one of America's leading landscape painters. It was the most exquisite nocturne I have ever seen on canvas—two ghostly poplars against the soft greys of a moonlit sky.

"Isn't it beautiful?" he said. "It's so quiet and peaceful, *it makes you want to whisper.*"

And I thought at the time no art critic, however eloquent, could have conveyed the atmosphere of that exquisite picture in more suitable words.

I have waxed discursive on the subject of Chaplin's mentality, because it is an aspect of his character that deserves appreciation, since it is one of the fundamental secrets of his success. It would, however, be altogether wrong to leave the impression that he is some species of "high-brow" pure and simple.

Chaplin may have the mind of a restless philosopher, but he is essentially a boy at heart. Every boy is a born mimic, and Chaplin, in a reminiscent mood, is the most delightful raconteur in the world.

Charlie and Sir Herbert Tree.

HIS description of his first meeting with Sir Herbert Tree is one of his favourite stories, and I shall always regret that it enjoys so restricted a circulation. At that time Tree was in Los Angeles, collaborating with D. W. Griffith in a screen version of "Macbeth." Chaplin's description of the meeting runs something like this:

"I was ushered into his room, and found him with another gentleman, discussing his new picture. He loomed before me, large and impressive, and greeted me in an absent-minded sort of way.

"'Mr Chaplin—ah, yes! Wonderful success you've had; yes, wonderful!'

"Then followed some vague sweepings of the arms, and I found myself involved in the possibilities of witches and wind-swept heaths. Just as suddenly he broke off, remembered an appointment with Griffith, and murmured something about his 'little Iris' entertaining me till his return. I am fond of children, but when a young lady about six feet in height, very modern and self-possessed, suddenly dawned on my vision, I nearly collapsed."

I think Charlie enjoys telling these stories every bit as much as his audience does listening to them.

To Write a Play.

I ASKED Chaplin the other day whether the rumour was true that he contemplated a visit to the Old Country.

"I'd love to see it again," he mused; "but if I go, I want it to be something definite that calls me there. Truth to tell," he said, with a little touch of shyness, "I want to write a play, and I want to produce it in England."

Yes, he owned, he'd long been cherishing the thought of writing a play—a really serious play on a deep psychological problem.

"I've been carrying the idea about with me for over two years now," he said; then laughed. "Funny sort of psychology that would turn out to be! Strange, isn't it?" he reflected, growing thoughtful again in a minute. "We always want to do the things we were never intended to do, and we're never satisfied with our own little gift. I shall never write that play, you know; I'm too restless, too changeable, and—oh, well, I guess I can't even write!"

Chaplin is still climbing. One of these days he may attain that summit to which every man aspires, from which "we view the world and find it is well-designed."

And then he will give us that play.

ELSIE CODD.



Charlie's desire for change leads him to ride a velocipede, although he looks far from happy on the shaky machine.

FINDING FAULTS IN FILMS.

I noticed that just before Mrs. Lippett had forced Judy- in "Daddy Long-Legs"—to put her finger on the stove when she turned round to speak to the children, she rested her own hand on the stove.—5s. awarded to Miss E. E. Barker, 83, Kingsland Road, Plaistow, E.13.

ONE LOVELY BLACK EYE.

In "The Gentleman Rider" the villain of the piece is seen, the day after a fight, with a black eye. A few hours later, at an office, the black eye has entirely vanished. Did he use vanishing cream?—5s. awarded to Miss M. Lombardini, 13, Newbury Buildings, Spring Road, Bournemouth, Hants.

In the first episode of the serial, "Lightning Bryce," a coach is supposed to rush along a cliff without a driver, but through an opening in the vehicle two hands could plainly be seen guiding the horses.—5s. awarded to Miss B. Sutton, 98, Albert Road, N. Woolwich, Essex, E.16.

I noticed in the film, "Sahara," featuring Louise Glaum, that during the terrible sand storm in the desert, when the tents were being blown about and the people unable to stand, that the trees in the background were standing perfectly upright with not a leaf astir. 5s. awarded to Miss M. P. Lawrence, 10, Cisburn Road, Hornsey, N.8.

Five shillings will be awarded to the sender of every "Fault" published in the PICTURE SHOW. If we receive the same "Fault" from two readers, and we think it worthy of a prize, this will be given to the one which reaches us first. Address your postcard: "Editor," Film Faults, PICTURE SHOW, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STAR.—You are kindly requested NOT to ask for any addresses by post, owing to the large number of other queries that have to be answered. If you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, The PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4., and it will be forwarded by the next mail. If the letter weighs more than 1 oz. it will require an additional 1d. stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. Remember always, when writing to artistes, to give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. It must be understood, however, that we cannot guarantee that such letters will be replied to. Please keep these addresses for reference.

MARION DAVIES, Marion Davies Film Co., Inc., 811, Longacre Buildings, New York City, U.S.A.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA, care of Haworth Pictures Corpn., Hellman Buildings, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

MARJORIE RAMBEAU, care of Robertson-Cole Co., 1600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

LIONEL BARRYMORE, VIOLET HEMING, care of Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

(More addresses next week.)

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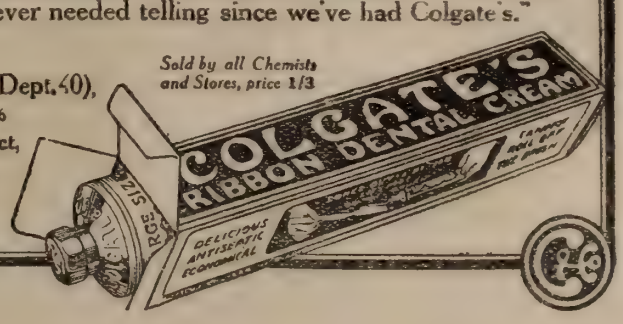


"Good night, Tony—don't forget to brush your teeth. This Colgate's really *is* some Dental Cream, isn't it?"

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Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

RUSHING THE FILM.

THERE are times when the failure to enjoy a film entertainment may not be due to the quality of the pictures screened or the manner in which the programme has been arranged. For even a good picture can be spoilt, and a poor one made seemingly worse, by rushing it through on the screen at a speed which renders any appreciation of either utterly impossible. It is one of those old grievances of which the public still has cause to complain, though there should be no reason for its existence at the present day.

A recent instance is that mentioned by a correspondent who visited a West End of London picture theatre the other night during the last showing of the programme. It struck him, he states, as though the operator's main desire was to rush through each picture as quickly as he could and get home. Scenes were flashed on and off the screen so quickly that they merged into one another before there was time for the audience to grasp the connection between them. Several of the sub-titles were treated in the same way. One picture, "The Canyon Hold-Up," a Western drama, depicted towards the close of the story the chase of the villain up a steep and rugged incline. But the speed at which both pursuers and pursued were shown clambering up its surface would have been humanly impossible in actual life. Another correspondent from Salisbury touches on the same point. "Who is to blame," he asks, "for pictures being shown too fast? The other day I saw an otter hunt in which the people were shown as walking at least ten miles an hour; while an old man of about seventy, who was following, was tearing along as if he were seventeen. In fact, the whole programme was shown too fast."

It's a pity these things should happen. Apart from the fact that the enjoyment of the audience is spoilt, the attempt to make the incidents in a picture real is destroyed by introducing an absurd rapidity of action when screening them.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

D. B. (Hastings).—Clara Weith was the star in the film "Sealed Lips," but I cannot find any other names mentioned in the cast. In "Think It Over," Catherine Calvert was Alice, and Uncle Henry whom she married in the picture was Richard Tucker.

"CECILEY" (Wynberg).—"Oh, That Kiss" featured Suzanne Grandais. In "Trey o' Hearts," Cleo Madison and George Watkins were the leads, while in "The Lone Wolf" the chief parts were taken by Bert Lytell and Hazel Dawn. Of the ladies you mention, there is only one who tells us her birthday, namely, Gladys Cooper, on December 18th.

H. K. (Hendon).—You apologise for asking only two questions. Why, there are some folk who ask about twenty-two, and then seem filled with regret that they cannot think of any more. But I live through it, somehow. Helen Ware, who appeared in the film version of "The Garden of Allah," was born in San Francisco. Jack Dean, husband of Fanny Ward, was born in Washington in 1880.

F. S. (Royton).—The part of Mary Dawson in "Blackie's Redemption" was taken by Alice Lane.

C. S. H. (Stroud Green).—Write to your favourites. You may have some luck in that way. Eileen Sedgwick is the wife of J. H. McCloskey, and Eddy Polo is married to Pearl Grant.

F. A. M. (Great Grimsby).—Yes, Eileen Dennes is English, and was in musical comedy for some time before starting her career on the films. The part of Old Bill in "The Better 'Ole" was taken by the late Charles Rock.

"BRITISH FILM LOVER" (Carlisle).—So you don't think that Gregory Scott, with such delightful dimples as he has, ought to take a villain's part. I hope he will think that over for the sake of his dimples. He was Reid Gordon in "The Great Coup," and the only other names in my printed cast are those of Poppy Wyndham as Kate Hampton, Cameron Carr (Richard Floxton), and Stewart Rome (Squire Hampton). Yes, Doris May was formerly Doris Lee, and at a much earlier period in her life she was known to friends and relations as Helen Garrett. This young lady is now eighteen, and is the possessor of brown eyes and golden hair.

GLADYS (Croydon).—You could write to your favourite by following the instructions in the Personal Column, even if you do not find the addr ss. Meanwhile, I offer you willingly this little piece of information about him. His name is John Gliddon, and 'twas he who played as Kenneth Wayne in "The Sands of Time." Two other pictures of his are: "The Temptress," and "The Dawn of Truth." His height is 5 ft. 10½ in.

HAZEL (Sydenham).—Alec Francis was with Mabel Normand in "When Doctors Disagree." In "The Manxman," Elisabeth Risdon was Kate Cregan, Ted Groves (Pete), and Henry Ainley (Phillip). I don't remember the old film you mention, but I will try and dig it up.

RUBY (Folkestone), CALEDONIA (Bowness), GLADYS (London, S.W.), G. O. McL. (Wolverhampton), M. R. (Caithness), S. V. R. (Haslemere), "CARIAD" (Hereford), E. F. (Weston-super-Mare), BETTY (Clifton), and "TWO MARYS" (Hoyland).—In answer to all your questions, Frank Wilson was in "Social Briars"; Gareth Hughes and Bliss Milford were the leads in "And the Children Pay"; Teddy Sampson opposite Tom Mix in "Fighting for Gold"; Catherine Calvert in "The Career of Catherine Bush"; Mary Pickford is twenty-seven; Vivian Martin was born in 1898; Tom Mix, aged thirty-nine, is married to Victoria Forde; David Powell opposite Billie Burke in "Gloria's Romance" and "The Make-Believe Wife"; Henry Edwards does not state in what part of Weston-super-Mare he was born; Flugrath is the real name of Viola Dana and Shirley Mason; Roland Bottomley in "The Neglected Wife."

"PAT" (Newmarket).—Are you thinking of "The Secret of the Storm Country"? If so, Norma Talmadge was the heroine. Yes, Raymond Bloomer was in "The Woman of Impulse," and other plays of his are: "Out of a Clear Sky," "The Prodigal Wife," and "The Belle of New York." He was born in Rochester, New York, is of dark complexion, and is 6 ft. in height. Glad to hear your favourites have replied.

D. S. K. (Bulford).—Your insatiable thirst for film knowledge leaves me gasping. Each letter of yours seeks information about so many different plays and players that I never know where to start first. You had better get one of the trade papers if you wish to know all about the new films you mention. I am sorry I have no information respecting them at the moment. Some of Mary Miles Minter's pictures are: "The Eyes of Julia Deep," "Social Briars," "The Ghost of Rosie Taylor," "Wives and Other Wives," and "Rosemary Climbs the Heights."

J. B. (Lichfield).—You ask me to tell you who, in my opinion, is the more beautiful of the two, Pearl White or Ruth Roland. That is rather a delicate task, so I think I will leave it to you. The cast of "Dangerous Waters" (which so appropriately follows your first question) is: William Desmond (Jimmie Moulton), Marguerite De La Motte (Cora Button), Arthur Carew (Victor De Lara), Beatrice La Plante (Nanette), Ida Lewis (Mrs. Burton), Walter Perry (Dinny O'Moore), William P. De Vault (Judson). Chrissie White has golden hair. Sorry I am unable to oblige with the other information or you would be welcome to it.

"PATIENCE" (Birmingham).—If you, good reader, with such a precious virtue will look through your back numbers again, you will find that Grace Cunard has never been stated in this paper as Francis Ford's wife. Grace, in fact, is already married to Joe Moore. Perhaps you were thinking of some film? Warner Oland was the villain in "Patria." Lillian McCarthy was opposite Matheson Lang in "Mr. Wu," but the other part is not mentioned.

"SCOTTIE" (Inverness).—Pleased to know this page interests you so much. G. Raymond Nye was the artiste you ask me about in "Broken Commandments." You will find the correct ages of the three Talmadge sisters given in their interesting life story. Once upon a time someone told me a fairy tale—which, alas! I believed—that Natalie was the youngest. But that is really Constance's place, for Natalie comes next to Norma.

"ANNA Q." (Bournemouth).—Pray seek not my pardon, for what would I do if it were not for curious folk like you. Anna Q. Nilsson is married, but her husband's name has not been revealed to me as yet. Her hair is blonde, and her eyes are blue, and her height is 5 ft. 7 in. She was born in Ystad, Sweden, and went to America in 1907. Her screen career was started four years later.

R. G. (Sydenham).—You and your two friends below, from Sydenham, are all welcome. In "Sage Brush Hamlet," the lady opposite William Desmond was Marguerite De La Motte. The leads in "The Eternal City" were taken by Pauline Frederick and Thomas Holding. I am afraid your grumble about the other paper does not concern me. There are only two film papers connected with this, the "Boys' Cinema" and the "Girls' Cinema," which, with the PICTURE SHOW are the three best that money can buy.

BERYL (Sydenham).—In "Secret Service" the leads were Wanda Hawley and Robert Warwick. The cast of the "Purple Dress" is as follows: Agnes Ayres (Maida), Adele De Garde (Grace), Evart Overton (Ramsay), Richard Wangeman (Bachmann), Mrs. Beck (Mrs. Bachmann), and Bernard Siegel (Old Abrams).

J. L. (Swanage).—It was William Dyer in "Early to Bed," and he is evidently one of the retiring sort, for I cannot get out of him as yet the information you want. I will have to wake him up.

E. J. H. (Exeter).—You have seen seven of Jack Holt's pictures so far. You have not done so bad. I give you these at random, as I do not know which of his films you have seen. "The Woman Michael Married," "Treasure Island," "A Sporting Chance," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "The Call of the East," "The White's Man's Law," "The Honour of his House," and "The Best of Luck." He was born in Winchester, Va., but does not state his age.

LILLIAN (Tooting).—So "The Right Element" was partly filmed just outside your own house. I am sorry I am unable to tell you just now when it will be released in your locality. Evelyn Nesbit has appeared in the following, among others: "Her Mistake," "Redemption," "The Woman Who Gave," and "I Want to Forget."

NESSIE (Edinburgh).—What has set you imagining that such articles as "Hints to the Engaged Girl," etc., are likely to appear in this paper? I am glad you like it, though, and you will find it will improve with age. Jack Roxie is an American, for he was born in Oklahoma, and his age is twenty-four. Harrison Ford was born in Kansas City, Mo., in 1892.

B. R. (Wynberg).—Photos of film artistes who are dead would be of no general interest now. Besides which, there are so many living ones to be considered. Yes, Katherine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren are sisters. MacDonald is the latter's real name. Cullen Landis was opposite Mabel Normand in "Upstairs."

A. K. (Whipps Cross).—When you see the artistes' lips moving on the screen, it means that they have actually spoken during the production of the picture as required. You will notice that it is often possible to tell the words formed by their lips.

"FLUFFY" (Reading).—You find by reading this page that somebody else always does the thinking for you by asking the very questions you thought of sending me. Well, that's saved you a lot of postage, hasn't it? Charles Bryant never told me what made him go to America. His height is 6 ft. 3 in. He has no children, as far as I know.

"TISH" (Harrogate).—Don't be terrified, "Tish." You appear to have read the rules (there are only two small lots, one above and one below these answers) all right. The only folk who don't read the rules are those who impress it on me that they have taken in this paper every week since it first came out! So you like Milton Sills. "The Claw" "The Savage Woman," and "The Wild Cat" are three of his pictures; and his wife is Gladys Wynne.

D. K. (Wimbledon).—Peggy Hyland is now acting for Samuelson's in this country, and her contract with Fox was ended some time ago. She does not disclose her age.

G. R. (Delhi).—You have got me a few more readers. I thank you, and wish you still more luck in the same line. I haven't turned grey-haired yet. If I do, somebody's sure to send me samples of hair-dye which I don't want. Helen Holmes is twenty-seven. G. M. Anderson (Broncho Billy) is now producing.

"WUFFIE" (York).—That second film of yours is very, very old, but if it is possible to discover it I will. In "The Birth of a Nation" the following took part: Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper, Constance Talmadge, Henry Walthall, Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, Josephine Crowell, Frank Bennett, Marjorie Wilson, Bessie Love, and Seena Owen.

(More answers next week.)



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Home Companion 2D

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"THE VILLAGE WEDDING." Beautiful Art Picture, 16 x 10, INSIDE.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. DEC. 4th, 1920.

No. 84. Vol. 4.

THE CAMEL WHO REFUSED TO KISS PRISCILLA DEAN.



We are shortly to see Priscilla Dean in "The Virgin of Stamboul," a screen triumph that took six months in the making. A whole day was spent trying to get the camel, who is photographed above, to kiss Priscilla. He was adamant to all her coaxing and as you see even preferred watching the camera to looking at her.

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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 47.—MARJORIE VILLIS.

MARJORIE VILLIS, the clever British actress whom we see playing opposite James Knight in many Harma photo-plays, enjoys reading of her sister stars across the water in the PICTURE SHOW. Now that Edith Nepean is spending her weekdays visiting the British studios, Miss Villis will find the PICTURE SHOW even more interesting, for she will be able to read of her sister stars at home.

—♦♦—

The Big Three.

LETTERS still pour in, telling me that the "Girls' Cinema" has found a permanent home in the hearts of many of my readers, and I must say here that I am very pleased in having the luck to find just the kind of stories and the kind of articles to please my readers. I also have a very kind thought for many of my friends in the cinema world for their very valuable contributions. I know you like first-hand talks, and the "Girls' Cinema" seems to have provided a long felt want. The PICTURE SHOW has always done full justice to the many beautiful photographs sent us each week, that the reading matter and letters from filmland have had only to be allowed a small space. Now you have the PICTURE SHOW for pictures, and the "Girls' Cinema" for stories, letters, and talks from your favourites. Then the "Boys' Cinema" brings the breeze of the Great Wild West to your doors. In this latter paper we can read of the heroisms of the other side—the spirit of adventure that is in the heart of every real boy.

Don't you think you have now a splendid trio of papers? I call them the Big Three.

—♦♦—

Old Time Recollection.

IT is seldom we see a "Punch and Judy" show these days, so the scene showing one in the coming Harma film, "Brenda of the Barge," will bring back many old time recollections. In this film James Knight plays the hero, and Marjorie Villis plays Brenda.

Another noted player in this film is Bernard Dudley, and we shall see him and James Knight in a fight scene, which has been filmed on the actual spot where Tom Sayers and Heenan fought their memorable contest many years ago.

—♦♦—

Mahlon Hamilton Ill.

MAHLON HAMILTON is the latest member of the film colony to suffer in the cause of art. It was towards the end of the coming Pathé film, "The Girl Montana," starring Blanche Sweet, with Mahlon as leading man, in which he suffered painful injuries in a rough and tumble fight scene. But in spite of torn ligaments in his leg, Mahlon Hamilton went on to the end of the picture, and in consequence is now laid up.

—♦♦—

A Stupendous Success.

WITH the wave of spiritualism spreading over the country, it is interesting to know that "Earthbound," the big Goldwyn picture, which is now being shown in London, and will shortly be shown all over the country, is said to have had a stupendous success in America. The manager of a New York theatre issued a sworn statement that during one week 73,251 people had seen the picture.

—♦♦—

He Forgot One Thing.

THERE is an old Irishman playing as an extra in the next Lyons and Moran comedy, and for the past three months he has been absenting himself at times from the studio to attend funerals.

The other day Lee remonstrated with him, not wishing the old fellow to lose his job.

"What's the idea of attending all these funerals, Terry?" he asked. "The people are not even distantly related to you."

"I'm an old man, Mr. Moran," replied Terry, "and I've got to think of the future. If you don't attend other people's funerals, how can you expect them to attend yours?"

—♦♦—

"The Great Lover" on the Screen.

"THE GREAT LOVER," the play that has been having so great a success in London with Moscovitch in the chief part, has been made into a film play by Goldwyn.

—♦♦—

In "Sentimental Tommy."

AMONG those chosen for the cast of "Sentimental Tommy," the photo-play version of the novel by J. M. Barrie, is Kate Davenport, the niece of Doris Rankin, who played opposite her husband, Lionel Barrymore, in "The Copper Head," and sister of Arthur Rankin, who played a prominent juvenile role with Irene Castle.

—♦♦—

Is Charlie Coming?

RUMOUR is busy that Charlie Chaplin intends coming over here to visit his old home in Brixton. He has rented his studio to Carter De Haven, so perhaps at last there is really some truth in the rumour, and we shall have a chance to welcome the great little comedian back home.



Miss MARY SPIERS, the "Picture Show" first prize winner at the Victory Ball and Carnival which took place at the Crystal Palace on October 9, 1920.

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

—♦♦—

Making Mountains Out of Mole-hills.

SINCLAIR HILL, who is filming one of Ethel M. Dell's stories, "The Place of Honour," may gain the reputation of making mountains out of molehills. For the purpose of the film he is going to make a mountain out of a Surrey hill. By the way, all the male parts in this photo-play are to be filled by ex-Service men.



DERICK AIKMAN, who is directing the film of the Cope Expedition's dash to the South Pole, is the first producer to obtain Lady Diana Manners' consent to appear in pictures.



JAMES KIRKWOOD, the clever producer, who has deserted the directorial ranks to play heroic parts on the film. We are shortly to see him in "In the Heart of a Fool."

A Famous Family.

WE are to see Gustavo Salvini, Italy's veteran actor, on the screen in the L.I.F.T. picture, "Hold On."

For three generations the name of Salvini has been famous in the dramatic world. Allesandro, the father of Gustavo, will be well remembered by the older generation of playgoers. Gustavo's last visit to this country was in 1903, when, with Eleanora Duse, he drew all London to the Drury Lane Theatre. His son, Allesandro the second, you will remember, starred with Francesca Bertini in some of her most ambitious subjects.

—♦♦—

Not the First.

LLOYD HAMILTON tells a good story of the time when Bud Duncan and himself were acting for the Kalem Company, and used the West Lake Park for many of their comedies. The lake in this park had often been used for other comedy scenes.

One day Ham lost his stage moustache in a diving scene—you will remember he wore one in those days—and called the property man, who was a noted diver, and asked him to get it.

He accordingly dived, and came up with a handful of moustaches, lost by Charlie Chaplin, Chester Conklin, and others who had used the lake, and yelled as he threw them on the bank: "Hay, Ham! Which is yours?"

—♦♦—

All Wasted.

MOST actors, no matter how emotional they be, need inspiration for tears. That was why Claire Adams tried to prepare little Frankie Lee for a weepy scene the other day by telling him a very, very sad story.

She had him nearly at the point of crying when she herself gave way at her own sad story, and tears began to flow. Everyone expected Frankie to follow suit, but when he saw Claire weeping, he threw his arms around her and comforted her. Looking up, and his own eyes were moist, he said:

"I shouldn't hug Claire, but it's the only way to stop a woman crying!"

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

The joke was on Claire, and everyone had a laugh at her expense. When the atmosphere dropped back to normal, the scene was taken, and Frankie demonstrated his ability to weep without the aid of a sad atmosphere.

—♦♦—

Isn't She Tiny.

MAY McAVOY is a new cinema find. We are to see her playing opposite Herbert Rawlinson in "Man and His Woman." She is one of the most diminutive actresses playing on the screen. Her height in exactly 4 ft. 11 in., her weight is slightly less than 100 lbs., and she wears size 1½ shoes.

—♦♦—

Song to Accompany Play.

DOLORES LOPEZ is the author of the screen story, "Can a Woman Forget?" now being produced; and she is also writing the words for a song of the same name which will be published simultaneously with the release of the picture.

—♦♦—

The Simple Life Pays.

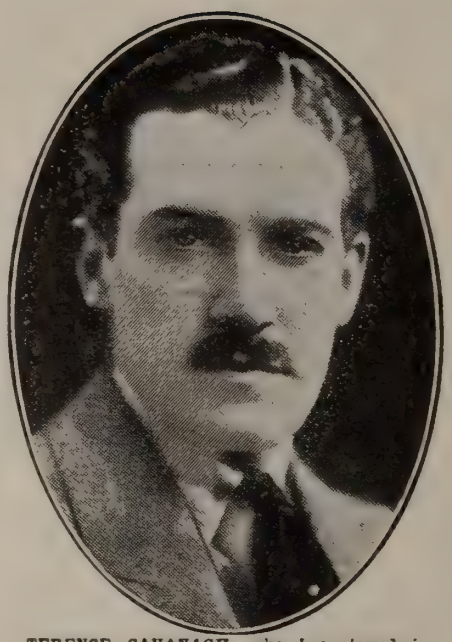
EILEEN PERCY has never been attracted by the gay life which appeals to so many nowadays. Even when she was playing with the Follies in New York, and other girls around her were rushing off to dinners and dances, her mother and her home came first.

Now that she is a star, Miss Percy still adheres to the simple life, because she knows that too much gaiety will interfere with her work, and with her work counts before pleasure. For this reason, she insists on having eight hours of sleep every night, regardless of all social demands. She has often been told by her friends that she spoils all arrangements at a party by leaving before midnight. Of course, she dislikes to leave, but she has determined to hold herself to a standard and make sacrifices for the success of her work. For this same reason, Eileen Percy makes a point of being punctual when called upon for studio work.

"It's what I am being paid to do," she says, "so it's up to me to be on time."

This is the spirit which the pretty star puts into her work.

"Sitting up to all hours in the night is not for the woman who has to work during the day," she says. "The woman who isn't devoted to her work cannot succeed."



TERENCE CAVANAGH, who has starred in Barnaby," the "Ever Open Door" (to be released this month), "Branded," and "Saved From the Sea."

—♦♦—

A Rapid Rise.

TERENCE CAVANAGH, whose portrait appears above, has had a phenomenal success on the screen. His first appearance was in a crowd, since when he has always played leading parts. Mr. Cavanagh must have an ideal screen face, for he has never been an actor; but perhaps his great success is due to the fact that his heart and soul is in his work.

—♦♦—

An Offer From Plymouth.

SEENA OWEN wants to thank an admirer at Plymouth who offered her the use of some old Irish lace that had been in the family for over 200 years. Here is an extract from the letter Miss Owen received:

"You will pardon me for writing you, my dear, but I am an old woman, having seen seventy-two summers, and I thought I might help you a little bit. It just happens that I have seen you in three pictures; the first was 'Intolerance,' and the names of the other two I do not remember.

"'Lavender and Old Lace' is my favourite book, and I saw by the paper that you are in it. I have some fine old Irish lace that has been in the family for over two hundred years, and I'll be glad to lend it to you for one of your dresses if you'll be real careful of it, and send it back to me when you are through."

Miss Owen, however, was so afraid that the lace might become lost or damaged in transit that she did not accept the offer.

—♦♦—

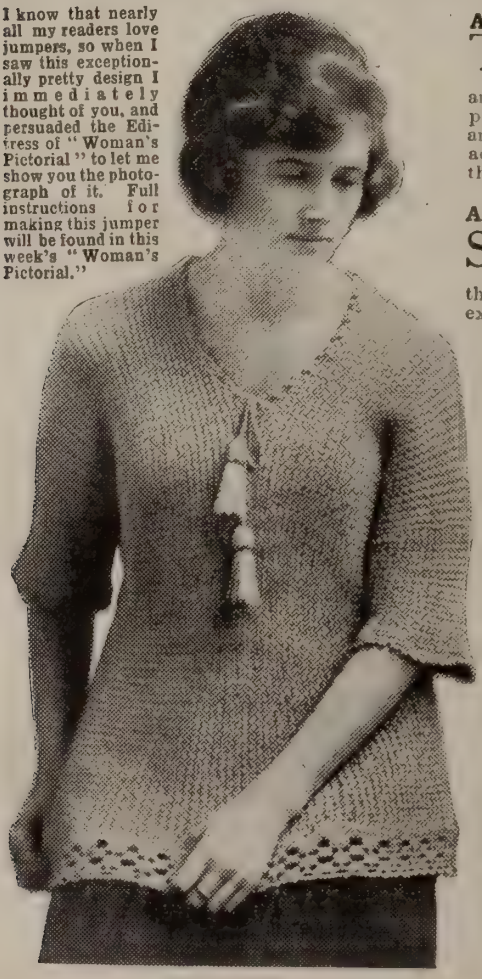
On Circus Day.

WILL ROGERS couldn't resist the old call the other day when a circus was in full swing on the Goldwyn lot for the Edgar Small boy series. He deserted his own work, and had a great time displaying his rope stunts for the kiddies in the big tent.

"Nuthin' doin'!" he protested to Clarence Badger, his director. "I've always played hookey on circus day, and I'm always goin' to, so beat it!"

Fay Filmer.

I know that nearly all my readers love jumpers, so when I saw this exceptionally pretty design I immediately thought of you, and persuaded the Editress of "Woman's Pictorial" to let me show you the photograph of it. Full instructions for making this jumper will be found in this week's "Woman's Pictorial."



FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

Charlie Chaplin Still in New York.

THE elusive Charles Chaplin, who has given his newspaper friends to understand he will not be interviewed on the subject of his matrimonial difficulties, has not gone to London, as we were led to believe last week. He is in New York still, spending much of his time reading Spenser, Macaulay, and Emerson, playing on his fiddle, and trying to forget the accusations that Mildred Harris Chaplin, his young wife, brought against him. But Charlie isn't devoting all his time to his books and violin, he attends a theatre now and then, visits a cabaret, and wanders in and out of some brightly lighted café, possibly in search of atmosphere. His friends say he presents a life-sized picture of a man who is not heartbroken in any sense of the word.

Opens Her Vaudeville Season.

MADAME OLGA PETROVA has gone to Indianopolis to open her vaudeville season. I rushed down to the station in time to say good-bye to her, and to see a crowd of interested spectators rush up to get a close-up view. When she saw she was recognised she hurriedly disappeared into the train, for despite years on the stage and screen she is exceedingly shy and timid. Having signed up to play a twelve weeks' engagement with the Keith Vaudeville interests she will not make a picture till later in the season. Her plans are indefinite at this time, but everyone hopes she will soon give us a screen play—one in which some of the big problems of feminism are discussed. Madame is an ardent feminist herself, believing in the equality of women in business and social life.

Fox Signs Eve Balfour.

EVE BALFOUR, address London, England, arrived in New York four months ago, with a grim determination to get a motion picture contract or die in the attempt. Her good looks, her pleasing personality, and the twinkle in her eye made everyone with whom she talked quite sure the latter course would be unnecessary. Still, despite America's far-famed reputation for celerity of action weeks went on without a thing in sight. But Miss Balfour knew she could always go back to England and get a job, so she refused to worry over America's indifference.

At last, when her British determination was sorely shaken she received an offer from the Fox Film Company to play the "heavy" in a new serial they are about to film. She is now at the studio waiting to begin that highly prized engagement.

The Return of Irene Castle.

WHEN Irene Castle married Robert Tremaine, the young millionaire who bears such a startling resemblance to her late husband, Captain Vernon Castle, she said she was through with films and dancing for all time. She said she could never dance without Vernon, it made her depressed and unhappy. But time heals many wounds, and now Mrs. Castle-Tremaine is coming back into films. Her millionaire husband is going to deposit some of his cash in a new film organisation to be known as the Irene Castle Company, and I, for one, shouldn't be surprised to hear of her accepting a dancing engagement. It takes a strong-minded soul indeed to stay away from the glare of the footlights and the fascination of public applause.

Bessie Gets a Shock.

BESSIE LOVE was highly amused the other day at a remark made by a visitor at her studio. The woman, thrilled at being so close to a live motion-picture actress, asked her what picture she was making.

"'Old Curiosity Shop,'" said Bessie, "by Charles Dickens. Although most of the scenes are laid in London we are making them here at the studio, and I believe the effect is just as good."

"If you like his stories so well why don't you get Mr. Dickens to write you another," said the dear old lady, supremely unconscious of the effort Bessie was making not to laugh.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



It is all in the day's work of a cinema actress to be perched in perilous positions. Here we see GLADYS WALTON sitting on the roof; JACK PERRIN is also in the picture.



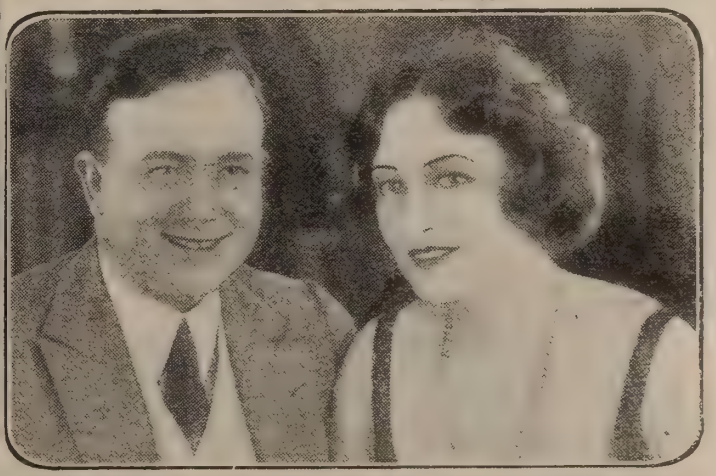
ANITA STEWART and JAMES MORRISON, who is her leading man in "Sowing the Wind," are having a little talk about old Vitagraph days.



RUDOLPH VALENTINO and BEATRICE DOMINGUEZ in a dancing scene for "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

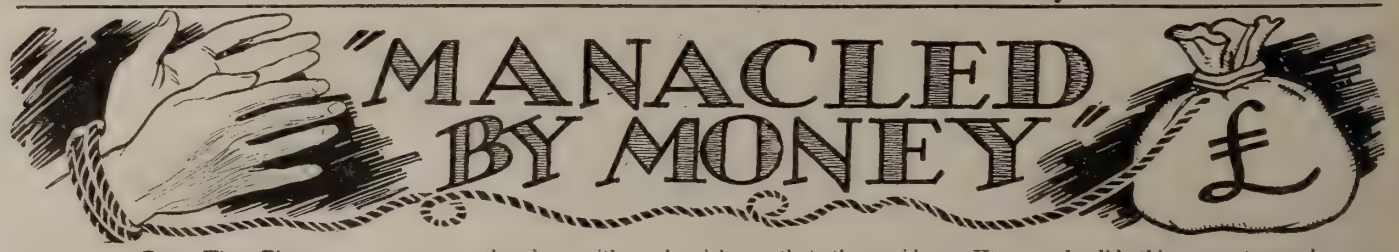


It looks as though LAURA LA PLANTE has not much chance of dodging the ducking which BOBBY VERNON and BILL BEAUDINE have planned.



Two film artistes who are favourites of many picture-goers—PAULINE FREDERICK and JULIAN ELTINGE.

BEGIN TO-DAY! A POWERFUL STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION. By EMMIE ALLINGHAM.



Read This First.

ARTHUR WESTON is summoned by his aunt, Amy Rae, to Greystone Manor. He finds her very ill, and she tells him she has sent for him because she is worried about her son Harry. Her husband married her for her money, and he has spent it as fast as he can, and there is no provision made for her son's future.

She trusts Arthur implicitly, and gives him a bag containing twenty thousand pounds in notes which she has managed to save, and asks him to hold it in trust for her boy. She tells Arthur that she will leave Greystone Manor to him; but it is really for Harry, and he is to pass it over to him when he is twenty-one.

Arthur is deeply touched.

"May God punish me if I do not respect your trust in me," he says very earnestly.

A fortnight later Amy Rae dies. After the will has been read, Arthur Weston is walking in the grounds of Greystone Manor and overhears a conversation between Harry and Grace Ferguson, the vicar's daughter.

Harry is saying that he cannot believe his mother could have made such a will; and after he has spoken of Arthur Weston as an outsider he discovers him on the other side of the hedge, and accuses him of eavesdropping. He is very rude, and it ends in a fight. Arthur is no fighter, and is ignominiously defeated.

"I will punish him for this!" Arthur mutters as he picks himself up.

A few days later Arthur Weston receives a letter from his lawyer. Cecil Rae is going to dispute the will.

The Rector Tries to Make Peace.

ARTHUR WESTON read the lawyer's letter, and an exclamation of disgust escaped his lips.

He had thought he could get to work on Greystone Manor at once. He was heartily tired of the whole business, he told himself.

He had been quite contented with his life up to now. If only his relations would have let him alone. He was still burning with the thought of the unjust treatment he had received from Harry, and one day he meant to punish him for it.

But that did not even associate itself in his mind with the dying trust his aunt had placed upon him.

He told himself he wanted to restore Greystone Manor for its own sake. He had made up his mind to go and live there with Jessica, so that he would be always on the spot, while the work was being done.

A law case might drag on for years and years.

He went across the room to his desk, and after furtively glancing around he unlocked a drawer and took out the leather case.

It worried him to keep such a large sum in the house, yet what was he to do with it? He could not take it to the bank. It was such a large sum.

Suppose they began to make inquiries as to how he had come by it? The sweat stood out on his brow at the thought.

Suppose these lawyers went into his aunt's affairs and discovered she had had so much money in her possession? Suppose they accused him of stealing it? He could not tell the truth, for, unfortunately, he had spent a little of the money. There had been one or two bills which had been pressing. His investments had suddenly dropped. No doubt they would recover in time, but it would have been very awkward for him if he had not been able to meet his debts. The money had seemed a godsend at the time—even now he could not honestly bring himself to regret having had it in his charge.

The crisp feel of the notes fascinated him, and not a day passed but he examined and counted them. He told himself that it was his duty. He was only looking after what had been entrusted to his care.

He was startled by a knock at the door.

Hastily concealing the bag, and locking the drawer, he went across the room and threw open the door with such violence that the maid shrank back nervously.

"Please sir, the Rev. Mr. Ferguson is here. He is in the drawing-room;" she said.

Arthur Weston frowned at the girl.

"Show him in here," he said harshly.

The girl went to do his bidding, and the man turned back into his room.

What brought the parson of Greystone over, he wondered. Something to do, no doubt, with Harry.

Arthur Weston flung himself into an easy chair, and waited.

The Rev. Ferguson entered the room with his hand outstretched, and a smile on his face.

"Ah, my dear Weston! So pleased to find you in. What glorious weather we are having."

Arthur nodded, and pointed to a chair.

"I presume you have not come seven miles to tell me that," he remarked ungraciously.

The rector glanced round at his companion sharply, then he smiled.

"My dear Weston," he said amusedly. "What is wrong with you? You don't appear very pleased to see me."

Arthur endeavoured to pull himself together.

The Rector of Greystone and his wife had gone out of their way on more than one occasion to show a kindness to him and his motherless little girl.

"I am not quite myself. This attitude of Harry Rae and his father is naturally somewhat disquieting," said Arthur irritably.

The rector nodded sympathetically.

"It must be. The truth is, Weston, it is on that subject that I want to talk to you."

Arthur clutched at the arms of his chair. The words startled him. He felt he must be on his guard. Ferguson was a friend of the Raes. No doubt he had come at Cecil Rae's suggestion.

The rector was evidently waiting for Arthur to speak, but the happenings of the last few weeks had made him cautious.

There was a silence in the room while the two men looked at each other. The Rev. gentleman rose slowly from his seat.

"Weston," he said, "as I hope you know, I am your friend, and I want to take the privilege of a friend. I was with your poor aunt when she died. She asked me to keep an eye on her boy and his interests. She also told me the terms of her will."

He paused, but the man in the chair made no remark, he was waiting to hear more.

Mr. Ferguson placed his hand gently on his companion's arm.

"You can imagine how sorry I was when I heard of the little misunderstanding between you and Harry. It was a most unfortunate occurrence, but, under the circumstances, perhaps quite natural. I come as peacemaker, Weston. I wondered if you would come and dine with us to-night. I want you and the boy to meet and know each other."

Arthur shook his head.

"I have no wish to renew my acquaintance with any of the Raes. But what do you mean? What did my aunt mention to you in connection with her will?"

The Rector glanced keenly down at the young man before him.

"She told me she had left Greystone in your charge for Harry. She was sure she had done right and wanted me to agree with her, and I did. I must confess that I was grateful that she had not thrust such a responsibility on to my shoulders, and I recognised that she had given you a very thankless task. It is because I feel this so strongly I have come over to you to-day. I suggest you come this evening, and meanwhile, I, with your permission, will tell the boy. Then he will apologise to you for all his rudeness, and you will be friends."

Again there was a silence.

Arthur Weston was thinking deeply.

How much did this man know, he wondered? Had his aunt mentioned the money? How dared she tell anyone at all? Her naturally suspicious nature had made her tell this parson so that he could spy on him. How many others had she told? His brow grew dark with anger.

And then, quite suddenly, it came over Arthur Weston that he was acting very foolishly. If he was not careful he would make this good friend of his become suspicious. He glanced up, and placed his hand over the one which rested on his shoulder.

"I appreciate your friendship and the motive which has brought you here," he said, with apparent eagerness. "I have been longing for someone with whom I might discuss this business without disrespect to the wishes of the dead. I have been worried over this affair, but I do not see, now, that I can have the boy told; he is young and naturally feels for his father. You and I both know what will happen if the estate once falls into his hands."

"Quite so. I was thinking entirely of you, Weston. I hear that Mr. Rae is taking the matter into court, but his lawyers will, I am sure, advise him to relinquish the idea."

Arthur produced the letter.

The rector read it through, and sighed.

"It is such a pity. The estate has been drained to the utmost," he said. "Yes, it will take a fortune to put right as it is," remarked Arthur, with a furtive glance at his visitor.

"Indeed it will, Weston."

Again the two men gazed thoughtfully at each other.

It was upon Arthur's lips to say that he wondered where the money was to come from, but somehow he dared not. He found himself quite unable to mention the money at all.

"I think, myself, the boy ought to know, Weston," the clergyman continued, after a pause. "You see, he is left in my charge, so to speak, and I know that his mother wished him to continue at school. He talks of giving all that up and going out to Australia."

"He would be away from his father's influence," said Arthur.

The visitor glanced at him swiftly.

"So he would be at school, and in the vacation he can make his home with us."

Arthur sprang from his chair and began to pace the room.

"I want to be left alone," he said querulously. "Ever since this wretched business has come into my hands I've been worried and pestered."

"I am sorry, but I naturally want to do the best for the boy," replied Mr. Ferguson. "If you would consent, Weston——" He paused significantly.

"I shall not do anything of the kind. I respect the wishes of the dead, Mr. Ferguson. The boy is not to know for another five years," said Arthur violently.

"You have quite made up your mind? Nothing I can say will alter you?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing."

The rector sighed.

"But, Mr. Weston, a law suit—the estate can never stand it. It may go on for years. It would put a stop to the whole proceedings now, if you allowed them to know, and it could be arranged that you carry out the wishes of your aunt——"

"I will not discuss the subject further!" cried Arthur irritably. "You mean well, Mr. Ferguson, but kindly understand that this is an affair which rests entirely between my late aunt and me."

"Ah, well! Come to dinner to-night and meet the boy again. Come and help me to persuade him to get on with his studies."

"No. I believe, myself, in Fate. What is to be, will be. If he wants to go abroad, why

(*Continued on page 8.*)

"THE HOPE OF HIS SIDE."

A coming British Film founded and produced by the well-known artist, E. P. KINSELLA, on his famous coloured picture of the same name. All the parts are played by children.



THE HOPE confides in the REJECTED ONE that SHE has found another sweetheart, and together they plan revenge.



SHE suggests that the rivals should play for her hand. A game of cricket is decided upon, the captain of the winning side to have her hand.



THE HOPE goes in first certain of victory. This is his smile when he gets ready for the first ball.



Bowled out first ball. THE HOPE tells the REJECTED ONE of his great disappointment.



Meanwhile SHE and his rival are married, little caring for the heart they have broken.



Fed up! THE HOPE is left on the Church steps. "Nobody loves me!"

The little stars in this film are as follows:—"The Hope of His Side," GEORGE GRIMWOOD; "She," DOROTHY DERRICK; "The Rival," LEONARD ADLARD; "The Jilted One," NINA SANDS.

"Manacled By Money."

(Continued from page 6.)

stop him? He may do very well out there. As you remarked, the estate will want something spent on it——" Arthur paused significantly.

The clergyman gave him a queer look.

"I have not forgotten that, Mr. Weston," he said.

Arthur watched the clergyman go down the drive a few minutes later, wheeling his bicycle. He was agitated. He showed it in his walk. The man watching him was also excited, for his hands twitched spasmodically as he went over the conversation once more in his mind.

"Did the Rev. Ferguson know about the money that his aunt had given him to restore Greystone Manor, or did he not?" That was the question that kept recurring to his mind. "They all behave just as though they thought I was not honest," he told himself impatiently.

He turned back into the room, and flung himself into a chair.

"Everybody suspects me. It is enough to make a man pay them out in their own coin."

For some minutes he sat thinking deeply, and as he did so the shadow on his face grew darker.

"The place is mine for five years, and I won't give it up, not for anyone," he muttered. "Silly, distrustful old woman! What did she want to leave it to me for if she did not trust me? If she told him that, what else did she tell him? Does he know about the leather bag, I wonder? Did she tell him that, too?"

It did not matter, he told himself repeatedly. He was going to do exactly as his aunt had asked him. He would do the right thing. He was only upset because the dying woman had not trusted him. She had evidently trusted no one. She had even deceived her husband, pretending to have spent money while all the time she was saving secretly.

Harry Rae's Promise.

"PLEASE do not try to dissuade me, sir. I have quite made up my mind. I had a talk to father yesterday, and he agrees with me. It is the best thing I can do. I am simply wasting my time now at college, and the money will be far more useful in starting me in a new country."

"But, my dear boy, think of your future! These next few years will make all the difference. If you continue at a Public School you will be always able to hold your own wherever you go."

"Yes, and find myself without a chance of keeping among the people I have associated with."

"But, dear boy, why not wait and see? Trust in providence. If you were to take my advice, I would call on your cousin and make your peace with him. That little affair of yours was most disagreeable and unfortunate."

"I don't care for the fellow. There must be something wrong with him, or why would all his people have turned against him like they did?"

"One should not judge by appearances. His marriage was not approved of, I believe, but his wife was a most charming little creature, and your mother must have liked your cousin or else she would never have trusted him as she has."

Harry Rae gave a mirthless little laugh.

"I can't understand my mother," he said. "The more I think of it all, the less I understand."

The elder man leaned across the table. They had just finished dinner, and Grace and Mrs. Ferguson had gone into the sitting-room, from which sounded a sweet, girlish voice at the piano.

"Harry," said the clergyman earnestly, "I want to impress upon you that your mother acted as she did from the best of motives. When you are twenty-one, my boy, you will understand. I may not tell you as much as I might wish, but on your twenty-first birthday there will be a wonderful surprise in store for you. This much I feel I am right in telling you. And if you are sensible, you will go back to school as your dear mother wished. She planned out your life for you, boy, and it is for you to obey her wishes."

Over Harry's face came an obstinate expression.

"I am going to Australia, sir. My mind is quite made up," he said calmly.

The clergyman gazed at him helplessly.

"Can I say nothing to dissuade you, my boy?" he asked sadly.

"Nothing at all, sir. I've made up my mind. I want you to help me to get out there, and then I mean to waste no time."

"There is one thing then, that you must promise me, Harry.

"Whatever happens, you must return here for your twenty-first birthday. Whatever your condition of life may be, if trouble and misfortune overtake you, you must give me your word of honour that you will return. If you have not your fare, you must promise to write for it. Do you hear?"

Harry smiled at his old friend's eagerness.

"I sha'n't be hard up. Everyone makes a fortune in Australia," he said, with easy confidence. "But I will come back for my twenty-first birthday. I promise you that."

Two weeks later Harry called at the Rectory to say good-bye.

The Rev. Mr. Ferguson had a friend in Melbourne, to whom he had written, and Harry was also taking letters of introduction with him.

Grace was very quiet when he came to say good-bye to her.

"I shall write and tell you all about everything," she said, smiling up at him; and Harry never guessed how her heart was crying out within her.

He shook her hand, and laughed as he thanked her. In a vague way he knew that she did not want him to go.

"Girls are like that, and Grace is curiously like poor mother used to be," he thought, as he waved to them all as the dogcart started down the drive to take him to the station.

They stood and waved until the cart was out of sight. Mr. Ferguson was the first to turn away towards the house. Grace felt her lip quivering. She had been so brave, but now he was gone she almost broke down.

She made her way into the garden, and then took the footpath through the paddock to Greystone Manor grounds.

The house looked gloomy and completely deserted when she reached it.

The shutters were closed over the windows, and all the doors were locked. Grace sat down on the discoloured stone steps and stared disconsolately in front of her.

She knew there was a secret passage into the house if she really wished to enter. She and Harry had often used it when they were children. They had discovered it quite by accident, but to-day the girl had no heart to explore.

Suddenly the girl raised her head and listened—a startled expression in her eyes. Then slowly she turned her head towards the shuttered room behind her.

There was someone in the darkened room behind her—someone who evidently had no business there, else why did they not open the shutters instead of carrying a light?

For a moment the girl stood hesitating, her eyes fixed on the tell-tale gleam which shone through the cracks of the shutters, and then her thoughts flew instinctively to Harry. There were burglars inside trying to steal from him.

She forgot that the home was no longer his, as swiftly and silently she made her way to the old sundial that stood surrounded by a perfect circle of oak trees at the side of the house.

It was Harry who pointed out the absurdity to the girl years ago.

"What is the good of a sundial if it's hidden by these great trees?" he had said one day, and then they had discovered the secret.

It was quite by accident. Harry was seated on the sundial, treating it as a troublesome horse. Regardless of his suit, he was wriggling over the moss-grown surface, when suddenly the dial moved, revealing to the children a flight of stone steps.

That had been an exciting afternoon. Harry had descended first, and Grace had eagerly followed him.

The steps led into a passage, which was cunningly ventilated from the outside by a greenhouse placed between one of the oaks and the house. The door at the further end of the passage they had found open, and this led into darkness.

Mrs. Rae had told the children that she had played in the secret passage when she was a girl, but there was a legend which warned the owners of the house not to impart the knowledge by word of mouth to strangers. Every one must discover the secret for themselves. This had impressed the children, and when Mrs. Rae had encouraged them to explore further, and when they discovered that the stairs went up between the wall of the staircase and the library, their delight knew no bounds.

A secret panel disclosed an entrance from either spot, and the children had amused themselves by appearing and disappearing at unexpected moments, almost under the nose of bewildered servants.

It did not take Grace long to move the top of the sundial now, for she had done it so many times before. The only danger was that she could not replace it in its right position. But there was no one about, she decided, as she gazed around her. It would be quite safe to leave it open.

A few minutes later she was feeling her way up the dark, narrow stairs. A faint light through the wainscotting showed her that she was on a level with the library.

Very cautiously she felt for the wooden catch, and slid the secret panel. It was very stiff, and made a peculiar little grating noise.

She stopped at once, but the sound had reached the man in the room. He raised his head quickly from the papers he was examining at the desk, and stood listening.

"Who is there?" he cried, in a startled voice.

Grace, cowering behind the oak wainscoting, did not answer.

The man stood for a few seconds, and then went to the door. He waited there, listening intently, and then suddenly threw it open.

But there was no one in the gloomy hall, and, after satisfying himself, he closed the door again and went back to the desk.

Grace, gaining courage, peeped through the aperture she had made, and recognised him. It was Arthur Weston!

How foolish she had been! Of course the place belonged to him now. He was the master of Greystone Manor, and she was a trespasser.

She should never have entered. Her father would be vexed if he knew.

Very cautiously she slipped the panel back into its place, and began to descend. She had reached the passage when her heart suddenly gave a frightened jerk, and she stood still.

Someone was moving about the stairs which led to the sundial, cutting off her retreat.

Slowly she became aware that the person was descending. Now thoroughly scared, she began to climb the stairs once more, and sped upward. She knew she must gain the staircase if she did not want to be seen. It was rather exciting.

She reached the panel on the staircase, and glided through. She had just time to reach the upper hall, and slip behind the big plush curtain which covered a door, when she heard by the sounds behind her that the newcomer was also coming through the secret panel.

Twilight was already settling in dark shadows in the corners of the place, but the girl recognised the newcomer with a little gasp of bewilderment. It was Cecil Rae, Harry's father.

The gentleman was chuckling to himself as he closed up his entrance, and then proceeded to descend the stairs.

He had proceeded half way when once more the library door was thrown open, and Arthur Weston appeared.

"Who the deuce——" he began; and then an ugly expression passed over his face.

Mr. Rae stood hesitating for a moment, and then he walked down the rest of the stairs.

"I was wondering who could be here," he said. "I might have known, though, if I had given it a thought. What are you doing, I should like to know?"

The door closed upon the two men, and Grace heard no more.

Her one idea was to get away before she was discovered.

She glided to the secret panel, and shut it carefully behind her. Then, as she came on a level with the library, she heard voices raised in anger.

The two men were quarrelling.

The girl hastened her movements. It was getting late—her parents would be anxious.

She reached the garden, and was hesitating whether or not to replace the sundial to its normal position when a shot rang out. It came from the library.

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, the girl swung the stone back into its proper place and then started to run.

(Another instalment in next Monday's "Picture Show.")

THE EXPRESSIONS OF JACK MULHALL. *(Special to the "Picture Show.")*

JACK MULHALL.

The Popular Star With the :: Wonderful Wavy Hair ::

I'VE always heard that a mole on the left eyebrow is lucky, and now I'm convinced of the truth of it. Here is a case in point. The subject of this, Jack Mulhall, possesses a large one just in the above position, and hasn't Fortune smiled upon him?

Young, good-looking, a successful actor with a long contract at Lasky's, a big following of admiring "fans," a pretty wife and a lovely baby! What more could a mortal desire? And yet he's so refreshingly modest! It's hard to get him to talk about himself, because he won't admit that anybody can be interested in him, and I have to literally drag bits of information out of him. When he hears that the interview is for the British public, he begins to unbend.

His Reminiscences of England.

"GEE! I love England!" he starts reminiscently. "I spent six months over there in 1910, and I had a dandy time."

"How did you happen to visit us?" I asked.

"Well, just then I had some money that burned a hole in my pocket, and I thought a trip across would be the very thing. I went first to France, saw Paris, Dijon, Belfort, and many other places that have since been nearly wiped off the map. Then I got over to Southampton, where, with a party, I spent a week exploring the beauties of the New Forest, after which we made tracks for London. I happened to reach there at rather a sad time; the whole country was in mourning for King Edward, who had just passed away. I witnessed the lying-in-state in the Abbey, and afterwards saw the Royal funeral. What a wonderful procession it was, too! What a collection of kings for a democratic American to gloat over! I can well remember seeing the trouble-maker of the world, Wilhelm, all dolled up in a white uniform!"

His Favourite Authors.

"I SUPPOSE, like most of your countrymen and countrywomen, you did *some* sight-seeing, Mr. Mulhall?"

"I guess I did! I've always been fond of reading, and among my favourite authors were Dickens, Carlyle, and Thackeray. I made a special visit to Gad's Hill, to see where the great novelist had lived, and poked about all sorts of queer places in London that are associated with his books and characters. I went over Carlyle's house in Chelsea, and revelled in the Wallace Collection, because of Becky Sharp.

A Sore Point.

MR. MULHALL appears to have a sweet disposition, but one of the few things that "get his goat" is asking him if he Marcels his hair! It's a shame, really, to tease him; but it's rather unfair that a man's hair should grow in great big natural waves that a woman would give her soul for! Added to which attraction, he has the bluest of eyes, with long, curling eyelashes. As a matter of fact, he is rather an Adonis; and, doubtless for that reason, was chosen as a model for a very popular style of collar. Therefore, not alone, then, is he familiar to the public through the medium of the screen, but his face greets you on all the railways and trams. His teeth, which are perfect, are also used to set forth the virtues of a well-known tooth-paste. I was just about to ask him if Messrs. Blank, of the Permanent Hair-Wave Company, had approached him, but, on second thoughts, decided I wouldn't.



JACK MULHALL

If you wish to write to him, address your letter—

c/o Famous-Lasky Studios,
Hollywood,
California, U.S.A.

Adores Children.

HE looks ridiculously young, although why shouldn't he? He's only in the early twenties. I can't imagine him as a fond parent, but he is, owning a bouncing boy three years old. He says that he adores children, clean or grubby, and he would like dozens and dozens!

His favourite pastime is tinkering with his car, a handsome Hudson super-six. He also confesses to some skill in handling a rod.

A Nasty Experience.

OF course, he does all sorts of stunts on horseback and in the swimming line. Talking about the latter, he relates how he nearly lost his life in a picture that was being taken in San Francisco. The scene was in Golden Gate Harbour, and called for him to receive a blow on the head which was to knock him unconscious into the water.

This all happened as per directions, but the engine of the motor-boat that was within call for the purpose of picking him up when the camera had finished "shooting" went wrong suddenly and calmly stayed where it was; and there was Master Jack, fully dressed, with the collar of his silk shirt shrinking through the action of the water and slowly throttling him! A preserver was thrown to him, however, and he wasn't too far gone to have the presence of mind to cling on to it, and in a few moments he was being plied with nips of brandy from a friendly flask.

His Wife's Adventurous Life.

AS is required of most heroes in the movies, he is a graceful dancer, and, in company with his pretty wife, is often seen at the cabarets and places where dancing is popular. She, by the way, has crammed a good deal of incident into her short life. She lived for ten years in Mexico, and while there saw many a revolution. Trifles such as raids, burning up villages, looting towns meant nothing to her!

British.

THAT the British public may know he has a bit of Britain in his veins, Mr. Mulhall points out that, although he was born in New York, his mother was Scotch and his father Irish. I might add, in passing, that he is 5 ft. 11 in. in height, weighs 11 stone, and has light-brown hair.

The post-bag of a movie favourite is no small matter, as Jack Mulhall knows well.

While I talked to him a large packet was brought in, and I noticed they were from all parts of the world. One which caused much amusement was from India, and said:

"The humble writer awaited the weekly showing of 'The Brass Bullet'"—a serial in which he appeared—"with trepidation and delight not to be spoken of, and he trusted the honoured recipient of this unworthy letter would live very long to please many peoples."

And so say all of us!



Summing you up.



Absolutely determined.



Laden with thought.



His pleased smile.



His clear cut profile.

THIS PAGE IS ALL A

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS, STORIES FROM T

Hissed for the First Time.

WHEN I saw the famous actor—Mr. Holman Clark—in his dressing-room the other afternoon, he had just faced the novel ordeal of being hissed—when playing in the "Right to Strike."

His dark eyes and mobile features were alight with enthusiasm. He was tremendously elated at the demonstration.



HOLMAN CLARK.

"There's a certain element of excitement in playing in 'The Right to Strike,'" he declared smiling. "Up to this afternoon the house had always been divided into two sections—for and against!

"Directly I went on the stage to-day I felt a certain tense magnetism in the air. Every word of the play was followed with breathless interest—and when I, as the broken man of the play, who had lost everything that made life bearable, suddenly declared my determination to strike also—there was a sudden spontaneous hiss, that showed for the first time the house was not divided."

Many Emotions—One Expression.

FROM the theatre our conversation drifted into the ever-absorbing one of filmland.

"Acting on the screen is very different to legitimate stage work," Mr. Holman Clark observed. "For the screen, the less you do the more effective is your work, providing the situation in which you are in is interesting to yourself. Of course, this can be overdone. Not long ago I saw the caricature of a film actor, first as himself; secondly, depicting pleasure; thirdly, anger, and so on—the point of the story was the expression, which was exactly the same for every emotion. In fact, he was himself, as shown in picture one!"

The Cold-Blooded Bogey.

THEN Mr. Clark went on to tell his experience of screen work.

"Playing in 'Once Aboard the Lugger,' a Hepworth film, gave me much pleasure," he confessed. "Mr. Hepworth is one of the mainstays of the cinema, very artistic, anxious to do the best work, and to treat his people with great consideration."

When I asked Mr. Clark which he preferred, film work or the stage, he was a wee bit evasive.

"I don't dislike screen work," he smiled; "the legitimate stage demands the same thing—very often artistes who are excellent at rehearsals, are not a success at a performance. But they would possibly make very good screen artistes. On the other hand, there are those who are bad at rehearsal, and require an audience before they can bring out their best work. They suffer from the cold-blooded way one has to play out scenes at rehearsals, but they are magnificent at a performance."

Books Better Than Plays.

AND then our conversation drifted on to plots.

"I think scenarios taken from books are more successful than when taken from plays," he declared, "and scenarios written for the screen are better than either. When we have really learnt the possibilities of the art, we shall make a very rapid advance.



PAULINE PETERS.

The Pleasure-Seeking Habit.

"ALL the same, I don't think films will ever injure the theatre," he assured me. "Nobody will ever be quite satisfied with the screen, unless he, or she, happens to be deaf. The human voice is missing! But the Cinema is attracting a new public. It entertains them in their spare time, in the afternoon and evening, and then in due course, this new public filters into the theatre, so the theatre will never be ousted by the films."

Golf as a Rest Cure.

THEN, whilst talking of the pleasure seeking habit, we went on to games.

"After a hard week's work I prefer golf to anything," Mr. Holman Clark told me. "But I don't get much time now I'm a producer."

Mr. Clark has played in the screen version of "Red Pottage," and amongst other films in "Her Heritage," "A Message from Mars," My first film, "The Brass Bottle," went all over the world," he told me.

Her First Picture Within a Fortnight.

MISS PAULINE PETERS, a Broadwest star, thrilled me another evening with her experiences of how she commenced film work.

"My first picture with the Broadwest," she told me, "was in 'Trent's Last Case,' and now I'm playing the lead in 'Her Penalty.' I started in pictures five and a half years ago," and she laughingly added, "I left my home in Cardiff against the wishes of my parents. I came to London, not knowing a soul in the trade. In spite of this, I was in my first picture within a fortnight, playing a French maid, in 'From Shopgirl to Duchess,' after this I appeared in about a dozen pictures in various parts for the B. and C."

Dark Days and Sunshine.

AND then we drifted on to more serious subjects.

"Yes, of course the war was a set-back," she confessed. "It interfered with business and my finances, so I just packed up and went home again! But after a time I was discontented, being in Wales. I wanted to get back to work. I had an offer to play in Grossmith's and Laurillard's production, 'To-night's the Night.' I accepted. Then followed various engagements, playing various types from principal boy to girl ingenue—and heavy parts."



GREGORY SCOTT.

Friday, and a Broken Mirror.

I DON'T quite know why we started the topic of superstition, but we did.

"Don't be superstitious about breaking a mirror," she said seriously. "I had the oddest experience. In May of last year, I came back to London. Things were getting rather more settled. I had an appointment with Mr. Wilfred Noy, of the British Actors'. Before leaving home I smashed a hand-mirror, and it was on a Friday morning. I felt so disheartened, and being rather superstitious, nearly made up my mind not to keep my appointment. However I went.

"Arriving at my destination, I met Mr. Duncan McRae, who was then producing W. J. Locke's 'Usurper.' The artiste who was playing Vittoria was taken ill, and I being the type, was engaged on the spot. On my way home from the studio in the train I met Kenelm Foss. He had heard of my playing Vittoria, and offered me a lead in his production—that is why," Miss Peters declares, "broken mirrors and Fridays, will never trouble me any more."

Once a Villain, Always a Villain.

"IN other words," sighed Gregory Scott, "give a dog a bad name and you know what happens."

In real life Gregory Scott certainly does not look the part he so often plays on the screen. He has real Celtic blue-grey eyes, that look straight at one, and dimples! Whoever heard of a villain with such an asset?

But he confessed to two failings, love for his pipe—and, I must whisper it—gambling!



CLIVE BROOK as Marlowe in "Trent's Last Case," the new Broadwest mystery film.

An unconventional snap of PAULINE PETERS, taken on the cliffs at Torquay.



GREGORY SCOTT has a charming model. In the aside the role of villain and been allotted the h has wanted to portray for some consid



(Claude Harris.)





"THE VILLAGE WEDDING." VICTOR MacLAGLEN and PHYLLIS SHANNAW in "The Call of the Road" (Daily Mail photo.)

TEACHING HIM TO DANCE

SOME men like dancing, others have the accomplishment thrust upon them. Here you see some cinema favourites in the awkward first moments when learning how to put their feet.



CHARLES KAY is an earnest, if a shy, pupil



DOROTHY DALTON finds enthusiasm is not confined to youth



Don't believe this BRYANT WASHBURN is a delightful dancer, but he likes being taught, hence the picture



BILL HART is more used to a gun than a polished floor

(Photos: Paramount Artcraft.)

...OUT BRITISH PLAYERS.

...STUDIOS. AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.



A dramatic incident in "Trent's Last Case," showing PAULINE PETERS and GEO. FOLEY.



...e has cast ...t, which be ...e.

GREGORY SCOTT as the journalist - detective in "Trent's Last Case."

"The whole of the trouble is this," he declared. "I wasn't born under a lucky star"—I couldn't resist a smile, for many would consider themselves tremendously favoured by the gods, to have such thousands of admirers as this famous Broadwest player. His writing-table was piled up with letters from worshippers at his shrine, from all over the world.

"They all ask me the same question," he declared gloomily. "Why do I always play the part of villain?"

"Then why do it?" I asked.

"To be candid," he answered, "I'm entirely in the hands of the producer. I long to try some other role."

He has his chance in the "Trent Case," and no doubt others will follow.

Hearts Not Always Trumps.

I KEPT to my point that I wouldn't believe in the unlucky star business.

"But my bad luck is proverbial!" Gregory Scott persisted; "all sorts of people know it. When I was in the Garrison Artillery I used to play 'Crown and Anchor.' The other day I received a missive from a certain bombardier in my old battery.

"He had cut an illustration out of a newspaper. It was just my head, depicting an expression of horror. Below he had drawn a sketch of the 'Crown and Anchor' game, and there was I, looking down upon a pile of notes on the Crown, and I, as the banker, had thrown a double Crown."

The photograph on this page of Mr. Gregory Scott is his favourite, and is an hitherto unpublished one. He gave it to me specially for PICTURE SHOW readers.

Sunburn and Fog.

I FOUND Miss Faith Celli looking very sunburnt, when I went to see her in her dressing-room the other day. There was a fog without, but within, crowds of flowers, rose-tinted lights, and Miss Celli's shapely brown limbs created a wonderful impression of summer time.



FAITH CELLI.

"I love playing in the 'Blue Lagoon,'" she told me; "but I do wish they'd film it—it is such a glorious play; one wants to let one's self go all the time."

Miss Celli's a fresh-air girl. Everything about her denotes this. Do you remember her in Barrie's play, "Dear Brutus"? She fitted into her part so completely, that it wasn't like acting at all. She has also played one of the lost boys in "Peter Pan," and later, the immortal boy who wouldn't grow up himself!

Character and the Screen.

WE were discussing the intimacy of the screen with regard to the audience.

"I've a rather weird sort of feeling," she said, "about playing for films, whatever one's character is, it seems to show. If you're charming and sweet so you appear. You can do nothing to give this illusion. It's some hidden consciousness within. If you're selfish, and otherwise unpleasant, you can't disguise it by a smile—before the tell-tale camera!"

A Little Quaker.

MISS CELLI then went on to say that she came of Quaker ancestry—all the same she adores acting.

"On the films, one discovers quicker than any other way just what not to do," she declared.

Miss Faith Celli made a hit in the Minerva comedy, "The Bump."

When she isn't playing for the screen, or acting, she slips away to the country.

"I love milking the cows and feeding the chickens," she laughed joyously—it is this air of feminine light-heartedness that makes her so delightful!

Mr. Cameron Carr.

THIS famous Broadwest star is usually cast for the heavy lead. I had only a few minutes' chat with him the other morning.

"I've played in sixteen pictures for the Broadwest Company," he told me. "British films have improved tremendously during the last three years."

He will have more to tell me when next we meet. He plays the part of a detective inspector in "Trent's Last Case."



CAMERON CARR.

"Trent's Last Case"

WAS written by E. C. Bentley, and dedicated to his friend, G. K. Chesterton. The Broadwest film version preserves the brisk action of the book.

The scheming millionaire, Sigsbee Manderson (George Foley), is murdered near his English country house. But in spite of his vast wealth he is more hated than loved, and few mourn him. Manderson's financial enemies are numerous. He had married an English girl, but there were rumours that it was far from being an ideal union.

"The Evening Sun" was the first paper to publish the exclusive news that Manderson had been shot. Philip Trent (Gregory Scott), something of an artist, also a free lance journalist, was persuaded by the editor to investigate the case immediately.

Trent is well received on the scene of the tragedy by his old friend, Mr. Cupples (P. E. Hubbard), the latter is Mrs. Manderson's uncle. Detective Inspector Murch (Cameron Carr), is greatly puzzled by the case, and he is only too delighted to get any helpful suggestions that Trent might offer.

Manderson was discovered a long way from his house early in the morning. No revolver was found by the body, and all ideas of suicide were swept aside. Moreover, there was no apparent motive for murder.

Martin (Richard Norton), the butler, was the last man to see the millionaire alive. John Marlowe (Clive Brook), a young Oxford man, was Manderson's secretary. Any suspicion that might have rested on him was dispelled because it was proved that he had motored to Southampton the night of the murder.

The Inspector could not make up his mind as to the guilt of any one. But Trent, who followed clues unobtrusively, comes at length to a logical conclusion. From that moment he vowed he would never again undertake such a case!

The Real Criminal.

THE reason being that he fell in love with Mrs. Manderson (Miss Pauline Peters) at first sight. He firmly believes that, actuated by feelings of jealousy, John Marlowe murdered the millionaire. He questions Mrs. Manderson; she becomes terribly distressed. Then Trent discovers footprints—he finds they were Manderson's, and that someone else wore his boots—and that the man was Marlowe! Also that Manderson never took more than one glass of whisky. On the night of the murder several glasses were taken by someone. By a ruse he finds that the finger-marks on the glass used for whisky are Marlowe's, but for Mrs. Manderson's sake he hesitates to give Marlowe away. At last he says the ends of justice must be served. Marlowe is accused. Trent sends his decision to the "Evening Star." At last, driven to despair, Marlowe declares that Manderson plotted against him, tried to ruin him, and then committed suicide. Fortunately for Marlowe Mr. Cupple is able to prove that this is the case.

Trent is only just in time to prevent his sensational report being published.

Time elapses, and every indication is given that his love for Mrs. Manderson is not in vain.

The emotional acting of Miss Pauline Peters is of a very high order. Gregory Scott played with buoyancy and distinction, and Cameron Carr, this time cast for a less important part than usual, made it a telling and interesting study of a not too intelligent inspector; Clive Brook was an ideal Marlowe.

EDITH NEPEAN.

SPLENDID SHORT STORY TELLING OF A BROTHER'S LOVE. *(Special to the "Picture Show.")*

"Heart Strings."



WILLIAM FARNUM as Pierre Fournel.

IN the little village of Verlaine, outside Quebec, Pierre Fournel lived with his sister Gabrielle. They were very poor and occupied very modest apartments over the confectionery shop kept by Paul La Touche. Pierre was a musician who earned his living, playing the violin and giving lessons. He was saving every penny he could scrape in order to get to New York, where he hoped to get some publisher to buy his symphony which represented the great ambition of his life.

But the payment for lessons was very small and engagements very scarce. Often Pierre despaired that he would ever save the money which he regarded as the minimum amount which would enable him to live in New York till he could get somebody to publish the symphony. It was when Pierre was almost inclined to give up the struggle, that the friendship of La Touche proved so valuable

The confectioner believed in the genius of Pierre, and was always at his side in these dark hours with friendly counsel and monetary help. He would hurry up the stairs from his shop with some daintily cooked meal and a bottle of wine, and his cheerful spirits would soon drive away Pierre's despair.

One summer afternoon Pierre was playing his symphony with Gabrielle sitting at his feet when a beautifully dressed girl entered the shop of La Touche. The confectioner recognised her as Miss Kathleen Noyes, a rich New Yorker, who came every summer to Verlaine, where she entertained on a lavish scale.

Kathleen Noyes was very beautiful, and, to use the homely phrase, as good as she was beautiful.

As she heard the wonderful melody, she paused and listened with head bent forward and appreciation showing in her eyes. Herself no mean musician, she realised she was listening to a masterpiece being played by a genius.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" she said softly. Then, turning to La Touche, she asked the name of the player.

"It is Pierre Fournel," said La Touche. "One day he will be famous. That which you hear him play is his own composition; a masterpiece which one day will move the heart of the world."

"I wonder if he would play at a concert I am giving?" asked Kathleen.

"I am certain Pierre would be delighted," replied La Touche, "but will not madame step upstairs and I will introduce her to the great genius who is my friend?"

Paul La Touche had long since appointed himself publicity agent to Pierre, and he never lost an opportunity to boost his friend, for Pierre himself could never have been persuaded to say a word in his own favour. When Kathleen entered the little sitting-room she saw a tall, powerfully made man with a handsome face and the eyes of an artiste, and a girl with long black hair and deep slumbering eyes which glowed with a wistful, brooding light, who bore a striking resemblance to her brother.

"I came to ask you if you would play at my concert, M. Fournel," said Kathleen, after La Touche had introduced her. "But first allow me to congratulate you on your marvellous playing and on the beauty of the symphony, which Mr. La Touche tells me is your own composition."

"You are very kind," replied the musician. "I shall be very pleased to play for you. Engagements are not too plentiful just now."

Kathleen chatted for a little time and then went down to the shop, where she was joined by a stylishly dressed young man, who would have been good looking but for a shifty expression in his eyes.

"Another discovery, Kathleen?" he said with a scarcely veiled sneer. "How these Bohemian mountebanks impose on your good nature."

"I thought we had agreed not to discuss music, Robert," said the girl coldly.

"The only music that appeals to you is of the cheap, musical comedy brand, and I sometimes think that your outlook on life is fixed at the same level."

Robert Blake scowled as he followed Kathleen to the door. They had been engaged for a considerable time, but there was scarcely a day on which they did not come into conflict, so dissimilar were their ideas.

Kathleen put an end to any further discussion by saying she had some further shopping to do, and that Blake need not accompany her.

Left to himself Blake turned into a saloon and joined a man who had been watching him through the window of the bar. Raul Rouget was a man about whom few people had a good word. He lived by his wits and he was not too particular how he employed his cunning talents.

"If you take my tip, you'll so arrange it that your fiancée does not see too much of that handsome fiddler," he said "She seemed very much interested in him."

"You saw her, then?" queried Blake.

"Yes. I was watching from an upstairs window. As a matter of fact I was waiting for him to go out so that I could have a few words with his sister Gabrielle."

Blake raised his eyes expressively

"Oh, I didn't know you were interested in that quarter. I should have thought you would have tried for somebody with money."

"It's an old story, now," said the other evasively. "But never mind Gabrielle. What I wanted to see you about was that hundred dollars I owe you. I can't pay you till I can force something from that skinflint uncle of mine."

"Don't worry," said Blake. "It may come in useful to me this friendship of yours for Fournel's sister."

"Friendship?" sneered Rouget. "The little fool thinks she is married to me. I got a pal to dress up as a priest when I met her in Montreal, and we went through a bogus marriage ceremony. And now she is always asking me to tell her brother and my uncle. If my uncle found out anything about the affair he would wash his hands of me. You help me, Blake, and I will see what I can do to keep Pierre Fournel away from your girl."

With this understanding the two men parted.

The Confession.

THE handsome cheque Kathleen Noyes gave to Pierre for his services at the concert enabled the musician to arrange for his long-contemplated visit to New York. La Touche was delighted, and arranged a surprise party to celebrate the event. In the midst of the festivities, at which Blake (who had accompanied Kathleen) and Rouget were present, the police arrived with Rouget's uncle. Rouget had been robbing the old man, and he had got out a warrant for the arrest of his nephew.

As the police went to take hold of Rouget Gabrielle screamed and threw herself on her knees before the uncle.

"Do not take him away from me," she pleaded.

"From you!" cried the old man in amazement. Then, turning to his nephew he asked: "What does this mean, Raul?"

"It means that it is through this little idiot that I have got into all my trouble," said Rouget. "I have tried all I could to get rid of her."

At this Pierre, who had been listening horror struck, flung himself on Rouget and gripped him by the throat.

"What is between you and my sister?" he shouted. "Speak, or I will strangle you."

"Take your hands away," gasped Rouget. "We were married secretly in Montreal. The only harm I have done is to myself. I got into debt for her and stole from my uncle."

Pierre's hands dropped from Rouget and he turned to his sister.

"Is this true, Gabrielle? Are you married to this man?" he said.

"Yes. It is as he says We were married in Montreal We kept it a secret because Raul knew his uncle would disinherit him if he married a poor girl," she cried.

Pierre looked from his sister to the man she claimed as husband:

Gabrielle was the only relative he had in the world, and much as he disliked Rouget he could not bear the thought that his sister's husband should go to prison Very slowly he pulled out the money that was to take him to New York. The amount more than covered the sum stolen by Rouget, and Pierre offered it to old Rouget on condition that he would not prosecute. Rouget's uncle had determined that his nephew should suffer, but though he wished for revenge he liked money still more. He accepted the offer.

"But this is madness!" cried La Touche. "It will be years before you can save up enough to get to New York, Pierre. You are throwing away fame and fortune to save a scoundrel who has no claim on you."

"It is for Gabrielle, old friend," said Pierre. "Do not say any more. My mind is thoroughly made up."

A Year Later.

A YEAR later found Pierre and his sister in New York. A baby was born to Gabrielle which she called Pierre, and she would have been happy but for one thing. She had discovered that Rouget had never loved her, and she carried a mark of his brutality in the shape of a lame leg. She had sustained the injury in stopping Rouget from stealing Pierre's violin to pawn for money, and in his rage at being thwarted, Rouget had thrown her from a balcony.

Only the pleadings of Gabrielle had prevented Pierre from killing Rouget, and when he left Verlaine for New York he warned Rouget that if he ever attempted to see Gabrielle again he would not hold himself responsible for what might happen.

Months passed, and Pierre was no nearer selling his symphony than he had been at Verlaine.

He managed to get an engagement playing his violin at a fashionable restaurant, which enabled him to keep Gabrielle and himself in comfort, but the great ambition of his life remained unachieved.

It was while playing in the restaurant that Paul La Touche found his old friend, and the confectioner determined that the symphony should be published. He got in touch with Kathleen Noyes, and through her influence he prevailed upon the biggest publisher in New York to attend a musical reception at Miss Noyes's house to which Pierre was to be invited to play the masterpiece.

As soon as Robert Blake got to hear of the reception he sought out Rouget, and the two began to plot how they could ruin Pierre in the eyes of Kathleen. For Blake feared to lose Kathleen and Rouget would stop at nothing to get money.

"We must make a clean job of it this time," said Blake. "Kathleen keeps postponing the date of our marriage, and I am certain it is because she is in love with this fiddler. I've got a plan which can't fail, and I want your assistance to carry it out. Then, when I have disgraced Fournel and married Kathleen, you will find I shall not forget you. I have pretended to be very much interested in this reception she is giving, and expressed the hope that Fournel will meet with the success he deserves. In this way she has no suspicion. Fournel's sister is being invited, and Kathleen is lending her a dress and some of her jewellery. She will dress in Kathleen's room, and when they have all gone into the drawing-room for the recital, I will let you in the house and you can steal some of Kathleen's jewellery. When the loss is discovered suspicion must fall on Fournel and his sister, for I will arrange that he shall also be in the dressing-room."

"That should fix Fournel," said Rouget. "I owe him more than one grudge and you can depend on me to carry this thing out."

The Night of the Party.

THE night of the recital arrived. Kathleen Noyes had invited all her society friends and the great publisher.

It was with a feeling of suppressed excitement that she sat in her dressing-room waiting the arrival of Gabrielle.

She found herself asking why she was so anxious that Pierre's genius should be recognised, and though she tried to persuade herself that she had done what she had done in the cause of art, deep in her mind she realised that there was something in Pierre beside his musical genius that appealed to her.

She strove to dismiss the thought from her mind.

"I am engaged to Robert Blake," she told herself, "and he it is I must marry. If only the recital is a success and Pierre's genius is recognised, I must put him out of my mind for ever, and the sooner I marry Robert the sooner I shall forget this dream romance."

Her meditations were interrupted by the arrival of Gabriel and Pierre. Kathleen went down to welcome them, and then she took the girl to her room.

"You must come and see your sister when she is dressed," she called out to Pierre as she went up the stairs.

Kathleen had chosen one of her best dresses for

Gabrielle, and when she was attired Kathleen looked at her guest with unfeigned admiration.

"You look perfectly beautiful, dear," she said. "No wonder your brother is proud of you."

Her maid now began to dress Kathleen and suggested that she should wear a string of pearls.

Kathleen took the pearls in her hand and then put them down.

"No, I will not wear the pearls to-night," she said. "Pearls mean tears, and I wish everybody to be as happy as I feel."

No sooner had the two girls gone downstairs than Rouget came in from an inner room in which he had been hiding, and seizing the pearl necklace he made his way from the house unseen by anybody except Blake.

The recital was a great success and the famous publisher enthusiastically congratulated Pierre.

"There is no question that your genius will bring you world-wide fame," he said. "I shall esteem it a great honour to publish your symphony."

Pierre was naturally delighted, and he sought out Kathleen to thank her for what she had done for him.

But there was more than thankfulness in Pierre's heart as he went forward to his beautiful hostess, whom he found alone in the conservatory.

"You have made me famous," he said. "How can I ever thank you?"

"No, it is your own genius that has convinced everybody," said Kathleen. "It was only necessary that somebody with power to publish your music should hear you play, and there was never any doubt in my mind what the verdict would be. I am only too happy to think that I have been the means of getting your talents recognised."

"There is something more you could do for me," said Pierre softly. "I wonder if I dare speak of that which has been in my heart ever since I met you?"

A soft flush spread over Kathleen's face and a bright light came into her eyes. She knew that if she could only have said "yes" to the question that was on Pierre's lips, she would have been the happiest woman in the world, but it could not be. At all cost she must keep her word to Robert Blake.

Before Pierre could say anything further she put her hand on his arm.

"I have no right to listen to you," she said. "I am engaged to another."

She held out her hand as she spoke and pointed to her engagement ring.

"But," she added, "I am deeply sensible of the honour you would have offered me, and I hope we shall always be friends."

Pierre bowed as he kissed her hand.

"I forgot," he said. "I ought to have remembered Mr. Blake. I hope you will be very happy."

The next moment he had gone.

The Thief.

JUST as the guests were departing, Kathleen's maid came running into the drawing-room.

"Your jewels—your pearls, miss! They have gone!"

In an instant all was excitement. Blake rang for the police while he pretended to search for the pearls, which he knew had been taken by Rouget.

Presently he came back with a handkerchief which he showed to Kathleen. It had on it the initial "G."

"The police found this outside the window of your dressing-room," he said. "It belongs to Fournel's sister, and the police think it was used by the girl to signal to her accomplice. There is no doubt that she and her brother are responsible for the robbery. I always warned you against trusting people of their class."

"You have no right to say that!" exclaimed Kathleen indignantly.

"I am only saying what the police say, and I suppose they know their business," replied Blake. "I'm going with them now."

He hurried away to join the police who were on their way to Pierre's lodgings.

When they arrived they found the musician and La Touche were the only ones in the room. Gabrielle was asleep in the adjoining apartment. Pierre looked up in astonishment as Blake followed by the police entered. Blake came straight to the point of his visit.

"Miss Noyes's pearl necklace is missing, and we have proof that either you or your sister stole it," he said.

Pierre clenched his fist and strode forward

"It's a lie!" he hissed. "How dare you suggest it?"

"Perhaps you recognise this?" sneered Blake showing him Gabrielle's handkerchief.

Pierre started back. He recollected that he had seen Rouget hanging about, and he felt that the scoundrel had forced Gabrielle to steal the jewels. At all costs, he must save his little sister.

"You are right, it was I who took the necklace," he said quietly.

Blake could scarcely repress an exclamation of triumph. He had not expected this stroke of luck.

Before the detectives led Pierre away he asked to be allowed to speak to La Touche.

"It is that villain Rouget who made her do it," he whispered. "But I must take the blame. Look after Gabrielle, my old friend. The fates are against me."

Pierre was brought up at the police-court the next morning, but he did not go to prison.

Kathleen refused to prosecute, though she was com-

(Continued on page 18.)

"Once Aboard the Lugger"

A New Hepworth Film.

ONE can always be sure of a Hepworth film being good, and "Once Aboard The Lugger"—their latest film—is no exception to the rule.

The cast of this photo-play is a distinctly clever one, and includes Eileen Dennes, Gwynne Herbert, Evan Thomas, E. Holman Clark, and John MacAndrews.

A Word About the Story.

E. HOLMAN CLARK takes the part of Mr. Marrapit, and the most important thing in his life is his love for his cat, "The Rose of Sharon."

This wonderful cat plays a big part in the plot of the story, being the means of bringing five hundred pounds to George (Evan Thomas), who requires the money to buy a medical practice. So all ends happily for George and the girl he loves, Mary Humfray (Eileen Dennes).





An amusing incident in "Once Aboard the Lugger." This film is produced by Gerald Ames and Gaston Quiribet, under the personal supervision of Cecil M. Hepworth.





Who could resist her? EILEEN DENNES as Mary Humfray in this new Hepworth film.

"HEART STRINGS." (Continued from page 17.)

pelled to believe him guilty in face of his own confession.

But a greater blow was to fall on him.

When he returned to his lodgings and told Gabrielle what had happened, she denied having touched the necklace.

"But," she added, "it is Rouget who has done this. I saw him on the balcony outside Miss Noyes's dressing-room."

"Rouget! Your husband?" exclaimed Pierre.

"Alas! I cannot call him husband," replied Gabrielle. "Since we have been living in New York he has called on me while you were out, and he told me that the ceremony in Montreal was a bogus one."

Pierre's face went dark with fury.

Leading his sister to a chair he raised his hand in a vow, as he swore he would never rest till he found Rouget and made him stand at the altar by his sister's side or else he would kill him.

After many weeks of weary search in New York without finding any trace of Rouget, Pierre decided he would go back to Verlaine.

He lived only for one thing—to find Rouget and make him right the wrong he had done.

One day when he was in his old rooms La Touche came rushing in with the news that Rouget was in the blacksmith's shop.

Pierre ran out like a man demented.

At last the hour of his revenge had arrived.

As Rouget saw Pierre rushing into the smithy, his face went deadly white.

He picked up a heavy hammer and struck at Pierre, but the latter dodged the blow and tore the weapon from his grasp.

Then he seized the villain by the throat, and banged him on the ground.

He would certainly have killed him, but the thought came to his brain that if he did the wrong done to Gabrielle would never be righted.

Seizing the thoroughly cowed Rouget by the arm, he dragged him to the church and sent La Touche for his sister and a priest.

Then followed one of the strangest weddings ever seen. Rouget, trembling like the coward he was, replied to the responses with faltering lips.

Scarcely had the ceremony been completed when a carriage drove up and Robert Blake and Kathleen, in bridal attire, stepped out.

As they entered the church Rouget pointed to Blake.

"You sha'n't get away without any punishment," he said. "I have had to pay, and so shall you."

Turning to the bewildered Kathleen, he said:

"It was I who took the pearls. Blake paid me to do it to be revenged on Pierre, and make him disgraced in your eyes."

Kathleen turned to look at Blake and read the truth in his face.

"Take me home," she said quietly to one of her bridesmaids.

A little while later there was another ceremony at the church. Little Pierre was christened and Kathleen was a godmother.

On this occasion she left the church on the arm of Pierre and before the festivities of the day were over she had promised to be his wife.

(Adapted, by permission, from the Fox film

FILMS OF THE WEEK.

The PICTURE SHOW'S Guide to Picturegoers.

"John Petticoats." WILLIAM S. HART. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

"BILL" HART, fresh from a lumber-camp, finds himself the owner of a ladies' lingerie shop, and to hide his identity poses as a detective. He finds plenty of adventure and to spare, and becomes enchained in a tempestuous love affair, which brings everything to a happy ending. Hart in an unusual role, in which he gives us full measure of good acting.

"Heartsease." TOM MOORE. (*Stoll.*)

VERSATILE Tom Moore in another new role, that of a young composer whose opera is stolen. A charming story of wild hopes and empty pockets, with the star at his best. Dainty Helene Chadwick supports him. A film that will please everybody.

"The Idol Dancer." RICHARD BARTHELMESS AND CLARICE SEYMOUR. (*Walturdaw.*)

D. W. GRIFFITH'S latest production. A stirring tale of love and adventure in the South Sea Islands which shows the regeneration of a beachcomber, ably played by Richard Barthelmess. Clarice Seymour is radaint as the idol dancer. Very good, but not quite up to the Griffith mark.

"A Soul in Trust." BELLE BENNETT. (*Western Import.*)

AN appealing story of the power of mother-love and a sacred trust. Dealing with two widely different women, it tells of a man who met his mother after long years of separation, but neither knew the other. Good acting by the whole cast.

"His Temporary Wife." RUBIE DE REMER. (*Gaumont.*)

A TALE of a nurse, a charming victim of circumstance, who found herself forced by hunger to act as temporary wife. However, all things come right in the end, and love seals the marriage as permanent. Very good acting and production.

"Brass Buttons." WILLIAM RUSSELL. (*Astra.*)

WILLIAM RUSSELL as a wealthy man who, in order to court a supposed lady's-maid, changes into a constable's uniform. The complications which follow make much refreshing fun. Amusing and entertaining.

"The Gamblers." HARRY MOREY. (*Vitagraph.*)

FOUR men gamble in order to save their bank, but one turns coward, and it is left for the youngest man to take the blame. This he does, and it is only after long waiting that he finds happiness with the woman he loves. Agnes Ayres plays opposite the star. Acting is exceptionally good.

"The Lady Clare." MARY ODETTE. (*Phillips.*)

LORD TENNYSON'S world-famous ballad as a screen play. A romance of old English life admirably acted by a large British cast, and featuring clever Mary Odette as Lady Clare, a role which she interprets with much skill. The spirit of the poem is ably reflected in the screen play. It is a picture that all English people should see.

"Kitty Kelly, M.D." BESSIE BARRISCALE. (*Jury's.*)

A CHARMING story of the adventures of a young woman doctor in the wilds of the West. There are many amusing situations, and much human interest that go to make this one of the prettiest stories in which this finished actress has played. Average production.

"The Lincoln Highwayman." WILLIAM RUSSELL. (*Fox.*)

A BRIGHT play that keeps you guessing until the last reel as to who the Lincoln Highwayman really is, and then you get a big surprise. The popular star has a fine part and acts splendidly. Good entertainment.

COMEDIES.

"Keep Smiling" is a highly diverting "Strand" comedy, featuring George Ovey, Billy Fletcher, Vera Reynolds, Stonor Field, and Harry Depp.

"Good Morning, Nurse." (*Gaiety*). A perfect scream, featuring the same artistes as in the above. Warranted to drive the blues away.

THE "PICTURE SHOW" CRITIC.

FILM FAULTS.

:: A Few of the Prize-winners in this Competition. ::

In this week's episode of the serial "The Carter Case," the heroine is buried in a mine explosion, and is rescued by the hero, looking ready to enter a ballroom instead of being dug out of about ten ton of stones and wood girders. —5s. awarded to Maisie Cochrane, 46, Picton Street, Montpelier, Bristol.

In the picture "An Eastern Maid," Doucet and Wyndam go in motor-cars to the farm where the heroine, Fanny Ward, is staying, and although they both go in a different car and at different times, both cars bear the same identification number, namely XX4510.—5s. awarded to (Miss) E. M. Goldthorpe, 55, Cliffe Field Road, Meersbrook, Sheffield.

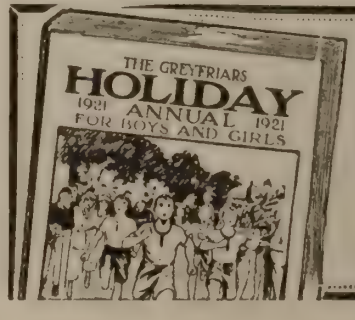
I noticed an error in the filming of "The Chinese Puzzle." In the scene where they were having tea on the lawn, as the picture changed so did also the table-cloth. One was a crochet design, while the other was plain, and yet it was the same meal.—5s. awarded to N. Farrell, 16, Eldon Street, Chatham.

In "The Chinese Puzzle," starring Leon M. Lion, the betrayed details of the British loan to China, when published in the newspaper were flanked on either side by a partially visible column of other matter. Later, in the same photo-play, after a presumable lapse of months, Roger De La Haye's resumed Government appointment was published, and on each side of the announcement appeared exactly the same words that had accompanied the exposure of the loan so long before.—5s. awarded to Edna Smith, 39, Posbrooke Road, Milton, Portsmouth, Hants.

In "Mary Moves In," with Fay Tincher, a telephone is seen on the library table. Someone calls over the 'phone a few minutes later, a moving van comes and takes away the furniture. Two men carry out the table, and the telephone goes out with the table.—5s. awarded to A. Gellatly, Time Office, Wm. Beardmore and Co., Duke Street, Parkhead, Glasgow.

In "Sunken Rocks," starring Alma Taylor and Gerald Ames, the man playing the part of Miss Taylor's husband drops down dead in the midst of a quarrel between him and Mr. Ames. As Mr. Ames is trying to make the room look as if a struggle has taken place, he stepped across the dead man's legs. The dead man moved his foot to prevent it being stood upon.—5s. awarded to (Miss) G. Colthorpe, 1, Stevenson Road, Ipswich, Suffolk.

In "Dew Drop Inn," the photo-play starring Larry Semon, he climbs up through a chimney. When he reaches the top he is no more dirty than before he started. This would be a bit of a miracle for a chimney, wouldn't it? —5s. awarded to Violet Moses, 64, Morden Road, Newport, Mon.



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The following paragraph appeared in *The Daily Mail* of October 4th, 1920:—

"In a sermon at Abergele, Denbighshire, the Rev. J. Talwrn Jones, Brymbo, said the CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER was far and away the best newspaper in the British Isles.

It was, moreover, of immense educational value to the rising generation, and should be read on every hearth in the land."

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Show Your Friends

The "Picture Show."

ART AND THE MOVIES.

Interview with Haidee Wright.



HAIDEE WRIGHT.
(Photo: Foulsham & Banfield.)

IN many respects Haidee Wright defies classification; she seems outside the confines of all categories. It is impossible to explain exactly why this is so, one only knows that it *is*. A slight, almost fragile woman of middle-age, with eyes of a haunting sadness and a wonderfully sensitive mouth, she immediately conveys an impression of strength, of a tremendous mental and spiritual virility, in a manner which is both remarkable and awe-inspiring. I can quite imagine that she might—that she will—smile at the suggestion that there is anything in her personality calculated to strike awe in the soul of the spectator, for no one could be more simple, sincere and wholly human than she; but beneath her sudden, unexpected tendernesses her simplicity—which in a mistaken moment one might take for diffidence—and her general warm-heartedness, there is always this impression of strength; repressed, controlled, magnificent.

There was one dramatic moment. I had referred to Miss Wright's recent vehicle, "The Unknown," and the big theme that play presents, at the same time remarking upon the enormous disseminating power of the film as contrasted with the more restricted appeal of the stage.

"The film is so powerful," remarked Miss Wright, "that I am jealous of it."

She said it quietly, without emphasis, yet I cannot hope to reproduce the effect of that utterance. It was as if Force was challenging force.

Art—and the Middle Man.

YET this distinguished stage artiste is by no means antagonistic to the film, far from it. She is only anxious that a power with such potentialities for good, or evil, should be directed in the right channels, for the cinema is the night-school that young America and young Britain regularly attend. An entertainment of such universal appeal should be raised with all possible speed from its present position of an industry to the status of an art.

"When an author writes a book or play, he does not, if he is a sincere artist, subordinate his art to his financial instincts," observed Miss Wright. "His primary object in writing his book or play lies in his own personal interest in the theme he has in mind, and in his absorbing desire to communicate that theme to others in the most artistic manner. But in the film world, a story is too often written with an eye on the middle-man, the man who will buy the film, and to the end that he may be pleased, all other considerations are subordinated. It will be argued that the middle-man is, above all, a business man, and not a philanthropist. The same may be said of a publisher, or a theatrical manager. Yet, it quite often happens that a publisher puts a good book on the market, and a manager presents a fine play on the stage, without suffering financial loss thereby. For the general public—opinions to the contrary, notwithstanding—is not incapable of appreciating a genuine work of art when it sees it."

Adaptations.

MISS WRIGHT thinks that the public has a legitimate grievance in that so many of its favourite books and plays suffer at the hands of the film adapter; that people may ask with justice: Since we do not see on the screen what we found in our book (or play), why trouble to give us adaptations at all?

"There are exceptions, of course," she said. 'The Lure of Crooning Water,' for instance. I liked the book, and I certainly was not disappointed in the film version. Presented exactly as the author intended, beautifully played, without a single part being distorted, both theme and characters were as near the originals as you could possibly get them. And it was a British picture. I am proud that it was. Useless to deny, of course, that the Americans are ahead of us in film production (though I do not think they are so far ahead as some would have us believe), but I do think that the British picture is improving every day of its life.

The Star System.

"IN one respect, at least, I think the Americans are more at fault than we are. I refer to the star system. I am not averse to stars, indeed I think they are necessary; but I do object to a system whereby stories are so frequently distorted in order to throw the star into undue prominence. The result is usually all star and no story.

Types, not Human Beings.

AT the commencement of this article, I said that Miss Wright defies classification. This is as true of her work as of the artiste herself. Therefore it is not surprising that she should deplore the stereotyped characters of the average photo-play.

"The scenarioist mostly writes for three types," she remarked. "If you are middle-aged, then you must portray a woman who is not only is elderly, but cruel and wicked; if you are a girl, then you must be the virtuous and ill-used heroine; if you are a hero, you must be heroic. The trouble is that one is so seldom a human being; only a type, and types are fatal to stories of human interest."

Yet Miss Wright *has* succeeded in being a human being on the screen, as you will be able to testify when you have seen "Aunt Rachel," "In Bondage," and "Colonel Newcome." But then she is a great artiste, and art, like truth, will out.

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Off to the Carnival—Choosing Your Fancy Dress—Simple and Original Ideas the Most Popular—Many Frocks on One Foundation—The Picture Girl's "Domino" Dress.

WHO can resist a fancy dress carnival? Very few dancers, anyway. There is such an air of gaiety and joy imparted from the dance that demands "fancy dress only," that few girls (or men) care to refuse an invitation when it comes their way. Still, one very frequently hears grumbles about "not being able to go because they do not possess a fancy frock." Yet this should in no way deter anyone from going, for a fancy dress can be fashioned quite quickly, and the expense need be so slight as to be hardly noticeable. The idea of a fancy dress having to be elaborate, and therefore expensive, is a stupid one; for some of the cheapest and simplest of frocks are often the most becoming, and frequently carry off the best prizes. The chief necessity for a fancy frock is novelty and originality.

Topical Ideas.

THERE are heaps and heaps of topical ideas that can be represented by fancy dress. At a recent carnival—a film carnival, too—one of the best prizes was taken by a girl who had not spent a single penny of money or a moment of time upon her frock. The dress represented "Summer, 1920," and the girl wore merely an ordinary mackintosh leather hat, and carried an umbrella—up! You will agree that here was originality worthy of recognition.

Another practically costless fancy frock can be evolved from a large piece of cretonne. It is to represent a "Knitting Bag," very topical when every other girl you meet has fallen to the knitting craze. The frock is short, and comprises a bag-like affair made of cretonne, the legs slipped through a couple of holes in the lower part of the bag, and the arms slipped through slits in the sides. A frill, about a couple of inches in depth, stands up at the neck, so that it looks as if the head is peeping up from out of the bag! Strings hang from either shoulder, to represent the tapes of the bag; while upon the top of the head a small frill of the material is arranged with a ball of wool and a couple of knitting needles slipped through.



No. 28,649.
A pretty "Domino" fancy dress specially designed by the Editress of "Home Fashions."

Fashioned From Pieces.

"ODDS and Ends" is another costless fancy dress. This can be made for either a man or a girl. In the case of the latter, it should be fashioned with skirt and blouse; while for the man a pyjama style is best choice. The foundation is made of common calico, and the whole is simply covered with odds and ends of material, pieces of paper, and any other small "odd" objects you can think of.

"Patches" is another dress of this type, and very effective it looks when brightly coloured pieces of material, in fairly large pieces and in odd shapes, are attached all over the foundation frock.

Many Frocks in One.

A LITTLE black foundation frock will be found invaluable to the girl who attends many fancy-dress dances. With the aid of a lot of red tape she can convert it into a "Red Tape" frock. The tape should be wound round the figure, and allowed to stray loose at a number of places. Another time the foundation could be decorated with silver stars, and a moon placed on the front to represent "Night." Then, again, worn with a great big frill of white at the throat, and white bobbles at intervals, it would make a pretty little "Pierrette" frock.

Large circles of brightly coloured silk sewn upon it here and there, and a neck frill of multi-colours would convert it again into a "Balloon" frock, this time a bunch of gas-filled balloons being suspended from one shoulder.

A white foundation frock would be equally useful, to be converted with the assistance of cotton-wool, holly and "frost," into "Winter." With the aid of large webbed sleeves of ninon, rows of beads, and an imitation spider, it could be transformed into a delightful "Cobweb."

A "Domino" Frock.

THE Picture Girl had a wish for her fancy dress to be simple as well as original, and for that reason she chose the "Domino" illustrated on this page. The foundation frock is of black sateen, and the panels of white satin, with spots of black velvet upon them.

The Magyar bodice is joined at the waist to the skirt, while the dominoes form panels both back and front; and are held into the waist by a sash. A white ribbon band, dotted with black, encircles the head; while the white fan is also decorated with black spots.

You can obtain patterns of this fancy frock, in 24-inch waist size only, for 1s. each, from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W.1. P.O. to be made payable to the PICTURE SHOW

When It's No Use Pretending.

THE PRACTICAL WOMAN AND HER GREY HAIR.

THE gayest of us have our moments of hollow depression. Sooner or later we all have to give up pretending, even to ourselves, and relapse into unhappy candour.

At no time, if one is a woman, does one feel more acutely miserable than when one faces one's mirror in a clear, cold light, and marks the first signs of the "going off" of one's charms. I know a very charming and sophisticated woman whose nightmare is that she may one day find herself in the situation beloved by novelists—that is, alone or nearly alone on a desert island. "Just fancy," she wails, "having no comb or looking-glass or hairpins, and, worst of all, no tammalite. Because, do you realise, that I should actually be grey?" To see her soft, brown hair one would suspect her of perverting the truth. But she frankly assures her friends that her hair would be nothing without an occasional timely application of a tonic made of bay rum and pure tammalite. "It brings back all the colour," she affirms, "besides making one's hair beautifully healthy. Why, I was in despair a year or two ago, because my hair was growing grey in streaks. But since I discovered tammalite, I haven't the slightest difficulty in keeping my hair its normal shade."

And what a difference beautiful hair makes to any woman. It excuses plainness, it enhances beauty. What man pictures the woman of his dreams with anything but soft, abundant hair? From Rapunzel to Mélissande, there is something romantic about lovely locks. It is deplorable nowadays to see naturally beautiful hair ruined by neglect, curling irons, harmful shampoos, and the like. Many girls, otherwise careful of their good looks, think nothing of going to bed without brushing their hair. Without constant brushing the hair can never attain to that glossy "sheeny" look that is so delightful. A good brushing for fifteen minutes night and morning should be included in the discipline of every woman, plain and pretty. A stiffish brush should be used, and it should be always scrupulously clean.

It is not good enough to use just any shampoo when washing the hair. Care should be taken to find the very best one, and then to keep to it. A really excellent idea is to use only stallax granules, which are obtainable at all good chemists. A teaspoonful of stallax is sufficient for each shampoo, so a ¼ lb. packet will last for a long time.

This very simple shampoo gives splendid results. The delicious foaming lather it makes not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but brings out every atom of its latent colour and brightness. The hair dries quickly, and though beautifully soft, it is quite manageable.

When the scalp is inclined to be dry, and the hair brittle, it is a good plan to massage it with olive oil before giving it a stallax shampoo.

There are few things which increase one's self-respect so much as the possession of lovely hair. It is a perpetual joy to oneself and others, and with a little care, one can defy hairpin-scattering winds and even trying, if romantic, situations on an uninhabited island.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY. [ADVT.]

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

STUPID COMEDIES.

IF criticism continues to be directed against some of the screen comedies which are being given us to-day, it is simply because the public is becoming obviously more bored than amused by such productions. So many of them are being turned out from the studios with a kind of mechanical rapidity that it is not surprising that the humour in these films is stale and flat. In fact, the majority of those who see them simply refuse to admit they are amusing.

I was impressed by this fact the other night in a picture theatre when the item in the programme happened to be styled a "comedy." It depicted, of course, the usual bevy of bathing girls, without which no "real comedy" nowadays is apparently considered complete. But, bad enough as this recent and senseless innovation might be, it was rendered worse by the introduction of some of the old tricks that one remembered having seen in the days when the motion picture was really in its infancy. There was the familiar hotel corridor with the two bedrooms one on each side, the same old rush from one to the other, and the tumbling of human forms over one another in a frantic, meaningless scramble. The film was not a re-issue, but a new one, and typical of similar comedies which are being shown to-day up and down the country. In my mind I tried to picture in this case how very funny it must have appeared to the producer, and how undoubtedly hard the artistes must have worked in their somewhat pathetic efforts to amuse. Yet the audience was coldly unappreciative. The whole film was viewed without the sound of a single laugh being heard.

It is by no means an isolated instance, as many can prove. Elsewhere this same type of comedy is being received with the same silence, and the absence of the laughter it is expected to raise should be sufficient proof of its failure to amuse. Yet there is no sign of its immediate disappearance. And unless some vigorous protest is made it will continue to bore us, with only the word "comedy" to remind us that it is intended to be something at which we ought to laugh!

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

A CORRECTION.—The answer to "MYRA" (Liverpool) in the issue for November 13th, should have read "But now definite news has been received to the effect that she (Pearl White) is married to Wallace McCutcheon, etc. Alas, the "w" in "now" was left out, thus giving my reply a different meaning. Yes, you can blame that imp, the printer's devil, if you like.

"CANADA STRUCK" (Abbey Wood).—So your mother and you have been having a strong argument all over a stout person who was seated in the fighting scene of "Broken Blossoms." I am sorry this stout person is causing all this domestic unhappiness; but if he was somewhere in the audience, he was certainly not introduced by name. The boxers, of course, were Donald Crisp and Kid McKoy. Juanita Hansen was the heroine in "The Brass Bullet."

E. C. (Catford).—I don't keep any notes of the weights of artistes, because it's information which cannot always be depended on. Fatty Arbuckle, for instance, may decide to grow heavier than before; and Gale Henry thinner still. There's no knowing what changes like that may take place. Maciste has appeared in "Cabiria" and "Maciste, Alpine Soldier."

"MAB" (Bradford).—This department favours the instalment system. A few each time is better than a lot at once. In answer to your three questions, Gladden James was born in Zanesville, Ohio, and has played in "The Heart of Wetona," "The Social Secretary," and "The Third Degree." He has yellow hair and blue eyes. Armand Kalisz was Doucet in "An Eastern Maid." In the cast of "The Lone Star Ranger," the chief players were William Farnum, Louise Lovely, and Raymond Nye. You needn't forget to write again. You are welcome.

"INQUISITIVE" (Brentwood).—Your resolution as a new reader to take this paper all your life is a good one. May your years be many. At present, Norma Talmadge is the only married sister of the three. Mary Miles Minter is single, and her age is eighteen. Virginia Faire, whose real name is Brown, is quite a newcomer to the screen, and she will doubtless tell us more about herself later.

"NIL DESPERANDUM" (Tynesmouth).—Well, I don't want to make you despair, for you may have better luck next time with your other questions. The only information I can discover just now is that concerning John Bowers. Some of his films are: "Joan of the Woods," "Sis Hopkins," "Daughter of Mine," "The Divorce Game," "Through the Wrong Door," and "The Pest." He was born in Indiana on December 27th, 1891, and is married to Rita Heller.

"DEVON ENTHUSIAST" (Ilfracombe).—Write to Harrison Ford again and gently jog his memory. If you send him a letter like you have sent me, he won't find it in his heart to refuse. Now to your questions. Madge Kennedy and Tom Moore in "The Danger Game"; Rowland Hill, Bob Read, and Robert Balice in "Kilties Three"; June Elvidge and Geo. McQuarrie in "The Tenth Case"; Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid in "The Woman God Forgot"; and Olga Petrova and Thomas Holding in "The Daughter of Destiny." Yes, you can get back numbers from the publisher of this paper. No, you must buy the whole set of postcards, but you will find it worth doing.

M. M. (Wallington).—Douglas MacLean does not state his age, but, as to the rest, I can tell you he was born in Philadelphia, has brown hair and eyes, and is 5 ft. 10 in. in height. His wife is a non-professional. William Farnum, who was born on July 4th, 1876, is married to Olive White.

E. W. (Stoke Newington).—I am afraid I cannot promise to give any particular art plate within a given time, but one of your favourites will appear in due course. Ruth Roland has reddish-brown hair and dark blue eyes, and was born twenty-four years ago in San Francisco. Her mother, Elizabeth Houser, was at one time a well-known singer.

"INKSTAND" (Stonehouse).—Producers and others don't seem to think, somehow, that the proper giving of the cast is an important item, but they will probably change their minds some day. In "The Man in the Mask" the three names I have are those of Rene Creste, Mdlle. Manes, and Ed. Mathe. Lewis Stone was the star in "A Man's Desire," and Herbert Prior was the artiste you want in "A Model's Confession."

"TA-PLEASE (Wallasley).—Herbert Rawlinson was opposite Mabel Normand in "Back to the Woods."

M. B. (St. James).—Glad to hear this paper is doing so well in your part of the world. Here is a list of Betty Blythe's pictures as requested. "Tangled Lives," "The Green God," "The Silver Horde," "A Game with Fate," "Over the Top," "The King of Diamonds," and "The Business of Life."

"CODY" (Chatham).—What strange new job is this you have found in the Army, of keeping five books relating to different information about film stars? I am curious. Your first list, however, is much too long for me to tackle all at once, so I will select three for a start. Kathryn Adams was born on May 25th, 1897, in St. Louis, Mo., and has blonde hair and dark grey eyes. Her height is 5 ft. 7 ins. May Allison was born in Georgia in 1898, and she is two inches shorter. Her hair is golden, and her eyes blue. Janet Alexander only tells us that she has greeny-grey eyes, blonde hair, and is married to Lauderdale Maitland. If you are going to work down the whole alphabet, I wish you a long and pleasant time.

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

ALAN FORREST, WANDA HAWLEY, care of Realart Pictures Corporation, 469, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

TOM MOORE, care of Goldwyn Film Co., Culver City, California, U.S.A.

ENRICO CARUSO, care of Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

MARJORIE HUME, CECIL HUMPHRIES, care of Stoll Studios, Regency House, Park Road, Surbiton.

(More addresses next week.)

GET THIS 4-in-1 GIFT FOR YOUR HAIR.

See How It Will Banish All Hair Troubles, Promote Abundant Growth and Beautify Your Hair.

MAKE up your mind TO-DAY to get the Free 4-in-1 Gift Package here offered you. Don't wait to "think it over," or you may miss for ever a golden opportunity for maintaining or developing hair beauty.

The gift of a Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit that is now offered you will help you to escape from every form of hair trouble quickly, or, if no such trouble exists, will enable you to add immensely to the beauty and luxuriance of your hair.

DON'T BE CONTENT WITH IMPOVERISHED HAIR

Thousands who were formerly worried about the poor condition of their hair have been amazed and delighted at the wonder-working powers of "Harlene Hair-Drill." You will be the same if you write to-day and accept by return a Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit. You are only asked to send the sum of 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, and this Free 4-in-1 Gift will be dispatched to your address in any part of the United Kingdom promptly. It will include:



1. A Free Trial Bottle of "Harlene-for-the-Hair," now universally recognised as the greatest of all hair tonics, and as used by Royalty, the nobility, the aristocracy, social leaders, public people, and millions of men and women in every grade of society. Harlene feeds and nourishes the hair as nothing else does, and so it naturally becomes stronger, healthier and altogether more beautiful.

2. A Free Trial Cremex Shampoo Powder, which cleanses the scalp and hair, and soon frees it from all scurf and dust. A "Cremex" Shampoo is most deliciously refreshing and invigorating at any time.

3. A Free Trial Bottle of "Uzon," another preparation that has won world-favour and world-praise from all sorts and conditions of people for giving the final touch of radiant beauty to the Hair. It is particularly beneficial to scalps inclined to be dry.

4. Last, but not least, the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Manual, containing full instructions for carrying out Hair-Drill in the most successful and resultful way.

There is not the least difficulty in obtaining one of these Free 4-in-1 Gifts of Beauty, for all you have to do is to send your name and address, with 4d. in stamps and the following coupon, and a Free Four-fold Seven Days' Trial "Harlene Hair-Drill Outfit" will at once be dispatched to you.

HOW "HARLENE" HAIR-DRILL HELPS THE HAIR

Not a single moment should be lost by any man or woman who has not yet seen how "Harlene Hair-Drill" works a literal "transformation" in the hair in writing for one of these hair-beautifying "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits now so generously offered.

EVERY WOMAN who tries "Harlene Hair-Drill" is surprised and delighted at the speedy improvement in the richness, the luxuriance, the strength, and the radiance of her hair. They are amazed, too, at the comparatively speedy way "Harlene Hair-Drill" revives and revitalises the hair.

The hair "glows" with its richness of colour. It becomes "living" hair, not hair that is dull, lifeless, and half-dead.

EVERY MAN who once begins to practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" soon sees a similar improvement in a more modest scale in his hair. Bald spots are filled up with strong, healthy hair. Too-dry hair becomes just healthfully moist. Oily or greasy hair is "corrected" to a normal state. Men who practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" are conspicuous among their fellows for that "smart" and "well-groomed" appearance.

WRITE FOR YOUR FREE OUTFIT TO-DAY.

This wonderful "Harlene Hair-Drill" only takes up about two minutes of your time—an addition to the time spent on your toilet daily that is repaid a thousandfold because it *relieves you from all hair troubles, makes your hair grow thicker and stronger, strengthens the roots of your hair, imparts a charming, naturally healthy "waviness" to woman's hair, gives it a radiantly beautiful look which makes all the difference,* and keeps on improving it in quality until it reaches its highest possible standard of health, strength, and beauty.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" at 3s. and 5s. per bottle from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage by Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "ASTOL," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid 4-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

"FREE HAIR-DRILL" COUPON

Cut out and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

DEAR SIRS,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address. *Picture Show, 4/12/20.*

NOTE TO READER.

Write your *full* name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.").

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "ASTOL" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.

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1,100 superb illustrations



SEND to-day for the Free Prospectus that will tell you all about the Charles Dickens Library—the Edition-de-Luxe of the master's works—the edition which the finest private libraries in the world are proud to own. It contains unique features to be found in no other edition whatsoever, and it surpasses all others in the splendour and number of its illustrations. It is a monument of Scholarship and Art.

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Its 14,000 beautifully printed pages will give hundreds of hours of pure enjoyment to yourself and your family.

You will get more pleasure from these 18 sumptuous volumes than from a thousand nights at the theatre—and you will get it at a fraction of the cost. The Charles Dickens Library is an ornament of the home and an ornament of the mind; an investment of more than merely material value; a precious heirloom for your children.

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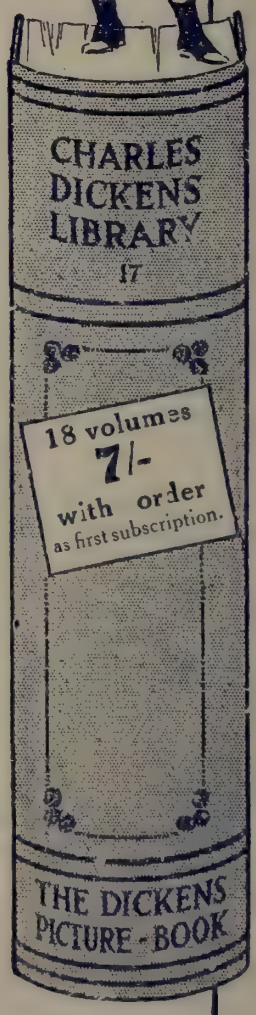


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P.S. 5

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PICTURE SHOW, December 11th, 1920. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

NAZIMOVA—Beautiful Art Picture, 16 x 10, IN THIS ISSUE.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. DEC. 11th, 1920.

No. 85. Vol. 4.

MAURICE, THE WORLD-FAMOUS DANCER, AND LEONORA HUGHES.

DANCING HINTS INSIDE.



Maurice and Leonora Hughes are delighting London again with their wonderful dancing at the London Pavilion and at the Savoy Dances.

(Photo: Malcolm Arbuthnot)

GRAND NEW COMPETITION—£150 IN PRIZES—BEGINS THIS WEEK.

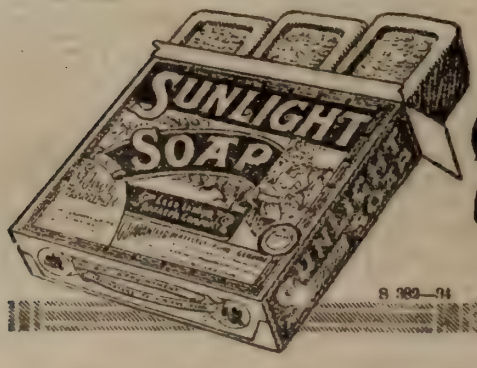


Pure Soap makes Clothes last longer — that is why the Sunlight Guarantee means so much more to you to-day.

MOTHER can never make a mistake in using Sunlight Soap—it is a pure soap, and there is no extra charge for its guaranteed purity. The clothes are Mother's first consideration when washing them, and clothes washed with Sunlight Soap certainly last longer, because there are no injurious chemicals in the soap to injure the fabric.

Then again the clothes are not subject to a destructive rub-a-dub method with Sunlight Soap. The dirt slips away easily and quickly, saving Mother's time and labour as well as saving the clothes. Clothes look nicer when washed with Sunlight Soap—they are more wholesome and are a greater comfort to tender and sensitive skins.

The name LEVER on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.



SUNLIGHT SOAP

Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

S 382—24



Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 48—RUBY MILLER.

RUBY MILLER, whom you see above, is a very talented member of the Stoll Film Company. Besides being a screen star of note, and playing the leading part in the Stoll film version of E. Phillips Oppenheim's thrilling story "The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown," Miss Miller has made a name for herself on the stage. She is also a particularly gifted character reader. I remember her in charge of a charity stall in aid of the Red Cross during the war, where she was able to add considerably to the total by her clever delineations.

—♦♦—

Big Money Prize May be Yours.

IT is some time since we have had a competition, and I know the one on page 23 will interest you all immensely. For one thing, there is no cost to enter. It is interesting to try to solve the words hidden in the pictures, and a big money prize may be yours. A good-enough inducement to enter, don't you think?

Turn to page 23, and see if you do not think you stand a chance of winning a prize.

—♦♦—

Don't Miss This.

THE "Girls' Cinema" has a particularly interesting article in this week, describing simple Christmas gifts which are being made by well-known Cinema stars. Other interesting features in this new paper for girls is a pen picture of Jack Mullhall, one of Nazimova, a page edited by Alma Taylor, and a long complete story of the fine photo-play, the "Grey Towers Mystery," in which Gladys Leslie plays the leading part.

The "Girls' Cinema" is a fine twopenny-worth. Buy this week's and see for yourself.

—♦♦—

A Real Boys' Paper.

JUST a word about the "Boys' Cinema." There are the usual fine complete stories, including a real Wild West tale by Tom Mix. A long instalment of "The Return of Tarzan," the splendid jungle tale by Edgar Rice Burroughs, a fine series of Physical Culture articles by that expert Bill Duncan, and the usual articles of fun and interest. If you are a boy, or if you know a boy friend, you'll be interested in this week's issue.

—♦♦—

Couldn't Do This With a New One.

READERS who complain that things are not as good now as they were before the war, will be interested in the following paragraph.

In the coming Lionel Barrymore play, entitled "The Master Mind," a car was bought for the specific purpose of wrecking it, and the company found that it was next to impossible to accomplish this object.

The idea was to have the car break through a stout fence and fall down a sharp declivity, turning over in the process. In order to get the desired effect they had to do this five times, and even then, after the fifth time, when the car was turned up again on its wheels, they were able to start the motor, and drive it away on its own power. The first four times the car smashed through the fence, but absolutely refused to turn over, landing right side up on all occasions. It was an old roadster of 1911 make.

—♦♦—

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

Our Picture of Nazimova.

OUR centre page this week—the 16 by 20 picture of Nazimova—is in answer to numerous requests for a picture of this wonderful artiste. I am sure the picture will justify your many letters. It is a reproduction of Nazimova's favourite picture. I hope it will please you.

—♦♦—

Teddy's New Contract.

ONE of the most famous dogs in pictures is to sign a new contract. This, of course, is Teddie, who has starred in half a hundred comedy films.

Teddie's contract expires with Mack Sennett next January, and immediately following he will be starred in special pictures. Teddie's contract calls for a salary that will enable him to have roast turkey every day if he so desires.

—♦♦—

A Welcome Gift.

MILDRED DAVIS recently received a letter from a little admirer in Cork. The girl wrote "I love you very much, and I am sending you half a dozen handkerchiefs which I hemstitched and worked with your initials. I know it is not much of a present for a fine lady."

Miss Davies says she hastened to assure her Irish friend that beautiful linen is becoming very rare in America, and that she appreciated the hand-hemstitched hankies very much indeed.

—♦♦—

A Year Ago.

DID you know that Miss Madge Stuart was playing the part of an unimportant slave in that particularly long-lived play at His Majesty's, "Chu Chin Chow," a year ago? To-day she is one of our best-known British screen actresses.

Commencing with a small part in the Stoll picture version of Baroness Orczy's "Elusive Pimpernel," she was given the one feminine role in "The Amateur Gentleman," and now in the screen version of Marie Corelli's famous novel "Innocent," she has displayed considerable emotional power.

She is now in France, making the outdoor scenes for "A Gentleman of France," which Mr. Maurice Elvey, the producer, is now beginning.

—♦♦—

I Wonder?

"SUPERSTITIOUS people make me tired," said Buster Keaton, when he spilled a few grains of salt at luncheon the other day.

Just then the man across the table whom he was addressing turned his head to greet a friend who had just entered the restaurant. He wasn't sure, but he thought he caught a fleeting glimpse of Buster tossing a pinch of salt over his left shoulder. It couldn't be true.

On the way to the door of the cafe a large cat sauntered across the path of Buster and his friend. The friend saw that Buster had crossed the second and index finger of either hand, but he didn't know whether it was a habit or not.

Buster's studio was but half a street away, and he was hurrying to complete "The Scarecrow," his third Metro picture. In front of a tailor's shop en route stood a ladder, and at the top was a man erecting an awning. Just before reaching this point, Buster requested that his friend cross the street to look at a peculiar watch in a jeweller's window. They didn't recross until they got opposite the studio.

As they reached the "lot" the gateman stooped and plucked a four-leaf clover from the grass.

"Four-leaf clover," grunted Buster. "Foolishness, that's all. Just plain superstition. I hope I never get that way."



The arrival of the broker's man in the hero's flat, a splendid scene in the Hepworth film version of Temple Thurston's most famous novel, "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," in which HENRY EDWARDS plays the leading part.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

George Will Never Forget.

GEORGE WALSH, as you know, is an all-round athlete. He has been in many tight corners during his screen career, and tells of his luckiest escape from death.

"We were producing a picture out in Colorado," said Walsh. "In one of the scenes the heroine falls into the river, and I have to dive in to rescue her. My leading lady fell into the river all right, but the company realised a moment later that it was going to be a real rescue. As it was in spring, the river was in flood, and rushing along at a rapid rate. The girl screamed for help, but as soon as I touched the water I knew I was going to have great difficulty in getting ashore again.

"However, I managed to get hold of her, although the current was carrying us down stream at a terrible speed. Suddenly my head struck a bit of flotsam, and I lost consciousness for a moment. When the faintness passed away, the girl was some yards down the river ahead of me. I made another attempt to reach her, swimming my utmost, and eventually caught hold of her again.

"By this time I was in a pretty bad way, but to make matters worse, the girl lost her head, and clutching me around my neck commenced to struggle. The last thing that I remembered was that my strength was nearly gone, and I suppose I must have made a supreme but successful struggle for the shore.

"It was an experience that I shall never forget, and needless to say we did not make any more scenes that day. Both of us were badly shaken up, but after a few days' rest we went back and finished the picture."

Cullen Landis and His Adventures.

A RECEPTION has just been held at the Goldwyn studio to celebrate the safe return of Cullen Landis, who was lost for two days and one night in the mountains without food.

Landis started out with five friends on a deer hunting expedition. He struck the trail of a deer, and wandered off from his companions, lost all sense of direction, and was soon completely lost.

The first night he stayed in a cave. The weather was extremely cold, but he lighted a fire. This drew a pack of coyotes, which howled at the actor, but made no attempt to attack him. He had seven matches and eight shells for his gun, and a plentiful supply of cigarettes. The mountain streams furnished water.

At dusk of the second day, Landis mounted a high mountain to make a survey of his surroundings. Great was his surprise to see two tents. He approached, and found an old prospector and his family. They prepared for him an appetising supper of venison steak. The next morning the prospector guided Landis back to his camp—a distance of twenty three miles, impassable except by foot.

On his return, Landis found the whole country-side out looking for him. His friends had been searching frantically, and had almost given up hope of finding him.

"I wouldn't take a million of money for the experience; but I wouldn't give a copper for another just like it," said Landis.

Charlie's New Part.

CHARLES RAY says he has never revelled in such a part as that in which he is now appearing, entitled "Nineteen—and Phyllis." In this play he appears in up-to-date garb, a smart young nineteen-year-old. He puts more inimitable touches in his character role of a boy who cherishes memories of an old-fashioned rearing, and gets much ridicule for it.

Will's Busman's Holiday.

WILL ROGERS recently had four days' holiday, and spent it helping a friend brand 3,000 calves in Texas. He spent ten hours a day in most strenuous work, and of course got no wages, as he was doing it for fun. As he was leaving, Rogers overheard a cowboy say, "Some guys have got a queer idea of a holiday"; but Rogers says that he has never spent such an enjoyable four days' holiday.



MAE MARSH. A late snapshot of this clever star, who is coming back to the screen again after some months' absence.



GARETH HUGHES, who is to play the part of Tommy in the coming film version of Sir J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy."

The Part Luck Plays.

"THE general impression is that favouritism, or beauty or grace, or unusual gifts have smoothed the path for the successful stars," says a well-known director. "It is no one of these gifts, nor even a combination of them, that has counted for much in many cases. Luck has played its part—the good fortune of falling into the hands of the right producer or director, or of having the support of a good team of fellow players. But no one knows, or will ever know, the countless number who have failed on the screen.

"But for the most part success has come because of the tireless effort in making use of what power or gifts they possessed, and yet a long observation has shown me that neither luck nor talent puts more than one in a hundred of the ambitious to the front. Therefore there are a thousand mathematical odds against even the clever girl. For every one who advances to the front, ninety-nine of those who try slip out of the game sadly disillusioned."

Fay Filmer.



DALY COOPER and MABEL LAIT, who are soon to be seen in British comedies. Daly Cooper began his stage career at the age of five in a Drury Lane pantomime, and since in numerous musical comedies and pantomimes. Mabel Lait also is a musical comedy star, and has played principal boy in many pantomimes. It was Miss Lait that played Dick Whittington in that pantomime at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in the 1919-1920 season.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

MABEL NORMAND, scintillating, effervescent, and wondrously gowned in a pale blue and pink evening frock, came dashing into Florence Reed's dressing-room the other evening.

Florence Reed is making a great success in "The Mirage," a new play which recently opened in one of New York's new theatres, and Mabel's visit was to tell Florence that she had cried her eyes out over the sad ending of the play.

"Why didn't you let Renie go to the country and start life anew?" said Mabel.

"Renie isn't a really big character," explained Florence. "A girl used to the fleshpots of life, and who has never paid any attention to the demands of society, wouldn't be content to live in a little country town. She would leave her husband and come back to her lover in a month."

"The country isn't so bad," argued Mabel, "not when you get used to it. Look at these," she said, extending a pair of badly calloused hands. "I have been playing golf and living the simple life."

Mabel dieted rather strenuously to attain a proper slenderness for "The Slim Princess," a picture she recently completed for the Goldwyn Company, and as a result is now underweight and anæmic. She is drinking gallons of milk to get fat, and is weighing herself with scrupulous care to report every added ounce to her physician. Mabel never takes any care of herself, and her friends have now taken her in hand and prevailed upon her to try and keep the roses in her cheeks.

Her eyes seemed to me larger and deeper than ever.

"Look at these lashes," said Florence Reed. "You could braid them."

"Braids are out," answered Mabel. "Bobbed hair is in vogue."

Mabel never loses her good spirits; she always has an epigram, or at least an answer, on the tip of her saucy little tongue. But as one man said once, in speaking of the gay little lady:

"You love Mabel not because of, but in spite of her mischievous pranks. She scatters her smiles broadcast, takes everyone to her heart, and then promptly goes away, forgets all about them until she meets them by accident again."

But one feels it is a joy to know Mabel, and the world is better for having had her here.

Back From Sweden.

DO you remember Winifred Westover? She is the little blonde girl who played in so many of Charles Ray and W. S. Hart pictures. Well, Winifred is just back from Sweden, where she starred in two special productions made for the Film Centralia Company. Having a Swedish ancestry brought about this Scandinavian affiliation, which Miss Westover has found exceedingly profitable.

This is the way it all happened, if I may be pardoned for going into history, five months old. The Swedish Film Company sent a newspaper woman to California from Stockholm for the openly expressed purpose of obtaining a screen actress, Swedish-American preferred. The newspaper woman landed in California with a list containing the names of Anna Q. Nillsson, Gloria Swanson, and Juanita Hansen. Each of these young women were tied down with a contract, and for that reason were unable to consider going to Europe. W. S. Hart said to her one day when she was calling on him:

"What about my little Swede?"

Winifred is blonde, young, and lovely, and within a week all arrangements were made for her to sail for Sweden, Denmark, and Norway with her mother.

"And it's a mighty good thing I had mother with me," said Winifred. "She had to interpret every line of the scenario and every word of direction I received—for the first month at least. After that the language came easy to me, and I could understand their tongue as well as my own United States."

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



Don't you like this new studio portrait of CHRISSIE WHITE, the popular Hepworth star?



An amusing incident in "Alf's Button," the British screen comedy produced by Cecil M. Hepworth. LESLIE HENSON, the popular actor who is appearing in "A Night Out," at the Winter Garden Theatre, London, is starred in this film, and can be seen on the right of the picture.



KATE LESTER in a typical character study, dreaming by the fireside, in which she sees visions of the past. A scene from one of the latest photo-plays in which this clever actress has a part.



"Tiger's Cub," which had such a successful run at a London theatre, has been filmed by the Fox Film Company. The above is a scene from this photo-play, and shows PEARL WHITE, who takes the star part.

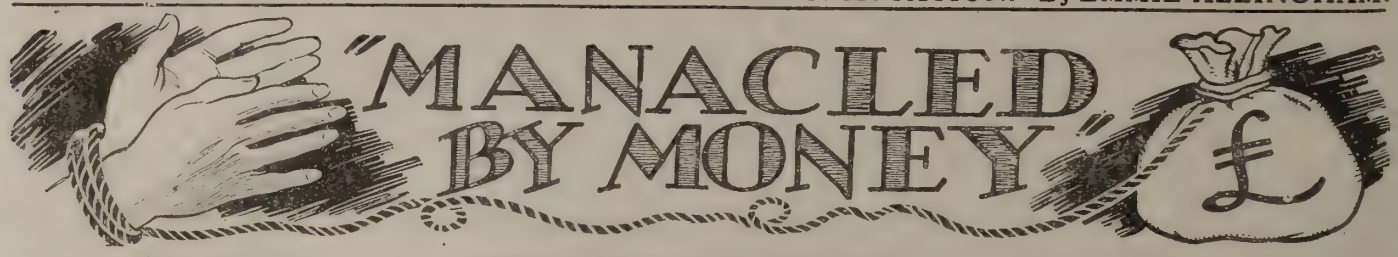


A picture to delight the heart of "Pussyfoot"! RUTH ROLAND does not mind the country being "dry," as she never drinks anything stronger than milk, and is training her company to follow suit.



A good old English bull terrier. BLANCHE SWEET'S dog, "The Kid."

BEGIN TO-DAY! A POWERFUL STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION. By EMMIE ALLINGHAM.



Read This First.

ARTHUR WESTON is summoned by his aunt Amy Rae, to Greystone Manor. She tells him she is worried about her son Harry. Her husband married her for her money, and he has spent it as fast as he can, and there is no provision made for her son's future.

She trusts Arthur implicitly, and gives him a bag containing twenty thousand pounds in notes which she has managed to save, and asks him to hold it in trust for her boy. She tells Arthur that she will leave Greystone Manor to him; but it is really for Harry, and he is to pass it over to him when he is twenty-one.

Arthur is deeply touched.

"May God punish me if I do not respect your trust in me," he says very earnestly.

A fortnight later Amy Rae dies. After the will has been read, there is an unpleasant incident when Weston overhears a conversation between Harry and Grace Ferguson, the vicar's daughter, and it ends in a fight between the man and the boy.

The Rev. Ferguson calls on Weston as he wishes to make peace between him and Harry, but Arthur refuses to go to dinner with the rector to meet his cousin.

On returning home, the Rev. Ferguson tries to persuade Harry to give up his idea of going to Australia, but with no avail; and one day the boy comes to say good-bye.

Grace is very upset to think he is going away, and after he has left she goes to Greystone Manor and enters the house by a secret passage because she thinks there is a burglar in the library. She finds it is only Arthur Weston, and as she is making her way out again she finds that someone else has entered the house by the secret passage. It is Cecil Rae, and Arthur Weston comes face to face with him as he is leaving the library. They enter the room together, and Grace hears them quarrelling, and when she reaches the garden a shot rings out.

The Tragedy.

THE Rev. Mr. Ferguson was late down to breakfast on the following morning. He had spent a restless night.

"I think it must have been that Welsh rarebit we had for supper," he explained to his wife. "I had the most horrible nightmare. I trust I did right in letting the dear boy go," he continued, almost in the same breath.

"Why, of course you did, my dear! You did your best to stop him," said Mrs. Ferguson, in her motherly, soothing voice. "And, after all, I agreed with Harry. I like his spirit in going to earn his own living at once. You need not fear," she went on, with quiet confidence, as she poured the rector out his coffee. "Harry will make good; he will make us all proud of him. You wait and see."

The rector sighed.

"Well, we must hope for the best," he said, as he opened the morning newspaper.

Grace stole a grateful glance at her mother.

It was so good to hear Harry praised. She wanted to speak of him, to add her words of hope for his well being, but her tongue seemed tied. She could only breathe a prayer in her heart for his safety.

Mr. Ferguson suddenly gave a startled exclamation, and looked at his companions over his paper.

"This is terrible!" he said, staring at them blankly.

"What is? What has happened?" Mother and daughter both spoke at the same time.

Mr. Ferguson looked at the paper again, as though doubting the evidence of his senses, and then passed it across to his wife.

Mrs. Ferguson adjusted her spectacles.

"The body of a man was found in Greystone Woods last night by a party of labourers. A revolver, which was marked with the initials 'C. R.', was identified as belonging to the dead man, who was well known in the neighbourhood. The tragedy points to suicide.

"Cecil Rae, the dead man, was the husband of the late Mrs. Rae, of Greystone Manor, who, in her will, cut her husband off without even the proverbial shilling. Mr. Rae, it is understood, was very heavily in debt, and had already, on the day of the tragedy, had an interview with his lawyers. The police are busy making further inquiries."

Grace had glided from her seat, and was leaning over her mother's shoulder. As she read the words, her mind was going over the events of the evening before.

She had heard the pistol shot, but it had not been in the woods, but in the manor house itself. What did it mean? Had Cecil Rae shot Arthur Weston and then gone into the woods and shot himself?

A horrified little cry escaped her.

Mrs. Ferguson glanced quickly up, and endeavoured to crush the paper in her hands. She had no wish for her young daughter to read such horrors.

"Now, Grace," she said kindly, as she noticed the girl's white, drawn expression, "you do not want to read this. It is very terrible and sad. Poor Harry! I wonder if the news will bring him back?"

Grace opened her mouth to speak, but no words came from her lips.

She wanted to tell them her terrible suspicions. She had not mentioned her adventure the day before. A certain shyness had kept her dumb. She was afraid of those kind, understanding eyes guessing her secret.

Harry meant so much to her. She could not bring herself yet to mention his name, and she knew that both her parents would perhaps guess the love which was tearing at her heart-strings if she confessed her visit to Greystone.

Grace took after her father. She was very sensitive. The same feeling which had kept the rector from stating clearly to Arthur Weston all he knew about the late Mrs. Rae's wishes, made his daughter now hold her tongue concerning her suspicions.

Mr. Ferguson got slowly up from his chair, and there was a very troubled frown on his usually benevolent features.

"I think I shall go and call on Weston," he said. "Shall I suggest that his little girl should come over to us for the day?"

"By all means," replied his wife. "We are always pleased to have her."

Grace stood hesitating. Should she let her father go without warning him? Mrs. Ferguson touched her lightly on the shoulder.

"I want you to drive into Tolescombe, dear," she said. "There is some wool to match and some flannel to buy for the mother's meeting this afternoon."

Mrs. Ferguson had further details to discuss, and when at last Grace went to seek her father, he was gone.

Arthur Weston was in his study. He had given orders that he was not to be disturbed, so the maid informed the rector.

The Rev. Ferguson stood hesitating whether he should depart, when a fairy-like little figure darted out from one of the French windows leading from the drawing-room, and came towards him.

"I saw you coming," she cried merrily, as she caught hold of the reverend gentleman by his coat-tails, and swung herself backwards and forwards. "My daddy is most awful cross; he never comes out now, and I am awful missible!"

"You do not look it," said the clergyman, smiling down at her; and then he added: "Poor little maid! Would you like to come back with me?"

"Yes, that would be lovely, and I can ride my pony. You know I have a pony now, don't you?" cried the child eagerly.

"Yes, I do remember something about it," replied the rector, smiling down into the pretty, winsome face upturned to his.

"I shan't be a minute getting ready. You will wait?" cried the child, as she proceeded to enter the house the way she had come.

"Tell your daddy that I am taking you out," called out the rector.

It was at this moment that Arthur Weston himself made his appearance round the corner of the house. He stood still and stared when he saw his visitor.

Mr. Ferguson advanced towards him.

"My dear Weston!" he exclaimed. "I came to see you, but they told me you could not be disturbed. I trust you are not ill?" he continued, in a voice of genuine concern, as he caught sight of the other's ghastly face.

Arthur Weston pulled himself together with an effort, and endeavoured to smile reassuringly.

"No, I am all right. Only I suppose I was not out out for business; everything seems to worry me."

"You want a change," said the rector sympathetically. "Indeed, you look to me very ill. I should go away for a bit."

"I suppose my cousin sailed yesterday," remarked Arthur, as he moistened his dry lips, and his companion had an uncomfortable feeling that a great anxiety underlied the words.

"Yes, he went; but I should not be surprised if the news in the papers will not bring him back, poor lad."

"News! What news?" asked Weston.

"Oh! Have you not seen the papers or heard the gossip? The whole village is agog with the tragedy."

"I have not been out, and I do not listen to gossip!"

"Then you have not heard?"

The rector's voice was almost incredulous. It seemed impossible that anyone could be within five miles of Greystone Woods without having heard what had happened.

"Why should I have heard? Haven't I just explained that I have not left the house for days?" The man spoke querulously.

Mr. Ferguson realised that he was talking to a sick man, and he hastened to speak as he thought right.

"I am sorry, Weston. I thought naturally you would know that Cecil Rae came into this neighbourhood last night."

"Why should I know?" asked Weston, with a sickly smile. "I have told you before I have not been out. I have seen no one."

"Then what I have to tell you may give you a shock, but you must hear it sooner or later. Your uncle, Cecil Rae, was found shot in Greystone Woods."

Weston's face went white. His eyes were fixed straight before him, and he did not glance at his companion.

"I don't believe it," he said thickly. "Why should he come down here to commit suicide?"

"That is what the police will find out," answered the rector thoughtfully.

Weston glanced at him in a scared way.

"What in the deuce do you mean by saying that? I know nothing about it!" he cried angrily.

The rector, who was the last man in the world to think evil of anyone, looked his astonishment.

"My dear Weston!" he exclaimed kindly. "What is the matter with you? Your nerves are all unstrung. You are ill. Let me tell Doctor Swayne to call and see you on his way back."

Weston shook his head, as with a colossal effort he endeavoured to pull himself together.

He had come out with the express idea of emphasising on the rector that he was in a normal state of mind. He had braced himself up for the occasion, and now he experienced the sickening fear that he was giving himself away, and creating the very impression that he was most anxious to avoid.

"Thank you, Ferguson," he said, striving to speak naturally, "but there is nothing amiss with me. I am a bit run down, that is all, and

(Continued on page 8.)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF DOROTHY DALTON. *(Special to the "Picture Show.")*

DOROTHY DALTON.

The Star Who Believes That Dreams Come True.

DOROTHY DALTON, who made such a success in that sensational play, "Aphrodite," which set all New York talking—and thinking—a play in which Nazimova is to star in the screen version—has had experience as an artiste on the stage and cinema.

Like many other famous actresses and cinema stars, Dorothy, in her early aspirations to find Fame behind the footlights, encountered a perfect storm of parental opposition.

Dorothy argued and pleaded, but to no purpose.

She was sent to the Sacred Heart Academy in Chicago.

Though her ambition to become an actress was sidetracked, it was by no means crushed. After she had finished her studies at the convent, Dorothy once more put forward the suggestion that her future was on the stage, and that there were electric signs waiting to spell her name in the big letters that signal success in the sky-signs of Broadway.



DOROTHY DALTON.

If you want to write to her, address your letter :—

DOROTHY DALTON,
c/o Ince Studios,
Culver City,
California,
U.S.A.

Dorothy's Plans.

THIS time her father met her with the proposition that she should study law. Dorothy must have had some persuasive powers, for she was able to convince her father that he ought to let her have a course in a dramatic school, and if she failed she would have a shot at the law.

But Dorothy Dalton did not fail. She made good in the school, and was able to get an engagement in a stock company. After a spell of vaudeville, she played leading ingenue roles in another stock company, and eventually graduated as leading lady in B. F. Keith's company.

Bitten with the craze to play in pictures, she secured an engagement in "The Disciple," an Ince-Triangle picture, in which she played with Bill Hart. Then followed "The Jungle Child," and later came her real successes in "The Flame of the Yukon," "The Market of Souls," "Vive La France," "L'Apache," and "Black is White."

Later she enlisted under the Paramount banner, and among her triumphs with this combination will be remembered "Half an Hour" (one of Barrie's most brilliant cameos), "The Dark Mirror," "Guilty of Love," and "Other Men's Wives."

A Believer in Dreams.

DOROTHY, who was born on September 22nd, 1893, is a believer in dreams. She will tell you that she has foreseen all her screen successes on the screen and stage in dreams. She has a dream-book, but it is not at all like the ordinary dream-book. It is a book of newspaper cuttings, recording the actual experience of people who have dreamed the things that have come true.

John Lynch, the scenario writer, once challenged her to the effect that if she could give him an authenticated case where a dream had come true, he would write a cinema play on the subject. Out came Dorothy's scrapbook of cuttings, and Lynch agreed he had lost. The outcome of the bet was that Lynch wrote the photoplay, "The Pretenders."

Always Comes True.

"I DON'T dream often," said Dorothy in an interview, "but I can honestly say that when I do, the dream always comes true, and I have received heaps of letters from people who have had similar experiences."

By this you must not think that Dorothy Dalton is a dreamer at work—or play. On the contrary, she is one of the most alive women on the screen. She is an outdoor girl, and delights in every kind of physical exercise. She can work a motor-boat as well as she can drive a motor-car; plays golf and tennis far better than the average girl; and is an expert shot and swimmer.

Dorothy is not fond of giving advice, but she has one piece which she is always ready to hand out. It is—"Don't worry."



Her smile of welcome.



Just credulous.



Pleased to see you.



Disappointed.



Demure.



Fear.



Suspicious.

"Manacled By Money."

(*Continued from page 6.*)

I was never good at standing any worry, this trouble about Greystone has naturally worried me. I feel I never want to see the place again. It is a nuisance. I am wondering how I am to get it done up, and now you say that there has been a tragedy in the woods? Well, that should simplify matters somewhat for me, eh? I am sorry, of course, but he was a thorough wrong 'un. The world will not be the worse for the loss of him. Don't you think so?"

The rector hesitated.

"It is terrible to me, to think that a fellow creature should hurl himself before his Maker without being prepared," he began when Arthur interrupted him impatiently.

"Oh, of course, you are a parson, and so think it your duty to talk like that," he exclaimed, and the rector noticed with pity, that his hands were clasping and unclasping spasmodically. "But you need not bother to try it on with me. I used to think as you do; but I don't now. This is the life one has to trouble about. This is reality, the future is too vague—unprofitable. You parsons preach because you are paid to do it. I know!"

The rector shook his head.

"Weston, my dear fellow," he said gently. "You are suffering from a diseased mind. These last few months you have been a changed man."

Arthur evaded the kind eyes, and laughed in an attempt to treat the other's words lightly.

"I am all right. I have been taking things a bit too seriously, that is all. I shall get away for a time as you suggested just now. I want a change."

At this moment Jessica, riding her pony, came round the house and rode towards them. She raised her whip to them in greeting.

"Here I am, I am quite ready," she cried brightly.

The father's eyes softened as he glanced at her, and, indeed, she made a pretty picture, with her soft curls falling over her shoulders, and her blue riding-costume fitting her slight form to perfection. "I am taking your little girl to spend the day with us, Weston," remarked the rector. "You have no objection?"

"None at all, if she wants to go!"

Jessica did, and Arthur watched them both ride away, the rector on his bicycle, and the child on her pony.

Left alone, Arthur Weston glanced suspiciously around him, and then made his way back to his study.

"That is what I want—to get away, a thorough change!" he muttered as he picked up a newspaper which he had previously thrown to the floor, and which he had been reading when he had heard from his open window the rector inquiring if he was in.

He read the paragraph that was of so much interest to all in the neighbourhood for the third time that morning.

"The police are busy making further inquiries."

The sweat stood out in great beads on his forehead.

Suppose the dead man had been seen to enter Greystone Manor? Suppose someone had seen him come out? There was always the chance. Suppose he had left a clue behind him? A stick or a glove.

Weston's restless eyes travelled round the room. He had covered up all his tracks, but could there be anything that he had missed?

He stood with the paper in his hands while he went over, in his mind, all the events of the preceding evening. It was not for the first time. He had done it a dozen times before.

It was impossible for him to sit down quietly as he had intended to do. He felt he must be out. About with the people who might be trying to track him down. He must know what was going on.

The rector's visit had brought him to this state of feeling. Up to now he had quite made up his mind to lie low, but having seen the rector, he now felt that he might have given himself away. Mr. Ferguson had talked of the change in him, he might mention it to others. Weston himself, in the ordinary way, had dearly loved a gossip, and he judged the Rev. gentleman by himself.

With his mind fixed on himself and his danger, he went up to his room and dressed himself with extra care.

It would never do for there to be anything unusual about him.

A few minutes later he left the house and made his way down to the village.

Little groups of women, and here and there old men stood at cottage gates and open doors discussing the tragedy.

In the ordinary way Arthur would have passed on, but now an irresistible impulse to discover their point of view made him address them.

They were all ready to talk. Everyone had been to the woods; apparently most of them before the police. The body had been moved by well-meaning but curious folk. He was relieved to hear that all took it for granted that Cecil Rae had taken his own life.

With his confidence considerably increased, Arthur went on to the woods. The bracken had been trampled down by many feet. Branches of trees had been torn down, and the place looked as though an army had passed through it. Around the spot where the body had been a cord had been placed, and the village policeman stood on guard.

He saluted the new owner of the place respectfully, and was anxious to talk.

"I presume that there is no doubt but that the man committed suicide," said Arthur, and he congratulated himself at the unconcern in his voice.

"No, sir. The gentleman must have taken his own life. There was a gold watch in his pocket, and he had got on his diamond ring."

Arthur went on to the Manor House. A weight seemed to have fallen from him. The crime, which in a fit of passion, had cost Cecil Rae his life was not going to be brought home to him after all. No one had seen him drag the body into the woods, and the villagers had covered up all his tracks.

He walked with his eyes to the ground, keeping to the way he had traversed the night before, until he came to the house, which he entered.

The library was just as he had left it, no one had, apparently, entered.

Luck was on his side.

He wandered through the dismal rooms, and then out again into the sunlight. He would begin to have the place put in order as soon as he came back, he decided, but first he would take a holiday. He would go abroad. He had so often wished to travel. Jessica should go with him, he would engage a proper governess for her, and then they would start. He stood against one of the great stone pillars of the portico and gazed at the peaceful scene spread out before him, as he weaved his plans for the near future.

Suddenly he became aware that someone was approaching. A cart was coming up the drive.

DO YOU KNOW?

That daintily dressed Edna Flugrath makes almost everything she wears. That she is capable of fashioning a charming up-to-date frock and the hat and bag to match it in a single day.

* * * *

That Pearl White has lately acquired a novel pet-a-baby fox; and that she wears a gold anklet made from the watch-chain of an Italian admirer, who followed her nearly over the world vainly trying to persuade her to share his life.

* * * *

That Shirley Mason is such a pocket-Venus that she weighs only ninety-five pounds all told.

* * * *

That Blanche Payson is the tallest woman on the screen, and six-foot three is her height, as will be seen in the new Fox comedy that is coming along.

* * * *

That Poppy Wyndham is a wonderful horsewoman, besides knowing all about ju-jitsu.

* * * *

That the Talmadge sisters are not only devoted to each other, but criticise each other's pictures with great honesty.

* * * *

That people are always giving Constance dolls, which accounts for the perfect army of Kewpies in her room.

* * * *

That Poppy Wyndham has left the Broadwest Company and is now making pictures for Stoll.

The Bearer of Bad News.

ARTHUR recognised the driver almost immediately, and a frown passed over his face and his eyes narrowed.

"It is that meddling old parson again. What does he want here?" he muttered as he stepped forward so that the visitor could see him.

The Rev. Mr. Ferguson drove up to the wide, stone steps where Arthur was standing, his face was very pale.

"Thank God you are here, Weston. I have been all over the place for you," he exclaimed fervently.

"What is it?" asked Arthur. But he felt himself go white to the lips.

What had happened? Was he discovered?

The older man looked at him pityingly.

"I scarcely know how to tell you," he said. "One trouble seems to come upon another so fast."

Arthur Weston stared up at him, and then some premonition of what had happened swept over him and loosened his tongue.

"Jessica!" he cried.

The visitor nodded.

"She was riding round the paddock when the pony took fright," he said. "Come man! Get up and let us get back."

Stunned by the tidings Arthur scrambled into the seat by the driver, and Mr. Ferguson turned the horse, and the next moment they were on their way to the Rectory.

Arthur sat as though he had been stunned. His companion looked at him once or twice compassionately, and then, feeling the need to relieve his own feelings, he began to explain.

"She was so happy, and so proud to show us all what she could do," he said sadly. "We thought that she was quite safe, but the pony shied and threw her off. I was in my study when I heard the children cry. Her foot was caught in the stirrup, and she was dragged along. Weston, I am so sorry, and that it should have happened at my house of all places!"

The rector broke down. He was not ashamed of his tears.

Arthur suddenly turned on him savagely.

"She is not seriously hurt," he cried. "It is only a tumble, isn't it?"

The rector shook his head.

"They sent at once, of course, for Swaile, and I came off for you, but as I returned from your house I met the doctor, and he told me, Weston, that I was to prepare you. God help me!"

Arthur startled his companion by uttering a loud discordant laugh:

"If anything has happened to my child, you will have to answer to me for it," he cried wildly. "Why did you come and take her out to-day? Why did you come?"

He waited a moment and then, as the rector did not reply, he continued furiously:

"I will tell you. You have done this for revenge. You were on the side of Harry Rae and his father, and you have done this to punish me, but I tell you, Ferguson, that if my Jessica is hurt, you shall pay for it."

The rector did not reply at once, his shoulders were heaving. He had loved Jessica as though she had been his own, and he paid no heed to the other's threats, knowing, as he did, that they were utterly unjust.

As they drove up to the rectory Arthur noticed that all the blinds were pulled down. Without waiting for the rector, as soon as the trap came to a standstill, he sprang out and entered the house.

There was a strange stillness in the air.

Mrs. Ferguson came to meet him. She had been crying. She put out her motherly hands towards the visitor, but he swept her aside.

"Where is she?" he muttered fiercely.

Mrs. Ferguson hesitated a moment, and then led the way upstairs.

Something covered with a sheet was lying on the bed. Arthur Weston, with a hoarse cry rushed forward.

Not until that moment had he fully realised that Jessica, his beautiful darling, the only thing in the world for which he cared, was dead.

(Another thrilling instalment in next Monday's "Picture Show.")

MEASURING A FILM FACE.

Why the Pretty Girl Often Makes a Bad Portrait.

IT has been said by someone that everybody at some time or other has entertained an ambition to act—either upon the stage or before the camera.

Allan Dwan, one of the most noted motion picture producers, tells us how to discover our photographic qualities, and the Perfect Camera Face.

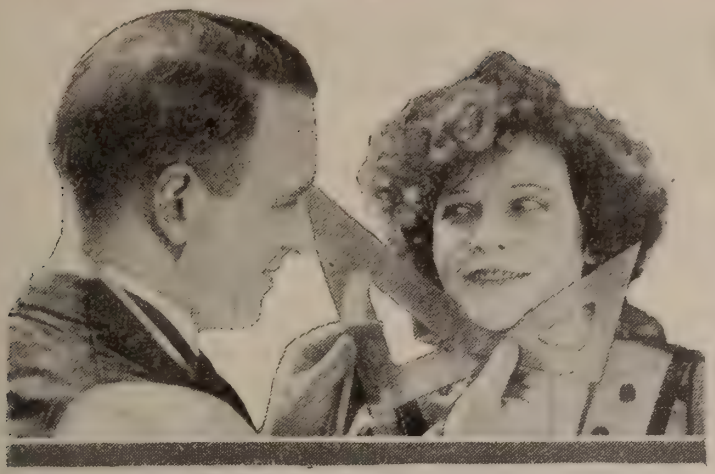
Here's the recipe:

Take in hand a T-square, a couple of triangles, and a tape measure, and proceed to measure the curves, contours and planes of your face, standing before your mirror to make certain the operation is proper and correct. For be it known that Allan Dwan, before becoming identified with the movies, was an electrical engineer and professor of physics and mathematics. And by applying the knowledge he gained in this capacity, Mr. Dwan has been able to invent a formula based on the sound principle of mathematics which will determine quickly and decisively the value, photographically speaking, of a face.

"Because a girl happens to be pretty," says Mr. Dwan, "does not necessarily signify that she is the possessor of a photographic face. There are certain elements of bone structure which the camera calls for that are missing, strange as it may seem, in the faces of the majority of beautiful women."

The lines of the chin, it seems, must form an obtuse angle, when looked at squarely. And the distance from the point of the chin to the base of the nose must equal the distance from the tip of the nose to a point exactly between the eyebrows. The distance from ear to ear over the forehead—measured with a tape measure—must equal the distance from the apex of the chin to the exact crown of the head. The mouth, when in a smile or a laugh, should never be more than a fifth larger than the mouth in repose. The eyes should be the distance of one eye apart. And the distance from the point of the chin to the eyes should be exactly equal to the distance from the eyes to the crown of the head. The top of the ear should be even with the eyebrow, and the ear itself should be so situated that a line drawn from the top of the head straight downward would indicate clearly where the ear joins on to the head. The nose should not protrude more than three-fourths of an inch—that is the maximum.

"An excellent example of what constitutes perfection from a photographic standpoint," Mr. Dwan continued, "is expressed in the face of Mary Thurman, who has recently won her way to stardom. Not only are proportions perfect, but planes and contours are so chiselled as to lend themselves most advantageously to artistic lightings."



According to ALLAN DWAN, the lines of the chin should just form an obtuse angle when looked at squarely.



The distance from the point of the chin to the base of the nose must equal the distance from the tip of the nose to a point exactly between the eyebrows.



Measuring the mouth.



The distance from ear to ear, over the forehead (measured with a tape measure), must equal the distance from the apex of the chin to the exact crown.



The eyes should be the distance of one eye apart.



The nose must not protrude more than ¾ inch.

THIS PAGE IS ALL AB

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS. STORIES FROM THE

Sweet and Versatile.

"I LOVE doing film work," Mary Odette exclaimed the other morning with her gay laugh, "because it's more like real life than the stage. So much is done out of doors, and one has all the fun of real sunshine, real sea, and a real boat!" Then she went on to tell me of her early adventures. "Early" sounds a strange word to use, for Odette is still little more than a child. She is also a trained dancer, she can swim, and she can ride.



MARY ODETTE.

"I went on the stage when I was eleven," she confided to me. "I played Tantagiles in 'The Death of Tantagiles' at St. James' and the Savoy Theatre. I was also the First Fairy in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' I played Florence Dombey in 'Dombey and Son,' and I had to be padded to make myself look older than I was. Soon after I played a boy's part in a film, and from that date I went straight ahead with screen work, and I have not had time to think of the stage again."

The Little Realist.

OUR conversation drifted to recent film productions.

"Everything must be so realistic, if one wants to be a real success," Odette declared, "and any little bit of realism that creeps naturally into a picture helps it tremendously. I will tell you an instance of it. When I was playing in 'Enchantment,' my hair was supposed to catch fire; the man who is in love with me at once puts it out. Some tow had been arranged on my head that would catch fire, but not burn my hair. However, when the time came for the fire to be put out, in his anxiety my lover of the play pressed the smouldering tow so hard that it fell on my neck, causing several burns. I tried to bear the agony, for the thought flashed through my mind 'that as I am being burnt I might as well endure the real thing,' and I was filmed at this critical moment."

The Land of Many Adventures.

"IN South Wales this summer I had all sorts of adventures," said Mary Odette. "I was with the Ideal Company, who were doing 'Torn Sails,' and early one glorious Sunday morning I begged a member of the company to take me out for a row in a boat which had been lent to me by a friend.

"We had to do this surreptitiously, as the Welsh consider it wrong to go out boating on the Sabbath. All went well until a sudden squall sprang up, and before we realised what was happening we were near to Ina Head, which is a dangerous spot with a reef of rocks, and near by there is a pool with a double current.



MILTON ROSMER.

The mid-day squall made us helpless. We were tossed backwards and forwards for several hours, and always being carried nearer to the deadly rocks.

People began to gather on the jetty to watch our plight; later it seemed that all the populace had collected there. At last six men put out in a boat, and after some difficulty reached us, and we were towed in after a desperate struggle.

"Everybody was very kind." Odette smiled. "The vicar himself helped me out of the boat, but I have a sort of idea that, in spite of their sympathy, deep in their hearts they thought: 'Serve her right, for going out in a boat on Sunday!'"

Odette showed me the palms of her hands. There were still traces of the blisters that were raised when she kept bravely to the oars, and did her best to help her companion in the fight against the elements.

The Lure of the Stage.

"I STARTED acting when I was seventeen," Mr. Milton Rosmer told me the other evening. "My father was an old theatrical manager. He ran away from home and joined a circus, and was the first man who took an English musical comedy show on to the Continent. My uncle and he were known as the Milton Rays, and were very good comedians. And my grandfather"—he smiled—"was just like the rest of us; he played in the days of Barry Sullivan, Charles Matthews, and other leading lights."

Mr. Rosmer held up a beautiful old gold eyeglass, which was suspended round his neck by a length of black moire ribbon.

"Charles Matthews gave this to my grandfather," he told me.

An Old Love.

MILTON ROSMER went on to tell me that he was trained as a painter. "A love which I still retain," he confessed. "But my health broke down, and I drifted on to the stage. I did Shakespearean productions with the late Osmond Tearle. I played various leads when I was eighteen, and Mark Antony, Orlando and Hamlet at the age of nineteen. My years with Tearle were years of very valuable experience to me."

A Rein on the Emotions.

LATER Milton Rosmer talked of Martin Harvey. "I played with him in 'The Only Way,' and created a part in 'The Breed of the Treshams.'

"Martin Harvey is a master of technique. He was always saying: 'Real acting is never over-acting; but so few people know this.'"



DONALD CRISP.

Some time afterwards Milton Rosmer met Martin Harvey, and they were discussing old times, when Harvey exclaimed:

"I expect you just wished I'd let you alone and allowed you to act from your own emotions, but I had to discipline you."

"Naturally," I said, "that I had often felt like that."

And Martin Harvey answered:

"There was a time when I went through exactly the same phase, when I was with Irving, feeling that if Irving would leave me alone, what a great performance I could give. But when I left him," Martin Harvey added, "I realised what a tremendous control of my resources Irving's discipline had given me."

From Two to Six-thirty.

MR. ROSMER gave me some amusing experiences of his visit to America with Ben Greet. "We used to play Shakespeare in its entirety, so that a performance lasted for four hours at least. Romeo and Juliet started at two and finished at six-thirty. The theatre reopened again at seven-thirty and we finished at twelve, and by that hour most of us were unable to speak!'

"In the summer we played two shows a day for weeks, never seeing our trunks for six and eight weeks on end, so we travelled with a shirt, tooth-brush, and a suit-case.

"I saw some magnificent scenery—the lake resorts and the White Mountains of California. Transit, however, caused us to arrive very late at one place, so we started at ten o'clock at night, the audience having helped us to put up our scenery, and we finished at one o'clock in the morning!"

Moonlight and Music.

"ALL the same," Milton Rosmer declared, "we had fine productions. We travelled with a Russian symphony orchestra. We did 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'The Tempest,' with full orchestra,



MILTON ROSMER as Hugh Morgan in "Torn Sails," an Ideal film.



MARY ODETTE, as the Welsh girl, Gwladys Price in this Ideal film is very appealing.



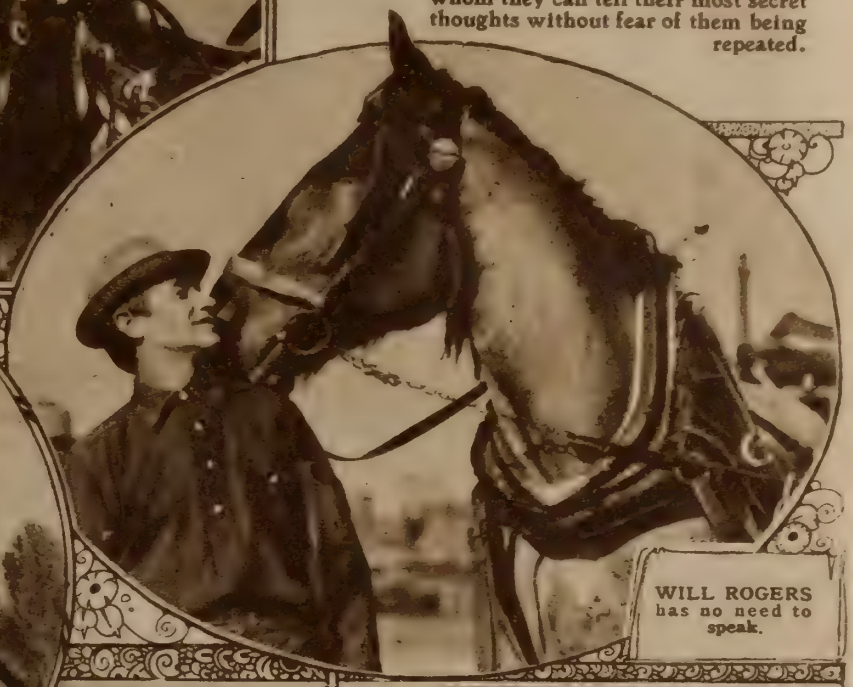
Scene from "Torn Sails," in the Sail Shed, which is owned by Hugh Morgan (Milton Rosmer).

Confidences

EVERYONE appreciates a good listener, someone to whom one can tell secrets, knowing that their confidences will be respected. These stars have found out to whom they can tell their most secret thoughts without fear of them being repeated.



PAULINE FREDERICK gives strict instructions to the horse she is learning to ride.



WILL ROGERS has no need to speak.



BILL HART shows his Pinto his latest present.



SHIRLEY MASON whispers her latest love secret into discreet ears



MARIE PROVOST "makes friends" with a stranger.



WESLEY BARRY with his chum, who listens to all Wesley's adventures in filmland.





ALLA NAZIMOVA.

PLAYMATES

NOTHING delights the youngsters more than a few minutes' romp with their elders. Here we see some favourite playtime pals.







GEORGE BEBAN, junior, with his biggest chum.

ALICE JOYCE MOORE'S favourite playmate is her daddy, TOM MOORE.

FRANK MAYO delights in playing with the kiddies and, incidentally, their toys.





MAY ALLISON finds a sparring partner in her young nephew.

MARY PICKFORD RUPP has two great loves, her auntie and her doll. The two Marys have been playmates since the younger was old enough to take notice.

UT BRITISH PLAYERS.

'UDIOS, AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.







delightful cottage scene in the rural Welsh village. Hugh Morgan says good-bye to Gwladys Price.

and at one period Walter Damrosch conducted. On Lake George our hotel was at the edge of the water. I played Oberon. The setting was exquisite; it was the edge of a lake, in the white moonlight. A band of seventy-five horn players from Wagner's orchestra was hidden in the wood. It was as near Fairyland as one can get it."

An Obscure Position.

FROM Mr. Rosmer's varied experiences in America our conversation drifted to British productions again. "I played in 'The Palace of Truth,' under that wonderful producer, W. S. Gilbert," he said. "Gilbert could get more humour out of a funny line than any other man I know."

Mr. Rosmer's first productions were "Justice" and Masefield's "Nan."

"One day," Milton Rosmer went on, "I had a sudden desire to appear in a film production, and did so. Mr. Rowson, managing director of the Ideal Film Company, thought I would make a good screen actor, and bagged me for another film. There was an interruption during the war. I became notorious in Dublin as the driver of a motor-lorry. I certainly filled an obscure position in an obscure manner."

Amongst the many successes to Mr. Rosmer's credit in filmland are leading parts in "Still Waters Run Deep," "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Whoso is Without Sin," "The Man Without a Soul," and "Torn Sails."

Battling Burrows.

I HAD an interesting chat with Mr. Donald Crisp the other morning. Many of you will remember him playing the imposing and thrilling part of Battling Burrows in the film "Broken Blossoms," adapted from one of Thomas Burke's stories in "Limehouse Nights."



MADGE STUART.

Mr. Crisp came home after being away in America for sixteen years, and his first excitement on getting back to the old country was to see his father again after all those long years of absence.

We Must Struggle Through.

"AT the moment," said Mr. Crisp, "I am one of those who are trying to make British films the best in the world, and to gain this end the whole thing has to be taken seriously. During the war England lost five precious years, and now she's got to do all in her power to regain them. We must struggle through.

"The one thing I notice here," Mr. Crisp went on, speaking of his work as a producer at the Famous Players-Lasky British Productions, "is the co-operation of everyone at the studio. Everybody is so willing to learn. Major Bell is our manager, and a great deal of credit is due to his magnetism in keeping the force together. And all do their best for the director in chief."

No Lillian Gishes.

"WE have not found our Lillian Gish or Mary Pickford yet, but who knows? Any day a potential Mary Pickford or Lillian Gish may drift into one of the big London studios—as a child, just as Lillian Gish did—and work her way up into the technique of this great art," says Mr. Crisp.

"Our own particular studio gives a contract for a number of years, so that the artiste has the chance of perfecting his or her work with us. We have only British artistes in the Famous Players-Lasky British Productions, and in the studio we have every modern scientific device known to man. But this lamp"—Donald Crisp smiled—"has just come from America; it's a million candle power. At San Pedro, in Catalina Island, there is a lamp giving a light that can be seen fifty miles away."

A Life of Pleasure.

"FILM work?' Madge Stuart questioned the other afternoon, when I was having tea with her. "To me it's more like a life of pleasure than work. Sometimes, however, I become a little homesick for the stage, for I enjoyed being in 'Chu Chin Chow.' I started screen work last autumn, and I have certainly never regretted the step I took. I adore going to the theatre, and my next pleasure is to see Norma Talmadge films. I have to go off to France soon, to take part in a Stoll Picture production. I have never done any riding until recently; but, as I shall have to do a tremendous amount when I get the other side of the Channel, I've hurriedly been taking lessons. No, I'm not afraid," she declared, "but I'm a wee bit superstitious. For instance, I put my jumper inside out this morning, and I didn't dare to change it!"



A. V. BRAMBLE.

Strong and Silent.

MR. A. V. BRAMBLE, the producer of "Torn Sails," Ideal Film Co., might easily be termed "The Strong, Silent Man" of the party! He says little, but his keen, dark eyes never miss the smallest detail.

"It's a great mistake," he told me, "to imagine that film drama is silent drama; it isn't. It's useless to move the lips without sound. The human voice brings up all kinds of emotions into the face. In a tense situation, if the actor doesn't talk or shout, there are certain muscles in his neck that are never brought into play, and so the expression of his features are not virile as it should be. If conversation is only carried on in dumb show, the listener unconsciously loses in expression.

Mr. Bramble has produced, amongst many other films, "Her Benny," Silas Hocking; "Jimmy," John Strange Winter; "Profit and Loss," H. F. Maltby; "Laughing Cavalier," Baroness Orczy; "Smart Set," Elliot Stannard; "Wuthering Heights," "Torn Sails," and he is now at work on Sir James Barry's "The Will."

Torn Sails.

ON a very brilliant, but windy morning last summer, I was strolling through the steep, picturesque streets of Newquay, South Wales, when I saw an equally picturesque Welshman strolling along unconcernedly. Later on I noticed an old Welshwoman, with snow-white hair, talking to a young and beautiful Welsh girl. They looked so attractive that for a moment I thought I was dreaming, then the truth burst upon me—the picturesque Welshman was Milton Rosmer, the little Welsh girl Mary Odette. They were members of the Ideal Film Company, engaged in filming Allen Raine's love story, "Torn Sails," in Allen Raine's own county, Cardiganshire. The other morning I passed out of a London fog into the enchanted portals of a cinema—to a private show of "Torn Sails." It is produced by Mr. A. V. Bramble, and the scenario is by Elliot Stannard.



GEOFFREY KERR.

Milton Rosmer makes a virile and fascinating Hugh Morgan. Ivor Parry, is played by Geoffrey Kerr (here he is). Mary Odette's Gwladys Price is a sympathetic and exquisite study of a Welsh girl. She quickly won all hearts by her charm and beauty. José Shannon's acting as Mad Gwen gives an unmarkable piece of emotional acting, which is haunting in its intensity. "Torn Sails" is a British production that should win laurels for the producer and success to the company.

EDITH NEPEAN.

"She Loves—and Lies."

Splendid Complete Story Telling of a Woman's Ruse to Win Love.



NORMA TALMADGE as Marie Callender, and CONWAY TEARLE as Ernest Lismore.

"BUT he's old enough to be my father. And besides, I don't love him."

Pretty Marie Callender's voice rose in protest as she looked up at her Aunt Carrie, a stout motherly woman who had looked after Marie since she had been a baby.

"But he loves you, dear," said Mrs. Chiscolm, "and he could give you everything, everything you want. You say yourself you are getting tired of the stage and would like a home of your own."

"So I would, dear," agreed Marie, "but when I marry it must be for love of the man, not his money. I respect Mr. Gordon, but I could never love him. I shall tell him so to-night. I have thought it all over, aunt, and I have come to the conclusion that it would be a pretty low-down trick to marry William Gordon for his money. The trial engagement was a mistake. I shall give him his ring back to-night."

"Well, you've landed yourself in a nice mess, Marie," said Mrs. Chiscolm. "You came down here under my chaperonage as the fiancee of Mr. Gordon, and after enjoying his hospitality for two days you propose calmly to turn round and tell him that the engagement is ended. Be warned by me, Marie, and don't do it. I read the cards again last night and the fates say that you should marry Mr. Gordon."

"I would sooner trust my heart than the cards," said Marie. "It's no use arguing, aunt. My mind is made up!"

As Marie Callender left the room and walked out into the garden, she asked herself if her aunt's reproach was justified. It was true that she had come down to Gordon's house as his fiancee, but when she mentally reviewed the circumstances that had led up to the engagement, she did not think she was to blame. In the course of a short but brilliant career on the stage, Marie had been pestered by men. Most of them were infatuated with Marie Max, the clever impersonator, rather than in love with Marie Callender. Some had approached her with honourable proposals of marriage; others had talked glibly of a flat in town, a country house and a steam yacht, carefully avoiding any reference to marriage.

Among the former was Bob Brummell, a well-meaning but rather foolish young man, who, on being refused by Marie for the umpteenth time had decided to seek forgetfulness in the wild and woolly West.

In the latter category was Jack Dimont, manager of the theatre at which Marie played. He had sought to gild the offer of a flat in town, etc, with a contract at double the salary Marie was then receiving. The actress had answered Mr. Dimont by shoving him down in his own office.

It was while smarting under the insult that Dimont had put on her that Marie had met Mr. Gordon, an elderly city man, very rich and very much in love with her. After much persuasion Marie had consented to a trial engagement, and now she realised that she could never marry Gordon. It was not that there was another. Marie Callender had yet to see the man she could love, but she felt there must be one somewhere.

That afternoon as Marie was walking in the garden, she chanced to look over the trimly kept hedge which divided the house from its neighbour. Seated in a deck-chair on the lawn was a young man. Marie decided that he was under thirty, very good-looking, and that his tousled black hair gave a boyish touch to his rather thoughtful face.

When she got in the house she found Mr. Gordon had returned. He was a pleasant-faced man of over fifty. He looked so happy that Marie decided that she would delay telling him her decision till after dinner.

"Who lives next door?" she asked after she had submitted passively to Gordon's kiss and embrace.

"Chap named Ernest Lismore. A shipbroker. Very decent sort," said Gordon.

Marie wished she had not asked the question. It struck her that Gordon might connect the question with her refusal to marry him when she told him later in the evening.

Marie felt very sorry for Gordon when she told him her decision. There was no doubt that it was a blow to him, but he took it bravely.

When he found the girl was not to be moved from her purpose, he said: "I suppose I can't blame you, dear. With your youth and beauty you are fitted to wed someone better than an old man like me. But whoever the lucky man is I only hope he will try to make you as happy as I would have tried."

That night Marie was aroused from her sleep by a suffocating feeling. The room was full of smoke and as Marie jumped out of bed she realised to her horror that the house was on fire. She rushed out on the landing, but the smoke drove her back. She tried another way, but the fire was still fiercer. Putting a wet towel over her mouth, she made one more attempt to get down the stairs, but the heat and the smoke overpowered her. She felt herself fainting and falling. Then strong arms took hold of her, and she remembered no more till she found herself on a form on the lawn. As she opened her eyes she saw a young man bending over her.

It was Ernest Lismore, the man from next door.

Marie felt a delicious feeling steal over her as she realised it was he who had rescued her.

Then she fainted again.

When she came to herself the second time, Lismore had gone.

Her aunt explained that he had left in his car for a very important early appointment in the city, but that he had left a message trusting she would be none the worse for her adventure.

It was very fortunate, her aunt went on, that Mr. Lismore had come on the scene, for Marie had been on the verge of suffocation when he got her out of the burning house.

A week after the fire, Mr. Gordon died. The shock and exposure brought on a serious illness from which he had no chance of recovering from the start.

He left all his money to Marie conditionally that she left the stage, and married the man of her choice.

The Man She Loved.

SOME weeks after Mr. Gordon's funeral, Marie sat in her town flat. She was alone, for Aunt Carrie had left her in a huff, because Marie had ventured to doubt some prophecy outlined by the cards.

Marie was reading a paper, and one heavily headlined paragraph caught her eye and caused the colour to leave her cheeks.

It stated that Ernest Lismore had met with tremendous financial losses and that he was on the verge of bankruptcy. Marie put down the paper, and began to think. Ever since Lismore had rescued her from the burning house she had known that she loved him. But she had not seen him since that night, and she realised now that she was not likely to meet him unless she made an effort, for they moved in totally different circles.

"Well," she said to herself at last. "I can't go to him and say 'I love you. Please marry me and share my fortune,' but I intend to do something. He's the one man I love, and I don't intend to let him be ruined while I am rolling in wealth."

Marie thought it over during the night, and the next morning she had made her plans. She intended to disguise herself as an old woman, call on Lismore, and offer him her fortune on the condition he married her.

Marie was an adept in the art of disguise, for her great success on the stage had been attained by impersonations. She had not the slightest fear that Lismore would penetrate her disguise, but she was afraid that he would refuse her offer.

She got out a white wig, and attiring herself in a dress suitable for a lady of over fifty, she set out for Lismore's office.

Once in the presence of the man she loved Marie felt a sinking at the knees, and had it been possible she would have run away. But a look at Lismore's face, which was haggard and careworn, gave her courage.

"I have come with a strange proposition, Mr. Lismore," she said. "I have read about your financial difficulties, and I desire to help you. I am a very wealthy woman, and the money you need to set your affairs in order will not take a tenth of my wealth."

"It is very kind of you, I'm sure," murmured Lismore, inwardly wondering if his visitor was quite right in her head.

"But there is one condition you must fulfill before I give you the money," went on Marie.

"And that is?" said Lismore politely

"That you marry me."

"My dear madam!"

Lismore was now quite satisfied that his visitor was crazy. He got up from his chair, but Marie held up her hand.

"Please hear me out," she said. "I can assure you that I am quite sane and mean what I say. You need this money, and the conditions I impose are not too onerous. If after you have married me, you at any time fall in love I will agree to a divorce. Think of what my money will do for you. The honour of the house of Lismore is very dear to you. Your father and grandfather carried on this business before you, and the firm has always had an untarnished name. You have tried everywhere to raise the money and failed. My offer is your last chance to save the firm. Think it well over before you refuse."

In speaking of the honour of the firm, Marie had played a trump card. It was just that thing that worried Ernest Lismore. For himself he would not have minded having to begin life again, but he could not bear the thought of the firm which had been the pride of his father and grandfather going bankrupt. For a full minute he sat with his head between his hands. The suggestion was absurd, impossible—and yet it was his only chance.

He looked up suddenly.

"I will accept your offer," he said suddenly.

"That is all I ask," said Marie, rising quickly. "You shall have the money to-day, and I will leave the arrangements for the wedding to you."

To Win His Love.

IT was a week after the marriage. Marie sat in her house thinking hard. She had got the man of her choice to marry her for her money: now she wanted to get him to love her for herself. Ernest Lismore had been very kind to her, and as attentive as any man could have been, but Marie realised that her age, as represented by that white-haired wig, was a barrier between them.

"One can't expect a young man to love an old woman," she said to herself. "I shall have to get young again."

Gradually a plan formed in her mind. One of her dearest friends was Polly Poplar, an artist, who was in love with Bob Brummell. Now that Bob knew she was married to Lismore, Marie thought it would be easy to get him to see that his happiness lay with Polly, and in return for her help in bringing Bobbie to his senses, Polly would assist her.

Having decided on a course of action, Marie rushed off to Polly's studio. The artist fell in with the plan, and the first thing the girls did was to get another name painted on the studio door. Marie chose the name of June Dayne, and her plan was to get to know Lismore under that name and as her natural self, get him to fall in love with her, and then, in her role of his wife, give him permission to get a divorce.

"There'll have to be a lot of explaining at the end," said Polly, doubtfully.

"Yes," agreed Marie, "but don't you see, once he has fallen in love with me as June Dayne—for myself and not for my money—I don't care how much explaining I have to do."

"But won't he recognise you as Marie Callender, the woman he rescued when you appear as yourself?" said Polly.

"No," replied Marie. "I had a towel over my face. I only just got a peep at him from under the towel. He never saw my face."

It was not a difficult matter to get Ernest Lismore to the studio. Marie (as June Dayne) got introduced to him during a visit to an exhibition of paintings, and to her great delight, Lismore became interested in her from the start.

"You remind me very strangely of someone I know," he said, as they stood before a picture.

"I hope she is nice?" said Marie, turning away her head.

"She is more than nice," replied Lismore, thoughtfully. "I think, with the exception of my mother, she is the best woman I have ever known. She is very much older than you, but the resemblance is very marked."

Marie decided to change the subject. She was thrilling with delight at the thought that even in her disguise as an old woman Lismore liked her, and she knew with the unerring instinct of a woman that he was attracted by her in her character as June Dayne. But she felt they were treading on dangerous ground. It was too early in the plot for Lismore to declare his love.

After his first visit, Ernest came regularly to the studio, and Polly Poplar always contrived that the two should be alone for some period of the afternoon. But though Marie knew now that Ernest was in love with her as June Dayne, she could see that he was prevented from declaring his passion by loyalty to his wife. Marie could not quite make up her mind whether she was pleased or angry at this. It was nice to think that even as an old woman she had a hold on him, but her vanity was a little hurt when she reflected that with her beauty and glorious youth she could not win him from a woman old enough to be his mother.

Twice Marie was nearly found out. Once Bob Brummell blundered into the studio looking for Polly, and not noticing Lismore, came up to Marie and, addressing her as Marie, was about to tell her that he had just heard she was married, when Marie stopped him by the safe method of putting her hand over his mouth.

"Not a word!" she whispered. "I am June Dayne here."

Lismore happened to be at the other end of the studio, and did not hear Bob's first remark. But it was a very close shave.

On another occasion Marie had run off to her house to get in before Ernest to resume her disguise as his wife, when her husband jumped out of a taxi just as she was entering the front-door. Marie managed to dodge him, and get to her bedroom.

One afternoon, when Marie and Ernest were sitting in the studio, Marie suddenly felt that the climax in the drama she had planned was approaching. She was sitting at the feet of Ernest, who was seated in a big armchair. For some time he had been silent, as one who was very busy with his thoughts. One of his arms lay over her shoulder, and gradually she felt his hand caressing her face. The next moment he had bent down and kissed her.

"I love you, June; I love you!" he murmured.

Marie said nothing. She just clasped his hand tighter.

For a moment they remained thus, and then Lismore, gently releasing her, sprang to his feet.

"I'm a cur, June!" he said huskily. "I ought not to have said that. I'm married!"

"Married?" echoed Marie, not knowing exactly what to say, now that her comedy threatened to turn to tragedy.

"Yes," said Ernest in a dull voice. "What can I do?"

"Do? Why, go back to your wife," said Marie, keeping her face averted.

At this moment Aunt Carrie burst into the studio. She came straight to Marie and, after looking at Lismore, said to the girl:

"Introduce me to your husband, dear."

"You are mistaken, madam," said Lismore. "I am not this lady's husband."

"Not her husband?" gasped Aunt Carrie, as she threw up her hands and collapsed into a chair.

Poor Marie was now completely bewildered and unnerved. Her elaborate comedy had tumbled about her like a house of cards, and threatened to involve her in the ruins.

She could only think of one thing. She must get her husband away before Aunt Carrie came to.

Seizing Ernest by the arm, she said:

"Please go! For my sake, please go!"

Utterly bewildered by the strange turn of events Lismore left the studio.

The Choice.

AS soon as she had revived Aunt Carrie, Marie rushed out into the street and jumping into a taxi told the man to drive as fast as he could to her house. She got into her disguise just before Ernest, who had evidently walked, arrived.

Simulating great grief, she came into the room where he was standing against the fireplace in an attitude of great dejection.

"I know everything," she said, in a voice in which there was more pity than anger. "There is another woman. You have been to see her every day. Please do not interrupt me. It is all my fault. I will keep to my word. I will see her to-morrow, and we can arrange about the divorce."

Ernest tried hard to explain, but Marie left the room.

There was no sleep for Ernest that night. He tried to see his wife when he came down, but she kept out of his way, and when at last he asked one of the servants to tell her he wished to speak to her, he was told that she had gone to see a Miss June Dayne.

Ernest told the man to get him a taxi, and at once dashed off to the studio. Marie (as June Dayne) was the only one present.

"My wife! Where is she?" cried Ernest.

"I think she has gone to Reno to arrange about the divorce," said Marie.

"I must stop her!" said Ernest. "There can be no divorce!"

Marie smiled as he dashed out. She quickly followed, and having taken the precaution to have a taxi in waiting round the corner, she had no difficulty in getting to the house first.

When Ernest arrived, he found her in the drawing-room.

"Thank heaven you have not started yet!" he exclaimed, as he rushed up to her and took hold of her hands. "There must be no divorce. It is you I have loved all the time!"

"Wouldn't you rather have a young wife?" asked Marie, mischievously.

"Don't remind me of my folly!" replied the unhappy Ernest.

"But you did love this girl, June Dayne?" insisted Marie. "I have seen her. She is very beautiful and very young."

Ernest tried to think of a saying that beauty existed in the eyes of the beholder, but his mind was too worried to think clearly.

With a deft movement Marie switched off her wig.

"Look!" she cried. "You have a young wife; a wife every bit as young as June Dayne."

"Can you: will you please explain it all?" said Ernest, looking at the wig and wondering if he were dreaming.

Marie drew him into a chair, and sitting on his knee, told him the whole story.

"And so you never really did wrong, dear," she said, "for it was the same woman you loved all the time."

"Yes, you all the time, and you for all time!" said Ernest, as he kissed her.

(Adapted by permission from the Waltardaw film, featuring Norma Talmadge.)

WARD CRANE.

A Movie Lochinvar.

THIS year many film companies in America have left the West coast to make pictures in the East, and just as in the poem, another "Lochinvar has come out of the West" in the person of Ward Crane.

He recognised the fact that New York is going to be on quite the same level as Hollywood where the film industry is concerned, and so he went East and signed a contract with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and at the present moment he is working with pretty Billie Burke in a picturisation of Clyde Fitch's successful comedy "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

Pictures He Made in the West.

WARD CRANE was born in the East, namely in Albany, New York, and he appeared in one picture there, "The Dark Star," with Marion Davies, before he went to Hollywood, where he signed a contract with Allan Dwan. Under this well-known director-producer he appeared in "Soldiers of Fortune," "Luck of the Irish," "The Heart of a Fool," and "The Scoffer"—the last two films have not yet been released to the public.

Future Plans.

HIS future plans have not yet been definitely decided upon, as several very good contracts have been offered him by Eastern producers, to commence when he has finished the picture with Billie Burke; but whatever he does his success is assured, for he has already gained great popularity as a leading man.



WARD CRANE, with beautiful BILLIE BURKE, in a scene from "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," on which they are now both working for Paramount. This film is taken from the successful comedy by Clyde Fitch.



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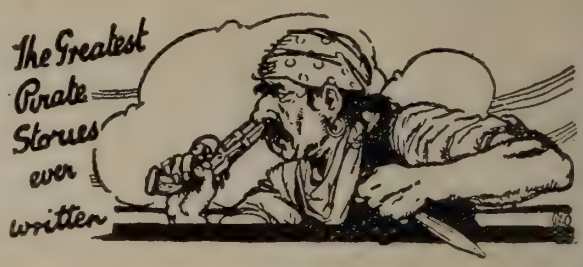
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MAURICE.

MAURICE

Famous Dancer who is now Delighting London Tells the Story of His Dancing Days Specially for Readers of the PICTURE SHOW—How He Danced Before King Edward at Biarritz—Learned the Apache Dance in the Underworld of Paris.

MAURICE, who is the star dancer in the successful review, "London, Paris, and New York," at the London Pavilion, and who is now leading the dances at the Savoy, in an interview with "Fay Filmer," of the PICTURE SHOW, gave a most interesting story of his dancing days, and many hints on the art of modern dancing which will be useful to our readers. Maurice has literally danced his way round the world. His feet have been his fortune, and they are still carrying him on to greater fame.

My Early Days.

I WAS born in America, of Belgian parents, and I scarcely remember the first time I danced (he said to me at the Savoy). I don't know whether I danced in my cradle, but I certainly danced when I ought to have been thinking of, and doing my lessons at school. I remember how, when I was supposed to be listening to my teacher, I used to swing my legs backwards and forwards, and then, when I got tired of that movement, I would swing them from side to side. That made the boys next to me very angry—and, when I come to think of it, I can't blame them, for even in my young days my side kicks must have been very hurtful.

My father travelled about the world for a firm of jewellers, and when I was nine he brought me over here and put me in Chatham College, Rochester.

My First Appearance.

AT the age of twelve I persuaded the Director of the Nouveau Cirque, Paris, to give me a chance. He took a lot of coaxing, but I my first job. The salary was two francs fifty got (or two and a penny in your money at that time), but it seemed a fortune to me. You could buy a lot of things for a franc in Paris in those days. Crazed with success, I went to study the dancers in Montmarte, and soon secured an engagement at the Royale at a salary of five francs a night. By this time I was certain that I was on the road to fortune and fame, for in those early days one had to look to money and leave fame with her laurel leaves to the future. From Paris I went to Vienna to fulfil an engagement at the stupendous salary (it seemed so to me then) of 450 kronen a month.

And now I won't what you call bore you with any more of my early day struggles. Your readers probably know how since then I have danced in all the capitals of the world.

Ah, yes, I have had some wonderful experiences!

Danced Before King Edward.

ONE that stands in my memory (you will find it in my book, "Maurice's Art of Dancing") is when I danced before your late King Edward. It was at Biarritz; and when I had finished the dance—it was an Apache dance, of which I will speak to you later—his Majesty saw me passing along the corridor.

One of the gentlemen in his suite stopped me and said:

"How is it that you have the strength to swing the girl so far out while she clings to your neck?"

I was very much embarrassed, and scarcely knew how to explain.

"The muscles of my back——" I began.

And then King Edward saved me.

"Would you be so ungallant as to let a lady fall if she were clinging to your neck?" asked his Majesty.

At that they all laughed, and I was very pleased to make my escape.

But I always think it was a kingly action on the part of King Edward to come to the rescue of a dancer.

Alas, that memory has a side that is sad. For it was during King Edward's visit to Biarritz on that occasion that he was taken with the sickness that ended in his death.

I still treasure the gold cigarette box King Edward gave me as a present.

How I Learned the Apache Dance.

BUT now I must tell you how I came to learn the Apache dance. By this time I was earning a great deal of money. I had danced at Monte Carlo, from which place I had gone to Vienna and Budapest, and then I had come back to Paris.

In that wonderful city I had received many, many kindnesses.

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Jean de Reske (to whom I shall always say I owe the beginning of the great success which has come to me), I had danced my way into the stately homes of the Faubourg St. Germain.

I remember it was Mr. and Mrs. Jean de Reske who gave the first *thé dansant* given in Paris, and introduced so many pupils to me that I had to keep a special diary to remind me of my engagements.

One night I was sitting in the Café de Paris when Max Dearly—a well-known dancer at the Moulin Rouge—came up to me, and asked if I felt in the mood for an adventure. I suppose that at that moment—though I was wonderfully alive to the good luck that had come to me—I was feeling bored.

May I say that "bored" is one of the most expressive words I have picked up in my many travels? Well, as I say, feeling bored, I consented.

The Paris Underworld.

MAX took me to the Paris underworld, and, because it was my first visit, I suppose that is why I remember it so clearly.

We went down a flight of stairs into a den which had a smell as vile as the faces we saw when we got to the cellar. I was warned not to show any sign of fear, and I decided that since I had consented to seek adventure, the only thing left to me was to face it.

The place was crowded with Apaches, who drank with their knives on the tables in front of them.

I shall never forget it. The low-roofed cellar, with it's stinking oil lamps, the hunted look in the faces of the men, and the despairing, hopeless, yet untamed challenging stare in the eyes of the women.

As we sat there one of the men, tired of cards, motioned to a woman.

She arose reluctantly. He caught hold of her roughly, and began to dance.

It was a dance such as I had never seen before. It was terrible—yet it held me spellbound.

The Real Thing.

YOU who have seen my Apache dance will understand what I mean when I say it is copied exactly—steps and costumes—from that which I saw with my own eyes in that evil-smelling cellar in the under-world of Paris.

The dance started with the girl dragging her feet, as if wishing to be free. Then the quickening of the music—the passion of the dance—surely one of the oldest and the most subtle, yet at the same time most convincing of all the means of expressing the emotions of Life. Yes, Life! For, however much we may deplore it, we must realise that there *is* Life in the cellars of Paris, in the dives of New York and the slums of London, as there *is* Life in the salons and drawing-rooms of the world's cities.

Whenever I dance that Apache dance, I dance it as an artiste who strives to show something that *is*, just as the artist who paints on canvas seeks to show the things that are mirrored in his mind.

Some Hints on Dancing.

YES, yes! I, too, would prefer to portray pleasant things. In this interview I have told you of many great pleasures I have experienced, but I must speak as I feel. I have no wish to go again to that cellar in the under-world of Paris, but I feel that, as a dancer, striving to show on the stage what I have seen of life, that your readers will understand. Tell them from me that there is nothing in the cellars of Life that will please. It is only in the sunshine where happiness lies. And perhaps I am straying from my job, as we say in America.

And now may I give you some hints for the readers of the PICTURE SHOW? Let us be happy—for surely the dance was meant to bring happiness!

Will you please put these things down, just as I say?

My Favourite Dance.

MY favourite dance is, and always will be, the waltz with the hesitation figure. It is virtually ideal as a dance, and in this dance, to my mind, a girl looks her best.

Here I must say that the simpler you dance in any ballroom the better you will dance, because when you try eccentric steps you look conspicuous, especially if you or your partner are not perfect dancers.

I'd like to give a word of advice here to girls. Do not always dance with the same partner. If you do, you will not advance, and, like everything else, unless you progress you will go back, and your dancing will become monotonous, whereas, if you continually change partners, you will realise little mistakes, and also find out how much nicer it is to dance with some partners than others. Next to the waltz the Fox trot will always be a favourite dance, especially over here, because the Anglo-Saxon race likes fast dancing.

The Tango requires a wonderful rhythm of music and tempo.

The Secret of the Fox Trot.

EVERYONE has experienced, in strolling aimlessly along the street, a sudden jauntiness in our step caused by a barrel organ playing a popular air in march time.

That is the whole secret of the one-step. It is marching without coming down smartly on your heels. It is walking briskly, spiritedly, on a smooth floor.

In this dance be careful not to stand too near your partner, and be careful, if you are a man, not to hold your partner in such a way that you lift her shoulders. Wait for the right beat in the music, and then start to walk either backwards or forwards without lifting your feet from the floor. The girl should dance entirely on the ball of her foot, and I believe the best advice I can give any girl is to tell her to forget her heels as much as possible."

A Compliment.

MAURICE has more than once appeared before King George, Queen Mary, and Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace. He has also numbered many royal names among his pupils, among whom may be mentioned H.R.H. Infant Louis of Spain.

It was he who created the *Thé Dansant* at the Piccadilly Theatre, London, and during his recent visit to Los Angeles gave special dancing lessons to many well-known screen stars. He has also himself danced in a number of screen plays, among which was the Famous Lasky film, "The Quest of Life."

It is to our compliment that Maurice told me in parting that in all the countries in which he has danced, he has found the best audiences in America and England.

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Should Girls "Powder"?

Perhaps the mid-Victorian Miss had no need of powder, but for the outdoor girl it is a necessity. A Golf or Tennis complexion seems out of place in a ballroom without a dusting of

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whilst the hot-house blossom complexion needs it just as much for protection in the open air. It is not only harmless, but beneficial—keeping the face cool and dry in hot rooms.

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IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Hairdressing and Appearance—Don't Keep to One Style Indefinitely—Copy the Hairdressing of Your Favourite Cinema Actresses—The Picture Girl's Hat.

IF you want to look your very prettiest at the Christmas party it is absolutely essential that your hair shall be effectively and becomingly dressed. A hasty scamper over its manipulation will not do at all, and only spoil the whole effect of any pretty frock that you happen to be wearing. Nothing looks so noticeable as a shoddily dressed head.

I once knew a very charming girl, who had quite a pretty face, although I must admit that few people would admit this. And why do you think this was so? Just because her hair was most unbecomingly arranged. She always *would* just comb her hair to either side and carelessly braid it into two plaits. These she would wind round in a couple of coils over the back of the head, hairpins sticking out from them in all directions.

A Changed Appearance.

ONE day she told me that she was off to a special party, and admitted that for certain reasons she wished to look her best. But still she arranged her hair in the usual unbecoming fashion. I could not see her going out such a fright, so I just made her take her hair down again and allow me to dress it for her. And you would have been absolutely staggered by the result. With her hair puffed at either side, and a neat plaited coil at the back, she looked absolutely charming. She was a little amazed at herself when she looked in the glass, and dubious of going out with such a changed appearance. But the next morning she was most enthusiastic about the praise she had received the evening before, and declared that she was always going to dress her hair in the new style. Not long afterwards she became engaged, and I like to think that I had a hand in the matter.

Look for New Methods.

I REALLY do think that many girls could improve their whole appearance if they could only be persuaded to pay more attention to the dressing of their hair. Instead of sticking to one fashion year after year, they would be wise to spend an occasional evening in their room, trying new ways and means. Not only will the change of style improve their appearance, but it will be beneficial to the hair, which is apt to become very thin in certain places if always dressed in the same manner.

Just now you will be attending many festivities that demand your appearance to be at its best. Therefore extra attention should be given to your hair. Keep it well brushed, so that it is pliable to manipulation. A nightly application of eau-de-Cologne and paraffin will be found most beneficial to its appearance and growth, and incidentally give it a delightful ripple.

Copy the Cinema Stars.

IF you are looking for new styles of hairdressing, you cannot do better than copy the method employed by some of your favourite screen stars. Here you'll find heaps of ideas and styles to suit every personality.

Have you ever noticed the tendency among film actresses to dress the hair well down into the neck at the back of the head? If you haven't, just watch for it next time you visit the pictures. And very pretty it looks, too, giving a distinct touch of youthfulness and charm to the wearer.

Violet Hopson has a very dignified, but effective style of hair-dressing. Parting the hair at one side, she forms the side strands into two small puffs to cover the ears, and coaxes the front strand down softly on to the forehead. At the back of the head, she winds her long black tresses into a coil, fastening it well down towards the neck.

Pauline Frederick, too, arranges her hair well into the nape of the neck. Dressed very much in the fashion of Violet Hopson's it is pulled out a little more from the face, and just coiled into a loose knot at the back. One deep wave falls over the brow.

Quite a different style is adopted by the ever-popular Elsie Ferguson. A very small parting is made at one side of the head, and the back hair is coiled into a foundation bun on the back. The short side strand of the hair is then brushed right round the sides and caught at the back. Then the other side is also bound round and tucked over to one side of the back part, the final touch being given by a comb that finishes off the fold.



No. 28,916.

A charming hat of black satin, designed by the Editress of "Home Fashions."

The Picture Girl's Hat.

DESPITE the attraction of a large picturesque hat, it is decidedly in the way when a big coat is being worn. Thus it is that the Picture Girl favours small hats for wear with her winter's coat. She has a delightful little affair of soft black satin, that points up in the centre in the most uncommon fashion. At either side a curled spray of ospreys stands off from the brim, while the crown of silk is gathered.

You can obtain patterns of this hat for one shilling from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1, P.O. to be made payable to the PICTURE SHOW.

A DRESSER.

FILM FAULTS.

:: A Few of the Prize-winners in this Competition. ::

"De Luxe Annie."—Eugene O'Brien as the villain holds up the hero by digging his revolver in his stomach, hissing "Move an inch and I'll blow your head off."—5s. awarded to RENE RAY, 61, Albert Road, Blackpool.

In "Little Miss Innocence," when June Caprice, who takes the leading part, has been locked in her room for losing her temper with one of the other girls at the convent, she is so angry that she pushes the ewer and basin off the washstand. When one of the nuns appears shortly after to scold her, the ewer and basin are on the washstand as if they had never been touched.—5s. awarded to P. S. WATSON, "Phenar," Kilbirnie, Ayrshire.

Re "Film Faults," in the War Office serial "The World's Greatest Story," it shows, in the first episode, the first battalion landing in France (August, 1914), and they all had steel helmets on their shoulders.—5s. awarded to JOHN SMITH, 1A, Kirkham Street, Weaste, Salford, nr. Manchester.

In the recent production of Rider Haggard's book "King Solomon's Mines," we had got to the part where the travellers had left the last town of civilisation three days back. They were in a sandy desert discussing the situation and just behind them was a closely cropped hedge.—5s. awarded to W. COLE, 71, Henry Street, Upper Kennington Lane, S.E. 11.

FILMS OF THE WEEK

The "Picture Show's" Guide to Picturegoers.

"Luck in Pawn." MARGUERITE CLARK. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

THE bewitching little star as a country girl, with an artistic temperament, who goes to the city to become a painter. But she finds not success, instead—adventure, a pawnbroker with a heart, and love! Full of fun and excitement, this amusing play shows the star at her best.

"Captain Dieppe." ROBERT WARWICK (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

ANTONY HOPE'S exciting romance on the screen, showing the adventures in Italy of a Secret Service agent. Thrills, love and intrigue are here, and provide the star with a typical dashing role. The excellent supporting cast includes Helene Chadwick.

"The Blinding Trail." MONROE SALISBURY (*Trans-Atlantic*).

A SIMPLE story told with compelling force and full of human interest. It appeals to all that is best in human nature. A fine story, brilliantly acted. Wonderful snow scenery as background. A type of story of which we would see more.

"The Medicine Man." ROY STEWART (*Western Import*).

A TYPICAL film-play of the great West, with the popular star as the sheriff hero. Plenty of dash and daring, a film glowing with life and action. The star is supported by a very capable cast. Very entertaining.

"The Joyous Liar." J. WARREN KERRIGAN and LILLIAN WALKER (*Gaumont*).

A REFRESHING and original tale, full of humour and action, starring two great favourites. It goes with a swing from start to finish. Excellent acting and fine comedy-drama.

"The Fall of a Saint." JOSEPHINE EARLE and GERALD LAWRENCE (*British Screencraft*).

A TRIUMPH in British screen-work. Adapted from a novel by Eric Clement Scott, this is one of the best home-produced films yet seen. Good story, splendid settings, excellent acting and photography. Well able to hold its own with any foreign picture-play.

"The Grey Towers' Mystery." GLADYS LESLIE (*Vitagraph*).

MYSTERY and romance go hand-in-hand in this exciting screen-play. It tells the story of a young heiress, the great love of two men, the complications that arise at the appearance of a second claimant to the estate. Interest is held to the last reel. Production is average.

"The Cinema Murder." MARION DAVIES (*Famous-Lasky*).

A SCREEN adaptation of E. Phillip Oppenheim's novel. Marion Davies is cast as an actress who nearly comes under the power of an unscrupulous theatrical magnate. A vivid story of life and love behind the scenes. Thrillling entertainment and well-produced.

"Colonel Newcombe." MILTON ROSMER and JOYCE CAREY (*Ideal*).

ADAPTED from Thackeray's famous book "The Newcombes." A tale of the most lovable character in all fiction. All admirers of Thackeray, and they are legion, should see this play.

"The Virtuous Model." DOLORES CASSINELLI and FRANKLYN FARNUM (*Pathe*).

A VIVID story of life in Montmartre, and of a sculptor who married his model and then neglected her. How the two are brought together again forms the plot of the piece. Excellent acting, lavish settings and fine photography.

SERIAL.

"$1,000,0000 Reward." LILLIAN WALKER. (*F.B.O.*)

A FIFTEEN episode serial of mystery, thrills and excitement, starring one of the screen's favourite stars, Lillian Walker, usually known as "Dimples."

"Shots" from Broadwest

SINCE the release of the latest BROADWEST film, "The Case of Lady Camber," which took place on November 11th, the Directors of the company have received hundreds of letters and messages from exhibitors and public, congratulating them on having manufactured such an excellent film Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, Gregory Scott, Mercy Hatton, and C. M. Hallard, appear in the film, and if you have not already seen it, do so at the earliest opportunity. Mr. Walter West personally directed the production, which in itself is sufficient recommendation.

□ □ □

Released only a month after its completion—which is almost a record in the land of British films—"A Rank Outsider" was first seen by the public on Thursday last. Racing films from the BROADWEST Company are always worth seeing, and this one is no exception. Cameron Carr stars in this production, with John Gliddon, Lewis Dayton, Gwen Stratford, and Joe Plant, the famous little jockey, in the other important parts. There are plenty of racecourse thrills in the picture which has not a dull moment in it from start to finish.

□ □ □

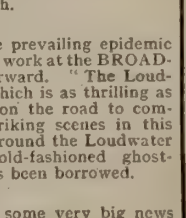
Despite London fogs, and the prevailing epidemic of influenza colds, the production work at the BROADWEST Studios goes steadily forward. "The Loudwater Mystery" (the story of which is as thrilling as its name implies), is now well on the road to completion. Some of the most striking scenes in this film, will be those which centre round the Loudwater residence, for which a big old-fashioned ghost-haunted, and turreted castle has been borrowed.

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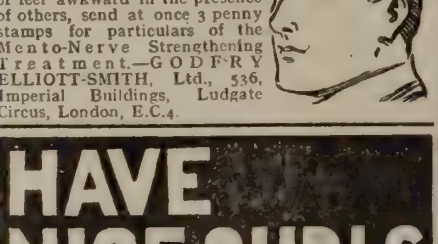
Next month I hope to have some very big news for you in connection with Mr. Walter West's recent visit to France. B.B.

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SHOW YOUR FRIENDS
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JUST TO REMIND YOU.

I WOULD like to draw the attention of my readers to two simple rules in this paper, so that by not overlooking them in the future they may save themselves disappointment.

The first relates to letters sent to artistes. Though it is hardly necessary to state that such letters are forwarded unopened when they reach us in closed envelopes bearing the names for whom they are intended, it frequently happens that inside an envelope addressed only to this paper is an open letter to a film star. In such cases I have often noticed that the writers give insufficient addresses of their own, which explains why so many of them never get replies. How, for instance, is a person in America not acquainted with this country to know where "Pontypool" is or that "Finchley Road, N.W." is a street in London? Remember, therefore, always when writing to artistes to give your address in full, adding the name of your county and the word "England."

Then, again, I must ask my readers to oblige me in the matter of not asking for any addresses to be sent them by post. I am frequently calling attention to this point, and the reason is simply because the number of other queries to be answered each day is enormous. I do not mind that, nor do I wish anyone to hesitate about seeking the usual information on that account. Your queries will all be answered whenever information is available, if not on this page then by post, provided your address is complete. But if you want to write to your favourites, then please follow very carefully the simple instructions at the foot of this page. Thank you.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

GERTRUDE (Manor Park).—You and your chums wonder how I got my bump of knowledge. Well, it was due to an unkind blow given me by Fate, and ever since then I have had to satisfy somebody else's curiosity. William Parke, junior, is till on the films, and among his pictures are: "The Cigarette Girl," "The Last of the Carnaby's," and "A Crooked Romance."

M. M. (Oxford).—So you divide your affections between two artistes, one English and one American. As regards the latter, Thomas Meighan, he is married to Florence Ring. He was born in 1888 in Pittsburg, Pa., and began his screen career with Lasky. "The Fighting Hope," "The Heart of Wetona," "The Mysterious Miss Terry," "Out of a Clear Sky," are some of his many pictures. You want his colouring, too, I expect. It is black hair and brown eyes.

"LEEDSITE" (Leeds).—You have taken a long time to make up your mind to write to me, but your first letter is quite nice in length and appearance. Jack Pickford as Jack Robin and Gloria Hope as Dorothy Mason were the leads in "A Burglar by Proxy," and they were supported by Jack Dillon (Spider), Robert Walker (Harlan Graves), and Mr. Guise (John Mason).

A. R. (Burnley).—Robert Warwick was born on June 2nd, 1881, in Sacremento, California, U.S.A., and his real name is Bien. He has dark hair and eyes, is 6 ft. in height, and is married to Josephine Whittell. "The Silent Master," and "Secret Service," are two of his films. Dustin Farnum is married but at the moment he does not say who she is. Don't some of them like to make us curious?

"ENGLISH" (Manchester).—Yes, I remember Jane Gail quite well, but the difficulty in the case of many artistes is that they will not release just that information about themselves that their admirers are most anxious to have. Christine Rayner it was, who played with Henry Edwards in "The Kinsman." Conway Tearle, whose half-brother is Godfrey Tearle, was born in New York in 1880. His wife is Adele Rowland. His films are, "Stella Maris," "The Reason Why," "Virtuous Wives," and "The Way of a Woman."

"ERNEST" (West Ham).—A reader from the start, and this is your first letter to me. The imp of curiosity does not worry you overmuch. Here are the required details of your two favourites. Elsie Ferguson is the wife of Thomas B. Clarke, a New York banker. She has golden brown hair, grey blue eyes, is 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and was born on August 10th, 1883, in New York City. Vernon Steele, who took the part of Dick Hazelwood with her in "The Witness for the Defence," was born in Santiago, Chili, and is 6 ft. in height. Brown hair and hazel eyes, is his colouring.

K. M. B. (Streatham).—So you, too, have solved the wallpaper problem by using our art plates. Your room must be a pleasing sight. Yes, the star in "Up the Road with Sally" certainly looked very much like Constance Talmadge, for it happened to be none other. I will do what I can about your other requests.

"TOMBOY" (Jolimont).—Well, if the name of your town is anything to go by you seem to be in a jolly place. I note you are never dull yourself. Dwight Crittenden was John Burke in "The Ragamuffin," and Hershall Mayall, the villain in "Carmen of the Klondyke." This is the full published cast of "The Heart o' the Hills." Mary Pickford (Mavis Hawn) Harold Goodwin (Jason Honeycutt), Fred. W. Huntley (Grandpa Jason Hawn), Clare McDowell (Martha Hawn), Sam De Grasse (Steve Honeycutt), William Bainbridge (Colonel Pendleton), Jack Gilbert (Gray Pendleton), Betty Bouton (Marjorie Lee), Henry J. Herbert (Norton Sanders), Fred Warren (John Burnham).

"ETHEL" (Carshalton).—When I read your letter I began to wonder whether it was Ruth Roland or myself you were really enquiring about. Your questions jumped alternately from one to the other. Permit me, however, with my usual shyness to stand aside. I will tell you about Ruth Roland instead. She is not a widow, for her former husband, Lionel T. Kent, is still alive.

G. R. (Burton-on-Trent).—Is it so hard a matter then to know how to address an artiste you want to write to? If you begin as you suggest it will be all right. You will find your favourite quite harmless. In "The Starting Point," the leads were taken by Constance Worth and Evan Thomas. Blackheath is the spot where Gerald Ames first started in the world, and he is now the husband of Mary Dibley. Some recent pictures of his are, "The Irresistible Flapper," "Sunken Rocks," "Possession," and "Boundary House."

M. I. P. T. (London).—Queenie Thomas was born in Cardiff. You may find the addresses you want have been given in a previous issue, otherwise I will forward on your letters.

"SVENGALI" (St. James' Park).—You want me to "lull" your fears respecting the rumour about Sessue Hayakawa. I do so herewith. He was not born anywhere else but in Japan, and I doubt if he has ever been to Burma.

"WENDY" (Wilmslow).—You have never seen either Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks on the screen because apparently the one solitary picture theatre in your place has never shown them. Perhaps the poor manager has never heard of them! Why not enlighten him? Bessie Barriscale was born in New York in 1891, and when she attained the age of five, she made her debut on the stage. Her husband of course, is Howard Hickman.

"BUBBLES" (Wavertree).—Were you ashamed of your handwriting that you printed the whole of your letter to me? You ought to see my writing. I am certain it will cause a compositors' strike one of these days. Francis X. Bushman's middle name is Xavier. Marie Walcamp has hazel-grey eyes, but your other query, Bubbles, I will have to ask her.

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

FRANCIS FORD, care of West Coast Studio, 6040, Sunset Bvd., Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

FRANK MAYO, care of Universal Film Co., Universal City, California, U.S.A.

SHIRLEY MASON, care of Fox Film Co, 130, West 46th St., New York City, U.S.A.

HARRY HOUDINI, ANN FORREST, care of Lasky Studios, Vine St., Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

(More addresses next week.)

NEW "PICTURE SHOW" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE £100
SECOND PRIZE £25

£150 IN PRIZES

FIFTY PRIZES OF 10/- EACH

No. 1.—NAZIMOVA PICTURE PUZZLE.



KEEP THIS UNTIL THE SIX PUZZLES HAVE APPEARED.

ON this page will be found a Picture Puzzle which deals chiefly with the career of Alla Nazimova. Next week the career of another cinema star will be dealt with in a similar form, and so on, until six puzzles have appeared.

The above magnificent prizes are offered for solutions to the picture puzzles which are identical with or nearest to the solution in our possession.

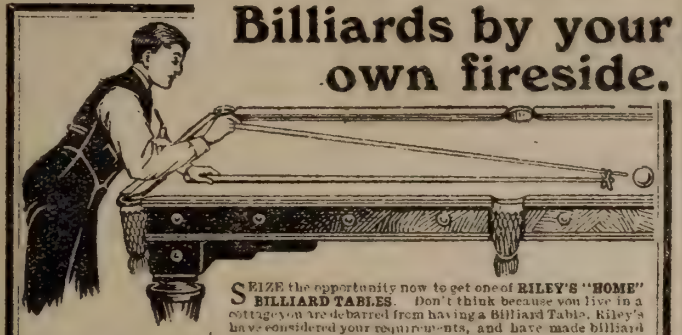
Do not send your solutions in yet. When the sixth puzzle appears full instructions will be given as to how and when your complete set of solutions are to be sent to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Boys' Cinema" and "Girls' Cinema."

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

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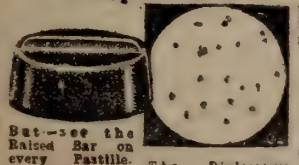
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CLÉO PEARLS

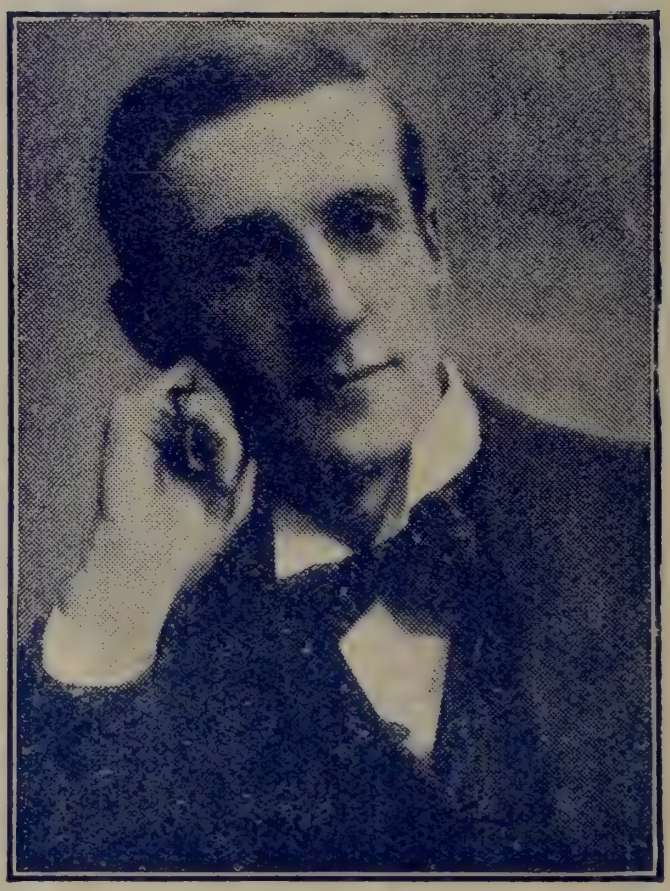
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N 11/12/1920.

PICTURE SHOW, December 18th, 1920. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

JAMES KNIGHT.—Full Page Art Picture INSIDE.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. DEC. 18th, 1920.

No. 86. Vol. 4.

ANTONIO, VIOLA, AND EDDY, POSE TO CELEBRATE A HAPPY MEETING.



There was a joyous meeting at Catalina Island the other day when Antonio Moreno, Viola Dana, and Eddy Polo found they were all spending a few days' holiday at the same place, As you know, Antonio is working with Vitagraph Company; Viola is with Metro Film Company, and Eddy with Universal, so that they have very little chances of seeing each other. This snapshot was sent to the "Picture Show" to celebrate the event.

Another chance to be a Prizewinner in £150 Competition in this week's GIRLS' CINEMA.



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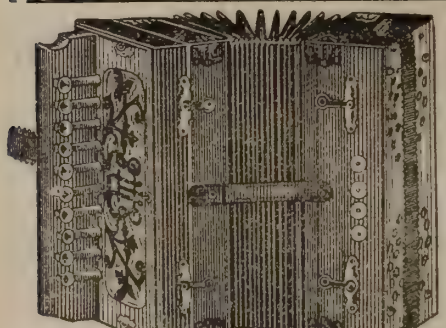
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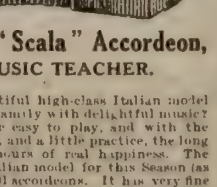


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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 49.—CLIFFORD HEATHERLY.

CLIFFORD HEATHERLY is another well-known British film star who enjoys his weekly copy of the PICTURE SHOW. As you know, Mr. Heatherly has played many big parts on the screen, and is now with the Stoll Film Company. Mr. Heatherly, I hear, is particularly interested now we are devoting a big space specially for British productions. Edith Nepean's gossip is particularly interesting to British players.

—♦♦—

Just a Word From Fay.

I HAVE one or two big things to tell you about this week. Of course, you are all trying for a prize in our new big competition, and here is a way in which you can have another two chances. This competition is also running in "Boys' Cinema" and in "Girls' Cinema." By procuring copies of these papers you have three chances instead of one.

In the "Boys' Cinema" this week there also begins a splendid new serial, entitled "The Lincoln Highwayman," a fiction version of the Fox film in which handsome William Russell plays the leading part.

"The Return of Tarzan" is appearing also in this popular paper, which is just as full as it can be with adventure tales and stories of film heroes.

—♦♦—

A Fine Paper For Girls.

THE "Girls' Cinema" is also full of interesting articles and stories this week. There is a special page written by Charles Ray on that all-interesting subject, to girls—namely, GIRLS. Gregory Scott continues his worldly-wise letters. There are pen-pictures of Mabel Normand and Tom Moore, a long complete story, Violet Hopson's own dress page, as well as the usual features. Don't miss this fine little cinema book if you are a girl of to-day. It is just packed with information and hints.

—♦♦—

This Week's Art Picture.

ISN'T our centre page just delightful this week? I do think these large pictures are worth framing, don't you? We shall see this scene in the coming photo-play, "The Hope of His Side," a story written round the famous picture "The Hope" by the famous artist E. P. Kinsella. All the characters in this photo-play are taken by children.

—♦♦—

Film Faults Competition Closed.

YOU will notice that this week we have to discontinue our offer of a prize of 5s. for a postcard describing a Film Fault. You will see why. We were receiving on an average five hundred postcards a day, and many of them described the same fault. It does not seem fair to award a prize to one of these and the others get nothing. As many as five hundred postcards received told of Dorothy Dalton's amazing change of frocks in "The Market of Souls." You see her in three different frocks in the space of two minutes.

The Editor of the PICTURE SHOW dislikes, above all things, to disappoint his readers, and he could not divide the five-shilling prize into five hundred parts, so four hundred and ninety-nine readers who had noted the same fault were disappointed.

At the time of writing this there are piles and piles of postcards not yet read, so after to-day the competition is closed, but until all these postcards have been examined the prizes will still be awarded.

Of course we want your criticism of films, and shall always be pleased to publish any film fault you may discover, but there will be no more prize awards. So if you want a prize you must enter our grand new competition just begun, and try to win one of our big money prizes in this.

—♦♦—

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

Autographed Postcard Art Supplement.

YOU will be delighted with our next week's issue, for our centre art page is devoted to signed Christmas postcards from the most famous screen stars. You will be able to stock your postcard album with autographed postcards of your favourites if you get next week's issue of the PICTURE SHOW, and follow instructions.

—♦♦—

A Thrilling British Serial.

"THE Great London Mystery," the first British serial, which will shortly be released, will prove that America has not the monopoly of thrills or of stunt artistes.

Miss Sadie Bennett, who takes the part of a young woman detective, among other hair-raising escapades, jumps from the top window of a house near Bolter's Lock into the Thames, rescues her superior officer, who has been sent to his doom in a crane, and after swimming the Thames, climbs the crane, crawls over the top, and slips thirty feet down the chain to the bucket, and having liberated the prisoner, they both jump into the fast-moving waters below.

A jump from Windsor Bridge and another from Waterloo Bridge are other daring river scenes.

—♦♦—

"The Mistletoe Bough" Heroine.

BY the way, Lady Doris Stapleton, who has the heroine part, has among the family possessions the ill-fated dower chest, the story of which is told in the world-famous song, "The Mistletoe Bough," which is revived every Christmas time. You will remember it was the lady's wedding night, and during the revels she hid in a chest, the lid of which clicked to. The frantic husband, the guests, and the servants searched high and low without avail. Then one day the old chest gave up its gruesome secret. The ill-fated lady, whose wedding night ended in such tragedy, was an ancester of Lady Doris's family.

Showing Up Bogus Spiritualistic Tricks.

THIS film is particularly interesting just now, as Mr. David Devant, the world-famous magician, takes part in it, and exposes for the heroine a number of spiritualistic tricks.

He shows us how, by a trick, people can be made to see a face in the crystal, how a table can be made to move at the medium's will, and how a tambourine and skull can be made to dart about the room, and the tambourine and bell made to jingle when, to all intents and purposes, everyone in the room is sitting in the dark, their hands touching on the table.

—♦♦—

Began as a Clown.

DO you know that Carter de Haven started on his road to theatrical fame as a clown?

All his life, Mr. de Haven had been entranced by the theatre. As a boy he conceived whole plays and acted them himself in his home or with his playmates.

He drifted into planning entertainments, staging them, and often playing the leading role himself. Then one day, after a charity performance, a stranger greeted him as he came out of the hall with a proposal that exceeded his wildest dreams.

That was his start, and his rise has been rapid, until to-day, he holds a place as one of our foremost comedians.

—♦♦—

Real Snowstorm.

THE snow scenes in Pearl White's coming picture, "Tiger Cub," are the real thing.

As you may guess, it is not easy to call a snowstorm to order, and Miss White travelled many miles to obtain the desired scenes.

The company went to where three feet of snow covered the ground, but the sky was a bright blue. Two days later, when they were working five miles from the hotel the storm came.

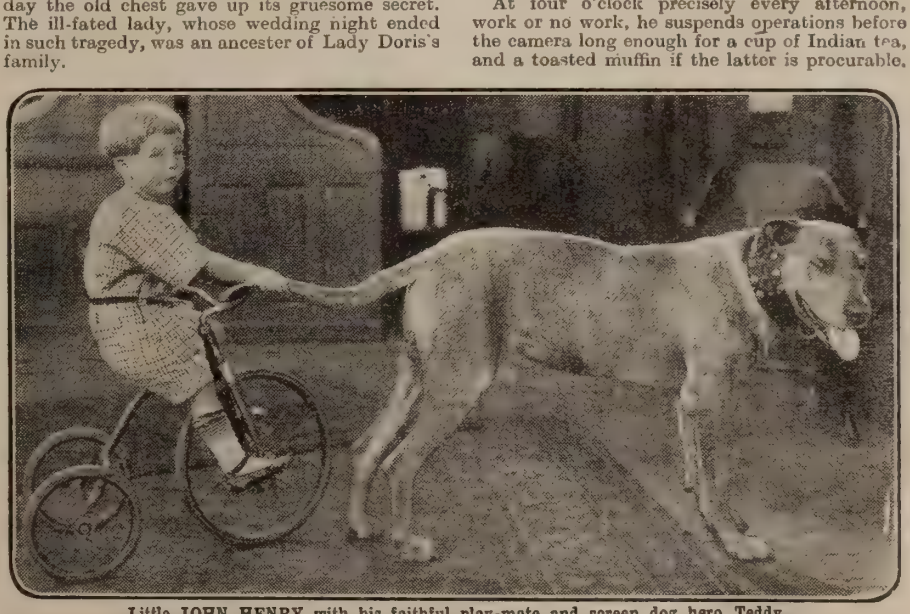
The company worked furiously as the storm grew in intensity, for they were precious moments; and when the light failed the sleigh scenes were taken. It was the worst storm experienced for years, and when darkness fell it took the company three hours to make their way back to the hotel.

—♦♦—

Tea at Four.

COURTNEY FOOTE, the English actor, who has spent some years in America in photo-plays, has never failed to hold on to the English habit of afternoon tea.

At four o'clock precisely every afternoon, work or no work, he suspends operations before the camera long enough for a cup of Indian tea, and a toasted muffin if the latter is procurable.



Little JOHN HENRY with his faithful play-mate and screen dog hero, Teddy.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)



SIDNEY TOLER.

Actor and Author.

SIDNEY TOLER, whom you see here, is the gifted author of many screen plays, and is the author of "The Tiger Lady," now being directed by Maurice Tourneur. He is a well-known actor in America, and has led several companies in the United States—often in his own plays, as well as the works of other dramatists.

—♦♦—

Wallace Hits Himself.

ALMOST difficult feat of photography has just been accomplished by Wallace Reid in his new screen play.

In the course of the action there was a double exposure showing a fight scene between two characters, and Wallace Reid plays the dual role.

During the course of this battle, Wallace hits himself several hard punches, and finally lands himself such a blow in the eye that it turns black. One can imagine the difficulty of filming such a scene, and much praise is due to the skill of the photographer.

—♦♦—

A Tense Minute.

MONTE BLUE gave the company a fright the other day. He was playing in the photo-play with the suggestive title of "Something to Think About," and in one part Monte Blue had to enter the advance chamber of an under-water tunnel. A leak causes the roof to "cave in," which results in the death of the character portrayed by Monte.

Every possible safeguard was taken by the director—an iron ring, bolted on the safety door of the tunnel offered Blue a hand-hold, and a score of life-guards were on hand to rescue Monte should he be stunned by impact with the water.

The thrills came when Monte remained under the water many seconds longer than was anticipated, and eventually his head appeared above the surface just as the rescuers were about to dive in.

—♦♦—

He Needs One.

HORACE WILLIAMS, who was casting director for the Thomas H. Ince studios, is going to have his office festooned with swastikas, which, as you know, are the Indian symbols of good luck.

At a moment's notice, Williams was called upon to secure an Indian woman for a part in an Ince production. The first one he engaged, in her haste to report at the studio, fell down a step and broke her leg.

Williams 'phoned another squaw, who promised to come immediately, and bring her husband for safety. They were hit by a tramcar and painfully injured. Number three simply failed to turn up, and the fourth arrived quite all right, and was taken with pneumonia the next day. No wonder Williams requires some swastikas.

—♦♦—

After Ten Weeks.

AS you know, George K. Arthur has been chosen for the simple hero-part in H. G. Wells' famous novel, "Kipps," the Stoll photo-play which has just been completed.

Although he enjoyed the part, Mr. Arthur is very glad it is over at last, as he has been able to get his hair cut—for the first time in ten weeks.

—♦♦—

"As Others See Us."

HARRY SEMELS often visits a picture show incognito in order to get genuine first-hand criticisms of his work. His favourite house is one where the audience applaud the hero, hiss the villain, and often call out in their excitement.

Sometimes he hears things that are rather disconcerting, as happened during the run of the fourteenth episode of "The Phantom Foe."

Two young ladies were watching his screen face with breathless interest.

"Look at his eyes!" Madge said to May. "Just look at his eyes! I know a girl that does extras in the films, and she told me they got him out of the 'sylum just 'specially to play this part. Every now and again he has a fit right there in the studio, and they have to put him in a strait jacket."

"Goodness!" May exclaimed, awestricken. "It must be dangerous to work with a man like that. Crazy men are worse than wild animals."

The crestfallen, "crazy" man had visions of what would happen if he were recognised—shrieks of wild women, a stampede, a ride in a police van or ambulance, and a night in the police station. He rose hastily, and sneaked out of the house before the light went up.

—♦♦—

All About Winifred Kingston.

YOU will be pleased to know that Winifred Kingston is again to appear as leading lady, playing opposite Dustin Farnum in his forthcoming production for Robertson-Cole, "The Trail of the Axe," which is now in course of filming under the direction of Ernest Warde.

Miss Kingston played with Mr. Farnum in "Corsican Brothers," which we are shortly to see over here. Born and educated in London, she made her first public appearance on the stage in this city, and for several seasons before going to America. In the United States she made her first appearance in the support of Henry Miller in "The Servant in the House," after which she appeared with Constance Collier, William Hartley, and Cyril Scott, and then as leading lady of the Orpheum Stock Company of Philadelphia.

When August Thomas decided to picturise Richard Harding Davis' story, "Soldiers of Fortune," he offered Miss Kingston the leading feminine role, which she accepted. It was during the filming of this production that she first met Dustin Farnum and, strangely enough, this was Mr. Farnum's first moving picture venture also.

Mr. Farnum had just closed a season playing in the "Littlest Rebel," and had accepted Mr. Thomas' offer to go to Cuba to play the stellar role in the "Soldiers of Fortune." The contrast between his six feet of virility and the diminutive figure of Miss Kingston proved to be an excellent combination, and since this time they have appeared together in a great number of Mr. Farnum's pictures.

Fay Filmer.



WINIFRED KINGSTON.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

Mary and Doug Coming To England Again.

IF England didn't want Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks to pay a return visit, she shouldn't have been so hospitable. Ever since these two screen favourites returned, they have been figuring on how soon they could get back to the Old World. By carefully adding up the joint amount of their promised work they have decided they can leave this country some time in January.

Let me tell my readers a secret. Mary and Doug are going to London to make pictures. They have two more features to complete before they are free to pack their baggage. The story leaked out following a rumour that Mr. Fairbanks and his pretty little wife, or Mary Pickford and her stalwart husband—put it any way you choose—had decided to stop making pictures.

Miss Pickford's next picture will be "Rag Tag and Bob Tail," a story by Frances Marion, the good friend and comrade of our Mary. Frances will direct Mary, a combination that should provide us with some excellent Mary pictures. Miss Pickford's husband's next picture is by his favourite author. Sh-sh! A man named Douglas Fairbanks.

If there is time, the celebrated screen lovers may squeeze in another picture apiece before they take the boat to England.

—♦♦—

Speaking of Screen Lovers.

OUR old friends, Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman will, by the time this reaches England, be at work on a picture for Oliver Morosco. They are cast for important roles in "The Half Breed," in which Ann Little and William Desmond are likewise featured. A gossipy friend says the entire Bushman family Number 1 and Number 2 are congregated in California. Mrs. Josephine Bushman, No. 1, has brought the five little Bushmans to California to put them in pictures. Beverly Bayne Mrs. Bushman No. 2, has been in Hollywood for several months, waiting with her husband and her small son for the Morosco contract to go into effect.

—♦♦—

A New Member of the Film Colony.

CONRAD NIGEL, who played with Alice Brady in "Forever After" last year on the stage, and who has recently signed a nice fat contract with Famous Players-Lasky, to star in some of their special productions, is the proud father of a baby girl. His wife was formerly Ruth Helms, a society girl. Miss Helms' screen experience is confined to one picture, "The Fighting Chance." She played a part in this picture in which her husband and Anna Q. Nillsson were starred.

—♦♦—

Giving the Prisoners a Treat.

THOMAS MEIGHAN has gone in heavily for prison reform. It may be only a temporary impulse, but the last time I saw him he could talk of nothing but prison life and how the boys behind the bars should be treated. Tommy's knowledge was gained after visiting New York's celebrated prison, Sing Sing. The visit was made to get some real colour for a prison story called "The Quarry," which is to be a forthcoming Meighan special.

—♦♦—

It's Great to Be Popular.

DO you remember Miriam Cooper, the little dark-eyed girl who used to play in so many of the D. W. Griffith features? Well, Miriam, as you probably know, is married to R. A. Walsh now and playing in her director-husband's pictures. Recently a young woman walked into one of New York's leading hotels and demanded that the clerk cash a cheque.

"Sorry, madam," he answered, "but I shall have to have some identification."

"Sir," she said, "I am Miriam Cooper, the actress, and I consider your action an insult."

The clerk, not wishing to offend a patron who was known to be a very good customer, profusely apologised, and hurriedly handed the young woman the money value of the cheque.

And now he is wishing he had not been so hasty. The young lady, who was not Miriam Cooper, vanished in thin air, and the poor trusting clerk is minus fifty dollars.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



A charming portrait of MABEL NORMAND, the talented Goldwyn star. Are you reading "Madcap Mabel"—the story of Mabel's school days — every week in "Girls' Cinema."



All aboard! The people in the group looking over the deck-rail, from left to right are as follows: WESLEY BARRY, A. J. GALLAGHAN, Gov. JAMES M. COX, GEORGE BEBAN, BESSIE LOVE, KATHERINE MACDONALD and VIRGINIA FOX. (*Photo: J. C. Milligan.*)



DAGMAR GODOWSKI has to play with some strange pets in her film "The Throwbacks." It is not everybody who could look so happy if they had to allow an animal, whose greatest delight is to wallow in mud, to feed out of their hands!



Music hath charms! Between the scenes of a Goldwyn film, Director Victor Schertzinger thought he would entertain some of the members of the cast by playing to them, but evidently they did not appreciate it. Left to right: MYRTLE STEDMAN, MR. SCHERTZINGER, LEWIS S. STONE, MABEL JULIENNE SCOTT, and LYDIA YEAMANS TITUS.

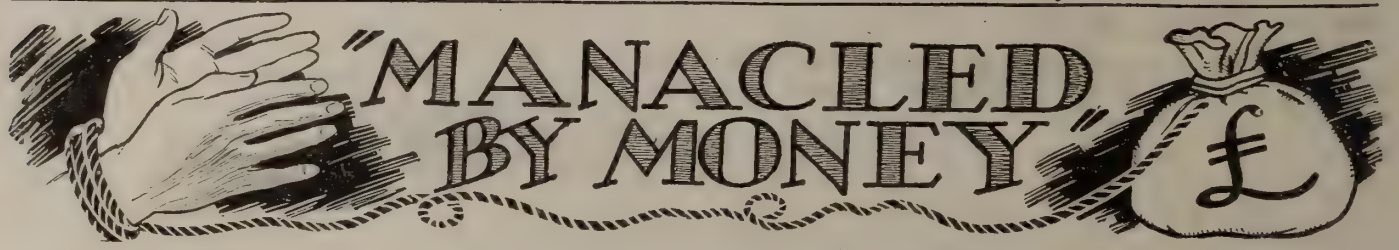


EDYTHE CHAPMAN and her husband, JAMES NEILL, enjoy a musical evening.



ALEC FRANCIS and LAWSON BUTT in "Earthbound."

BEGIN TO-DAY! A POWERFUL STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION. By EMMIE ALLINGHAM



Suspicions.

THE folk of Greystone village, when discussing the squire of the manor, always put down his altered demeanour to the death of his little girl. It was a tragedy with which they could all sympathise.

The death of Cecil Rae passed out of their minds within a few weeks, but the loss of the golden-haired Jessica, and the grief of her father, was a thing they could understand.

Pretty, spoilt Jessica, had been a favourite among them. The men remembered her quaint, imperious manner towards them, and the women had admired her dainty appearance and golden hair.

Virtues which the pretty child had never possessed were attributed to her by the simple village folk, and one and all had a kind word to speak for the bereaved man.

No one was surprised when Arthur Weston shut up his house, almost immediately after the funeral, and went abroad.

During his absence the house where he had lived was sold, and his few personal belongings were taken to Greystone Manor.

But Mr. Weston was not long away. A few weeks later the news travelled through the village that the squire had returned, and had taken up his residence in the old house.

Many were the surmises as to what would now happen. Arthur Weston was, comparatively speaking, quite a young man. It seemed likely he would marry, restore the estate, and bring back to Greystone some of its old-time prosperity.

But the days went by, and Arthur Weston did not show himself in the village, and Mrs. Taylor, who had taken upon herself to go up to the big house to inquire whether they were requiring any servants, was met by an old man—a foreigner—whom the squire had brought home with him, and who informed her that his master wished him to do all that was necessary about the place.

"It don't look as if Greystone Hall is going to be any sort of use to us whatever," said one old crony, shaking his head, as he listened to Mrs. Taylor's account of how she had been received. "Seems to me there is a curse on that old place. Young Mr. Harry was well rid of it, if he only knew it. It don't seem no good to no one."

"I did hear that Mr. Ferguson has been up there three times, and each time he has had the door shut in his face," said Mrs. Taylor, who dearly loved a gossip.

"Well, it ain't natural that Mr. Weston could abear to shake hands with the man as was more or less responsible for his little girl," chimed in someone else. (They had met in the village post office.) "Mr. Ferguson has taken it to heart; he doesn't look so robust as he did," exclaimed Mrs. Taylor cheerfully. "My word! There has been some deaths here lately, what with one and another of them. I should not be surprised if he was the one to go next."

"Oh, law! Don't say it, Mrs. Taylor; you make me all shivery like!" cried Mrs. Swift, who kept the post-office. "We want something lively to happen in this here village—we have had enough trouble. Now, be quiet, the lot of you: I can see Miss Grace coming along on her bicycle. She is coming here for the letters. There is one for her from Master Harry, bless his heart! I know his handwriting."

The gossips stood back as Grace entered the shop. She glanced around with a bright smile which included them all.

"There is a letter for you, miss. I know the handwriting," said Mrs. Swift, as she handed the girl a packet. "There is a catalogue from London for your ma, and all the rest is for the rector. How is he to-day, miss?"

"Father is very well. Why do you ask?"

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ARTHUR WESTON, who is given by his aunt, Amy Rae, a bag containing twenty thousand pounds to be held in trust for her son Harry. She also leaves Greystone Manor to him, but tells him this is to be handed over to her son when he is twenty-one. She does this because her husband will spend every penny he can get hold of.

HARRY RAE has a quarrel with Arthur Weston after Mrs. Rae's death. He cannot understand his mother making such a will, and he determines to go out to Australia.

REV. FERGUSON tries to make peace between Weston and Harry before the latter goes away, but is unsuccessful.

GRACE FERGUSON, the vicar's daughter, is a great chum of Harry's, and she is broken-hearted when he goes abroad. After Harry has left she goes to Greystone Manor, and sees his father enter the study with Weston. Later she hears a shot.

CECIL RAE, Harry's father, is found dead in the woods next morning, and it is presumed that he has committed suicide.

Arthur Weston is in a very nerve-wracked condition, but after he has been to the woods and the village policeman has told him that it is evidently a case of suicide, a weight seems to fall from him. The crime which in a fit of passion had cost Cecil Rae his life, is not to be brought home to him after all.

When he returns home the Rev. Ferguson comes with the terrible news that Arthur's little daughter Jessica, who is the apple of her father's eye, has been thrown from her pony and killed while spending the day at the vicar's house.

"Oh, no reason, miss! Only someone was remarking that the rector seemed to have grown older lately."

Mrs. Swift spoke apologetically, and Grace laughed, although the colour rose to her face, and a scared expression peeped out of her eyes.

"None of us are quite the same as we used to be," she said.

"No, that is so, miss!" cried Mrs. Taylor, joining in. "I've just been up to the Manor Hall, miss. Did you know that Mr. Weston had brought a foreigner back with him as a servant, and he isn't going to employ anyone else? I don't call it fair myself, miss. Do you?"

"Mr. Weston must please himself. He has had so much trouble lately," answered the girl; and then, with another bright smile, and a nod which included the whole group, she turned and went out.

Mrs. Taylor sniffed her disapproval.

"There's a parson's daughter for you," she said contemptuously. "It ain't her bread-and-butter. She don't care if the squire lives like a heathen, with only a foreigner to look after him. I thought as she might have offered to go and have a talk with him, but no—nothing of the sort."

"I don't see myself how you can expect her to. You forget poor little Miss Jessica. Mr. Weston has not spoken to any of the Fergusons since that happened."

Mrs. Taylor sniffed.

"So you say. But I've seen Miss Grace in the woods ever so many times. She don't go there for nothing, I know."

"Why, what do you mean?"

Mrs. Taylor had created a sensation. Every eye was turned upon her.

"Well, all I say is that that young lady wants watching," said Mrs. Taylor stubbornly. "I don't know anything, but I must say I have my suspicions."

"Well, what are they?" asked Mrs. Swift curiously.

"That I keeps to myself until I know more. But you all keep your eyes open; that Grace Ferguson isn't as innocent as she looks, not by a long run."

And then, with a wise shake of her head, Mrs. Taylor took her departure, having the satisfaction of knowing that she had given them something to discuss and think about.

Meanwhile Grace had sped on her bicycle towards the woods that Mrs. Taylor had mentioned.

She often went there when she wanted to be alone. It was so much easier for her to think about the absent one when she was in the environment that she and her old playmate knew so well.

And now she had a letter he had written to her. Her heart beat a little quicker at the thought. He had remembered her. Surely she was the happiest girl in the whole wide world!

Steering her bicycle through the bracken, she made her way to her favourite spot. It was a mound that rose some six feet from the ground and then dropped some ten feet on the other side. On the top of this mound or rising, a mighty oak had fallen, and its trunk, crumbling yet massive, had been the plaything of Grace and Harry almost ever since they could remember. It had served as a castle, a robbers' house, and even as a gallant steed in those happy, far-off days and Grace always felt that the friend of her childhood was not so far away, when she was resting on its friendly, gnarled old trunk.

Leaving her bicycle below Grace seated herself, and then took out the letter and examined it.

To her, even his handwriting was the most beautiful in all the world. She bent her head suddenly, and pressed her lips to the address, and then she looked up with a burning face, and glanced around, as though she feared someone was watching her. But only a saucy thrush on a branch near by was regarding her inquisitively with his head on one side, and then he broke into a song as he fluttered away.

Gracie laughed, and shook her finger at him. Then she opened the precious letter.

"DEAR GRACE,—I guess you will be surprised to get a letter from me. I never was much of a fellow for writing, but you have always been a good little pal, and somehow, when I was thinking of all the people that I knew in the Old Country, you are the only one that I can write freely to and tell of the things which interest me here. Of course, it is all strange at first, but I do get lonely. I am afraid I am not the kind of fellow who makes friends easily. I can't talk naturally to people I do not know. I wish I could. I wish you were out here so that I could talk to you sometimes, but the next best thing, after all, is being able to write to you.

"This is a strange sort of letter, but I know that you won't laugh, and that you won't give me away. Tell everyone who asks after me that I am going on fine. I am really. I have got a job on a fruit farm, but, between you and me, I don't see much chance of that fortune I came here after—at least, not at present. No one seems inclined to take me into partnership or adopt a nice, handsome youth such as your old pal. Instead, I sit on a stool and add up beastly figures until sometimes I feel like chucking it all, and taking the first boat back to good old England.

"While I write this I can see you, with your big grey eyes, looking at me in that solemn way you used to when I told you I should run away from school. By the way, your eyes are grey, are they not. You might put me right on this point, will you? You will write, won't you? I want cheering up, and you need not be afraid I shall not stick it. I won't come back a failure. Has Arthur Weston gone to live at Greystone yet? I suppose he will be marrying again, and

(Continued on page 8.)

A STORM in a TEA CUP



Their first kiss! CORINNE GRIFFITH and WEBSTER CAMPBELL in a Vitagraph film.



"Don't argue with me," says CORINNE GRIFFITH.



The few hasty words end in a quarrel, and the lovers part in anger.



She gazes wistfully at his photograph, and realises how dear he is now that he is no longer with her.



"Will he come back?" Her sorrow turns to joy as she sees him coming up the garden path.



Re-united. Everything is forgotten as he takes her in his arms, and they vow never to quarrel again.

"Manacled By Money." (*Continued from page 6.*)

that kid of his will be playing around just as you and I used to do. Those were fine days, little pal, were they not? They often come back to me, now I am over here. I never realised how jolly they were then.

"I wonder if you ever think of them? Somehow I hope you do. I have been thinking of you quite a lot lately. Now do please write me and tell me all the news. Give my love to your mater, and tell Mr. Ferguson that I am with Mr. Nichols, that friend whom he gave me the introduction to. Mind you tell him that I am going strong, and that I like my work. Ever your old pal, HARRY RAE.

"P.S.—I say be a sport, and don't forget me.—Harry."

The girl read the letter through, and a bubbling little laugh of pure happiness broke from her lips. Then unable to keep quiet, she sprang to her feet. All the cares and worries of the last few months seemed to be suddenly swept aside.

"Those were fine days, little pal. They often come back to me." She read the words again; and then, clasping the letter to her heart, she sprang up on to the old tree trunk, and in the exuberance of her spirits, she flung up her arm. "Hurrah!" she cried, at the top of her voice. "Hurrah!"

There was a movement among the trees below her. In her present state of mind she half expected to see her old playmate emerge. Instead, however, the figure of an old man came into view.

He wore a soft, felt hat that could not conceal his long, black hair, and blue glasses. He was dressed in an old suit of black, and wore a white tie, with a somewhat crumpled white shirt.

"What are you doing here?" he inquired, in a low, deep voice. "Do you not know that these woods are private?"

"If they are, what are you doing in them? asked the girl, smiling.

"I am Mr. Weston's man," answered the other. "He has told me to have these notices put about. Cannot you read?"

He was pointing to a small card which was nailed on to one of the trees, bearing the inscription: "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

Grace laughed.

She was in such a happy mood, that she could not be serious even for a moment.

"But that does not apply to me," she said. "I am Grace Ferguson, and I am sure Mr. Weston would not want to keep me out. I do no harm; and I have known these woods all my life. How is Mr. Weston?" she went on, as she descended from the tree trunk, and came slowly forward. "Poor Mr. Weston! I am so sorry, he will not let any of us see him."

The old man turned as though he would go away as the girl approached him. There was something about his bent figure which to Grace was strangely familiar.

"Oh, please do not go!" she called out after him. "I have so wanted to get a message to poor Mr. Weston, and I never knew how to manage it."

The man stopped. Then with a quick movement he pulled his hat further over his eyes.

"What do you want with Mr. Weston?" he asked suspiciously.

"I don't want anything particularly; but I can't help feeling that he must be terribly unhappy, and if I could, I should so like to send him a message that would comfort him. We all loved Jessica. She was his little girl, you know, and I feel that if only he would talk about her to someone, it might ease the pain. Does he ever talk about her to you?"

The old man shook his head.

"He never talks at all," he mumbled.

"Poor fellow."

Grace was feeling so happy herself, that the thought of the unhappy, lonely man filled her with compassion.

"You are no friend of his," said the old man. "He has mentioned you to me. You are the parson's daughter, are you not? None of you have given him cause to think you were kindly disposed to him."

"Oh, but we are! Indeed we are!" cried Grace: and in her earnestness she placed a hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Is he so unhappy?" she asked, her sweet voice trembling. "I think it must be terrible for him. We did hope that when he came back from abroad he would be himself. He is quite young, really, and life is so beautiful. It seems terrible to me to think of him shut up alone in that gloomy house."

"He is so poor, he cannot afford to have it done up," muttered the man; and as he spoke he shot a suspicious look at his companion through his blue-tinted glasses.

"Yes, I know; of course it would cost an awful lot to put the place to rights, but even if one is poor, one can be happy. Don't you think so? I don't know why I am talking like this to you," she went on almost apologetically, "but I am so happy myself to-day, that I just can't bear to think that there are miserable people in the world. It is all so beautiful, isn't it?" She glanced around appreciatively. "I am sure we were meant to be happy," she added lamely.

The old man stood for a second, and then he moved away.

He took a couple of steps, and then he turned.

"I shall tell Mr. Weston that I met you," he said, "and if I get an opportunity I shall tell him what you said."

"Yes, do!" cried Grace, impulsively. "Tell him that his friends want to see him again."

The old man nodded his head. Then he turned and slowly retraced his steps the way he had come.

Grace watched him until he was out of sight.

There was something about him which baffled her. She had a strange feeling that somewhere before she had met him. But where?"

"It must have been a dream, I suppose," she told herself at last. "Yes, it must have been a dream, but what could it have been about?"

She wrinkled her brows, but without success. Failing to obtain satisfaction, she put it from her mind, and opened the precious letter again. Seating herself once more, she gave herself up to the happy thoughts.

The old man reached the outskirts of the woods. Then suddenly he stopped, and furtively retraced his steps once more.

From behind a tree he stood, regarding the unconscious girl. Her hair had become loosened by the breeze. Her hat lay on the ground at her feet.

She made a pretty picture as she sat there, and the man seemed to appreciate it.

When at last she rose to go, the man was still there. It was not until the girl and her bicycle had disappeared from sight that the man returned to Greystone Hall.

Christmas Eve.

THE Rev. Ferguson sat in his study, preparing his sermon for Christmas Day.

Over a year had passed since the death of Cecil Rae.

Up at Greystone Manor House, Arthur Weston still lived the life of a recluse.

It was Christmas Eve, and the village children were making the cold, crisp air sweet with the sounds of "God rest ye, merry gentlemen," as they stood out in the porch.

Grace was in her room dressing for the evening. She had put on a white dress, and then, as she stood there before her mirror, Jenny, the little housemaid, came in carrying a whisp of mistletoe.

"Put this in your hair Miss Grace," she cried mischievously. "Mr. Bates, the butcher, persisted in me having it; he says as how it will reveal one's future husband, miss. You have only got to wear it, and the first man you meet will be your fate. Do put it on, miss."

Grace laughed, but she hesitated.

"It is of no use me wearing it, Jenny. I shall never marry," she said, laughingly. "Why not try it yourself?"

"No, thank you, miss; I knows my place, even if it is Christmas Eve," said Jenny, with dignity. "A fine sort of person I should look like, with that bit of frivolity stuck in my cap. Besides, miss, my young man is at Tolchester, and he won't be this way until the Boxing Day. I ain't going to risk any mistakes. Not if I know it," she added, smiling.

Grace would have liked to be able to say, "My boy is on the other side of the world," but somehow the words would not come. She had Harry's letters, every one of them, safely tied together with a strand of blue ribbon, and she had no wish to meet anyone else. But at seventeen, all kinds of impossible things seem probable, and there was always the chance that Harry might return. It was certainly a long way from Australia, but even such a journey is not quite impossible.

Grace smiled as she placed the piece of mistletoe in her hair.

She was just a wee bit superstitious, and if it could bring Harry nearer to her——

It was just as she had done it that another batch of carol singers started outside.

This time it was the village choir.

Grace ran down the stairs, forgetful of all else.

The choir must be invited in for refreshments.

But it was early; only the women in the choir had come round. The foremost, Mrs. Taylor, was the spokeswoman, as Grace opened the door.

"We were wondering, miss, if it would not be a Christian action for us women to go up to Greystone Hall. I don't suppose as Mr. Weston is likely to give us anything, and that is why I thought we would go without the men. We don't get dry like they do."

"But that is a splendid idea!" cried Grace. Her imagination kindled at the thought of bringing Christmas nearer to the lonely man who lived there aloof. "Wait a minute, Mrs. Taylor, I will put on a hat and cloak, and I will come along with you. Poor Mr. Weston. I wish I could see him. It must be terribly lonely for him up there."

"Yes, miss."

Mrs. Taylor spoke respectfully enough, but there was a curious expression on her face.

Grace did not hear it, however; she was thinking about the carols.

"I'll bring my violin," she said.

The Carol Singers.

GREYSTONE HALL was in darkness.

It was an early moon, however, and the place was lit up by its cold, silver light.

"Oh—er!" whispered one of the girls, "don't it look ghostly! I am feeling quite scared. I wish I had not come!"

"Nonsense!" replied Grace; and then, placing her violin in position, the soft strains of "Christians, Awake" fell on the silent air.

The women's voices took up the refrain.

Inside the house there was a silence.

"I don't believe there is anyone in!" cried one of the party. "What is the use of us singing to an empty house?"

"I think there is someone about. Let us try another," said Grace.

The hymn was sung through, but no sign came from within.

"I am not going to stay here any longer; it is too creepy for me," said the girl who had first spoken.

She seemed to have echoed the thoughts of the others, for with one accord they turned away, evidently disheartened.

Grace hesitated; then she, too, followed the others.

When an hour or so later they left her at the vicarage gate, however, Grace felt a reluctance to go in. The moon and the perfect night had taken hold of her imagination. Again she saw Greystone Hall bathed in perfect light, which hid all marks of decay and shabbiness.

What happy Christmasses she and Harry had spent there within those dear old walls; and now the house was empty. Arthur Weston had evidently gone away, and taken his man with him. No one seemed to take any notice of the Master of Greystone these days. People soon get used to things. Arthur Weston had shut himself up in the house; he was a recluse, and now no one took any heed. There was even no gossip. Arthur Weston and his old servant had ceased to be interesting. Grace stood hesitating.

The wild impulse had come to her to visit Harry's old home again. She would write and tell him afterwards how she had entered his old home by the secret passage, and then in the old nursery she had played a tune to their old memory. The memory of the little boy and girl who had never realised how happy they were until the time had passed by.

Grace was romantic. She was also in love, and Harry was so far away. His old home, even though unoccupied, could have no terror for her. She never even thought of such a possibility.

Tucking her violin under her arm, she started off with a run, back to Greystone Hall.

(*Another instalment in next Monday's "Picture Show."*)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF PARDOE WOODMAN.

(Special to the "Picture Show.")



On the alert.



Surprise.



Watchful.



Thoughtful.



Just a smile.

PARDOE WOODMAN.

The Young British Screen Juvenile.

PARDOE WOODMAN, who is now making a big impression by his work in recent Stoll Films, was born in Malvern, where he was also educated.

"Some are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them." Pardoe Woodman is one of those whose first appearance on the theatrical stage was more or less an accident.

A Member of the Benson Company.

IT was whilst Mr. Woodman was a member of an amateur dramatic society, that the Benson Company, which was playing in Worcester, made application for certain members of the society to take part in their production.

Mr. Woodman was selected to play the part of the Lord Chamberlain in "Henry VIII.," and after the run of the show was finished he was asked to become a member of the Benson Company.

This offer sealed Mr. Woodman's fate, and he determined to take up the stage as a career.

After remaining three years with the Benson Company, he played under Mr. Fred Terry's management.

From this time onwards Mr. Woodman appeared in such important London productions as "The Dynasts," "Disraeli," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Prodigal Son," "Be Careful Baby," "Twelfth Night," and "The School for Scandal."

A Prophecy.

MR. WOODMAN is particularly well suited to character juvenile work, and although he admits that he is at present a newcomer to British filmland, one feels on seeing his work on the screen, that it will not be long before he has made a very big name for himself in the annals of cinematography.

His intention is to devote all his time to film work in future, and his greatest ambition is to make a success of the characters which he is given to portray for the screen.

An Awkward Moment.

"ONE of my most awkward moments," says Mr. Woodman, "was during the filming of 'The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown.'

"We were working at a railway station some miles from the studio, I was told to jump into a train which was just steaming out of the platform, go to the next station on it, and return by the next train back.

"On alighting at the next station I was promptly accosted by a porter, who stared at me as though he had encountered a walking corpse—presumably because of my make-up—but demanded my ticket all the same.

"'I haven't any ticket,' I told him, 'but I want to catch the next train back.'

"'Where d'you want to go to?' demanded the porter.

"'Where I've come from,' I replied peevishly.

"'And where 'ave yer come from?'

"'I don't really know,' I informed him. For as a matter of fact I hadn't noticed the name of the station at which we had been working.

"'Seems to me,' said the porter, 'that you must 'ave come from the Asylum. Anyways, that's where you're goin' to!'

"At this moment Miss Ruby Miller and Teddy Arundell opportunely arrived in a studio motor-car, and satisfactorily explained matters—otherwise the porter would have, no doubt, conducted me to the local Hanwell, and the mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown would be still unsolved."

His Chief Recreations.

MR. WOODMAN'S chief recreations are riding and swimming, and the collection of old glass is his pet hobby. Many specimens included in his collection are extremely valuable, and he possesses some of the most wonderful Venetian glass in this country. He has samples of the glass-worker's art from all over the world, and if ever he is travelling, at the first opportunity he searches out the local curiosity shop and ransacks it for further specimens to add to his collection.



PARDOE WOODMAN.

If you want to write to him, address your letter—
c/o Stoll Picture Productions, Ltd.,
Regent Studios,
Park Road, Surbiton.

THIS PAGE IS ALL AB

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS. STORIES FROM THE

The Necessity of Keeping Fit.

I HAD an amusing chat with Mr. James Knight the other morning. He is tremendously keen on boxing, and every imaginable kind of sport; added to this, he is a clever engineer. His spare moments are taken up in the building of a motor-car for himself.

"I don't think any man can be a successful film artiste," he assured me, "unless he keeps himself in a state of physical fitness. The work is trying, and it takes a certain toll upon one's nervous energy, therefore, to counterbalance this, it is a necessity to keep in the pink of condition. Late hours, and a careless mode of living would be absolutely fatal to a would-be aspirant to the glories of the screen. Tired eyes cannot be hidden from the pitiless scrutiny of the camera. No matter how hard one tries to disguise the 'bit below par feeling,' it is quite useless when one has to face the music in a studio.



JAMES KNIGHT.

The Inner Self and the Camera.

"WHEN I see myself on the screen," Mr. Knight confided, "I often experience a feeling something akin to a shock. I notice certain characteristics portrayed of which I hadn't the faintest idea I possessed, until they were revealed to me by the camera. At any rate, I'm quite convinced of one thing—that our hidden consciousness is a very weird and puzzling affair. I often feel that I am a stranger to myself when I watch the progress of a film in which I am playing a lead. I notice little mannerisms, a fleeting something that baffles my understanding; it is as if I am in the presence of a being whom I have not met before. Disguise it as one may, one's character is often revealed by the smallest touch—the chance flicker of an eyelid, even the quiver of one's mouth."

Not Lucky.

THEN our conversation drifted along from films to letter writing.

"I admit I have hundreds of letters every week from various people," Mr. Knight continued. "I often wish I could see my correspondents. I suppose a man is naturally as curious as the proverbial woman," he smiled—later Mr. Knight acknowledged that the bulk of his correspondence was from the opposite sex—"but, candidly, I know practically nothing about women. I suffer from the awful curse of never having had a sister. I expect that's the reason why the girl of the period is practically an unknown quantity as far as I'm concerned. The ultra smart girl frightens me, but I confess I like a girl of average height, and preferably the out-of-door girl."

The Strenuous Life.

OUR conversation went back to the studio, and to the athletic side of film work.

"When one is filmed in a fight, it's quite impossible to do it in a half-hearted fashion," James Knight told me. "In a Harma film which was completed not long ago, Mr. Bernard Dudley and I had to indulge in a real battle of the fists. For this purpose it was decided that this particular scene should be taken at Wraysbury. We had a most inspiring audience, which was absolutely astounded that our whole energy was thrown into the business."



MARJORIE VILLIS.

The Gipsy Lure.

"IT'S very fortunate for me," Miss Marjorie Villis declared the other day, "that I simply don't know the meaning of nerves. If nerves troubled me, I couldn't do the exciting parts in my favourite type of film. For instance, not long ago I was at Windsor taking part in a Harma film production. I had to be thrown out of a window with a drop of fifty feet into the river, and I was carried right over the weir. Of course I know that some people would dislike it enormously, but this sort of adventure thrills me more than anything in the world. I love doing exteriors"—Miss Villis smiled—"because I'm a worshipper of fresh air, and I think I like playing the character of a gipsy more than any other; that is possibly one of the reasons that I so much enjoyed playing the lead in the Harma film, 'A Romany Lass.'"

Animals and Theatres.

"MY favourite amusement," Marjorie Villis declared, "is going to the theatre. It's a tremendous recreation to me, especially when I'm tired, for it seems to act as a mental stimulus. I am also passionately fond of animals. If I have any spare time I indulge in my favourite hobby—gardening. When waiting about the studio, as one has to do, I amuse myself with knitting. It is very difficult for me to remain inactive for any length of time."

Miss Villis also has a weakness for embroidering her clothes, and she showed me a hat trimmed with kid, and gaily embellished with silk embroidery.

"It's picturesque, and that is why it appeals to me," she smiled.

A Lover of Music.

"I AM a great lover of music," Mr. Bernard Dudley said when I was talking to him a few days ago. "I was singing for twenty years, but in the middle of my life I found how difficult it was, and I thought I had better leave it alone. Then I endeavoured to do something else, and I took up film work. I very much like the change," he went on, "although, sad to relate, my lot is usually that of playing a horrible villain. I completely lose myself in my part; so much so, indeed, that one day when I was playing with Mr. James Knight I alarmed the head of the firm, and he declared:



BERNARD DUDLEY.

"'I am sure Dudley has a grudge against Jimmy!' I took this remark as a tremendous compliment to myself. I may add," he said modestly, "I have the mildest of temperaments."

Dodging Round Bookstalls.

OUR conversation then drifted to hobbies.

"I have two," Mr. Dudley declared. "One is dodging round bookstalls in the Charing Cross Road, and the other keeping myself fit at the gymnasium. I cannot be too enthusiastic about the one belonging to the Y.M.C.A. in the Tottenham Court Road. It is the best equipped in London. If a man wants to be fit, there's nothing like a gymnasium; it's the best tonic in the world.

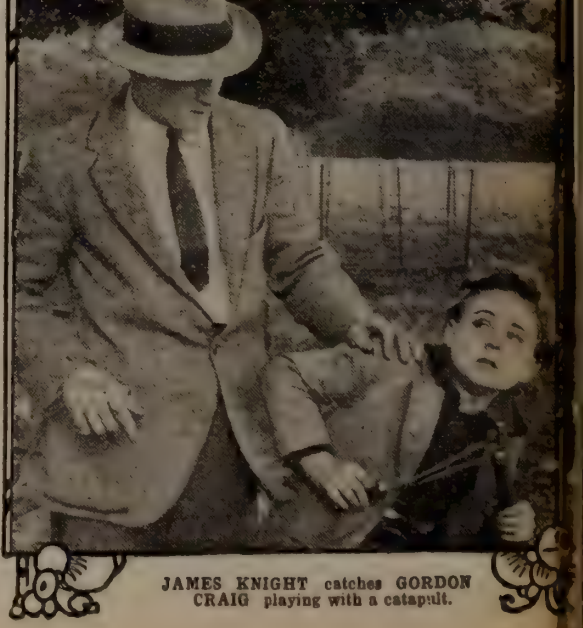
Not All Cakes and Ale.

"IN a film in which I've recently been playing a lead with James Knight, there is a wrestling bout. The other afternoon we were having a rehearsal on the banks of the Thames, and I had concealed my script behind a hedge. I took off my coat and was just going to start, when an agitated spectator, believing we were in earnest, rushed up to us. He was not reconciled until I produced my script from behind the bush. James Knight and I had an encounter outside a certain well-known inn, the 'Swan and Bottle.' We got to business with cross buttocks and flying mares. It was so realistic that a crowd of people collected. It was something of an object lesson to those





MARJORIE VILLIS with BLANCHE STANLEY. The la... of the Barge." At the age of five, the little daughter o... A few days later Mary rescues a little girl



JAMES KNIGHT catches GORDON CRAIG playing with a catapult.


James Knight
Harma





[Kinsella

THE PARTING.

NINA SANDS and GEORGE GRIMWOOD in "THE HOPE OF HIS SIDE."

Mother o' Mine

THERE is no love like a mother's love, as has been proved by these stars of the screen. To them mother is their best friend. She shares their success in screenland as well as their troubles. They paraphrase the old song and sing, "A girl's best friend is her mother."



GRACE D'ARMAND and her mother snapped in the home garden.



PRISCILLA DEAN shows her mother her latest film. Director TOD BROWNING looks on.



LEATRICE JOY and her mother are great pals.



LUCILLE and MARSHALL RICKSEN are accompanied by their mother to the studio.



Mme. DORALDINA has her mother's beautiful dark eyes.

UT BRITISH PLAYERS.

TUDIOS. AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.



ene from "Brenda of the Barge," showing JAMES GHT as Jim, and MARJORIE VILLIS as Brenda. he left Marjorie Villis and BERNARD DUDLEY.



es the part of Mary, the bargee's wife in "Brenda rgee and his wife is stricken with an illness and dies. rsuades her husband to let her adopt her.



Another scene from this Harma photo-play, showing MARJORIE VILLIS and JAMES KNIGHT.

present that cinema work was not all cakes and ale; there are often scars about it too." In answer to my question, Mr. Dudley told me that amongst films he had played in were: "The Romany Lass," "Power of Right," "Great Impostor," and "The Man Who Forgot."

One of the Lucky Ones.

EDNA FLUGRATH, bubbling with life and happiness, smilingly told me, over a cup of tea the other afternoon, that she considered herself "one of the lucky ones."

"I was doing vaudeville work at three years of age, and at sixteen I was premiere danseuse at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. It is eight and a half years ago since I started film work.

"Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are my sisters. I had a letter from them the other day telling me how much they were enjoying the glorious sunshine across the water. It reached me on a very foggy day. I did feel a wee bit envious. But I have compensations. In the summer time I live in a house that has one of the finest views in Great Britain—the Thames from the Terrace at Richmond."

A Life of Adventure.

MISS FLUGRATH has had many thrills since she took up screen work. On one occasion the film in which she played almost caused a revolution. Five thousand natives of Africa were taking part, and five hundred Dutch. Guns were not handed out until the last minute, then the fight commenced. But the Dutch, thinking the occasion a favourable one for getting their own back on account of an old feud, had secretly filled their guns with pebbles. A hundred and thirty-seven natives were wounded, and they got out of hand, said Miss Flugrath.

"One threw his assegai at Mr. Shaw, the producer, only just missing him by a few inches. It was a miracle he was not killed."



EDNA FLUGRATH.

A Sausage, Collar Button, and a Pen.

"WHEN we were in Russia filming the 'Land of Mystery,'" Miss Flugrath told me, "we often had to sleep on straw. Things were in an awful state at Kovno, the people were so terribly poor. There were no vegetables. I saw a small piece of cucumber priced at £2! The shops had been stripped of everything of any value by the Bolshevists. So the poor shopkeeper was obliged to fill his window with anything he could find, such as a sausage, a collar-button, and a pen.

A 2,500 Mark Hat.

"ON our way home from Russia," Miss Flugrath added, "we found ourselves in the Berlin Revolution. I could see the people shot down from my hotel window. It was a ghastly experience. I fell in love with a wonderful hat before I left the city," she smiled. "Naughty of me, wasn't it? However, I marched into the shop, and was informed it was 2,500 marks, which, owing to the rate of exchange, was quite a low price, as the ospreys alone that trimmed it were worth considerably more than the hat. I bought it, and a little crowd collected, and business was at a standstill, the people were apparently all amazed at my extravagance."

Miss Flugrath is wearing the hat in question in the photograph of herself on this page.

A Clever Character Actor.

MR. REGINALD BACH—pronounced Baish—is considered to be a wonderfully fine artiste. He is extremely modest when he talks about himself, but is tremendously enthusiastic when he discusses his work.

"I like screen work," he admitted, when I was talking to him the other afternoon; "but I'm a very great lover of the legitimate stage, too. You see," he added, with his bright smile, "I have had ten years' experience in West-End theatres." In filmland he has played in "Chinese Puzzle" (Ideal), "Amazing Quest of Mr. Bliss," "Once Aboard the Lugger," Hepworth Films. And for the Ideal, "Build Thy House." He is now playing in Sir James Barrie's "The Will" for the Ideal Company.



REGINALD BACH.

Au Revoir.

ON this page you will see Mr. Leslie Howard. I missed him the other morning, for he had just sailed for America. He has a natural gift of humour, and has recently made a great hit in some of A. A. Milne's film comedies. We want to keep such talent this side of the herring pond. The humorous touch, without vulgarity, is indeed a thing to prize; and, added to this, Mr. Howard's love-making on the screen is a perfect delight. Romance is the salt of life, no matter what cramped-minded cynics say.

The Harma Photo-Play—"Brenda of the Barge."

JUDD BROWN (played by Tom Coventry) is a typical bargee; Mary, his wife (Blanche Stanley), assists him in his avocation.

John and Mary married late in life, they are blessed with one child—a girl. At the age of five she is stricken with an illness which proves fatal. After the child's death the barge is passing under a bridge when Mary is startled by a child's whistle falling on the deck. She glances up and sees a little girl of three leaning over the bridge. Mary hurries off the barge and brings the child away from her dangerous position.

The hunger for her dead child overmasters her. She hides the girl in the barge cabin, and persuades her husband to allow her to adopt it. The child is the daughter of a gentleman farmer named Walden, who lives at the Manor House, and she had as a playmate, Mr. Walden's adopted son named Jim. Search for the missing child proved fruitless, and the mother (Rose Sharp) ultimately dies of a broken heart.

Judd dies, and twenty years later we find that Mary and the kidnapped child, the latter now grown to womanhood (Marjorie Villis), have returned to barge life, with Harry, who previously helped Judd, in charge. Brenda believes that Mary is her mother.

Harry is in love with Brenda, but she does not reciprocate his passion. Mr. Walden, Brenda's father, has died, and as his child has never been found, he has left his property to Jim (James Knight). Jim meets Brenda, and a love interest is developed.

Harry becomes jealous, and seeks to revenge himself on Jim, through Brenda. She has a tremendous scene with Harry, and in his mad jealousy he throws her into the river from an attic window. Jim comes upon the scene at the critical moment. He has a struggle with Harry, but overpowers him. Jim jumps into the water and rescues Brenda. Stricken with remorse, Mary tells the true story of Brenda. Jim realises that Brenda is the real heiress to the property when he sees a whistle which he had given her on her third birthday.



LESLIE HOWARD.

The tense, human story ends happily, showing forgiveness for the woman who has been the cause of all the trouble.

EDITH NEPEAN.

"The TOWER of JEWELS."

SPECIAL TO THE "PICTURE SHOW."



CORINNE GRIFFITH as Emily. (*Vitagraph.*)

Telling of a Girl Crook Who Tried to Go Straight.

DAVID BARTON, famous lawyer and genuine philanthropist, sat in the library of his magnificently furnished mansion. The hour was very late, but he showed no signs of going to bed. Presently he went to a safe built into the wall and took out a jewel casket. Opening it, he brought out a necklace composed of diamonds and pearls. The light from the fire caught the magnificent gems, which sparkled with a myriad colour tones.

"The Tower of Jewels," muttered Barton. "You are well named, but I sometimes wonder why Mrs. Anderson does not sell you. There's something wrong in one woman wearing such a fabulous fortune round her neck when thousands of honest people are starving. I shall be glad when she sends for it. Not only do I dislike the waste and extravagance you represent, but I feel I am tempting providence by keeping you here."

He put the priceless jewels in the case and locked the safe. Then he sat staring in the fire till he fell off into a doze. He had turned out the electric lights, and only the flames from the fire lit up the room. But they gave sufficient light to show an observer—had one been present—a number of shadowy figures out on the lawn in front of the mansion.

"All's clear. In you get, Princess," whispered one of the figures. "Safe's on the right-hand side of the room as you face the fireplace. We'll wait outside."

A slim, girlish figure dressed in a dark ulster and cap slipped through a side door, which others had already opened, and made her way into the house.

Like wolves of the night the others waited.

"Trust the Princess of Diamonds," muttered one of the men. "The coolest and cutest hand in crookland."

Something awoke the man sleeping by the fire. He rose to his feet, yawned. The prowling shadows on the lawn dropped flat.

David Barton gave another yawn, and went to bed. But as he was putting on his pyjamas he heard a sound downstairs. Slipping on a dressing-gown, and taking an automatic pistol from a drawer, he crept silently down the stairs. The thick carpet made his footsteps inaudible. He could hear someone moving in the library. The door was open, and the electric switch was by the door. He turned on the light, and through the uncurtained window of the library he saw shadowy figures running swiftly across the lawn.

He rushed to the window, and then stopped dead. Facing him in the middle of the room was a young girl. She could not have been more than twenty-two, with a slight figure and a pretty face peeping out from under a big motoring cap.

She looked so sweet and girlish, but there was no question what she was. The sliding wooden panel which covered the safe was open, and David Barton knew that the fingers that were working in the pockets of her ulster had just been engaged in manipulating the combination-lock of the safe.

"Well why don't you send for the police?"

The girl spoke coolly.

"I'm just thinking how much I am to blame for keeping such a treasure in my house," said Barton. "I suppose you came for the Tower of Jewels?"

"Yes, and I should have had it in another minute," said the girl.

"Please sit down. I must have a talk with you."

David Barton's voice was kindly, and the girl's white face flushed as though with shame.

"You're a burglar?" said the philanthropist.

"One of the cleverest. I've always been a crook," replied the girl, in a matter-of-fact voice. "Send for the police and get it over. My pals have got away by now."

"Have you ever tried to run straight?" asked Barton, in the same kind voice.

"Only once, and the police wouldn't let me. I had to go back to the game."

There was no pleading in the girl's voice—just a plain statement of fact.

"What is your name?"

"Emily Cottrell, but they call me the Princess of Diamonds. I only go after the big stuff."

There was a loud knocking at the door as she spoke.

"That's the constabulary," said the girl quietly. "They must have seen the gang getting away in the car."

"Don't make any statement when they come in," said Barton quickly. "Follow my lead. I don't intend to send you to prison. Sit by the table."

He rose as a butler in an overcoat thrown over his sleeping suit came in, followed by an officer of the suburban constabulary.

"Well, Drew, what is it?" asked Barton calmly.

"I reckon I'd better explain," said the officer. "I saw a gang getting away from here in a car and thought I'd investigate. Hello! Who have we here?"

He looked at Emily who had not had time to get seated.

"My new secretary, Miss Cottrell," said Barton. "She has just arrived."

The officer looked at Barton, and then at the girl.

"Sure she isn't with that bunch that just cleared?"

"I have told you she is my secretary," replied Mr. Barton calmly.

"Boots very muddy," remarked the officer, as he looked down at the girl's feet.

"Yes. Miss Cottrell has had to walk from the station."

Mr. Barton spoke as though the scene presented to the officer was the most ordinary thing in the world.

"I have to thank you for scaring away those men you saw," went on Mr. Barton. "I don't think there can be much doubt that they must have been burglars."

"No," replied the officer drily.

He had no doubt himself that Emily was one of the gang, but if the wealthy Mr. Barton did not wish to prosecute he could do nothing.

"Well, as all seems clear now, sir, I guess I'll be getting along," he said.

"Thank you for your timely help," said Mr. Barton. "And, Drew!"

"Yes, sir."

"See that the officer has something before he goes."

Left alone with the girl he came straight to the point of the plan he had been turning over in his mind.

"I feel there is good in you, Miss Cottrell, and I intend to give you another chance. You can stay here as my secretary."

Emily stared hard.

"And you don't want me to betray my pals or anything like that?" she asked.

"I should not dream of asking you to do anything you would be ashamed of," said Mr. Barton.

"Thank you. I will take the chance you have given me," said the girl. And Mr. Barton saw there were tears in her eyes.

And that was how the Princess of Diamonds was lost to the underworld, and began her second attempt to lead an honest life.

Emily Cottrell had not been many days with Mr. Barton when she received a shock almost as great as the one when the philanthropist had saved her from prison.

As she came into the library one morning she saw a young man and a girl talking with Mr. Barton.

At the sight of the young man Emily's face turned pale.

"Let me introduce my son and my ward to you, Miss Cottrell," said Mr. Barton. "Miss Adele Warren, my ward, and Wayne, my son."

But almost before he had finished speaking Wayne Barton had come forward with outstretched hand and a smile of recollection on his handsome face.

"I have met Miss Cottrell before, dad. You remember when I took that business course after leaving college? Well, I met Miss Cottrell there. She had the next——"

"How very interesting!"

The remark came from Adele Warren in a sneering tone.

Emily looked up and saw a very pretty girl, but her face was as hard as her voice was icy. Instinctively Emily knew Adele Warren would be an enemy.

But Mr. Barton was delighted with his son's news. It proved—though he had never doubted her—that Emily had been speaking the truth when she said she had made an attempt to go straight before.

"I wanted to go to town to do some shopping, if you could spare me, Mr. Barton," said Emily, after the philanthropist had told his son and ward that she was there as his secretary.

"Certainly, by all means," replied Mr. Barton. "There is no pressing need for your services this afternoon, so you can take the car and the day off. I have a lot to say to Wayne."

As Emily left the room she was followed to the front door by Drew, the butler.

"You're the clever one, Princess, to pull it over the old man like you have done. The gang got clean away. They told me to tell you to get things fixed so that they could come back for the Tower of Jewels. It will be dead easy now that there are two of us in the house."

"You're mistaken, Drew," replied the girl. "I'm through with the game for all time. Mr. Barton trusted me, and I mean to play fair with him. I'm going to tell Fletcher Grimstead and the rest of the gang to-day, as soon as I have got a few of my things from Mother Malone."

Before the astonished crook butler could reply she had passed out.

Emily's Resolve.

EMILY, in Mr. Barton's car, went straight to the house of Mother Malone, the woman who had looked after her ever since her own parents had deserted her. Mother Malone was a crook, but she had a kind heart, and, apart from the fact that she had taught the girl to be a criminal, she had always been a good friend to Emily.

"Lucky again, Princess," she said, as soon as the servant who let Emily in had left the room. "Fletcher heard from Drew that you had put the sob stuff over old Barton. I hear that he made you his secretary."

"Yes, and there is something more I want to tell you, Mother Malone," said Emily. "I'm going to run straight this time."

"Conscience bothering you again, dearie? Going to take another flyer at the straight and narrow path? I wouldn't try to stop you, dearie. You've never been really happy at this game, but Fletcher Grimstead will prove a hard hurdle to get over. He's set on getting the Tower of Jewels."

"I'm going round to see him when I leave here," said Emily.

Then she told Mother Malone how Mr. Barton had saved her from the police, and how his son turned out to be a young man she had met when she tried to go straight on the previous occasion.

"I hope you get your wish, dearie. But Fletcher's a hard man," said Mother Malone. "But whatever happens I'm with you all the time."

Having packed her things in a suit-case, Emily said good-bye to Mother Malone, and tears came into her eyes as she did so, for whatever happened she would never forget the woman, who, although a criminal, had been as good as a mother to her in everything else.

Then she drove to the headquarters of the gang. This was in an artist's studio, for Fletcher Grimstead was no ordinary criminal, and among the other disguises he adopted was that of a patron of the arts.

They were all there when Emily, giving the secret signal, was admitted to the studio. Fletcher Grimstead, tall, handsome, and dressed in the best of taste, looking like a wealthy, middle-aged man of leisure. Then there was Jimmy the Rat, a sworn friend of Emily's—a lad who had never had a real chance in the world; and, in striking contrast, Bornheim, a brutal-faced man, criminal by instinct and inclination.

There were loud shouts of welcome as Emily stepped into the room, but she held up her hand for silence. She had a difficult task before her, and she wanted to get it over quickly.

"I've come to tell you I'm through with the game, Fletcher," she said. "Mr. Barton has engaged me as his secretary, and I mean to run straight."

"Want the whole lot for yourself," sneered Grimstead.

"You know me better than that, Fletcher," said Emily. "It's just the plain truth I want to tell you. I'm through for good and all."

While Emily had been speaking Bornheim had sneaked round behind her, so that he could get between her and the door.

"Maybe you've turned snitch, and got the police waiting for us outside," snarled Bornheim.

"You cut that talk out, you big stiff," shouted Jimmy the Rat. "The Princess wouldn't split on us, and if she wants to quit the game she's got a right to."

"I haven't squealed, and I have no intention of betraying any of you," said Emily. "I made that a condition of giving my word I would go straight."

"Well, I ain't taking no chances, and you're not leaving here," shouted Bornheim as he sprang forward with a drawn knife and caught the girl by the throat.

The next instant he was on the floor, neatly tripped up by Jimmy the Rat.

As he dropped Bornheim, Jimmy pulled out a pistol and covered the rest of the gang.

"Run for it, Princess. I'll croak the first man that tries to stop you."

Still keeping the gang covered, he backed to the door with the girl behind him, and Emily slipped out and got clean away.

"Put that gun down, you fool," shouted Grimstead to Jimmy. "The Princess won't split, and she won't quit the game. I'll frame it so that she will come across with the goods when I call her. As for you, Bornheim, you've no more brains than a mule. I don't need any knife play in this, and if I did, I shouldn't pick you to do it. The Princess can't quit. Once a crook always a crook, and she'll have to get that lesson mighty quick. I mean to get the Tower of Jewels, and it is the Princess who is going to show me the way to them."

Love's Young Dream.

WHEN Emily got back to Mr. Barton's house she found Wayne waiting for her.

"I was beginning to wonder if you'd run away and left me again, Emily," said Wayne. "I must have this out right now. When we were at that business college I told you I loved you, and I want to tell you again that there will never be any other girl in the world for me. You said you loved me then. Why did you run away?"

"I can't tell you, Wayne. All I can say it was for your sake."

"But you loved me, and I believe you love me now," said Wayne in a puzzled voice. "Was it because I didn't make good as a business man. I know I was not very smart, but I told you I would make good and I have done."

"It wasn't you that had to make good, Wayne," said Emily in a low voice. "It was I, and I've still got to do it. If you really love me you will have to trust me. I can't explain because there are others who have to be protected. Say nothing more to me till I am free to speak, and then I will tell you all."

Wayne would have said more but at that moment Adele Warren came along, and he was obliged to drop the subject.

Days passed by, and Emily was beginning to think that Fletcher Grimstead had abandoned his scheme to get the jewels, when, one day Drew brought her a card on a salver.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Cottrell," he said meaningly.

Emily's heart sank as she saw the name on the card—"Fletcher Grimstead."

"What is it, Emily," said Mr. Barton looking up.

"It's an old friend of mine, Mr. Barton," stammered Emily.

"Have him shown into the drawing-room, Drew," said Mr. Barton. "And Emily, I should like to be introduced to your friend when he has finished his business. Perhaps he would stay to dinner?"

Emily managed to utter some word of thanks, but she felt her face crimson as she left the room.

Grimstead was smiling as he advanced to meet Emily, but it was the cold, pitiless smile of a man who means to have his way.

"So you thought I'd forgotten you, Emily, eh? No, my dear. Fletcher Grimstead never forgets his friends. Ingratitude is not one of my sins."

"I wish you had forgotten me," said Emily bitterly. "Why do you come here to persecute me? Can't you leave me to go my own way?"

"By all means my dear, when you have fulfilled your bargain."

He went to the door and saw that nobody was listening.

"Look here, you little fool," he said, sinking his voice. "Do you think I'm going to let a fortune slip through my fingers because you want to reform? You have got to do this job for us, and then you can settle down to be good and marry that good-looking boy I saw as I came along. I promise you that after I have got the jewels I will not worry you again. Honest, Princess, it's the last job I'm going to pull off. Then it's me also for the quiet life."

"I can't do it, Fletcher," said Emily. "These people have trusted me, and I mean to prove worthy of their trust. Why can't you leave me and them alone?"

"My dear child, I have no desire to interfere with either you or your new friends. I simply want the jewels, and I mean you to help me to get them."

"And I tell you I won't," said Emily defiantly.

"Oh, yes, you will. Just listen to me. We're coming to-morrow night, when the family have retired. You will have the jewels ready for us."

"I tell you I won't. Nothing you can do will make me change my mind."

"You will have the jewels ready, Princess," said the crook in low, icy tones, "for if you don't I shall see that Wayne Barton knows all about your past."

"You wouldn't do that. You couldn't play a trick like that on me?"

"You have never known me talk hot air, Princess. If you're not ready with the sparklers to-morrow night, Wayne Barton shall know he is engaged to a thief. That is my final say. Think it over, and, believe me, I mean every word I have said. Ah! This is Mr. Barton, I presume?"

Grimstead changed his voice to one of polite interrogation as Mr. Barton entered the room.

Emily was obliged to introduce him, but as she did so she felt thankful that it was dusk, and that Mr. Barton could not see the flush of shame on her cheeks.

Grimstead refused Mr. Barton's invitation to dinner, but as he left he turned with a smile to Emily.

"I hope to see you again before long," he said meaningly.

"Yes, call when you like, Mr. Grimstead," said Mr. Barton heartily. Little did he know the kind of visit Grimstead was planning.

The Theft.

THERE was no sleep for Emily that night. She racked her brain to try to find some way out of the awful dilemma, but no solution came. She had made up her mind that whatever happened she would not betray Mr. Barton's trust. But she sought for some way in which she could prevent Grimstead telling the secret of her past to Wayne Barton.

But when the following evening arrived she was no nearer to a solution. When everybody had

(Continued on page 19.)

EDITH STOCKTON



EDITH STOCKTON in a scene from "Through the Storm," a Plympton-Epic production.

MANY film stars have been recruited from the chorus, because chorus girls nowadays possess real dramatic ability as well as beauty of face.

In a Raymond Hitchcock revue there was a very beautiful chorus girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, who attracted great attention at the opening performance. It was Edith Stockton. Upon investigation it was found that Miss Stockton had forsaken far more important parts to appear in the chorus, because she felt she would have more opportunity of rising in her chosen profession if she remained in New York.

The wisdom of this decision was shown not only by Miss Stockton's success on the legitimate stage, but also by the fact that she was immediately engaged by the Fox Film Company to play opposite George Walsh in "Putting One Over." This was followed by an important part in Alice Brady's first Realart production, "The Fear Market."

Happy Essanay Days.

HER earliest screen experience was with Essanay, when she acted with Taylor Holmes in two-reel comedies. She appeared in about six of these comedies, and Edith Stockton says she will never forget the happy days she spent whilst learning the great art of film making.

Her Present Work.

AT present Miss Stockton is being featured in Plympton-Epic productions. She has already completed three films, two of which will shortly be released to the public, namely "What Children Will Do," and "Should a Wife Work?"

Her Hobbies.

WHEN asked what hobby or pastime she liked best, Miss Stockton replied: "It may sound as if I am saying just what every other screen artiste has said when being interviewed, but I am athletic. I like to be out of doors as much as possible, and I love swimming and riding."

Edith Stockton gives one the impression that she is full of the joy of living, and this is probably due to the fact that ever since she was a child she has been taught to be out in the open and breathe fresh air.

Sisters and Chums.

SHE is very fond of one of her younger sisters, and loves to mother her, although she is only two years younger than herself. The two girls have a good time together and are the best of chums.

A very charming head study of beautiful EDITH STOCKTON is shown below.



LILLAH McCARTHY DISCUSSES FILMS

And the Letters Received From PICTURE SHOW Readers



LILLAH McCARTHY.
(*Photo: Rita Martin.*)

I FOUND Lillah McCarthy in her dressing-room at the New Theatre, reading "Much Ado About Nothing," attired in a jade robe which set off her raven hair and ivory skin to perfection.

(I told Miss McCarthy I should commence this article thus—such an introduction being in accordance with the best rules of interviewing—and I have kept my word. And, indeed, it is an excellent opening. I remember that she was quite taken with it, even going so far as to suggest a few embellishments.)

A Remarkable Woman.

THERE are a great many brilliant people in public life whom, judging from their outward appearance, one would never even suspect of being clever. Miss McCarthy is not one of these. It is her peculiar privilege and distinction that never by any manner of means could she be taken for other than what she is—an unusual and remarkable woman, and this quite apart from the fact of her artistic reputation. Her unique qualities of intellect and personality reveal themselves in her arresting face, her superb carriage, and truly amazing poise. She has a dignity all her own, a certain reserve that one instinctively senses yet never quite penetrates. There is the merest suggestion of imperiousness about her, and more than a suggestion of brilliance and wit. Essentially, she is the grande dame; so much so that the simple act of tea-drinking assumes in her presence something of the nature of a high ceremonial, though I am sure she is totally unconscious of the fact. Indeed, there is a disarming simplicity about her which is very engaging. As, for example, when I asked her what had prompted her to act for the screen.

"Oh, I played in 'Masks and Faces' and 'Mr. Wu' just because I was asked!" she replied, in her beautiful, deep voice. "I think an actress should never refuse work."

That was all. No talk of "perpetuating my art!"

Speech Destroys Illusion.

"HAVE you any film plans for the future, Miss McCarthy?"

"None at all. I am quite"—here she gave a little amused smile—"unattached, and, if a good offer comes along, perfectly willing to be tempted. I am very interested indeed in film work."

"Do you think it affords an artiste as much opportunity for expression as the stage does?" I asked.

"Quite, but with a difference. On the stage one must act *towards* the audience, as it were, but on the screen, never. Film acting tends all in the direction of minimisation of restraint. One must forget the camera—which takes the place of an audience—entirely, and act as quietly and as naturally as if no such thing were present.

"Moreover, I do not think speech should be employed in film acting, except perhaps in a few instances. To my mind, it destroys the illusion; it certainly doesn't look well. Everything should be expressed, as far as possible, purely in pantomime."

Sidelights on "Mr. Wu."

THERE was a pause. Lillah McCarthy's conversation is punctuated by these little silences. Then, suddenly, as if the question had only just occurred to her, she demanded:

"For which of your publications is this interview intended?"

I told her. Whereupon she exclaimed, with a little smile of recognition:

"The PICTURE SHOW! Oh, yes, I know it quite well! After my appearance in 'Mr. Wu,' I had a great many kind letters from the film public—more letters, in fact, than I had ever received after a stage performance—and many of them came from your readers. Nearly every one commenced, 'I am a picturegoer.'"

Miss McCarthy lingered over the words as if she thought them very quaint and appealing, and as if she had enjoyed hearing from the writers.

She then proceeded to give me a few sidelights on "Mr. Wu." She had never yet succeeded, she said, in seeing it at a cinema, although it had been shown all over the country. But, of course, she had been present at the trade show; and, oh, wasn't she nervous!

"I was genuinely surprised to find I looked quite nice, after all," she remarked, with a laugh. "But there was one thing upon which I resolved there and then: if ever I played in a film again, I would never wear anything but black or white—dark things for preference. The dress I wore in this picture was silver, because I didn't know any better, and it made me look so delicate."

The garden of "Mr. Wu," Miss McCarthy confided, was in reality the Rothschild grounds at Kingston. She added that, though I might not credit it, working in the open on a hot yet windy day was far more painful to the skin than acting beneath studio lights, and that, for her part, she intended, under future similar conditions, to dispense with powder, as that seemed to aggravate the trouble.

Her Picture Preferences.

DESPITE the great success of "Mr. Wu" as a photo-play, and her personal triumph in it, Miss McCarthy is not in favour of the adaptation of stage plays to the screen, and confessed that she had never seen one she liked, with the exception, perhaps, of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," in which Mary Pickford appeared. (She has a great admiration for Mary.)

"But, then, I am not a great picturegoer," she hastened to explain, "because I have so little leisure. The films I care for most are of an educational nature, and, after them, good British or Italian film dramas."

Miss McCarthy considers that "straight" comedy cannot adequately be dealt with on the screen; only drama—sentimental or otherwise—and burlesque.

"Such as finds its supreme exponent in Chaplin, whom I love!"

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Christmas Gifts—A Hint From Filmland—Make Them At Home—A Few Last Minute Suggestions—The Picture Girl's Jumper.

CHRISTMAS right at hand, and still many of us have not managed to buy all the presents we wish to give. It is, without a doubt, a difficulty to buy gifts for all friends when one compares the present high prices and the small amount that can be afforded for them. Still, there is no need for you to neglect any of your friends if you gather your wits together, and spare a little time for the making of the gifts. Many can be fashioned even from pieces in the work-bag, while others will only necessitate the expenditure of a few pence or a shilling or two.

Christmas is a merry time in filmland, and for weeks beforehand all the famous stars are planning gifts for their co-stars and friends. Of course, they have the advantage of having heaps of money to expend upon their gifts, yet you would be surprised if you could see some of the homely little gifts that are exchanged, and the wondrous pleasure with which they are received.

A Hint From a Film Star.

MAY ALLISON makes quite a number of her gifts; and she avers that she receives far more praise for them than many other stars do who spend fabulous sums upon diamond baubles and jewelled bags.

And she not only makes a lot of her gifts, but she actually designs them herself. One of her favourite gifts is a delightful pair of bedroom slippers. The top part is composed of soft satin ribbon that is gathered on to a cork sole, the kind that you can buy with swansdown lining to them. The top part of the ribbon is drawn up to fit the foot at the toe, and finished off with a bow of narrower ribbon. If you desire you can make the slippers to the usual bought shape if you use an old pair as a pattern. Fancy cretonne, lined with flannelette, would make them both ornamental and cosy.

For the Needlewoman.

THE girl who is handy with her needle will appreciate a work-bag or basket. The former could easily be fashioned from cretonne, especially if made in the following shape: Get a couple of half-circles of cardboard, about eight inches across the straight side, and cover these with flannelette and cretonne. To the circular edges of these attach a band of the cretonne, gathering it to the covered cardboard. At either end it should be turned over to a hem, and run with elastic. Cord will form the handles, and if desired compartments can be made inside the bag to take the different sewing accessories. Inside the bag upon one of the cardboard flaps a small booklet of flannel should be attached to take needles, and a flat pincushion to the other side to take pins.

Plaited baskets of low flat make and in dark colour can be obtained inexpensively. These can be transformed into delightful work-baskets, with the aid of a piece of ribbon. The latter should be laid all along the inner side of the basket and caught down here and there so that it forms pockets to take the cottons, wools, scissors, etc., while a pincushion should be attached to the lower part of the basket for pins and needles.



No. 28,458.
A pretty jumper for Christmas.

A Cretonne-Covered Blotter.

THE girl who does a good deal of writing will appreciate a blotter. This can be made from a piece of strawboard, about sixteen inches by twelve. Cover the corners with cretonne, and neaten in the back with a piece of thick brown paper. Fit the front part with blotting paper.

Three lengths of brocaded ribbon pointed at either end will fashion into a delightful handbag. The sides and points at the lower edge should be joined together, and the top points merely hemmed or faced into a lining. A slotting cord run through along the top part of the bag just below the points will draw it up as well as form handles.

The Picture Girl's Jumper.

A JUMPER of crepe-de-Chine is wonderfully useful to slip over a plain skirt when attendance is desired at a small party or musical gathering. The Picture Girl has a charming jumper of black charmeuse, with trimmings of bright blue sequins and fringe.

You can obtain patterns of this jumper, that has been specially designed by the Editress of "Home Fashions," for one shilling from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W.1, P.O. to be made payable to the PICTURE SHOW.

A DRESSER.

"The Tower of Jewels."

(*Continued from page 17.*)

retired, Emily sat in her bedroom waiting for the signal that would tell her Grimstead and the gang were outside.

At last it came—a low, peculiar whistle.

Then suddenly Emily made up her mind what to do. She would go out to Grimstead and plead once more. If he would not listen to her, she would refuse to break open the safe, and if he was determined to carry out his threat to tell Wayne, he would have to do so. She could easily have saved herself, in one way, by calling up the police and having the gang arrested, but she was too loyal to do that. Bad as they were, they had been her friends in the past.

Slipping on a cloak Emily went outside. A man came out of the shadows to meet her. It was Grimstead.

"Ah, good little Princess, he said.

"I've come out to ask you to go away. I can't do it, Fletcher. I can't do it!"

"Didn't I tell yer," came a hoarse whisper from Bornheim. "She's goin' ter stand in with her fine friends, and, maybe, she's wised the police. But I'll croak her first."

The big brute made a clutch at Emily, but Jimmy the Rat threw himself between them. There was a short, silent struggle, and then the gleam of a knife. Jimmy the Rat dropped to the ground with a groan.

"You've killed him, you fool," hissed Fletcher Grimstead; "Here! One of you others look after the girl. I'm not going to be beaten now. I'm going to get the sparklers if I have to blow the safe to bits."

He glided away as another of the gang caught hold of Emily. On the ground at her feet Jimmy the Rat was breathing his last.

"Kiddo, I'd 'ave laid me life down for you any time. Don't worry, Princess."

And with a little shuddering moan Jimmy the Rat, criminal but something of a hero, passed away.

Emily never quite knew what happened afterwards. She must have fainted, for she only dimly remembered Grimstead rushing back, and the gang jumping in the car, taking the body of Jim with them. Then there came a confused shouting further up the road, some shots and then silence.

When Emily came to herself, she saw there were lights in the house.

When she got in the passage leading to the library she heard the voice of Adele Warren.

"What can you expect, when you have strangers in the house. Who is this Miss Cottrell, and who was her shifty-eyed friend?"

"I'll stake my life on Emily. But what happened, dad?" came the voice of Wayne.

"Just what I told you. As I came into the room I saw a man flying through the window. I at once went to the safe and found the jewels gone."

"Gone!" The word chilled Emily's heart. Then Fletcher Grimstead had got away with the jewels after all. She had done no good going out. And Jimmy, faithful Jimmy, had lost his life for her.

She walked into the room. Nothing seemed to matter now.

"Emily, the jewels are gone. Do you know anything about them?"

"Don't ask me to speak. I can't, I can't tell you," said Emily sinking in a chair.

Adele Warren looked at Mr. Barton in triumph.

"I don't think you need ask any more questions, Mr. Barton. Miss Cottrell has explained everything by her refusal to speak."

"Dad, Emily knows nothing of this. I know she doesn't!" cried Wayne.

"But you have not lost the jewels, Mr. Barton," broke in Adele Warren. "I was suspicious of Miss Cottrell and her friend, and I took the case out of the safe and hid it in my bedroom. I will bring it down."

Wayne Barton smiled to himself.

Miss Warren now came running in with the jewel-case in her hand.

"There," she said. "You can thank me for saving them, Mr. Barton."

The lawyer opened the case. It was empty.

"What does this mean?" he cried.

"This has gone far enough, dad!" said Wayne. "I have the jewels in my pocket. I took them out of the case, but left the case in the safe. I did not speak before because I could see Adele had done something, and I wanted to get at the bottom of things. My reason for abstracting the jewels was because I felt certain that those burglars would come back."

At this moment there came a loud knocking at the door, and a sergeant and a constable came in.

"We've got the gang that were at your place to-night, sir," said the sergeant. "Two are dead. They seem to have had a fight among themselves before we struck them, for one of the dead men was killed by a knife thrust. The other, who told us his name was Fletcher Grimstead, was shot by one of my men. Before he died he told us that there is a young lady staying here under the name of Miss Cottrell. It's a long story, but he gave us proofs that she is a lady of good family, who was lured away by crooks when she was a child."

Mr. Barton looked at Adele Warren.

"So you see, Emily is not one of the strangers you were speaking of, Adele," he said quietly. "I think she will stay with us for some time."

"Longer than that, dad," said Wayne promptly. "I'm going to marry her."

(Adapted from incidents in the Vitagraph photo-play featuring Corinne Griffith and Maurice Costello.)

Tom Douglas

THE LATEST GRIFFITH FIND.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S wonderful ability for finding young actors and actresses with great possibilities before them is well known in the cinema world.

Among these were Richard Barthelmess, the late Robert Harron and Clarine Seymour, and many other young artistes who have since attained to stardom: and now added to this list is still another find in the person of Tom Douglas.

Playing With Dorothy Gish.

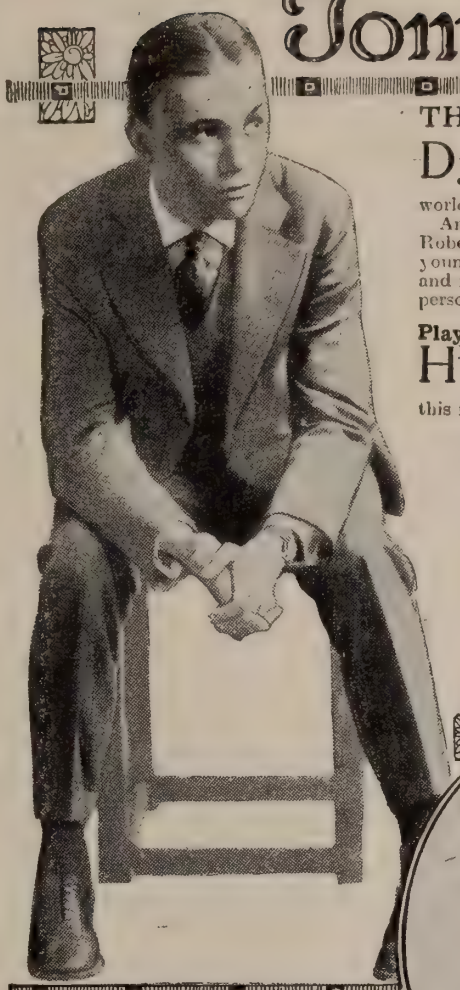
HE is now playing a juvenile part in one of Dorothy Gish's productions entitled "A Cynic Effort." It will be very interesting to see his work in this film, and to watch his future career.

Intended For the Law.

TOM'S father is a member of an old-established law firm, and naturally he intended his son to go in for law also. But Tom had always had dramatic ambitions, and his success as an amateur actor in his school and university days only added further wishes for a dramatic career.

He therefore attended a dramatic academy and it was there he was discovered by Griffith.

Here's success to Tom Douglas and let us hope that he will follow in the footsteps of other Griffith "finds."







TOM DOUGLAS with DOROTHY GISH in "A Cynic Effort."



A studio portrait of this youthful actor.

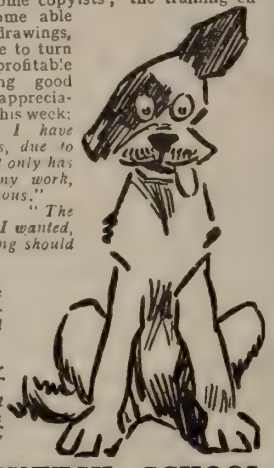
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FILMS OF THE WEEK.

The PICTURE SHOW'S Guide to Picturegoers.

"The Reckoning Day." BELLE BENNETT and J. BARNEY SHERRY. (*Western Import.*)

A DRAMA of a modern Portia, showing how the wit of a lady lawyer solved a mystery and exposed an alleged charity organisation. A film full of tense moments, as may be supposed. Good acting by the whole cast.

"Too Much Johnson." BRYANT WASHBURN. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

THIS tells the story of an erring spouse who steals away and goes yachting under the name of Johnson. When his wife and the real Johnson turn up and meet him in Mexico, complications arise. Rollicking farce from the first reel.

"A Fighting Colleen." BESSIE LOVE. (*Vitagraph.*)

A NEWSPAPER seller is the heroine of this exciting story. She is the terror of Cobblestone Alley, but her pugnacious habits are the means of bringing to book a hypocrite, and true love reigns in the end.

"Charge It To Me." MARGARITA FISHER. (*Astra.*)

A RIFT in the lute of a three-weeks' married couple is due to the husband telling his wife to "charge it to me." His wife, to obtain money of her own, uses her car as a taxi, and four of her passengers take part in the fun which ensues. Average production.

"Huckleberry Finn," All star cast. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

THE immortal Huck on the screen. A splendidly produced film just as the great Mark Twain would have it. The tale of a lad who "fled from civilisation" and boarded a raft on the Mississippi and went adventuring. A clever boy-actor, Lewis Sargent, plays Huck, and there are many clever people in the cast. Excellent; will please young and old alike.

"A Fight For Love." HARRY CAREY and NEVA GERBER. (*Gaumont.*)

NEARLY all the scenes are taken in the open air in the great Canadian North West, showing most beautiful backgrounds. A strong story, well acted, with many exciting moments. Very thrilling is the scene where the hero and the villain fight on the top of a high peak. Excellent from all standards.

COMEDIES.

"Mary Had a Little Lamb." MOLLY MALONE and ROBY GALLAGHER. (*Jury's.*)

A HIGHLY-AMUSING tale of an artist who was not successful in art but made a good husband. How he sells his pictures is a mystery, but he does, and makes much fun in doing it.

"Just Home Made." GEORGE OVEY, BILLY FLETCHER, VERA REYNOLDS, ELINOR FIELD and HARRY DEPP.

A SCREAMING "*Strand*" comedy. Irresistible!

"Hip, Hip, Hypnotism." Featuring players as above.

ANOTHER side-splitting comedy.

"A Rough Horse." ROSCOE ARBUCKLE. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

THE adored "Fatty" in a comedy which should be a great success. Sure to please.

INTEREST.

"Who's Who in the Zoo." (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

BURTON HOLMES'S interest film. Splendid photography, most instructive and entertaining.

THE "PICTURE SHOW" CRITIC.

FILM FAULTS.

:: A Few of the Prize-winners in this Competition. ::

SPECIAL NOTICE—CLOSING DATE OF THIS COMPETITION.

After the last post on Saturday, December 18th, this competition closes. The reason for this is that the competition is not a fair one to thousands of readers who have sent postcards which would win a prize if thousands of other readers had not duplicated their fault. For instance, in three weeks over 500 readers sent the following:

"In 'The Market of Souls' Dorothy Dalton leaves the house in a white blouse and dark costume. She only goes as far as the gate, and then turns back. When she re-enters the house she is wearing a jumper. Later, her costume again changes, although she has not left the room."

A prize of 5s. cannot be divided into 500 parts, hence disappointment to 500 readers. There are still thousands and thousands of postcards to be examined, and until these and all others that reach us up to and including Saturday, December 18th, are examined, prizes will be awarded as promised, but no more should be sent for the competition after that date. We are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition.

In one of Violet Hopson's latest films, "Her Son," she (Violet Hopson) receives a letter from Central Africa. After looking at the address she turns it over and—it has never been sealed down. Is it a general rule for people sending letters from Central Africa to England to send them unsealed?

Five Shillings awarded to A. E. Hazelden, 9, Water Works Road, Hastings.

In "The Garage," Roscoe Arbuckle and the "fire brigade" retire to bed. A few seconds later they are called out, but suspend operations in a few minutes when the *dinner* syren blows.

Five Shillings awarded to A. W. Carpenter, 127, Mére Road, Leicester.

In "Out of the Fog," starring Nazimova, mugs and plates are placed on the table for breakfast, and a few moments later are removed without the old lighthouse-keeper or the heroine having eaten anything. The scene does not change between the setting and clearing of the table.

Five Shillings awarded to V. Tyack, Caistor Vicarage, North Lincolnshire.

In the picture entitled "The One Great Thing in Life," Lillian Gish's lover, the French soldier in the dug-out scene, picks up an "empty bottle" and *kills* a German soldier by striking him on the head with it, although the German is wearing a "bullet proof" steel helmet.

Five Shillings awarded to Alice Keirnan, 16, Longfield, Prestwich, near Manchester.

The funniest mistake I've ever seen occurred in "Lass o' the Looms." Stella Muir in the title role, was an ordinary cotton factory girl, and yet, in one scene where her father receives a letter, it is brought into the room by the *maid*. How many working-class homes are there, I wonder, that possess a servant, when the only daughter of the house is a "lass o' the looms?" This mistake, from lack of knowledge, I should say, spoilt what would otherwise have been a splendid British picture.

Five Shillings awarded to Doris G. Holt, 56, Burnley Road, Mytholmroyd, Yorks.

In "A Grim Crime," Houdini, after getting rid of his shackles and breaking through the bars of his *prison cell*, gets on the window-ledge and throws down to the ground a *coat and straw hat*. Where does he get them from?

Five Shillings awarded to Robert Grey, 68, Uverdale Road, Chelsea, S.W. 10.

The Skin Game

"THE Skin Game," John Galsworthy's brilliant play which is having such a big success in London and the Provinces, has been filmed by the Granger-Binger Film Company.

An interesting experiment has been made by this company. For the first time, an entire stage cast—with one exception, through illness—has reinterpreted the story for the film.

The cast includes Edmund Gwenn, Helen Haye, Mary Clare, Maggie Albanesi, Malcolm Keen, Fred Copper, Blanche Stanley, and in the place of Athole Stewart, who plays the aristocrat on the stage, Dawson Millward.

John Galsworthy has taken a great interest in the filming of "The Skin Game," and has made many suggestions as well as writing the sub-titles.



The story deals with a squire and a business man who come into opposition. Here we see the squire's agent, who obtains valuable secret information.



The woman whose secret life the whole story turns on is being spied upon by her maid.



The man of the people is beaten, and is compelled to sign a document that defeats his ambition, which was to purchase part of the squire's country seat for the purpose of erecting a new factory.



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A BRITISH INVENTION.



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BEFORE I GO TO JAZZ.

(A confidential letter from Gertie to her friend Geraldine.)



I DON'T DANCE WELL BUT I NEVER LACK A PARTNER.

My Dear Geraldine,

You ask me to tell you the secret of my success at all the dances at which we meet, and say you can't understand why you, a far better dancer, so often lack a partner while I invariably get my programme filled a few minutes after I arrive.

Well, my dear, the secret is this—I am always "bien soignée," I look fresh and dainty, my complexion, though perhaps I ought not to say so, is perfect, my hair beautifully waved, and above all I look natural. Shall I tell you why? Because I am careful what toilet preparations I use.

In the first place I always take care of my complexion—I don't give it a little attention now and again, but every night I carefully rub a little mercolized wax over my face, neck, and arms. The wax peels off all the old, dead skin, and leaves the fresh, young complexion beneath in all its beauty.

Then to give a touch of colour to my cheeks I choose, not one of those unnatural looking rouges, which so many women use, but a little colliandum, which gives to my face the faint wild-rose tint, which all my partners admire so much, never for a moment guessing—so perfectly natural is the tint—that I owe that little item of my beauty to art.

I wonder whether you can guess why no one ever suspects me of making up? It is because **I don't use powder.** Instead of powder, which is always so noticeable, I get an ounce of cleminite and dissolve the crystals in four ounces of hot water. This I apply to my face, with a piece of cotton-wool, and allow it to dry on the skin. It lasts the whole evening as no powder would, so now you know why I never look greasy and shiny as all the other girls do.

To keep my hair bright and make it fluffy and wavy, I shampoo it every week with stallax granules. This old-fashioned shampoo, which our grandmothers—who as you know took immense care of their hair—used, brings out all the bright lights and gives to one's hair that natural "kink" which is so much more attractive than the most perfectly waved tresses.

Well, dear Geraldine, you know now that it is to my toilet preparations that I owe my social success, and you, too, can be equally popular if you will follow my advice.

Go to your chemist and buy two ounces of mercolized wax, ¼-lb. of stallax for your hair, a little colliandum and an ounce of cleminite. Throw away all those powders and rouges of yours, and your waving tongs, too, and follow my example—use preparations which beautify you *naturally*, and you will, I am sure, outrival

Your loving friend,

GERTIE.

[ADVT.]

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

WHAT ARE THE REASONS?

I PUBLISH, as requested, the following letter from a lady reader in Huntly, Aberdeenshire, who prefers to hide her identity behind her initials, D.D.

"A good deal has been written lately on the subject of publishing the whole cast of a photo-play. Most certainly, I think that the names of all the artistes in a film should be given. It is all very well to learn who the characters in a production are, when one is inside the picture house, but if one had not chanced to visit that theatre at the time, most probably the chance of seeing a favourite actor or actress would have been lost. Only the other evening this happened to me. I went to see Billie Burke in "Good Gracious Annabelle," and was delighted to find that Herbert Rawlinson (who is a great favourite of mine) was playing "opposite" her. Others in the cast were Craufurd Kent and Frank Losee—yet only Billie Burke's name was given on the bills! Often in this way I have missed seeing the performances of those stars whose acting stands highest in my estimation. Can nothing be done to remedy this defect? Surely it would not be a very difficult thing to give us the whole cast of artistes, *on the bills*, and thus save so many disappointments. Any extra expense or trouble that this might entail, would, I am sure, be quite worth while to all concerned.—D. D."

This paper has several times called attention to the desirability of advertising the cast in a proper manner, because the letters which reach me from time to time on the subject are a sufficient indication of the fact that the public is not satisfied with the absurd secrecy now observed. What reasons can there possibly be for giving the public just one or two names outside the theatre, when the whole cast, as in the case of speaking plays, would be far more satisfactory?

Another correspondent suggests that picture theatre patrons might ask the managers of their theatres to state definitely the objections, if any, to giving more names of artistes on the bills. This would certainly be a good plan towards remedying an old-standing grievance.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

"Valetudinarian" (Brixton).—You don't mean to tell me that you would wait ten years to see an answer to you on this page? Why, if that's really so, I'll know where to come for patience if I ever run short of it. H. B. Warner was born in St. John's Wood, and after playing on the London stage, he went to America, where he began his film career. His wife is Rita Stanwood, and they have one little girl, Joan. Yes, some of the pictures brought over here do get a bit ancient by the time we see them.

N. C. (Kensington).—Twelve questions, eh? Permit me to answer seven, for there's a multitude of others also waiting. Joseph Kilgour was in "The House of Gold," and Fleming Ward in "When Men Desire." The ages you ask for are: Marie Doro (thirty-five), Geraldine Farrar (thirty-eight), Louise Glaum (twenty-six), Wanda Hawley (twenty-three), and Albert Roscoe (thirty-three).

"Netty" (Brussels).—I am always pleased to hear from my foreign readers, and in your typewritten letter you have expressed yourself very well. I haven't heard of a Dolly King at the moment, though there are heaps of film artistes who prefer to blush unseen. Molly King, however, has a sister on the stage named Nellie. Victor Moore and Tom Moore are not related.

G. M. C. (Nottingham).—'Tis a long time, I know, since I said much about Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish on this page, so here's a bit about them Richard was born in New York City twenty-five years ago, and was for some time leading man to Marguerite Clark. He has dark hair and brown eyes. Lillian Gish reached her twenty-fourth birthday on Oct. 14th, and was born in Springfield, Ohio. She is not married and has light hair and blue eyes.

"Observant" (Bayswater) writes: "On page seven of the issue for October 23rd, you raise the question as to which artiste has acted with the greatest number of feminine stars. I may say that the record in this respect has been achieved by Elliot Dexter, who has played opposite, at least, thirty stars, including Marie Doro, Mary Pickford, Elsie Ferguson, Marguerite Clark, Hazel Dawn, Ethel Clayton, Ann Little, Gloria Swanson, Mabel van Buren, Blanche Sweet, Margaret Illington, Mae Murray, Wanda Hawley, Kathlyn Williams, Lina Cavalieri, Lila Lee, Alice Brady, and many others." I wonder if any other observant picturegoers can put in a stronger claim for any other actor?

"Eileen Ledger" (Peterborough).—You are ten years old and would like to see your full name in print. How can I refuse a lady of your age who means to be famous somehow? Madge Evans is eleven, and some of her films are "Little Patriot," "Web of Desire," "Wanted, a Mother," and "Love Not." William Duncan and Carol Holloway were in "The Fighting Trail," Pearl White and Henry G. Sell in "The Lightning Raider," and Antonio Moreno and Carol Holloway in "The Iron Test." By the time this reaches you in Australia, the rate of exchange with America may rise or fall. Better, therefore, to find out locally how much 25 cents would equal.

"Harry" (Colchester).—Pleased to oblige. Mary Hay, or Mary Hay Caldwell to give her her full maiden name, was born on August 22nd, 1901, at Fort Bliss, Texas. For some time she was a pupil of Ruth St. Dennis, the classic dancer, and after a career on the stage, she started appearing in motion pictures. She was married to Richard Barthelmess on June 18th. One of her films is "Way Down East."

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the Picture Show, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the Picture Show to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

HARRY MOREY, care of Vitagraph Film Co., Inc., 1600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

EUGENE O'BRIEN, care of Selznick Pictures Corporation, Fort Lee, New Jersey, U.S.A.

DOROTHY DALTON, care of Ince Studios, Culver City, California, U.S.A.

WANDA HAWLEY, care of Realart Pictures Corporation, 469, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

MILTON ROSMER, care of Ideal Films, Ltd., 76-78, Wardour Street, W 1.

(More addresses next week.)



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FIRST PRIZE £100
SECOND PRIZE £25

£150 IN PRIZES

FIFTY PRIZES OF 10/- EACH

ON this page will be found the second of our Picture Puzzle series, which deals chiefly with the career of Charles Ray. Next week the career of another cinema star will be dealt with in a similar form, and so on, until six puzzles have appeared.

The above magnificent prizes are offered for solutions to the picture puzzles which are identical or nearest to the solution in our possession.

Do not send your solutions in yet. When the sixth puzzle appears full instructions will be given as to how and when your complete set of solutions are to be sent to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Boys' Cinema," and "Girls' Cinema."

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

No. 2.—CHARLES RAY PICTURE PUZZLE.



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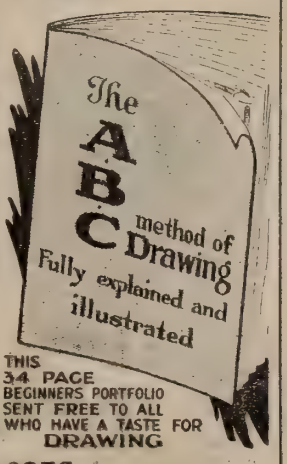
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TWOPENCE. DEC. 25th, 1920.

Picture Show

No. 87. Vol. 4.

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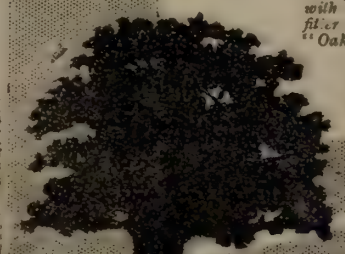
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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 50.—BUSTER KEATON.

BUSTER KEATON, the man who makes us laugh, takes his copy of the PICTURE SHOW very seriously. He reads it through very carefully each week, and you can see how interested he is by his tense expression when the PICTURE SHOW camera caught him in the photograph above.

My Christmas Wish for You.

CHRISTMAS DAY once again, and once again I wish you the old yet ever new wish, a happy Christmas. This is the second Christmas I have been able to greet you, and my friends have grown in number since last year, and next year I hope to number many more, for the PICTURE SHOW has a wonderful list of fine things to come—to please old readers, and to welcome new.

From Filmland to You.

ALL your favourite cinema stars send you greetings, too. Our centre pages were not nearly big enough to contain them all. To ensure them reaching you, the PICTURE SHOW was chosen as postman, for the senders did not know your addresses, but knew you would find their wishes if they were in the most popular of cinema papers, the PICTURE SHOW. Next week one of our art pages has been converted into a beautiful calendar. It is a calendar that is worthy a place in any room. You will, I know, be delighted with it.

A Fine Ghost Yarn.

I KNOW all boys like Christmas stories, and there is a fine ghost yarn in this week's "Boys' Cinema." Tell your brother. Also that the Tom Mix yarn about the Wild West in this number is more thrilling than ever, which, those of you who are reading them will agree with me, is saying something.

More Christmas Fare.

THE "Girls' Cinema" also has some splendid Christmassy articles in this week! Marguerite Clark—who, as you know, has earned the name of the "Fairy of Filmland"—tells us how she gained this name, and how other tiny girls can add to their popularity. There is also a fine page of fancy dresses from filmland, and other seasonable features, to say nothing of Gregory Scott's Christmas letter to you all. If you are a girl, you cannot afford to miss the number.

Mary Pickford's Christmas.

MARY PICKFORD told me when she was over here that she has never yet been parted from her mother on Christmas Day!

"Time was when my little old stocking wasn't so very full, but mother always made some sacrifice to put away just a little something in that little worn stocking," she said.

"Every Christmas is about the same, but every Christmas brings a new happiness—at least, it seems new. I have just as much fun opening my packages as I did when I was a tiny little girl. If they come in ahead of time, I look at them, shake them, turn them over and over and guess until I am guess-less. Then, when the packages are all opened, and the tree is stripped of all its mystery, mother sits down in a big chair by the fireplace, and I creep up on her lap and snuggle down, and we have a little heart to heart talk about Christmases passed and gone, and mother's eyes grow very wet, just with tears of joy and thankfulness.

"And now my little namesake, Mary Pickford Rupp, is old enough to enjoy Christmas with us, and we all try to mother her."

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

William Hart to Pay Us a Visit.

WILLIAM S. HART has stated his intention of visiting Europe after finishing the pictures in the contract which he has made with Famous-Lasky.

He says he has got a hankering to see England again, for he has not been over here since he was a boy. Big Bill did not get much of a reception when he came over before, but now he is known to so many millions over here, his welcome bids fair to outvie that given to Mary and Doug early this year.

To Keep Fit.

WILLIAM FARNUM owns one of the most productive farms of its kind on Long Island. He works early in the morning, or during the late evening, whenever he can be spared from the studio. He believes in working until he is dripping with perspiration, after which he takes a cool bath, and, if it is morning, he says he can get through the day in comfort.

A Dream Come True.

CORINNE GRIFFITH says that even when she was a schoolgirl, she dreamed that some day she would be a star; even in those days she was noted for her accomplishments as a dancer, and her acting in the school amateur theatricals.

Then came her rise to stardom in two brief years in the Vitagraph Company, with whom she is still starring. You can see her now in a very strong photo-play with Maurice Costello in "The Tower of Jewels."

Did You Know?

LIONEL BARRYMORE is now hard at work on "The Truth About Husbands," which is based on the play "The Profligate," which was originally presented in London with Sir J. Forbes-Robertson and Olga Nethersole in the principal roles.

A Real Thrill.

FOR one of the thrilling scenes in the coming new Vitagraph production, "Dead Men Tell No Tales," a big sailing vessel, which figures prominently in the earlier scenes of the picture, was blown up for an incident later in the play.

In this we are to see Kathleen Calvert, Percy Marmont, and Holmes E. Herbert in the principal roles.

Famous Novelists and the Screen.

ELINOR GLYN, the author of "Three Weeks," has joined the Paramount forces, and will henceforth employ her pen solely in the making of motion picture stories.

Two other celebrities who have recently joined the film colony are Sir Gilbert Parker, author, and Penhyn Stanlaws, the world-famous artist.

Not Healthy for Colleen.

COLLEEN MOORE has been reading the papers. In consequence of which she is now hesitating about her proposed trip over here next year. She was counting on an extended holiday in Ireland, and enjoying a well-earned rest in the country where most of her ancestors lived, and where she still has relatives.

But after reading the news from Ireland, Miss Moore has decided that Ireland is not the place for a rest.

Are You Screen Struck.

"THERE would be fewer screen-struck girls," Henry King, the famous director, says, "if it were known how intensely the successful screen players labour at their tasks. They have heavy responsibilities, their time is not their own, and they have almost no leisure, except fitful holidays, to enjoy the financial fruits which may come to them.

"Hard knocks, and tireless work on the treadmill have put them where they are. They have suffered discouragements and worked for small pay in the days when salaries were meagre, and uncertain at that. Nervous prostration from hard application is often their lot."

Coming to England.

KEELY EDWARD is being sent from Los Angeles with a comedy troupe to France and England, to make funny films of two-reel length.

The idea is to make films in England based on the famous old English comedies, and then cross and make French farces in and around Paris. The company, which is being sent by the Special Pictures Corporation, will spend some months over here.



DOROTHY FANE, appearing in "Blood Money" and "In the Night," two of the latest Granger-Binger productions.

FRANK DANE, who has appeared in pictures over ten years. We shall also see him in "Blood Money" and "In the Night."

COLETTE BRETTEL, appearing in the Ideal film, "Wuthering Heights" and also in "Blood Money," the Granger-Binger film.

ARTHUR CULLEN, the popular heavy lead, is known as Tony to his friends. He also appears in the detective film "Blood Money."

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

Cinema "Stunt" Artistes Form a Club.

THE overwhelming majority of film artistes who are capable of performing perilous "stunts" have just formed a club, the membership of which is restricted to "stunt" artistes. The headquarters of the "Stunt" Club are at the Film Tests Productions, Ltd., 56, Great Marlborough Street, W.1. Capt. West, the well-known actor and rough-rider, being the originator and club captain.

The club members include straight or rough riders, drivers, high divers and swimmers, motor cyclists and drivers, oarsmen and yachtsmen, boxers, wrestlers, acrobats, knockabout artistes, and animal impersonators. In short, every variety of film artiste who is prepared to risk his or her life to make a picture-lover's holiday. The Cinema Artistes' "Stunt" Club already includes such well known actors and actresses as Miss Sadie Bennett, Bob Clifton, Montagu Thacker, Lester Gard, Captain Charles West, Alec Orac and others well-known in the film world, and the membership is hourly growing.

Mistaken Identity.

VIOLET GRAHAM, who plays opposite Langholme Burton, in "A Man's Shadow," must hold a record for being mistaken for some other stage or screen celebrity.

Not long ago, when filming at Mumble's Head, when she returned to the hotel, she was surprised to find an enormous crowd waiting. "Here she is! Here comes Lucille!" they shouted, and she was given a rousing cheer.

Not until later was it discovered that the local picture palace was running a Lucille Love serial, and nothing would persuade the crowd that Violet Graham was not Lucille Love; in fact, she had to come out on the balcony of the hotel and make a pretty little speech.

Then, when she was playing Lily Elsie's part in "Mavourneen," in spite of the fact that the change of cast had been widely advertised, the majority of the audience went away under the firm impression that they had seen Lily Elsie.

The Girl Who Looked Like Gladys Cooper.

AND now, when producing "A Man's Shadow," in Brighton, a large crowd assembled, and the producer was taken by the arm by a young newspaper reporter, who asked in a stage whisper in which car he would be able to see Gladys Cooper.

"She's not here with my company," replied the producer.

"Now don't try and bluff me," replied the reporter. "I know you don't want your work interfered with, but if you don't tell me on the quiet I shall have to find out by searching."



MOLLY MALONE.
The latest portrait of this little Goldwyn star.



HELEN O'DONOVEN. OLIVE DARNBOUGH.
Two cinema actresses, who are to feature in real life stories for a new British film company, which will follow the lines of an American film company, and, instead of filming fiction, will picture the real life stories of these stars.

"You will find Violet Graham in the last car but one then," replied the producer.

Romances in the Letter Bag.

ONE of the many letters which Miss Violet Hopson, the famous Broadwest star, received last week, was one from South Africa, announcing the fact that a little baby girl had been named after her. The parents of the baby had become engaged while watching a film in which Miss Hopson appeared. They were married and adopted her as their mascot. They expressed regret at the fact that the screen star was not sufficiently near as to stand as the baby's god-mother.

Life Stories.

THIS is only one of the many romances which are brought to Miss Hopson's notice through her mail bag. She takes the deepest interest in her correspondence, and although she seldom has time to answer each one personally, she reads all letters addressed to her. Some of the life stories which are confided to this ever sympathetic actress are tragedies, and Miss Hopson says that she finds that her letter bag resembles a book of stories of people in every walk of life. In her they confide their ambitions, disappointments, hopes and sorrows, and it is seldom that an answer is not forthcoming.

Prince to Die for a Film.

KILLING a real tiger for a scene in a photo-play was the unusual stunt done for a coming production entitled "Tiger."

"Prince," the feline actor who is a member of the Universal menagerie, was becoming too savage to live, and had to die anyway.

Tom's Love of Daring.

TOM SANTSCHI, who plays the hero role in a series of two-real thrillers, says that he probably inherits his love of physical peril in his work from his mountain climbing Swiss ancestors. The big and fearless star confesses to a sense of unbearable restlessness when deprived of an opportunity for physical exercises. Working in the movies—scaling cliffs, swimming rapids, riding over dangerous trails, and fighting desperate battles against heavy odds—bring him the relief which his strenuous nature requires.

A Charming Girl.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN and Doris May have received charming homage from an old gentleman in Arkansas in the form of a number of freshwater pearls which he had collected himself. Mr. MacLean's reached him in a pair of sleeve-links, and the others were strung upon a slender chain for Miss May. The donor in sending them wrote that he had been saving them for his two children, both of whom hade recently died. Their death had been a terrible blow to him, and it was only in watching the work of the "Dual Deights" of the screen that he had enjoyed a few hours of forgetfulness in his great sorrow.

Fay Filmer.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

A Bachelor's Home.

DID you ever hear of a bachelor who loved his home so dearly it cost him a pang every time he had to leave his own precious fireside? If you have never heard of such a domestic bachelor, then meet Eugene O'Brien. I have never known of a man who loved his home with such unceasing devotion. He is simply wedded to the little place he bought this year on the co-operative plan, and he is actually unhappy when he has to go away to make a picture.

I asked him not long ago, when I happened to see him the day before he was about to go south to make exteriors for a Selznick production, why he looked so glum? The famous O'Brien smile was entirely missing, and such a look of desperation was in his eyes, I thought he must be either in love, at least, or on the verge of matrimony.

"Matter enough," he grumbled. "I have to go down into the mountains of Virginia to make my next picture."

"Do you dislike the country so much," I asked.

"It's not the country, it's leaving my new baby grand piano, my pipe, and my books. Say, the more evenings I spend in my apartment, the more I hate to tear myself away. Come up some evening, and I will let you see my little home."

I muttered something about it being unconventional for a woman to dine with a man at his apartments. Then I felt very much ashamed of myself when he said in the most matter of fact way.

"Oh, of course, my mother is living with me. You know, having her is a treat, and then combined with having an honest to goodness home, its almost too much."

I have some wonderful photographs of Eugene in his drawing-room with all the comforts of home excepting a wife. Still there are men who might not believe a chatelaine would add to the interest of their domain, especially when bachelorhood is considered such a blessed privilege.

The Inconsolable Patricia.

BILLIE BURKE has instituted a country wide search for a wiry-haired fox terrier who answers to the family name of Billie. Said Billie dog belongs to Patricia, the small daughter of Billie Burke the actress, and Forenz Zeigfeld, theatrical magnate. He disappeared one fine winter day, and Patricia has been inconsolable ever since. She has worried herself almost sick about her doggie being out in the cold. Thinking to console the little lady, her father bought a smart looking Boston terrier with a pedigree and everything, but Patricia is loyal and she refuses to accept the newcomer as a substitute. Her devoted mother is searching the highways hoping to bring back the smiles to her little daughter's face. The amount of the reward offered is staggering, and sufficient to make any thief who has Billie Burke's dog in his possession willing to return it to the family home at Hastings on the Hudson.

Tony Says It's Not True.

IF these male stars do not want to be credited with matrimonial aspirations they should not buy homes. Antonio Morono, being a thrifty young man, has recently purchased a home. I do not recall its exact location, but to sound well with his name I suppose it should be a castle in Spain. Ever since one of the fan magazines carried the story of Tony's house, feminine hearts in America have suffered a terrible shock, and now Tony asks us to please deny he has any immediate intentions of taking unto himself a wife.

Returning to the Screen.

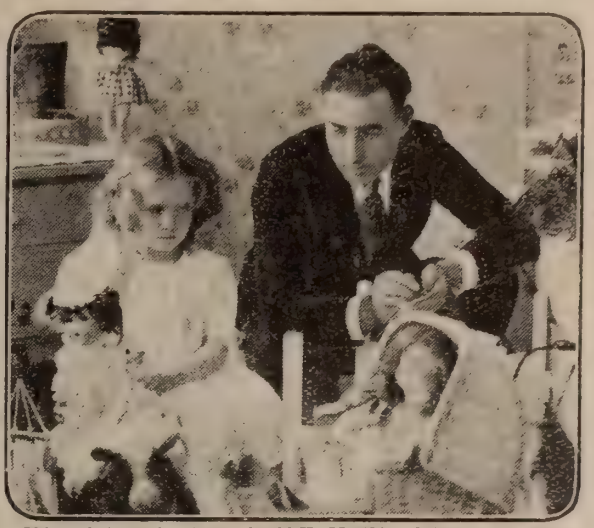
I CANNOT remember whether or not I told my English readers that Doris Kenyon is coming back to the screen. She has started work on a picture to be directed by Leonce Perret, and will supplement this feature with a series of productions for Mr. Perret. A little later she will appear in a stage play under the auspices of the well-known American producer, A. H. Woods.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



A real Christmas card scene! It is from "The Courage of Marge O'Doone," which was filmed by the Vitagraph company in the wonderful snows of Canada.



This photograph shows FRANK LLOYD, Goldwyn director, helping his little daughter, Alma, to decide to whom she shall give the Christmas presents she has bought.



MOLLY MALONE, a pretty Goldwyn player, preparing for Christmas. They will be very lucky little girls who receive her presents. Molly even likes playing with them herself!



It wouldn't seem like Christmas without a Xmas tree. PAULINE FREDERICK and her mother spend a busy time decorating theirs.

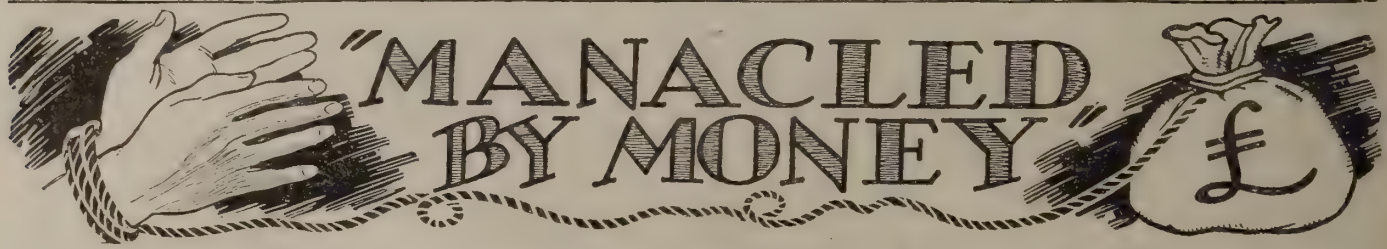


Do you recognise this photograph? It is RUTH ROLAND in the costume of a Russian dancer.



With her wonderful Christmas tree, ALICE JOYCE brings joy to many little hearts who have never known childish pleasures before. Here you see her assisted by Father Christmas.

BEGIN TO-DAY! A POWERFUL STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION. By EMMIE ALLINGHAM



A Christmas Visitor.

THE kitchen at Greystone Hall was brilliantly lit with candles. There were dozens of them. Candlesticks from every room in the house had been gathered together, and stood on table and mantelshelf in reckless profusion.

A Turkey carpet from one of the other rooms had been placed on the paved floor, and a black skin rug was before the great kitchener.

An easy, upholstered chair, and heavy crimson curtains formed part of the furniture, as did a plush tablecover which was thrown over the deal table. It gave the place an air of comfort.

A man sat by the stove, which was open to emit a gleam of the coals piled high within.

He sat well forward, his sallow face resting on his thin, white hand.

It was Arthur Weston.

His clothes were ill-kept, a scarf wound round his neck served for a collar. An ill-looking, neglected figure, quite unlike the man who had come to visit his aunt on the memorable night, now over a year ago.

Much had happened to Arthur Weston since then.

There were times when the money, safe within the leather bag, and which it was his habit to count regularly every day, brought about a strong revulsion of feeling.

In moments of clear vision, he saw how it had been his undoing, yet such was its hold upon him, that he had not the strength of will to make use of it, as had been his aunt's wish.

The death of Jessica. The only human being in the world who could have, perhaps, kept him normal, had been taken from him.

Jessica, his pretty, baby girl, had been as the apple of his eye.

At the back of his mind, while she had lived, he had had an excuse for keeping silent concerning the money.

He was keeping it for his child.

She should be a great lady, and have every chance that wealth and power could give her.

It was this thought that had cost Cecil Rae his life.

The idea of having to spend a sum of money on a law suit—in having the contents of the will brought out before the public had made him desperate. Details might be brought to light that would entail an explanation of the contents of the leather bag.

All his life Arthur Weston had been hampered by the want of that, which now that it was in his possession, he found himself unable to use.

He came of a class which had to keep up appearances. Servants and surroundings were essential for their position. He had had to deny his wife and himself many things which were essential, for the sake of appearances. Money had always been his nightmare.

And now—now that he had it in his possession—he could not bring himself to part with it. Indeed, he was adding to it. The sale of his house and most of his belongings had brought him in a tidy sum. His expenses were now practically nothing. He was saving, adding to that hoard of his; some of it he now had in gold—gold! He liked to let it fall through his fingers. Perhaps that was the only time that Arthur Weston was really happy.

He glanced up suddenly, and stared round him with a frown.

These candles cost over a penny a piece, and there were over fifty burning. It was a terrible extravagance. He half-rose as though he would put them out, and then he stood hesitating. He must have light. Even here in the kitchen, right away from the library, he still felt nervous—he did not believe in ghosts, but there were strange noises in that room.

True, he had locked up the door, and always carried the key in his pocket, but he could not sit in the dark.

No one would trouble

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ARTHUR WESTON, who is given by his aunt, Amy Rae, a bag containing twenty thousand pounds to be held in trust for her son Harry. She also leaves Greystone Manor to him, but tells him this is to be handed over to her son when he is twenty-one. She does this because her husband will spend every penny he can get hold of.

HARRY RAE has a quarrel with Arthur Weston after Mrs. Rae's death. He cannot understand his mother making such a will, and he determines to go out to Australia.

REV. FERGUSON tries to make peace between Weston and Harry before the latter goes away, but is unsuccessful.

GRACE FERGUSON, the vicar's daughter, is a great chum of Harry's, and she is broken-hearted when he goes abroad. After Harry has left she goes to Greystone Manor, and sees his father enter the study with Weston. Later she hears a shot.

CECIL RAE, Harry's father, is found dead in the woods next morning, and it is presumed that he has committed suicide.

Arthur Weston is in a very nerve-wracked condition, but after he has been to the woods and the village policeman has told him that it is evidently a case of suicide, a weight seems to fall from him. The crime which in a fit of passion had cost Cecil Rae his life, is not to be brought home to him after all.

When he returns home the Rev. Ferguson comes with the terrible news that Arthur's little daughter Jessica, who is the apple of her father's eye, has been thrown from her pony and killed while spending the day at the vicar's house.

Arthur goes abroad but returns after a few weeks.

On Christmas Eve Grace Ferguson, who is very happy because she has received a letter from Harry, takes her violin to Greystone Manor, and enters by the secret passage.

They thought he had nothing—no one troubled about a poor beggar, like himself.

Last year the rector had written, asking him to come and spend Christmas Day with them. It was Christmas Eve to-day, yet no one had troubled him. No one cared whether he was dead or alive. They did not know about the money. A curious, furtive expression passed over his face, and his lips parted in a sardonic grin.

What fools they all were! If they knew what he had, how rich he really was, wouldn't they all be after him?

It was at this moment that the carol singers started before the front of the house.

Arthur did not hear them at first, but when he did, he hastily blew out the candles nearer to him.

"They only come round to spy! That is what they are, spies! They want to find out how I live, and all about me. I know!"

When the carols were over, he crept cautiously round to the front of the house and peeped out of the window.

Satisfied that they were gone, he went back to the kitchen.

"I'll have my supper and get to bed," he muttered. "Christmas Eve!"

Memories from the past floated around him. He was back in his old home with his girl bride. How happy they had been. Could that man who had made love to a woman and said so many extravagant things have been himself? And then there was Jessica. His baby girl, as pretty as an angel from heaven. If she had lived——

He glanced around the humble room.

This was to what he had been brought. A thief and a murderer. Hiding himself from the world, which he feared. There would be four more such Christmases as this to get over before [illegible] returned. Four years, and then he would have to get busy if he wanted to hold his own. It would be quite easy, he told himself. He had mapped out all the future. It was waiting on Time that was so monotonous. Four more years of this before he could act. The thought was intolerable. From a cupboard he took out his simple fare—bread, butter, cheese and a cake bought at the village store.

There was evidently little cooking done in the establishment.

Leading out from the kitchen was a small room, which in the old days had been used as the servants' sitting-room. Arthur had converted it into his bedroom.

He did not put out the candles before retiring, although it evidently went against his ideas of economy to leave them burning.

"It is so dark in this room," he muttered to himself, as if in excuse.

Scarcely had his head touched the pillow, when he raised it again. The music of a violin, played by no mean musician, sounded almost as though it was in the room with him.

Arthur sat up in bed and listened.

Those carol singers back again, he thought savagely.

But the music was totally different from the conventional hymn. They were tunes familiar to his boyhood, and as it continued Arthur felt his hair stand on end. There was something uncanny about it. At first he had thought that it came from outside in the grounds, but now he distinctly heard a footfall in the room above.

Every door and window in the house was barred. No one could possibly get in. Yet, as he sat there straining every nerve to listen, he distinctly heard a chair pushed along, and then the music began again, a light, whimsical air, that spoke of villagers dancing on the green, and birds singing among leafy branches.

Arthur got out of bed.

For a moment he stood hesitating. The music grew louder, and then a girl's voice, clear and ringing as a bell filled the silent house with melody.

Sometimes, between long shadows on the grass,
The little truant waves of sunlight pass;
My eyes grow dim with tenderness the while,
Thinking I see thee—thinking I see thee smile.

And sometimes in the twilight gloom apart,
The tall trees whisper—whisper heart to heart.
From my fond lips the eager answers fall
Thinking I hear thee—thinking I hear thee call!

The voice died away; it sounded as though in a sob.

Arthur stood spellbound.

Long years ago a woman had sung that song, the only woman who had ever touched his heart. He could see her now. Her fair hair dressed high above her forehead, and her big, blue eyes shining up to him with happiness.

"Good heavens!" he muttered, and then, stirred into action, he scrambled into a dressing-gown, and stumbled out of the room.

On the landing above was a room which had been used as a nursery. Arthur had never troubled to look into it, and it was the one room he had never locked.

The door was ajar, and a ray of light streamed out of it. It was a strange white light, and for a moment the man drew back; but he quickly recovered himself as he realised that it was but the moonlight.

It shone into the room from the two high windows whose curtains had been pushed well back.

The violin began another tune, a merry air; and then, as Arthur peered cautiously in, he caught his breath.

It was doubtful what he expected to see, but the dainty, girlish figure in filmy white, who was pirouetting round in time to the tune she was

(*Continued on page 8.*)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF LEAL DOUGLAS.

(Special to the "Picture Show.")



Suspicion.

LEAL DOUGLAS.

THE VAMPIRE OF THE BRITISH SCREEN.



Fear.

THERE are few British film players who are better suited to vampire roles than Leal Douglas, and although this beautiful actress has not devoted her entire attention to vampire roles, those in which she has appeared have been recognised as highly successful.

Although born in Manchester, Miss Douglas spent the greater part of her childhood in Australia, and, on leaving school, she made her debut on the Australian stage under the management of J. C. Williamson.

In her early stage days, Miss Douglas was closely associated with Annette Kellermann (the world-famous swimmer who has also starred in films), for they were both playing in the same show.

The World is Small.

MISS DOUGLAS tells me it was when Miss Kellermann was only an amateur, and the two girls used to spend hours perfecting their strokes and diving.

It was later when Miss Douglas was in Africa, that one day strolling into a picture theatre, she saw her old friend starred in the film.

"The world is a small place," says Miss Douglas, "and the film world still smaller. I sometimes wonder if I shall ever have the pleasure of playing in a film with my old friend."

One of Miss Douglas's earliest appearances on the Australian stage was as Barbara Hare in "East Lynne." Other plays in which she appeared were "The Brass Bottle," "A Lovely Liar," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," and "A Bachelor's Honeymoon."



LEAL DOUGLAS.



Sorrow.

Her First Appearance.

ON completing a long tour through New Zealand and Australia, Miss Douglas formed a company of her own and toured with it through Australia and South Africa. A little later, this talented player arrived in England, and made her appearance in "The Three Musketeers," in which she played Milady.

About this time Miss Florence Turner was producing her first British films.

Miss Douglas, being interested in films, obtained an introduction to Miss Turner's manager, and was given a part in "The Rose of Surrey."

Following this, Miss Douglas then played in "Thelma," "My Lady's Dress," "The Beetle," "Deception," "Under Suspicion," "Bleak House," "Darby and Joan," and "Nothing Else Matters."

In Comedy Films.

APART from making a special study of vampire and character parts, Miss Douglas has also appeared in comedy films.

She is a keen sportswoman and an expert swimmer. Apart from this sport, she takes a keen interest in rowing, riding, and golf. Miss Douglas devotes the greater portion of her time to film work, but has not altogether forsaken the legitimate stage: for she is at present appearing as the talkative woman in "You Never Can Tell."

Frocks for the Film.

MISS DOUGLAS says that dressing for the screen is as important as acting, and make-up frocks that suit me off the screen are hardly any use for my work. Colours that look simply superb often photograph badly. Everything films black, white, or grey, and often the most hideous colours photograph the best under the searching glare of the studio lights.

"In dressing a part there is not only colour, cut, and style to remember, but also the kind of clothes your film character would wear if she were a live person. Wearing the clothes she would wear helps you to feel as she would feel.

A Big Consideration.

"A FILM actress needs more clothes than some people imagine. No frock is ever worn in more than one film, and that often means that an actress has to provide almost fifty each of dresses, hats, boudoir gowns, innumerable shoes, and other nick-nacks, in a year.

"Even girls who do 'crowd' work must be prepared to have at least three or four evening, afternoon, and dinner gowns, besides walking costumes, hats, and other smart clothes and shoes, which they may need at a moment's notice.

"Much depends on how clothes are worn. If they are not quite new, but cut well and worn and carried well, they will screen successfully."

It was Miss Douglas who brought the fashion of painted gloves into this country.

She recently flew to Paris in search of film frocks, and brought back with her a pair of long evening gloves, painted with a neat little design halfway between the elbow and wrist. This fashion was designed by an enterprising French manufacturer who specialises in novelties. Another pair had a silhouette of a black cat, in velvet, neatly stitched on to the cloth.



Coquetry.

Likes the Motherland Best.

POSSESSED of a charming personality, Miss Douglas stands 5 ft. 7 in. Her hair and eyes are dark-brown, which are set off by a healthy out-door complexion.

Like many others who have spent many years in the colonies, Miss Douglas is not anxious to return to the land of the Southern Cross. She is determined to settle down in the Motherland, although it is quite likely that she may make several short trips abroad for holidays.



Trust.

If you want to write her, address your letter:

MISS LEAL DOUGLAS,
c/o Garrick Theatre,
Charing Cross Road,
London, W.C.



Contempt.

"Manacled By Money."

Continued from page 6.)

playing, was quite enough to bewilder a stouter heart than his.

And then she suddenly saw him there, shrinking against the door, a strange, dark figure in the long dressing-gown.

The violin stopped with a squeak, and the girl stood petrified. It would be difficult to say which of them was the most afraid.

It was Grace who found her tongue.

"Please, who—who are you?" she said.

At the sound of her voice which had trembled, Arthur Weston recovered himself.

The person, whoever she was, was flesh and blood, moreover, she was afraid.

"What are you doing here? How did you enter?" he demanded.

"Oh, it is Mr. Weston! How you startled me! You do look strange with that long coat thing on. I thought for the moment you must be a ghost."

The relief in her voice was noticeable.

"And may I ask how and why you came?"

He bowed towards her ironically.

"I thought you and your servant must be away. We came and sang carols, and the house was all so quiet. I do hope you will forgive me. I used to spend so many Christmases here in this very room, and I thought I would like to see it just once again. It seems so strange, nothing appears to have been altered. It is such a dear old room, and holds so many happy memories for me."

There was such a note of feeling and sincerity in the girl's voice, that Arthur Weston began to feel that she spoke just as she really felt, and for the first time for a very long time he felt a glimmer of interest for someone beside himself.

"A young thing like you should not bother with the past," he said. "It is not until we have lost all that makes life worth while that we have memories."

The last words were uttered under his breath.

Grace went forward and placed a gentle hand on his arm.

"Mr. Weston," she said, in her low, clear voice, "I was very frightened just now when I found I was not alone; but now I am glad that I have seen you, I have so often wanted to speak to you. I met your servant once back in the summer. Did he tell you?"

Arthur mumbled something inaudible. He was wondering how the girl had got in. The question worried him. Grace went on talking.

She was thinking entirely of the man before her. He looked ghastly in the moonlight, and ill.

"Mr. Weston, it is Christmas-time. Couldn't you try and bury your grief for a time? My father is getting old, and he feels very deeply your attitude towards him. He loved Jessica very dearly, as did we all. Could you not let bygones be bygones, and be friends with us again?"

The man looked down at her, but the words that trembled on his lips were not uttered.

Quite suddenly it came to him that he was acting foolishly by shutting himself entirely away as he had been doing. He had only that evening been deploring the fact that four more years must pass before he could make a move, but he had overlooked the Rev. Ferguson. He realised that by avoiding him he was but placing fresh difficulties in his path for the future.

"Did your father ask you to come and say this to me?" he asked in a low voice.

"No. No one knows I have come here, and that reminds me, I must get back or I shall be missed. But I know father and mother, too, would be very pleased if you would come and take dinner with us to-morrow."

"I can't do that. I am a very poor man now, Miss Ferguson. I should not be able to return your parents hospitality. I keep no one with the exception of that old man you saw," he added quickly, with a suspicious glance at his companion.

But Grace was thinking only of his words.

"Surely, Mr. Weston, you know us better than that," she said. "Neither mother nor father would dream of expecting you to ask them back. Do not, please, let such a thought as this keep you away. Do say you will come? Father, I know, will send the trap for you. We should all be so pleased."

She paused, and her eloquent eyes finished the sentence for her. Arthur hesitated.

"You really think your father would like to see me to-morrow?" he said.

"I am quite sure of it!" cried the girl eagerly.

Arthur Weston drew a deep breath.

"Then you can tell your people I will come."

"That is right."

The girl held out her hand in the frank manner characteristic of her.

"The trap will call here, then, at six o'clock sharp."

Arthur Weston took the hand and let it lie in his clasp.

"Six o'clock I will be ready," he said gravely.

Grace turned to go. Arthur walked by the side of her. Outside the room the girl stopped.

"It is very dark out here, we should have a light," she said laughingly.

"How did you get in?" asked Arthur, unable to control his thoughts any longer.

The girl ignored the question.

Out here on the landing in the dark, a sudden, nameless horror had swept over her, she remembered the last time she had stood in the darkness on these stairs. Then Cecil Rae had been but a few paces away, Cecil Rae who had that very night met his death.

At all costs she felt she could not tell Arthur Weston of the secret passage, that knowledge belonged to Harry. It was his home, despite all the wills.

"Where are you going?" called Arthur as she began to descend the stair.

Grace managed to force a little laugh.

"I came in by one of the windows, but I thought you would let me out properly through the door."

"Yes—yes—of course."

He followed her down, and with the aid of a match found the great rusty bolts. A few minutes later and Grace stood outside.

"Good-bye and thank you," she said with a cheerful nod. "Don't forget to-morrow at six." And then with her violin tucked under her arm, she sped away like a wraith.

Arthur watched her go, then after carefully bolting the door again, he made his way cautiously into the kitchen and secured a candle. Then with the light held high he made his tour of the house. Every window was carefully examined and tried. From the cellars to the attic he made the pilgrimage, but every window was carefully and firmly bolted as he had thought.

At the final window he placed the candle on the ledge and looked around, while a fearful expression passed over his face.

"Curse all women!" he muttered, under his breath. "She lied! She lied!"

There was no sleep for Arthur Weston that night.

His castle was no longer safe. He remembered how Cecil Rae had somehow found an entrance. It had worried him at the time, but Cecil Rae was dead. Grace Ferguson also knew the secret, and she had lied to him rather than confess. Did this look like friendship?

His first impulse was to refuse to go after all on the morrow, and then almost immediately he changed his mind. He must go. The rector knew the truth concerning the will, and his daughter she also was dangerous, she knew how to enter his stronghold. He must make a way to make her tell.

A Christmas Surprise.

GRACE FERGUSON, radiant and triumphant, broke into the family gathering, which was comfortably seated round the fire in the pleasant old rectory sitting-room.

Mrs. Ferguson was reading a pretty little Christmas story to the children before they went to bed.

Pleasant thoughts of Santa Claus were running in their childish heads, but they all glanced up eagerly when Grace darted into their midst. She was not usually an excitable person.

"My dear, where have you been?" asked Mrs. Ferguson, glancing up from her book. "We have all finished dinner long ago. No one could think what had become of you."

"I have been talking to Mr. Weston," announced the girl, her eyes glowing with excitement. "He was quite nice, but looks awfully ill. Mother, I invited him to dinner to-morrow, and he has promised to come."

"Well, that is delightful! Poor fellow! I am glad. I often have thought of him, and wished he would see us. But how did you manage it?"

Grace went into a few details, but she did not tell her secret. "She was playing carols," she said.

Mrs. Ferguson, her motherly face one wreath of smiles, nodded her appreciation.

"Well, go and have your dinner now. Cook promised to keep it hot for you," she said as she returned to the book. "Your father will be pleased when he hears your news."

Grace went into the dining-room.

The maid glanced round as she entered.

"Miss Grace, how happy you look!" she cried. "Did you meet him?"

"Meet whom?" asked the girl. "I have been to Greystone Hall to see Mr. Weston. He is coming here to dine to-morrow."

The maid gave a startled little cry.

"Oh, miss! But surely you have seen someone else besides Mr. Weston? You met someone on the road, perhaps?"

"No, I don't think I did. I don't remember seeing anyone. Why, what is the matter? What is wrong?"

"Nothing, miss—at least, I hope not. After all, Mr. Weston is a very nice gentleman, though he do behave so strange."

"What are you talking about?" cried Grace. "I don't understand."

For answer the maid came nearer, and from the girl's soft hair she took the spray of mistletoe.

"I was only thinking of this, miss," she said, half apologetically. "Do you mean to say you had forgotten it?"

Grace began to laugh, but she had to admit that the laugh was a failure. The same feeling of terror that she had experienced as she stood alone with Arthur Weston on the darkened stairs suddenly swept over her again.

"Oh, whatever made me go?" she murmured helplessly under her breath.

(Another instalment in next Monday's "Picture Show.")

DO YOU KNOW?

—*That* Marguerite Clark's father, A. J. Clark, was a prominent merchant of Cincinnati?

* * *

—*That* the second initial in Cecil B. de Mille's name stands for Blount?

* * *

—*That* the father of Geraldine Farrar was a professional baseball player?

* * *

—*That* Elsie Ferguson was born in New York, August 19th, 1883?

* * *

—*That* Raymond Hatton made his first appearance in pictures for Mack Sennett, as an old Russian in a mob?

* * *

—*That* at the age of six, Vivian Martin was playing with Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac?"

* * *

—*That* Charles Ray takes a keen interest in electrical experiments?

* * *

—*That* Henry B. Walthall was born on a cotton plantation in Alabama in 1878?

* * *

—*That* Bryant Washburn can trace his ancestry to the thirteenth century?

* * *

—*That* probably his most noted relative of recent memory is his great uncle, Dwight L. Moody, the famous revivalist?

* * *

—*That* he is an accomplished swimmer and also a writer?

"GIRLS' CINEMA."

SPECIAL THIS WEEK!

Splendid New Serial—

"A GAY TIME WITH A MISER'S GOLD."

FANCY DRESS ON THE FILMS.

All the usual features.

OUT TO-MORROW—2d. - - - - The "GIRLS' CINEMA."

WIGS

Does Nature Know Best?

SOMETIMES a role in a photo-play calls for a cinema star to wear a wig, and it is really wonderful how different our favourites look when we see them without their own tresses.

An example of this will be seen in the two photographs at the top of this page. The first is of Elsie Ferguson with her own beautiful hair, but the other is a photograph of her when she was playing a Spanish role, and for this she wore a wig of smooth black tresses. One would scarcely recognise the two photographs to be of the same person.

Nature Knows Best.

PERHAPS when you have seen a favourite actress who is dark wearing a fair wig and vice versa, you may have thought that they do not look as pretty as when seen with their own hair, and this should be a lesson to the girl who wishes to change the colour of her hair. Nature knows best, and if you were intended to be very fair—well, Titian tresses will not fit into the picture at all well.

How Wigs Are Worn.

SO many cinema actresses have such glorious hair and such abundant masses of it, that it seems marvellous that they are able to tuck away their tresses and wear a wig becomingly.

First of all their hair is plaited tightly and coiled very closely to the head. The foundation of the wig is made of the very finest net so that the wig fits tightly, and thus does not alter the shape of the head the slightest bit.

A Wig as a Mascot.

ONE of the most noted of screen wigs is the black one that Dorothy Gish always wears now when acting for the films. She first wore this as the Little Disturber in "Hearts of the World," and she has worn it ever since. Dorothy looks upon it as her mascot, and that is why we never see her with her own hair.



ELSIE FERGUSON on the left with her own hair, and on the right she is seen with a black wig, which she wore for a Spanish role.



It is wonderful the difference a wig will make. Would you know this to be LEE MORAN?



DOROTHY GISH—is really fair, but you know her best with her black wig.



MARGUERITE CLARK with her own pretty hair, while above you see her as she appeared in "A Girl Named Mary," when she wore a wig.



ALICE JOYCE wore a blonde wig for a Vitagraph film.

"Picture Show" Gossip

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS. STORIES FROM T

A Man Who Has Travelled.

MR. STEWART ROME, the famous Broadwest star, told me the other afternoon that he has been engaged in screen work since 1912. He spent some time in Australia and has had many adventures.

Mr. Rome has done quite a lot of legitimate stage work, and has travelled through India and China. Then, "I gave up the stage for a time," he said, and I went back to Melbourne. I took up some land and started farming and incidentally lost all I had!"



STEWART ROME.

Hard Work.

"THEN followed a period of very hard work, in fact," he added smilingly, "I spent nine months doing real strenuous labour, and I had to turn my hand to all kinds of things. I even took a job as a waiter, but I only fulfilled that role for three weeks. After working my passage home on a boat I landed once again in dear old England. Then I returned to an old love—films. I joined the Hepworth Company, and I was with them for three years.

War!

"THEN the war burst upon us," Mr. Stewart Rome went on, "and of course I joined the Army. After the Armistice I was stationed at Rouen, and it was whilst in this town the Broadwest Film Company made me an offer, which I accepted, and I have done a great deal of screen work since I commenced to play for them. As far as I am concerned, I infinitely prefer the screen to the legitimate stage. I honestly think that the real cinema artiste is born, not made—but of course this might easily become a matter of controversy.

Experience and Art.

"EXPERIENCE is a tremendous asset to a man," Mr. Rome told me; "it cannot create the artistic temperament, but it is a tremendous asset to bringing out the best in art. I had done a certain amount of film work in the States before I took it up in England. I was with Washburn in an Essanay production 'The Village Fool.' I am very glad to have done screen work in America—the more one sees of life, the better one is able to depict it.

An Engineer and a Tennis Player.

"IN my early life," Mr. Stewart Rome told me, "my people were most anxious that I should be a civil engineer. I made an attempt at that profession, but I simply couldn't stand being indoors. An open air life has always made the strongest appeal to me—there's nothing like it! 'Climbing hills is one of my favourite hobbies,' so my producer tells me, because I revelled in all the exterior parts of 'The Long Gay Road.' Having reached the top of a hill one morning, without my make-up box, whilst my producer was explaining to my dresser where my case was, I sprinted back for it, thoroughly enjoying the chance of some more exercise. When such adventures cannot be indulged in, I keep fit with tennis and walking." Stewart Rome is a native of Newbury, Berkshire.



MARY GLYNNE.

Her First Film.

"IT is just over a year ago since I started my first film, 'His Last Offence,'" Miss Mary Glynne said reflectively, the other morning. "And I like screen work immensely. Of course I naturally enjoyed the success of 'Tilly of Bloomsbury,' but although the legitimate stage is tremendously fascinating, a long run of a popular piece is apt to become monotonous."

Personality Comes Out.

"ON the screen," said Miss Glynne, "personality comes out. It seems to me that it must be very difficult for anyone not having some knowledge of the technique of the stage to launch forth and start off straight away in film work. I think I should have been nervous in taking up cinema work had I not had training for the legitimate stage! It certainly gives one confidence, and confidence in one's self is a tremendous aid to success."

Hazel Mary!

MISS MARY GLYNNE, who of course in private life is Mrs. Dennis Neilson Terry, is tremendously proud of her little daughter. She has the quaint names of Hazel Mary, and when Miss Glynne is not busily engaged with her art, she makes home her hobby. In spite of Mary Glynne's ethereal, fairy-like daintiness—and she looked like an exquisite flower the other morning—one felt she possessed a very vivid and sincere personality.

Antiques and a Garden.

MISS MARY GLYNNE confessed a weakness for antique furniture and gardening. She is extremely versatile. She played in "The Aristocrat" with Sir George Alexander, and everyone knows the tremendous charm, spirit, and pathos she put into her characterisation of "Tilly of Bloomsbury." She also played in "The Angel in the House" with the late H. B. Irving. Miss Glynne has already made as great a name for herself in filmland as she has done on the stage. She has played in the "Cry for Justice," "His Last Defence," "Unmarried," and "The Hundredth Chance" (Stoll's). Miss Mary Glynne has now joined the Famous Players-Lasky British Productions, Pool Street, Islington, and that is her address. During our conversation she showed me a cracked mirror.

"That's great luck for me," she laughed. "I always have luck when I break a mirror; I even broke one on my wedding-day!"



GEORGE K. ARTHUR.

A Great Find.

QUITE the greatest find in British filmland is Mr. George K. Arthur, who is playing "Kipps." The production of Mr. H. G. Wells's famous book as a film is being done by Stoll's, at their magnificent Cricklewood Studios, under the direction of Mr. Harold Shaw.

George K. Arthur joined the East Surreys when he was sixteen years of age and ten months, in fact immediately on leaving school. "I went into the ranks in the Cadet Battalion at Oxford, and later got gazetted—and came out of the Army in January, 1919. Two months before that date," Mr. Arthur said with his humorous smile, "I had made up my mind what to do, and that was to go on the stage. But my family had other ideas for me. They wanted me to become a chartered accountant, but it was the stage I longed for, and I regret to say, greatly against my people's wishes, I decided upon the career of my heart. My father has now, however, become reconciled to my choice. I spent three terms at Lady Benson's School, and since then I have found how much I owe to her excellent tuition."

Pastoral Plays in Wales!

"I MADE my debut in pastoral plays at Llandudno, North Wales. I played in 'Twelfth Night,' in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and the 'Taming of the Shrew,' and as I never made up for this wonderful out-door performance, I was called 'Non Props Arthur' by my artiste comrades.

My real chance came when I was acting at the Surrey Theatre. Mr. Harold Shaw, the well-known producer, had arranged with an agent to see me.



STEWART ROME as Hilary Tolfrey Kite, the wandering knight of the road, in the Broadwest film.

Kite (STEWART ROME) and Crook Perkins (ERNEST SPALDING), whom he meets in a common lodging house.



A scene from this new Broadwest film. The little life, the grim humour, and the haunting pathos of irresistible. It is a great triumph for the pr McDONALD and the artiste, STEWART



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Presented with PICTURE SHOW December 25th. 1920.



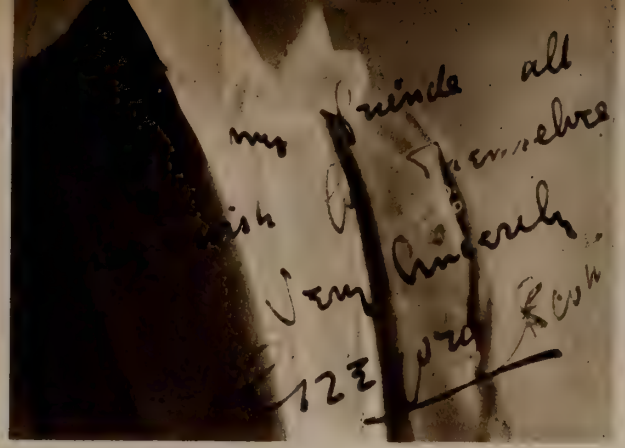


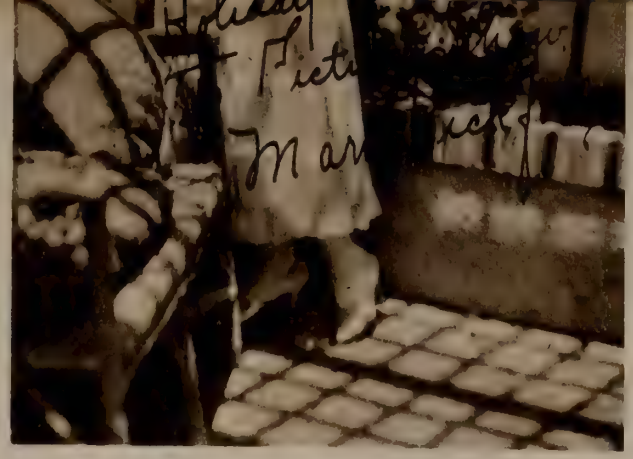


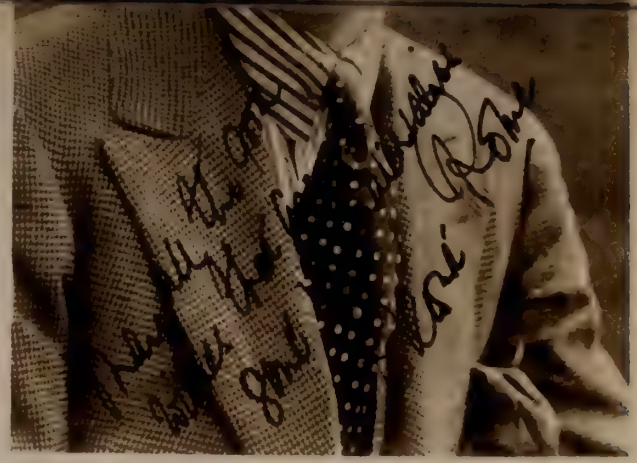

















Merry Christmas
to readers of The
Curtain Show
Sincerely
Anita Stewart
1920.

PICTURE SHOW
ART SUPPLEMENT.
December 25th. 1920.

From Los Angeles.

A Merry Xmas

to every reader of "Picture Show."





Eva Novak

Marie Prevost

Wesley Barry

Antonio Moreno

Alice Lake

Harriet Hammond

William Duncan

Gary Leroy

Jean Paige

Constance Talmadge

Viola Dana

George Beban

Carmel Myers





About British Players

STUDIOS. AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.



STEWART ROME and PAULINE JOHNSON in a scene from "The Great Gay Road."



of London to-play are NORMAN

RALPH FORSTER who takes the part of Backus.

"'You're just the chap we want,' said he. 'How tall are you?'

"I always thought," George K. Arthur confided, "that I was about five feet seven, and I told him so.

"'No good, then,' he retorted, 'too tall; I hoped you were five foot four!'

"I was just turning off to go out of the room when a man called out:

"'I say, you're not five foot seven!'

"I was immediately measured, and my height was five feet and a half!

"On the following Monday I was put through a test for screen work, and I joined up straight away to play 'Kipps' for a Stoll production.

"Later we went down to Folkestone to do some exteriors, and after a picture show one night some of the scenes in 'Kipps' were run off on the screen privately. I have never been so nervous in my life. I was sick with anxiety! Seeing myself for the first time on the screen was a much worse feeling than a first night show on the legitimate stage.

"Don't Try to Act!"

MISS EVELYN BOUCHER assured me the other afternoon that the great art of screen work was to be perfectly natural. "Don't try to act," she smiled, "or all the subtle effects, which are so valuable to the cinema artiste, will be lost."

Miss Boucher is one of those fortunate mortals favoured by the gods. She has beauty and temperament, and is at her very best in vivid, emotional scenes. Amongst the films she has played in are "Diana and Destiny," "The Knave of Hearts," "The Power of Right," and "The Flames."



EVELYN BOUCHER.

Away in France.

ON this page you will see Miss Pauline Johnson, who played Nancy in "The Great Gay Road." She also played a leading part in a set of Milne Screen Comedies recently. She is one of our most charming young cinema artistes, and at the moment of writing she is doing film work in France.

A Cowboy in Canada!

"I HAVE had most of my picture experience in America" said Mr. Sydney Seaward, the other afternoon. "Then the war broke out, I came home to England and joined up in the R.F.A. After I had finished with the Army I went back to America, but I didn't care for it, and returned to England again; and since then I have done a great deal of film work in my own country." Mr. Seaward is a great sportsman; he can ride, box, and swim.

"Before I became an actor," he said, "I was a cowboy in Western Canada, but the loneliness was too great for me. I love picture work, because it gives a man his evenings, like an ordinary business, and if a man is fond of his home this is a tremendous advantage."

Mr. Norman McDonald,

PRODUCER of the Broadwest production "The Great Gay Road," passed the Cambridge Examination when Cecil Rhodes gave the scholarship, and he studied for three years. "Later on," Mr. McDonald informed me, "I went off to America, and then I tried my luck on the stage. I produced quite a number of screen plays, and also dramas for the legitimate stage. Then I went to Chicago, and there I met George K. Sporr of the Essanay Company. I produced a picture called 'White Roses,' and this was followed up by 'When Soul Meets Soul.' I produced for the Essanay Company for three years. I was very tired and worn out, and I thought I would take a trip to California. I reached Los Angeles intending to rest, but then I fell in with the Selig people, and I could not resist the lure of the screen, so I commenced to produce for the Selig firm.

"Reality."

"I JOINED the Army at the outbreak of war, in Canada, and came over to England. I went to France, was badly wounded, and later turned over, as I was really a B 3 man.

"Before getting out of the Army I was in charge of the Canadian Khaki College, where men were trained in the art of public speaking."

Shortly after Mr. McDonald's discharge from the Service he wrote "Wisp of the Woods," and now he is the famous Broadwest producer.



PAULINE JOHNSON.

The Great Gay Road.

THE Walturdaw Co., Ltd., who control the exclusive rights for the United Kingdom, present Stewart Rome in "The Great Gay Road," by Tom Gallon. Adapted and produced by Norman McDonald.

Mr. Hilary Tolfrey Kite (Stewart Rome) is a rolling stone, a wandering vagabond, with nothing beyond his own wayward, whimsical and fascinating personality. He meets Crook Perkins (Ernest Spalding) in a common lodging-house. Tolfrey Kite befriends him, protects him, and thus springs up a curious friendship between the two men.

Sir Crispin Vickery (A. Bromley-Davenport) is a fiery old martinet; he lives near London. He is devoted to his pretty niece Nancy (Pauline Johnson). Unknown to her uncle she is in love with Rodney Foster (John Stuart). His aunt Azalea (Olga Riga) knows of the romance, and rather enjoys assisting Cupid.

The Impostor.

LONG years ago Sir Crispin Vickery had a bitter quarrel with his only son Hildebrand. The boy ran away from home and never returned. Broken-hearted and full of remorse, every night, by Sir Crispin's direction, a light is always left burning in the window for Hildebrand.

Kite and Perkins walk to London, and overhear this story, and they, intent on mischief, enter the house. They are discovered by Sir Crispin and his old man-servant, Backus, who declared that Kite, who makes no denial, is the missing son, Hildebrand. Thus Kite, and Perkins are installed in the household.

But Kite, the vagabond, has a sense of honour. He falls a victim to the radiant charms and the sweet and girlish beauty of Nancy.

For the first time he realises the bitterness of the dross of life. He decides to return to the Great Gay Road, he is ashamed of being an impostor. He leaves the house quietly without one word.

One day Nancy meets him and implores him to return home. He cannot resist her appeal—he loves her, and so he goes back once again to be received as the missing son.

Colonel Trigg, an old friend with whom Sir Crispin is always quarrelling, recognises Kite as an impostor. He unmasks him.



SYDNEY SEAWARD.

Back to the Road.

SIR CRISPIN, having cherished the hope that the man whom he believed to be his son would marry Nancy, is deeply wounded in spirit and in pride. Kite admits his identity, leaves Nancy to Rodney, and sets once more.

Nancy does not know the truth. She elopes with Rodney, but Sir Crispin does not forgive her until her birthday—and on that day a letter of greeting arrives from Kite.

Kite and Perkins face the old battle together. And then one day Perkins takes the Great Road to another world, and Kite, alone, faces the setting sun, a wanderer, ever plodding onward.

EDITH NEPEAN.

A THRILLING COMPLETE STORY OF A MAN WHO LOST HIS MEMORY.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

(SPECIAL TO THE "PICTURE SHOW.")



JEAN PAIGE as Justine and HARRY MOREY as Peter. *(Vitagraph.)*

"YOU know I love you, Marian; but let us be practical. Neither you nor I could possibly be happy in poverty. Neither you nor I have any money. Peter Schuyler has enough for ten people; therefore you must marry Peter."

Lee Austin, smooth, plausible, and utterly heartless, spoke in a tone of finality. Marian Dinsmore, young, pretty, painfully poor though well-connected, and almost as heartless as Lee Austin, frowned and looked away from her lover, and glanced down at the toes of her expensive French shoes.

The fact that the shoes were not paid for helped her to realise that Austin was right. She must marry money. There was only one difference between this precious pair. In the armour of Lee Austin's selfishness there was no flaw; he lived entirely for himself. Marian Dinsmore had one weakness—she really loved Austin.

"And if I marry Peter Schuyler, what then?" asked Marian.

"Perfectly simple!" replied Austin. "First of all, you get him to settle enough money on you, without any restrictions, to enable us to live in comfort and luxury. Then we will get rid of Mr. Schuyler by making him divorce you. Could anything be simpler?"

"You're right, Lee," said Marian. "It's our only chance."

The fact that Peter Schuyler had not even yet told her that he loved her did not trouble Marian Dinsmore. She had got him in her net, and he had no more chance of escaping from her than would a cat from a mouse if both were put in a hat-box. She looked across the crowded reception-room to where Peter Schuyler stood talking to his friend, Dr. Robert Culver.

Peter Schuyler was a fine specimen of manhood. Ruggedly handsome, tall, powerfully built, and upright, his character was in keeping with physical make-up. He was not in love with Marian Dinsmore, but he was fascinated with her. He was one of those big-hearted, boyish men who believe all women are pure and good. Marian had not experienced any difficulty in handling him from the first, and, before Peter knew where he was, their relationship had come to that stage when people were saying:

"I expect we shall soon hear of Peter and Marian being engaged."

Marian made Peter propose that night.

She chose the garden of their host's house for the stage, and with a moment or so of moonlight, a flower, and an uplifting of her really handsome eyes, she got Peter to say there could never be another woman in the world for him. The engagement was announced the next day. Those who did not know Marian said it was a good match; those who did said, "Poor old Peter!"

It was Fate, in the shape of a burglar, that spoiled Marian Dinsmore's game.

A few nights before the marriage, Peter was sitting alone in his flat.

He had let his servant off for the evening, and was just thinking of going to bed, when he heard a noise in the next room. As he entered, he saw a shadowy shape, and closed with it. There was a short struggle, and then a life-preserver descended on Peter's head with crushing force.

When he came to himself, he had no knowledge of where he was or who he was. The blow had injured some part of his brain and snapped the chord of memory.

He searched his pockets, but the burglar had already done that, and there was not a scrap of paper or a visiting card to show who he was.

The fact that the house and surroundings were strange to him seemed to indicate that he had no right to be there, so Peter made his way out.

He wandered into a park, but got moved on by a policeman. After walking about the city all night, he found himself, next morning opposite an employment agency.

The fact that he had no money and was hungry prompted Peter to follow a number of men who were trying to get a job.

Louis Marcotte, foreman of the Columbia Lumber Company, who was badly wanting men for his lumber camp, noticed the powerfully built figure as Peter stepped up to the desk. He signed for the clerk to engage him.

"Want a job?" said the clerk.

"Yes," said Peter.

"Right; you're engaged by the Columbia Lumber Company. What's your name?"

"That's the strange thing about it," said Peter. "I don't know who I am."

"Been drinking, that man, killing whisky or hitting the pipe!" said Marcotte, in an aside to the clerk. "Sign him on in some name. Whether it's whisky or opium, he'll soon get over it. Nothing like the woods and hard work to bring a man round."

"You're lucky!" said the clerk, looking up at Peter. "Looks to me that you're more fit for the lag-house lunatic asylum than anything else! Your name is John Doe. Sign here and wait outside."

John Doe.

A MONTH had passed since Peter Schuyler had signed on for the Columbia Lumber Company. He had taken to his new occupation so well that he was now one of the best lumberjacks in the camp. He had no knowledge that he was any other than John Doe, for the past was still a sealed book to him. But he had been assimilating the things that hedged his new life. One was that Louis Marcotte was a bully, that he was hand-in-glove with Joe Bouvier, the manager, who robbed the men of some part of their earnings every time they were paid; and that Justine Bouvier, the manager's niece, was the prettiest and sweetest girl he had ever seen.

He was thinking of Justine one afternoon as he went to draw his pay for the week. Peter was thinking so hard that he never noticed that the object of his thoughts was seated in a tree under which he had to pass.

Justine was more than pretty; she was beautiful. With her soft brown hair and delicately moulded oval face, slight girlish figure and happy smile, she would have made an ideal model for a wood nymph.

A piece of bark, deftly dropped on John Doe's head as he passed under the tree, awoke the lumberman from his day-dreams.

He shook his fist playfully as he noticed Justine.

"That's a nice way of greeting a friend!" he said.

The girl slipped down the tree and came up to him with a smile.

"I want you to teach me to read and write, John," she said. "I can do both a little, but I have never had a teacher, and there are some things I can't understand. You will be my schoolmaster won't you, John?"

"You know I'd do anything in the world for you, Justine," said John tenderly. "I think you are quite right to want to improve yourself, Justine. When you go out in the world, you will have to be educated, and it is just as well you should start now. I cannot understand your uncle not sending you to a school or getting you a teacher. Although," he added thoughtfully, "I don't know whether I don't prefer you as you are—an unspoilt child of Nature!"

"I don't know whether you mean that as a compliment or not," said Justine. "But although I have been very happy in the woods, I feel I ought to know about the things that happen in the big cities. Not that I shall ever see one. My uncle thinks only of himself. I am useful to him because I can cook and mend for him, but he has no real love for me!"

John Doe felt that this was only too true, but he refrained from expressing his thoughts. He had no use for Joe Bouvier, and he felt that, sooner or later, he would come in conflict with the manager and his bullying foreman.

It was to be sooner than he thought. He parted with Justine at the entrance to the offices of the company, and went to draw his money.

Bouvier was in the pay-box, and he handed John his envelope with a scowl.

John Doe took no notice of the scowl, but he stood at the window while he counted his money. There was a shortage of five dollars.

"There's a slight mistake here. I'm five dollars short," said John.

"Shut your face and get out, or I'll throw you clean out of the place!"

"You can have a try to do that, but here I stay till my envelope is reinforced to the extent of five dollars!" remarked John.

With a bellowing roar, Bouvier rushed out from the office. He was a burly man, probably two stone heavier than John, and he had never yet been beaten in the fights he had forced on the men who had dared to complain that they had been robbed.

Whirling his huge fists, he rushed in like a mad bull. A heavy upper-cut, which loosened several teeth and made his head sing, brought him up with a jerk; and, before he could recover, John sent in a fine straight left that landed right on the tip of Bouvier's nose.

The manager essayed another rush, and this time John let him come in, and, seizing him with a neck and leg hold, he threw him heavily to the ground. The fall took all the fight out of Bouvier and, cursing and making threats, he retired into the office. Thrusting a five-dollar note through the pay-window, he lifted his battered face to John.

"You'll be sorry for this, Doe! There ain't room on this location for the man who makes an enemy of Joe Bouvier!"

"You can try to scare somebody else with that kind of talk!" said John quietly. "All I want you to understand is that if there is anything short in my pay envelope again, I shall give you a hiding before I give you a chance to make the money good!"

As John walked away, Justine came running towards him.

"Oh, it was great, John! I saw it all. I've often wished that I was a big man like you, so that I could give him a real beating up!"

"Young ladies mustn't talk about fighting!" said John, with mock severity. "But I don't mind admitting to you, Justine, that I was glad of the chance to give your uncle a lesson. He bullies and robs the men shamefully. I wish you were not with him. One day, soon——"

John Doe broke off quickly. He was going to say that he hoped Justine would think enough of him to leave her uncle and marry him, but the thought that had stopped him from declaring his love on many occasions earlier in the day came into his mind. He did not know who he was. It was possible that he was already married. Something told him he wasn't, but until his recollection of the past returned he could never be certain.

"You had better be careful now, John," said Justine anxiously. "My uncle will never forgive you. He and his ugly friend, Louis Marcotte, will try to get revenge by some under-hand means!"

"Don't you worry, Justine," said John, taking the girl in his arms. Then unable to restrain his love he kissed her. Justine clung to him, and looked up into his face with a wonderful light in her eyes. "I was just wishing you would kiss me, John," she whispered, so John kissed her again.

"You know I love you, Justine," he said, "but I wonder if I have the right to tell you. You know that I have no recollection of my past life. It may be that I am married."

"Don't say it, John. Don't say it," said Justine putting her tiny hand over his mouth. "I feel that you just belong to me. There couldn't have been another woman. I loved you the first time I met you."

As the two lovers walked slowly towards the woods, John saw Mr. James Nelson who was the owner of the company, beckoning to him.

"There's the boss, Justine," he said. "I will see you later."

As he came up to Mr. Nelson, the latter put out his hand. "Just walk with me to my office, Doe," he said. "I've got something important to say to you." Once inside the office, Mr. Nelson cate[hes]

(Continued on page 18.)

Earthbound



WONDERFUL GOLDWYN FILM

"EARTHBOUND," the novel by Basil King has been wonderfully filmed by the Goldwyn Company, and it is very interesting at the present time, in view of the discussions on spiritualism.

The film has had a very successful run at the Covent Garden Opera House, London, and will shortly be seen in the provinces.

There is a splendid cast to this photo-play which includes, Wyndham Standing, Naomi Childers, Billie Cotton, Mahlon Hamilton, Flora Revalles, Alec B. Francis, Lawson Butt and Kate Lester.





Nicholas Desborough (WYNDHAM STANDING), whose spirit is wandering among the acquaintances of his past life, when it should have been striving to reach a higher plane, at last discovers, through the words of the pastor, this great mistake.



Dr. Roger Galloway (ALEC B. FRANCIS) and Nick (WYNDHAM STANDING). This is one of the incidents that lead to the catastrophe of the shooting of Nick.



Nick meets Daisy Rittenshaw (FLORA REVALLES) at the summer house. At the top of this page on the left is a photograph of NAOMI CHILDERS as Caroline Desborough.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

(*Continued from page 16.*)

closed the door. "I've been watching you for some time, Doe, and I've come to the conclusion that you're an honest man. There's somebody in this camp who isn't, and I want you to help me get him or them. What do you think of this?"

The owner pushed over a letter to John. It was from the secretary of the company with which Mr. Nelson had a large contract, and it enclosed a report from their inspector saying that when the logs they had supplied came to be sawed at least fifty per cent were brittle and worthless, and unless this state of affairs was at once remedied the contract would be cancelled.

"But I can't understand this, sir," said John. "The timber is all right."

"There isn't any better in the country," said Mr. Nelson. "But what has happened is that it has been doctored. There's lots of ways of rotting good sound timber after it has been felled or even before. What has happened is that some rival company has bribed some of my men to doctor the timber, so that they can get the contract when I have lost it. You are always in the woods and I thought you might be able to find the guilty parties. If you can do this for me you will not find me ungrateful."

"I will make it my business to find out, sir," said John. "But please don't talk of reward. I deem it my duty at all times to look after the interests of my employer."

In the Night.

SEVERAL days passed, and John kept a sharp look out for any signs of the timber being doctored, but he discovered nothing. Every evening now, Justine came to his cabin for lessons in reading and writing, and it was astonishing how quickly she improved. The girl had only one trouble now. Louis Marcotte wanted to marry her, and had begun to pester her with his attentions. Naturally Bouvier favoured Marcotte, especially when he found out that Justine was in love with John, but neither his threats nor entreaties could bring Justine to his way of thinking.

He would have tried force but he had too lively a recollection of what John Doe had done to him before and he knew that would be a mere gentle chastisement compared with what he would get if he dared to lay a hand on Justine.

John kept pondering over the doctored timber, and at last he came to the conclusion that the work was done at night time. After that he made a point of walking in the woods every evening as soon as he had finished with Justine's lessons.

One night he saw Bouvier and Marcotte skulking along, and he followed them. They went to a place which had been marked for the next cutting of timber, and stopped before a giant tree.

Marcotte cut a square of bark from the tree and then, taking an augur, he bored a hole in the trunk. Into this hole he shoved some rag which had been dipped in some kind of liquid. They doctored several trees in this fashion, and then made their way back to camp by a roundabout way.

As soon as they had gone, John went to the doctored trees and took out the pieces of rag. They were soaked with some powerful acid.

Late as it was he made his way to Mr. Nelson's office, which the owner also used as a cabin, and after telling his story he showed him the pieces of rag.

"That settles it," said Mr. Nelson. "I can't say I'm surprised at the identity of the scoundrels. If I'd been asked to name two men they would have been the two."

Early next morning, Mr. Nelson went round to Bouvier's cabin accompanied by John Doe. Louis Marcotte was there, and in a few straight words Mr. Nelson told the rascally pair that their nefarious work had been found out.

At first they loudly protested their innocence, but when Mr. Nelson showed them the pieces of soaked rag they changed their note and begged for mercy.

"I will give you till night to get out of the camp," said Mr. Nelson. "If you are not gone by then the Sheriff will have a word with you."

"Pack your things, girl," shouted Bouvier to Justine, who was in the kitchen.

John Doe stepped forward.

"Justine will stay here," he said quietly. "We are going to be married."

With many muttered imprecations the scoundrelly pair slunk off.

The next day, John Doe was married to Justine.

He had decided that whatsoever was behind the veil of his past life, he would never more attempt to lift it. For him the present with its glorious possibilities of the future was enough. And Justine agreed with him.

For a time the two lived in the Vale of Content. They were gloriously happy. John had been given the position of manager by Mr. Nelson, and his salary was more than adequate for their needs. They lived in a little Arcady of their own.

Then the blow fell.

Joe Bouvier and Louis Marcotte were not the kind of men to go away without trying to be revenged on John Doe. But they decided to take no chances. They did not intend to face him in the open. For days they shadowed John Doe until at last they were able to plan an ambush. John fought valiantly, but at last he was struck from behind and fell unconscious.

When he recovered he had no knowledge of John Doe. He was Peter Schuyler, and the only thing that puzzled him was how he, the rich bachelor, came to be dressed in the rough garb of a lumber-jack.

The last thing he remembered was sitting in his flat. His work in the woods, Mr. Nelson, Joe Bouvier, and even Justine his wife, were wiped clean away from the pages of memory.

He felt the bump on the back of his head, and then began to search his pockets. All he found was a pipe, and some matches, and a great roll of notes.

Greatly bewildered he made his way, by some instinct, to the station. He bought a ticket for New York, mentally deciding that when he got there his friends would know how he came to be dressed in the garb of a lumber-jack.

Instead of going straight to his flat, Peter went to the house of a friend.

It was the same man who had been his host on the night Marian Dinsmore had made him propose to her.

By that strange chance that rules the lives of all of us, Marian Dinsmore and Lee Austin were in the next room when Peter came in the library with his friend.

"Peter Schuyler!" gasped Marian.

"Pull yourself together!" hissed Austin. "I'll fix this so that it will be good fun for both of us. Rush in to him and say 'Peter. My husband!' Play the tender wife act. Say you were married at midnight. I'll fix it with a Justice of the Peace, and get a forged marriage certificate."

Marian was a consummate actress. She rushed in to Peter, and threw her arms round his neck.

"Peter," she sobbed.

Peter Schuyler looked first at his friend and then at Marian.

"Miss Dinsmore!" he said blankly.

"Not Miss Dinsmore, but Marian, your wife" sobbed the artful schemer. "Don't you remember, dear? We had a midnight marriage. You said you wished it kept secret, and there was one witness, Mr. Lee Austin. Then after the marriage you said you wished to speak to the Justice of the Peace, and Peter—I never saw you again. Where have you been?"

Still bewildered, and not able to refute anything, Peter could only say that the last thing he remembered was a burglar coming into his flat.

"I think we had better let Peter rest," said Lee Austin, coming in. "It is best he should stay here for the night, and to-morrow I will take him to the Justice of the Peace. When he sees the Justice he will remember."

It was a cunning plot.

Lee Austin had got time to arrange with a Justice of the Peace, over whom he had a hold, to forge a certificate of marriage. When Peter went the next day, everything was in order. The Justice of the Peace sympathised with what he described as "Mr. Schuyler's unfortunate loss of memory," and showed Peter the forged copy of the marriage certificate.

Something in Peter's heart told him that he was not married to Marian, but since the chord of memory had once more been broken, he could not deny the evidence of the marriage certificate.

But Fate, that had played him so many unkindly tricks, changed her cards.

As Peter was going back to his flat he met Justine. She had come to New York to find him, and after being insulted by a man, she had been taken to the Salvation Army.

To Dr. Culver, to whom Peter took her, she told the story of her marriage to John Doe in the timber camp.

Dr. Culver, who had never liked Marian Dinsmore, got a glimpse of the real story.

He decided that there was only one way to bring back Peter's memory. He arranged to give a party to which Peter was invited and then show in tableaux the incidents Justine described ending with her marriage. In the meantime he made inquiries, and satisfied himself that the alleged marriage between Marian Dinsmore and Peter had never taken place.

The tableaux were the last item on the interesting programme arranged for the entertaining of Peter Schuyler's guests on the night of the party. Marian Dinsmore and Lee Austin were there, and had congratulated each other more than once on the success of their scheme to get Peter in their toils.

When the curtain rolled up it was to show John Doe's shack in the lumber camp, with Justine sitting at the table and the doctor made up to look like John Doe, with a book in his hand as if he were teaching her.

As the curtain descended, Marian and Lee exchanged glances, and looked at Peter, who was staring as a man in a maze. The curtain went up again, showing "Joe" with his arm round Justine, protecting her from two men made up like Bouvier and Marcotte. The third tableau showed the marriage of "Joe" and Justine, and for this scene the doctor had sent for the real clergyman who had performed the ceremony.

As the curtain went up for the last time, Peter rushed forward.

The chord of memory had been connected.

"Justine, my wife!" he cried.

Marian Dinsmore and Lee Austin made an attempt to bluff out the situation by producing the marriage certificate forged by the Justice of the Peace, but Dr. Culver was ready for them with a confession signed by the Justice, saying that Lee Austin had bribed him to commit the forgery.

"And I am really Mrs. Doe, your wife," said Justine, clinging to Peter.

"Not Mrs. Doe, darling, but Mrs. Peter Schuyler", said Peter. "Yours is the name that those two tried to take from you. There will be some legal formalities to go through but those will soon be done, dear. And to me you will always be Justine. Just Justine."

(Adapted from incidents in the Vitagraph photo-play featuring Harry Morey as Peter and Jean Paige as Justine, by permission.)

FILMS OF THE WEEK.

The PICTURE SHOW'S Guide to Picturegoers.

"The Curse of the Rayburns." WILLIAM DESMOND. (*Western-Import.*)

A STORY full of human interest. It shows how a young clergyman who succumbed to an inherited craving for drink is brought back to his true manhood by a poor girl pianist. How this is accomplished is shown in many fine scenes and stirring situations. Well acted.

"Making Her His Wife." VIVIAN MARTIN. (*Gaumont.*)

AN amusing true-to-life domestic play. A young society girl marries a handsome man from the country. The whole story hangs upon the word "obey," and the husband endeavouring to make his wife domesticated. But he finds she has a will of her own. Good entertainment.

"The Black Gate." EARLE WILLIAMS. (*Vitagraph.*)

THE popular star as an idler and waster, once a successful lawyer. Tired of life, he assumes guilt in a mysterious murder, but then meets the girl he loves. With his new desire for life, he is in a dilemma. How the tangle is unravelled makes thrilling "stuff." Fair production.

"The Woman in the Suitcase." ENID BENNETT. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

A REMARKABLY true-to-life play. A young girl finds the portrait of a woman, not her mother, in her father's suitcase. In her attempts to get to the bottom of this, she goes through many adventures, and in the end shows her father the right way, and marries her accomplice in adventure.

"Hawthorne the Adventurer." WALLACE REID. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

WALLACE REID breaks the bank at Monte Carlo! starts a revolution in a little kingdom, and finally wins the hand of the princess when she is no longer royal. A romantic, amusing tale that provides the star with one of his best roles. Dainty Lila Lee and a well-known cast support him.

"Impossible Catherine." VIRGINIA PEARSON. (*Pathe.*)

A MODERN shrew and how she is tamed at last by love is the story of this most amusing film. A wedding in mid-air is one exciting feature. Acting, production, and photography are very good. The taming of the "wild cat" provides good fun.

"The Ever Open Door." HAYFORD HOBBS AND DAPHNE GLENN. (*Ideal.*)

G. R. SIMS' famous melodrama on the screen. A stirring tale of London's mixed humanity, realistic, sympathetic, and humorous, by the man who "knows London backwards." Excellently acted. Should especially appeal to Londoners.

COMEDIES.

"Parcel Post Husband." EARLE MONTGOMERY. (*Vitagraph.*)

MIRTHFUL from beginning to end. Much fun in a country village.

"Letty's Lost Legacy." TEDDY SAMPSON and HARRY DEPP.

ALL about an artificial leg and the trouble it caused. Great fun and excitement.

IRENE RICH

A Film Actress Who Knows the Value of Little Things.

WHEN an interviewer found Irene Rich doing her own gardening, and remarked upon it, this talented film actress made an astonishing reply.

"If being a motion picture star means giving up all the little 'homey' things, then I would most certainly give up my career instead."

Which only goes to show that Irene Rich is a natural, unaffected girl who has not been spoilt by her wonderful success.

The Value of Little Things.

WHEN Miss Rich had clambered down from the porch where she was tending a vine, she enlarged on the subject which had been started.

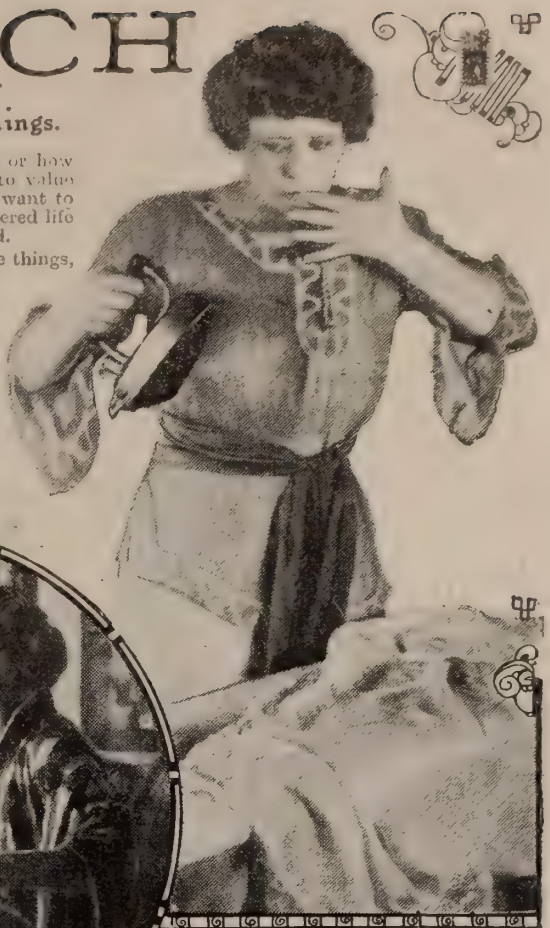
"I think happiness is the biggest thing in life," she said, "and I mean to fight for it every step of the way. I don't believe it makes much difference how much money you have, or how much publicity you get—if you cease to value the little things. That is why I don't want to be famous if I am going to live a pampered life and lose touch with the everyday world.

"If we forget to take pleasure in little things, how are we going to appreciate big ones?"

Her Strange Collection.

IRENE has a strange collection—dozens of rusty old horseshoes which are hung, points up, of course, in the garage.

She showed this curious collection to the interviewer, and pointed out that each shoe had scratched on it the date and place where it was picked up.





IRENE RICH, perched on the porch-roof of her delightful home, tending to the vines.

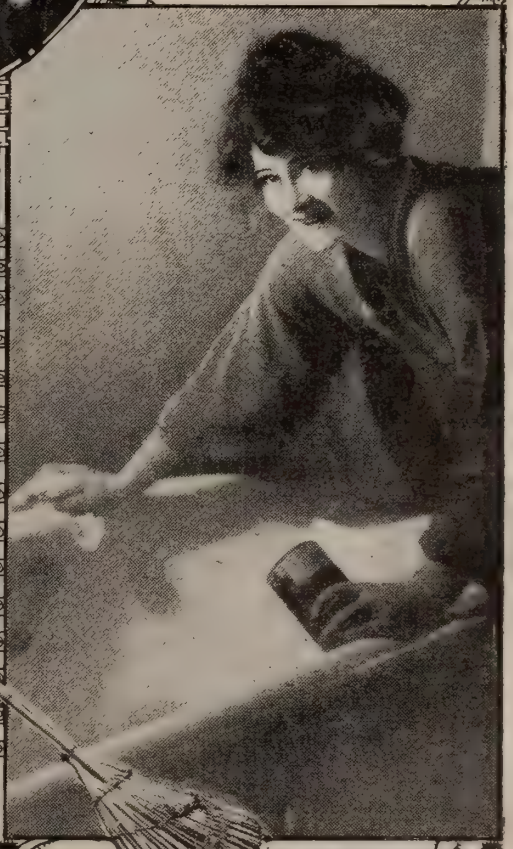


This talented Goldwyn player receives many letters, a few of which she reads during breakfast.

What did Irene say when she found the iron too hot?



The garden paths, too, are given Irene's attention. Doesn't she look business-like in her neat overall?



Irene Rich does not even draw the line at housework!

BRITAIN'S LATEST MOVIE STAR



VICTOR MacLAGLEN.

THE scene was the National Sporting Club: the characters J. Bernard Davidson and Victor MacLaglen, one a power in the British film world, the other a boxer of repute.

"How do, Mac?" cried Mr. Davidson, coming up to MacLaglen, who was watching a match. "Haven't seen you for ages!"

The two fell into conversation, during the course of which Mr. Davidson asked his friend whether he had ever seen the inside of a film studio. Mr. MacLaglen replied in the negative, whereupon the film manufacturer invited him to spend a day down at his own studio. The invitation was accepted, and, what was more, had startling results. For it was during his visit to filmland, where he expressed the greatest interest in everything he saw, that the young sportsman received the offer that was to change the whole course of his career.

"Can you act?" Mr. Davidson asked him suddenly.

"Not guilty!" was the immediate response.

"Think you can try?"

"Well," said MacLaglen, "I've tried most things, and I'm willing to try anything once."

"Very well," returned Davidson, "I've a leading part for you in my next film, 'The Call of the Road,' if you care to accept it. Think it over."

Well, MacLaglen "thought it over," and the upshot of his thinking was that he accepted Mr. Davidson's offer, with what sensationally good results you all learned from your newspapers.

Victor MacLaglen is Britain's latest male movie star.

"I Fell Into It!"

NATURALLY, I lost little time in seeking Mr. MacLaglen out, and begging him for details of his exceptional film debut.

"Well," he said boyishly, "I don't know that I can explain exactly how I managed to fill the part without any previous experience. The role is a very big one, and, of course, I found the work very strange at first. But, somehow, with the invaluable assistance of the director, Mr. A. E. Coleby—who is the most good-natured chap alive—I—well, I just fell into it!

"You see," he continued, with a twinkle in his eye, "I've travelled an awful lot—been in twenty-three countries—and I suppose that has given me a certain amount of—er—cheek! Anyhow, I did what I was told, and—well, it turned out all right. I guess that's all there is about it!"

What is one to do with a man who is as modest as all that?

"The Call of the Road."

MR. MacLAGLEN is a powerfully built young giant of 6 ft. 3 in., with a reputation for strength calculated to strike awe in the hearts of the most courageous. Some idea of his strength may be gained from the fact that he can pick a man up with one hand. In "The Call of the Road" he hurls one man out of a window and picks up another and carries him on his shoulder without any appearance of strain whatever. Yet it was not through the opportunities it afforded for athletic prowess that his initial film made the greatest appeal to him. It was something deeper than that.

"The story deals with a gentleman's son who is turned out of his father's house," Mr. MacLaglen told me. "The boy takes to the road, and there finds, as he never found among his previous surroundings of luxury, life, adventure, even love. His happiness comes with the commencement of his travels.

"That boy is like me. True, I did not leave home under the same circumstances as he did; but, fired with a desire to taste life and adventure, I started upon my travels at the early age of sixteen, and it has always been in wandering that I have found my greatest happiness.

VICTOR MacLAGLEN
Who Did As He Was Told

An Adventurous Career.

"I WENT first to America, and then, when I was seventeen, to Canada, where, in Halifax, I fell in with some American prospectors. These fellows and I put all the money we had in pool, and went prospecting for silver in Cobalt, North Ontario. Success did not attend us, however, and it was not long before we returned to where we started from, decidedly wiser.

"It was then that I decided to use my gift of strength and general ability as an athlete. I went into the boxing game. In this I was fortunate, and made enough in Halifax to put me on my feet and get me out of the place. Like the boy in the film, I 'took to the road,' making a living by boxing all over America (where I spent ten years), and also by going into the real estate business.

"I next went to Honolulu, which I had always longed to see, and then to the Samoa Islands, and finally to Australia, where I did quite a lot in a sporting way. I then went to India, Zanzibar, British East Africa, Portuguese East Africa, Madagascar, and South Africa, where I was at the time the war broke out.

"I joined the Army, and, to get right into the big game, came to England, where I received a commission in the 4th/10th Middlesex regiment, for which, incidentally, I raised six hundred recruits. Later, I volunteered for, and was sent to, Mesopotamia, and finally became Assistant Provost-Marshal of Bagdad.

"When I returned to England,' concluded Mr. MacLaglen, "I entered the Inter-Theatre of War Boxing Competition, and won it for the officers at Aldershot."

"And what are your future plans?" I asked, rather breathless after this stirring recital.

"Oh, I'm going to remain in pictures!" was the reply. "I like acting; it comes quite naturally to me, and then I can use my athletic abilities in my films. I shall always be an athlete, but never a professional sportsman again.

"For the present I am remaining with Mr. Davidson and Mr. Coleby, and am more than grateful for the chance they have given me."

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Christmas Decorations—The Artistry of Floral Arrangement—Care of Flowers—The Picture Girl's Coat.

THE spirit of Christmas fills the air, and at every turn one encounters preparations for its enjoyment, folk discussing plans, people buying presents, and others hurriedly selecting clothes for wear at festive gatherings.

Still, one cannot pass over the season of good-will without a word upon household decoration. Few houses are without their adornment at Christmas time, although in many instances scant attention is given to its arrangement. Branches of holly are placed behind pictures at the last moment, poising above the head of all who sit near them in perilous insecurity.

Flowers are placed in vases in the most haphazard fashion, and plants are poked away in corners. It is a great pity, for all these decorations go a long way to help the enjoyment of all around. If the surroundings are pleasing to the eye, a sense of comfort and happiness is imparted to the entire atmosphere. Besides, decorations are fairly expensive, so that it is only right that a certain amount of attention should be expended upon their arrangement.

Flowers as a Picture.

IT is impossible to witness the showing of any big film without noting the absolute charm and perfection of the furnishing schemes. Yet perhaps it has never crossed your mind to note the beauty of floral decorations in these films. Do so in future, and you will realise what a world of difference careful attention to such a detail makes to the appearance of a room.

Mary Miles Minter, the clever film star, who is as artistic as she is charming, has decided views upon floral decorations. This is what she says:

"Don't stand a vase of flowers in front of a picture, let it make its own picture. A bowl of blossoms placed against a wall is as decorative as a framed picture. A vase of blooms or branches should be as carefully composed and placed with as direct reference to its background, as is the painting. All too often a spray of flowers is thrust into the wrong vase—to bring out its beauty—and then stood up on a cabinet, a shelf, or on the top of a piece of furniture, where its outlines are entirely lost, by being shown against the broken lines of other objects.

"The lines of flowers and branches are very beautiful, and they should be given a simple, neutral background, where their full value may be displayed. A jar of chrysanthemums, exquisite when placed against a plain bit of wall, will lose all its charm when stood upon a table full of nick-nacks—the latter varying in colour, and clashing with the flowers.

"Treat each bowl of bloom as a picture and place it in harmonising position, leaving its background to show it off to full advantage."



A charming wrap coat, specially designed by the Editress of "Home Fashions." No. 29,122.

Christmas Decorations.

ALTHOUGH summer-time blossoms are very beautiful, and Christmas flowers are scarce, the latter are particularly beautiful and lend themselves admirably to artistic arrangement. Branches of coloured leaves, sprays of holly and evergreen, intermingled with chrysanthemums form exquisite pictures with very little trouble expended upon them.

Strings of holly berries, frosted leaves and large bunches of evergreens will be effective decoration for Christmas.

Remember that flowers are like human beings in that they need fresh air and fresh water daily. To prolong their life, cut off a fraction of an inch from the stem of each flower every day, and if the stem has a thick covering peel off the covering or bark for a small distance. This enables the flower to absorb water more easily. Flowers with thick petals should be removed from the vase at night and placed in a bowl of water so that every part of them is immersed.

The Picture Girl's Coat.

NIGGER-BROWN velour cloth, with collar of beaver fur, accounts for the smart, big coat worn by the Picture Girl.

The pattern is cut in Magyar fashion, with double-breasted fronts that turn back to form revers. There is an overlapping seam down each shoulder, while a couple of buttonholes and buttons in the revers allow the coat to fasten right up to the throat when it is very cold.

You can obtain patterns of this coat in 34, 36, 38, and 40 inch bust sizes for 1s. each from "Picture Show" Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

A DRESSER.

FINDING FAULTS IN FILMS

This competition is closed. The reason for this is that the competition is not a fair one to thousands of readers who have sent postcards which would win a prize if thousands of other readers had not duplicated their fault. For instance, about fifty readers sent the following :

"In 'The Illustrious Prince,' featuring Sessue Hayakawa, there is a scene in a London street, and the road traffic is on the right, according to the American rule."

A prize of 5s. cannot be divided into fifty parts, hence disappointment to fifty readers. There are still thousands and thousands of postcards to be examined, and until these are examined prizes will be awarded as promised, but no more should be sent for the competition. We are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition.

In "In Old Kentucky," Frank Layson's *maiden* aunt is shown wearing a wedding-ring.—Five Shillings awarded to C. Usher, 371, Harehills Lane, Leeds.

Isobel Elsom in "Sweethearts" is an only child living with her father, who is a widower. Her father, not approving of her sweetheart, sends him away. Later we see her waiting for the return of her lover. Her father is dead, and she is living with a nephew of hers. Where does the nephew come from ?—A. Candler, 4, Harrow Road, Paddington, W. 2.

In "Thirty a Week," in which Tom Moore features, his mother asks Tom's wife if she would like to hear "John O'Clamorgan." The girl replies in the affirmative. She then goes over to the gramophone and puts on a record on which the words "Mother Machree" can be distinctly seen.—(Miss) May C. Smith, 91, Kennington Park Road, Kennington, London, S.E. 11.

In the film "The Boxing Cavalier," Georges Carpentier and Florette set out to the Hotel Anglais on an evidently powerful motor-bike, with full speed ahead. Carpentier's valet also starts out at the same time on an *ordinary push-bike*—and arrives at the hotel at exactly the same time as his master.—Lucy Hook, 81, Ombersley Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

In a recent Bobby Vernon comedy, entitled "Down on the Farm," Bobby, as the principal actor, was being chased through an hotel in lady's attire. Standing outside was a motor-car, in which was a rather lavishly dressed young man. Bobby thought of a means of escape in changing clothing with the individual in the car, so, pushing the young man right inside, he got in himself, and when he emerged in the other man's clothing he looked as if he had been measured for a suit, although the man was about ten inches taller, and decidedly thinner about the shoulders.—5s. awarded to C. Gilbert Williams, 44, Kingsway, Waterloo, Liverpool.

In "The Mystery of 13," Francis Ford took part as Philip and Jim, twin brothers. His ward is captured by the members of the 13, tied hand and foot, and put in a shed. The shed catches fire, and his ward crawls to a trap-door and drops into the water. When she drops in the water her hands are tied behind her, yet when she comes up again her hands are still tied—in front of her.—5s. awarded to G. E. Hartshorn, 47, Ree Terrace, Dinnington, near Rotherham.

This fault I found in a picture which featured Albert Ray and Elinor Fair. The weak brother of the heroine was persuaded by a bookmaker to enter for a race an old horse named Vagabond, and to put on to it all the money he could. He raised £400 on their house, but when the horse was tried it could not run on a dry track ; but while taking it through a muddy lane the horse started to rear and kick. The hero and heroine then started to pray that it would rain, so that they might have a chance to win on a wet track. That night the rain poured down in torrents and kept on during the whole night, and the bookmaker and his gang were gnashing their teeth for the hard luck that made it rain, and so losing all hopes of their horses winning, for if Vagabond won it would ruin them all. In the morning the horses were taken on to the sodden track, but at every movement of the horses' hoofs clouds of dust rose, and kept rising all the time during the race. This drew many comments from people round about.—5s. awarded to (Mrs.) W. Crone, 29, Brougham Street, Penrith, Cumberland.

VIRGINIA VALLI

A Charming Personality.

AFTER Virginia Valli had graduated at a high school in Chicago, she immediately thought of going on the films. Partly as a lark and partly in all seriousness, she went to the Essanay studios, acting upon the advice of three other girls who were also determined to make names for themselves on the screen, and who had already done extra work there. They were Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, and Evelyn Greeley.

Her Screen Work.

IT was not long before Miss Valli was given worth-while parts, and then she was chosen to be Taylor Holmes's leading lady, and appeared with him in "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," "Ruggles of Red Gap," and "Uneasy Money."

Virginia Valli appeared with Creighton Hale in "The Black Circle" for World Pictures, and, as you will see by the photographs on this page, she has also been George Walsh's leading lady. At present she is just completing "The Better Way," Hope Hampton's third production, in which she plays opposite Percy Marmont.

Elusive Charm.

VIRGINIA VALLI is a dark-haired, blue-eyed beauty, and she is blessed with that elusive, indefinable charm that we call personality, the influence of which we feel, yet cannot describe, when we see her work on the screen.





VIRGINIA VALLI with GEORGE WALSH in "The Plunger," a William Fox film.





With GEORGE WALSH in "The Dead Line," a strong drama of love and revenge—another William Fox film.

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

AN OLD WISH.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS! Once a twelvemonth, at this season of the year, we greet each other with this old wish, just as generations of English-speaking people before us have uttered it in years gone by. So many of our modern ways of greeting one another tend to reflect the spirit of our times, that it is good to think that here, at least, is something old-fashioned which we are not willing to abandon.

Nor is there any greeting, I think, which conveys more of sincerity than this. For one may wish another the time of day, and care nothing, really, whether for him or her it prove good or bad. So it may be also with birthdays and on other occasions when politeness, more often than not, compels us to say something. Rarely, if ever, do we mean what we express. The joys we wish others are not for us, too, and, therefore, somewhat selfishly, perhaps, the greetings which leave our lips without the breath of sincerity are cold, lifeless things.

It ought not to be so. Yet at this season of the year only do we make the exception. Doubtless it is because of the peace which fills our hearts and the love for our fellow men, drawing us closer at this time, which makes us feel that the joy we experience shall be shared by all. Whatever it be, I do not think there can be any better or sincerer wish than the old-fashioned one which will be passing from lip to lip during this week. I thank those of you who have already sent it to me, and those many more among you whose greetings, I know, will reach me after this has left my hands. To all of you in turn I wish "A Merry Christmas," and may it prove happier and more joyous than any you have had before.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

"GRETTA" (Glasgow).—So there's eight of you and you head the deputation. You are all welcome. Sorry, though, I have not been privileged to peer into the family history of Edward Jobson. 'Twas he, of course, who played the villain in "The Married Virgin," and as regards himself he tells us that he was born in Philadelphia, Pa., fifty-six years ago. Other films of his are: "Mints of Hell," "Cheating Herself," and "The Merry-Go-Round." Height 5 ft. 10 in., and colouring, grey eyes and auburn hair.

R. R. P. (Oxford).—Surprised and pleased to hear from me, you say. I am glad. Forrester Harvey was Nelson in "The Romance of Lady Hamilton." Maggie Albanesi is correct.

"CLARE" (Kirkwall).—I do hear from Orkney occasionally, and would like to oftener. Being a regular reader as you say, I must ask you to look back about the Stewart Rome question. Too much repetition of the same information would bring me brickbats from bored and tired readers. So think of them and poor me. Nazimova has violet eyes and black hair. Fortunately, the actors whom you adore are bachelors.

M. A. G. (Manchester).—I offer you, as requested, this nutshell about Priscilla Dean. She is the wife of Wheeler Oakman, and was born in New York in 1896. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 ft. 5 in., in height and plays for Universal.

M. J. (Madras).—The artiste you enquire about, Lillian Lorraine, was born in San Francisco in 1892. She began her screen career about eight years ago, and has appeared in "Playing the Game," "The Kaiser's Shadow," and "The Pest."

"LEN" (London).—The report of Bobby Harron's death is, unfortunately, true. Dorothy Devore was opposite Charles Ray in "Thirty-five Minutes from Broadway." Herewith a few more of his pictures: "The Curse of the Poppy," "String Beans," "The Law of the North," "The Girl Dodger," and "Greased Lightning."

"CURIOUS" (Barking). Why, good friend, if you have read this paper every week since its birth do you ask it Violet Hopson is married? Such things puzzle me. The answer, as given on this page many times already, is the same old one, Yes. I cannot tell anyone her husband's name and, remember, it is not Stewart Rome. Yes, Marie Walcamp was the star in "Liberty," and in "A House Divided," the leads were played by Sylvia Breamer and Herbert Rawlinson.

E. P. (Glamorgan).—Perhaps you have written before and have been answered as you say. But I don't know that I can remember your address. I find it hard enough trying to pronounce the Welsh names you give. Opposite Evelyn Nesbit in "I want to Forget" was Henry Clive.

"A Gooleite" (Goole).—So you study my wise and foolish words every week. Francis Xavier Bushman, who is the husband of Beverley Bayne, began his screen career in 1911. On January 10th, 1885, he was born in Norfolk, Virginia; and later on he rose to 6 ft., and fame. He has brown hair and blue eyes, and has played in "The Great Secret," "The Voice of Conscience," "Social Quicksands," and "The Poor Rich Man."

R. M. W. (Alton).—Surely your eyes must have played you false, R. M. W. for Basil Gill was not with Kathleen McDonald in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," nor has he appeared in any American film. He is a British artiste. Milton Sills was the hero in this film as I stated. The meaning of "vectis" as given in the Standard Dictionary is as follows: "An instrument consisting of one blade with a single curve, employed as a lever or in making traction to assist delivery."



A delightful Christmas photograph of MARY MILES MINTER, a Realart Star.

B. H. (London, W.).—And you also ask me a question that has nothing to do with films. Well, well, what variety. Your learned friend is right as regards the correct pronunciation of the word "futile." The last syllable should not be pronounced "tile," but "til." Are you too, without a dictionary?

E. J. (Hounslow).—Yes, Francis Ford was in "Peg o' the Ring," but it was Herbert Rawlinson in "The Black Box." "Barabbas" is a Gaumont film. Arline Pretty is twenty-seven and was born in Washington, D.C. Besides "The Woman in Grey," she played in "In Again Out Again," "The Dawn of Freedom," and "The Hidden Hand."

GLADYS (Birmingham). Edna Purviance was the lady who acted with Charlie Chaplin in "Easy Street," "A Dog's Life," and "A Day's Pleasure." Mildred Harris has never acted with him.

"WOODBINE" (Scunthorpe).—You want me to restore peace between your sister and yourself, and by doing so earn the thanks of your mother. I will, in my gentlest manner. Your sister is mistaken Doris Keane is the wife of Basil Sydney, while Owen Nares is married to Marie Polini.

G. H. (Hastings).—So you had a few words with your friend and thought you would come to me for help? If you said that Leslie Henson and Harold Lloyd are one and the same, you have lost hopelessly. The former is an Englishman and the latter is American.

"FOGS" (London).—Requests for photos go by the majority. Like E. J. F., of Bayswater, who is always worrying about Marie Doro, and refuses to be comforted, you raise a solitary protest that there is not enough about Tom Mix. Well, I like Marie, and Tom, and all the others; but it is only fair that the most numerous requests should receive prior consideration. You ought to have sent your film fault on a postcard to the address given. Jack Hoxie may be married though he does not say. He does not disclose much about himself, in fact, but I hope he will later on.

"IRISH ROSEBUD" (Greenwich).—If we have a nice-looking office boy, you would like him to 'phone you the information. I am afraid you wouldn't be able to see much, however, for our instrument this end doesn't happen to be telescopic. Talking of office boys, our own particular gem, Horace, hopes to look like Wallace Reid one day if nothing happens to his face in the meantime. Fritzi Brunette is twenty-six, and Jackie Saunders, who is Mrs. E. D. Horkheimer in private life, is twenty-eight.

"BUSH" (St. Helen's).—What a frightful threat. Three weeks' grace, and if I don't answer you by then you will have brought down our net sale by one. I hope we haven't really lost you, for this paper has to go to press more than three weeks in advance. "The pretty kid with the curls" (to quote you), opposite Charles Ray, in "The Knock-Out Blow" was Colleen Moore. "The Isles of Conquest" was adapted from Arthur Hornblow's novel, "By Right of Conquest." Sorry I cannot tell you where it can be had. Your descriptions of Norma Talmadge and Gladys Brockwell are stunning.

E. J. (Plymouth).—What made you give me a wrong address? Since the postman failed to find you, I am passing my answer over to the printer. James Knight was born in Canterbury on May 4th, 1891, and has brown hair. His list of films comprises "The Happy Warrior," "The Man Who Forgot," "The Splendid Coward," "A Romany Lass," "Nature's Gentleman," and "The Power of Right."

PETER (Bayswater).—Your humble opinion about this paper is nice, too. John Bowers was the hero in "Hulda From Holland," and in "The Divine Gift," the leading players were Joyce Dearsley and Jack Livesay. Charles Ray and Jane Novak led in "String Beans." For your birthday book, you can jot down Madge Kennedy on April 19th and John Bowers on December 27th. The latter is married to Rita Heller, and the others you name are also married.

A. M. (Barnes).—So you actually rode in the same 'bus the other day as Stewart Rome, except that he was outside and you were in. That shows how near and yet how far we sometimes are from the great. Clive Herbert in "The Miracle of Love" was Wyndham Standing, Howard McClintock was Edward Earle, while the part of Cornelia was taken by Jackie Saunders. The other name is not given.

IVY and MABEL (Grimsby). I am relieved to get your intimation that you are not dead yet. I had, in fact, put you both among the "missing." The full cast of "Intolerance" would eat up a good deal of my space as the former contains about forty names. So let me pick out some of the chief ones. Lillian Gish (Woman Who Rocks the Cradle), Mae Marsh (The Dear One), Robert Harron (The Boy), Bessie Love (The Bride of Cana), Margery Wilson (Brown Eyes), Eugene Pallette (Prosper Lavour, her sweetheart), Spottiswoode Aitken (Her Father), W. E. Lawrence (Henry of Navarre), Alfred Paget (Prince Belshazzar), Seena Owen (The Princess Beloved), Tully Marshall (The High Priest), and Elmo Lincoln (Belshazzar's bodyguard).

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

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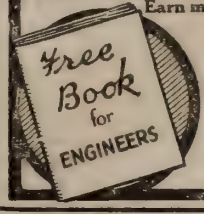
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No. 88. Vol. 4.

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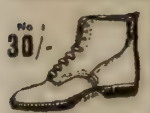
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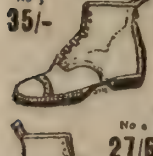
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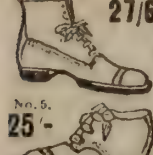


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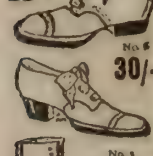
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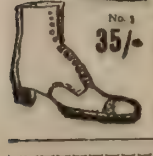
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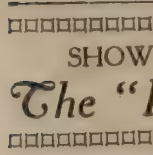
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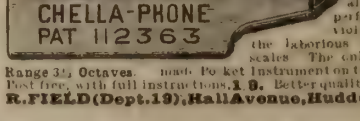
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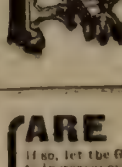
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SHOW YOUR FRIENDS

The "Picture Show."



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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 51.—PARDOE WOODMAN.

PARDOE WOODMAN, whom you see above, never lets Monday morning go by without seeing his copy of the PICTURE SHOW.

There is certainly no doubt that American film producers have got their eyes upon British talent, and they are doing their best to persuade well-known artistes in this country to seek further fields of glory in American studios. I hear that Mr. Pardoe Woodman, who has been one of the Stoll Film Company's leading men for over a year now, has just signed up a contract for a series of films under the direction of a big American producer, and it will not be long before he leaves England to take up his new work.

Mr. Woodman, by the way, is at present working on "The Place of Honour," an Indian story by Ethel M. Dell, and is planning to take a trip to Paris as soon as this film is finished. He intends to fly across, and thus combine business with pleasure—business in Paris with the pleasure of flying over there.

—♦♦—

An Artistic Calendar.

I AM sure you will be pleased with the Editor's happy idea to give you a calendar this week. Particularly will you be interested in the star who boasts the same birth-month as yourself. Framed in passe-partout (especially if you use brown binding), this makes a pleasing New Year's gift. I have just received one for my office, and I am delighted with it.

Our centre page picture is also one that I am sure will charm you, and altogether I feel sure you will feel that this, the first issue of the PICTURE SHOW in the New Year, is a fit forerunner of other good numbers to come.

—♦♦—

New Year Resolutions.

I WONDER how many of you have made New Year resolutions to-day. I wish I could persuade every one of my girl readers to make one for me—just to buy one copy of the "Girls' Cinema," out to-morrow, and if it does not please you to write and tell me why. Talking about New Year resolutions, Thomas Meighan has some interesting things to tell us about this topical subject. This article by him is in the "Girls' Cinema," on sale to-morrow.

—♦♦—

Tales of the Terry Twins.

HAVE you seen the "Terry Twins"? They have supplied the humour of many a pantomime. I always have to smile when I see Frank come from one side of the stage as Charles comes in from the other. The only thing in which one of these amazing twins differ from the other is their Christian names. The only way their friends tell them apart is because Charles wears four buttons on his waistcoat and Frank three. They've even each lost an eye-tooth. No two boys could have had more amazing and laughable experiences than the Terry Twins, as you will be able to read for yourself if you get a copy of this week's "Boys' Cinema." "Tales of the Terry Twins" will delight and amuse you as much as their laughable pranks on the stage.

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

Famous Authors Filmed.

STEPHEN McKENNA, author of "Sonia," has just paid his first visit to a picture show. At the dinner given by the Ideal Film Company in presenting their 1921 programme, Mr. McKenna confessed that until three weeks ago he was probably the only man, woman, or child who had never seen a film. Now Mr. McKenna is to have one of his novels filmed, for amongst the excellent Ideal programme may be mentioned "Sonia," Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street," Arnold Bennett's "The Card," Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance," W. W. Jacobs' "A Master of Craft," and George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways."

Mr. Mackenzie, unlike Mr. McKenna, said he had been going to films ever since they started, and put in a plea for the author. He said at present everybody connected with the film was mentioned on the screen, but when it came to the poor author, his name appeared in a flash and was gone. He said he was living for the day when his name would flare across the street, perhaps not as big as the space given to Mary Pickford, but at least as large as the space given to Douglas Fairbanks.

—♦♦—

Why?

WHICH reminds me of a story a friend of mine told me of his visit to New York. The film showing was the screen adaptation of "The Admirable Crichton," by Sir J. M. Barrie. The producers had renamed the play "Male and Female," and the only intimation to the public that it was written by the world-famous author was in tiny letters, that were more than overpowered by the large lettering of the other names on the programme.

—♦♦—

Ruth Stonehouse Better.

DO you know that Ruth Stonehouse has been very ill—which accounts for her long absence from the films? I hear she is back at work at the Fox studio, where she will soon appear with Eileen Percy, in a new photo-play.

—♦♦—

A Unique Proposal.

FROM far-off Baluchistan comes a proposal of marriage to Eileen Sedgwick, known to her intimate friends as "Babe."



EVA NOVAK, who is appearing with JACK PERRIN in a Universal photo-play.

The offer of marriage comes from one Abul Harajabub, a wealthy landowner, whose estates are near the town of Quetta, and whose acres extend to the southern boundary of Afghanistan. Abul does not speak or write English, but the letter was written by a former American, recently in the British East India Service, and a friend of the would-be bridegroom.

Abul describes himself as a man of forty-two, tall and slender, and a widower, with eight grown children, all of whom are married. Therefore he is very lonesome. On a recent trip to Delhi he visited a cinema palace, and there saw a picture (presumably "The Radium Mystery" serial, which was recently released in the Far East), in which Miss Sedgwick not only captivated him by her radiant beauty, but by her bravery and fearlessness. He had seen many fine ladies in the magic pictures before,



HEATHER THATCHER, FRED THATCHER.

Heather Thatcher, the delightful stage and screen star, introduces us to her brother, who is also appearing in films.

but none had ever touched his heart. He feels sure that with his humble love and great wealth he could make Miss Sedgwick happy, especially as he could see by the picture that she is not bound to the conventionalities of the West. Abul is quite willing to make a pilgrimage to America to make good his offer of marriage, if Eileen will say the word.

Eileen has torn up several replies to Harajabub in an effort to frame a letter that will let him down easily.

—♦♦—

Still the Circus King.

I HEAR that Eddy Polo is paying a flying visit to Texas, where he will spend a week or ten days with a big circus to make some further scenes for his serial, "King of the Circus."

Eddy will perform on the trapeze, on horseback, and will do the "leap for life" for the benefit of the camera.

Although it is six years since Eddy's last appearance in the sawdust ring, he has lost none of the skill that has made him world-famous.

—♦♦—

Food for the Films.

DO you ever stop to wonder what sort of food is served to picture actors, whom we see dining luxuriously in photo-plays. These days, of course, champagne is soda-water, whisky ginger ale, but, apart from that, meals served to actors for consumption before the camera are particularly good.

Of course, there are exceptions. For the breakfast we see shared between Frank Campeau and Jack Conway, in "The Killer," exceptional care was taken that this meal should be really appetising. It was brought to the table piping hot, but, just as the scene was being taken, the lights by which the picture was to be photographed went out. It was over

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

half an hour before the current was again working, and by that time the breakfast was stone cold.

And there and then both actors demonstrated once and for all their ability to act, as they ate cold, stodgy muffins, cold eggs, and drank cold coffee with every appearance of keen enjoyment.

—♦♦—

A Narrow Escape.

JACK PERRIN, who is Eva Novak's leading man, in her latest Universal photo-play, had a narrow escape from drowning at Balboa Sea a few days ago. As part of the story, he is staked out on the beach by a gang of smugglers, and left to drown with the rising tide. While the scene was being filmed something resembling a tidal wave washed about 400 feet inshore, drenching the company, director, and camera-man, and almost drowning their helpless leading man before he could be released from his bonds.

—♦♦—

Eileen's Sister for the Screen.

DO you know that Eileen Percy has a sister? She, Thelma, has become one of the leading ladies in Mermaid Comedies. She is a striking blonde, and in the first of the comedies in which she will be seen she is a beach nymph for a portion of the action. Miss Percy's experience hitherto has been in serials, but she felt that comedy was her forte.

—♦♦—

E. and C. Film for Pathe.

"A GAMBLE IN LIVES" is a British film just completed by the B. & C. Company, and I hear it has been secured by Messrs. Pathé Freres, Ltd.

This is the first time for years that this film company has taken over a British production, and there is no doubt that this is a step in the right direction, and that British films are coming into their own.

—♦♦—

A "Hard" Life.

GREAT interest is attached to the information that "Rip Van Winkle" is now being adapted for the screen, and that Will Rogers is to take the star part.

I hear that the film version of Washington Irving's famous story has been purchased at an enormous cost by the Goldwyn Company. As you know, Will Rogers is now working on "Boys Will be Boys."

The other day a reporter asked Will if he had to work very hard on the movies.

"Yes, indeed," replied Rogers. "Sometimes we don't get to lunch till after 12.15."

Poor Will!



BERNARD CLIFFORD, who is to produce a number of real life comedies. Mr. Clifford has just returned from America, where he has been studying lighting systems, and the last methods of producing and directing over there.



JOHN MACANDREWS, who has been playing in Hepworth pictures for a number of years. His greatest performance has been acclaimed his Bill in "Alf's Button," the Cecil M. Hepworth comedy which is now creating a furore in picture-land.

My New Year's Wish to You.

BEFORE I close my chat this week, I want to tell you my sincere and heart-felt wish that we may still be friends at the end of the year that has now just begun.

That 1921 may be happy and prosperous for you.

Here's wishing you all you wish yourselves.

P.S.—And just one thought for our friends over the sea.

How often have you reproached yourself that mail-day has gone, and you have forgotten to write a letter that is to tell your friend news of the dear homeland?

Let the "Over Seas Daily Mail" be a link between you and your friend abroad. For a single payment of 10s. (less than the bare postage on a weekly 2 oz. letter), it carries a full week's news of the Mother-country to any address in the world for 52 weeks, and never misses the mail.

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If you have never seen the wonderful weekly edition of "The Daily Mail," ask the Chief Clerk to send you a free specimen copy.

Fay Filmer.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

Oh, Those Swagger Sticks.

I SAW Connie Talmadge prancing along the avenue with a swagger stick the other day.

She brought this innovation from Paris last fall and had converted her sister Norma, Anita Loos, Winifred Westover, June Elvidge, and a score of girls who pal around with her to its use.

"I like a cane," said Constance. "And I don't think a slender stick like this looks mannish, do you?"

What could I say to this vision of loveliness, in her furs and stylish hat, looking like a picture right out of a fashion plate. Norma carried a cane when she came off the boat, but I haven't seen her with one since that time. Possibly because she spent the first six weeks after she came home in the West Indies, and one does change one's mind about things in those tropical climes.

—♦♦—

Entertaining Bryant.

BRYANT WASHBURN was the guest of honour at a gay party when he was in New York. He and Mrs. Washburn were asked to meet some of the colony of theatrical folk who live in Great Neck, Long Island. They were all there including De Wolf Hopper and his pretty wife, No. 5, I think she is, although De Wolf is willing to tell the world she is his favourite. The party lasted until the small hours of the morn, and it is said a good time was had by all.

Farnum One of the Boys.

WILLIAM FARNUM'S devotion to the country, and his eagerness to get away to his country place, has at last leaked out. The screen hero has brought a string of race horses, and has them all in training for entry in next season's races. His stable contains, according to an eye witness, some of the finest horse-flesh in United States. He is working hard to get enough pictures ahead so he can take himself to the races next season, and not be bothered about anything but his activities on the turf.

—♦♦—

Her Recess Is Over.

IT looked for a time as if the screen might lose Dorothy Dalton. Her success on the stage was of such a nature, she gave up pictures temporarily to play Aphrodite throughout the country. But Dorothy is back now at the studio, working hard and telling everyone pictures are her first and best love. She has grown considerably thinner, in fact, I scarcely knew her when I saw her the other day in the Ritz, but it is becoming, and there are plenty of Dot's plump sisters who would like the recipe. In fact, I suggested to her a column in one of the papers giving hints on how to retain one's girlish figure might not be amiss.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.



Scenes from the coming Master Butcher production of Charles Reade's famous novel, "Hard Cash." On the left, the shipwreck scene. Centre, JULIE DODD and her mother. On the right, passengers on board s.s. Agron, CAPTAIN DODD'S ship.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



IVY DUKE assures GUY NEWALL that she really did shoot the birds. These two talented film stars appear in George Clark productions.



RUTH ROLAND comes to the rescue and sews on a button for her handsome leading man.



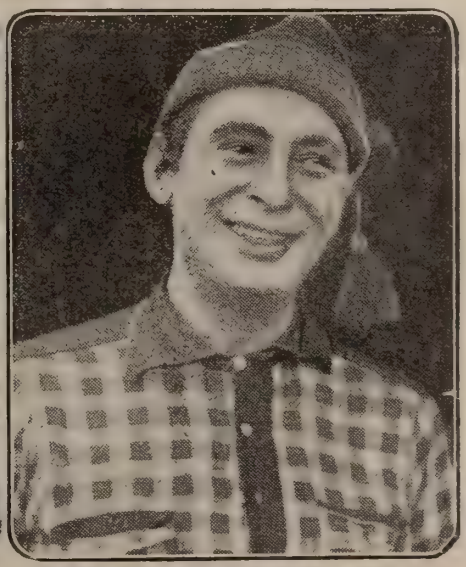
This old Chinese, by name JO WANG, is eighty-six years old; but, in spite of his age, he is acting for the films, and appears in Marshall Neilan's "Dinty."



A very interesting group, reading from left to right: MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN, LOTTIE PICKFORD, little MARY RUPP PICKFORD, Mrs. CHARLOTTE PICKFORD, MARY PICKFORD, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, and with them are two pressmen.

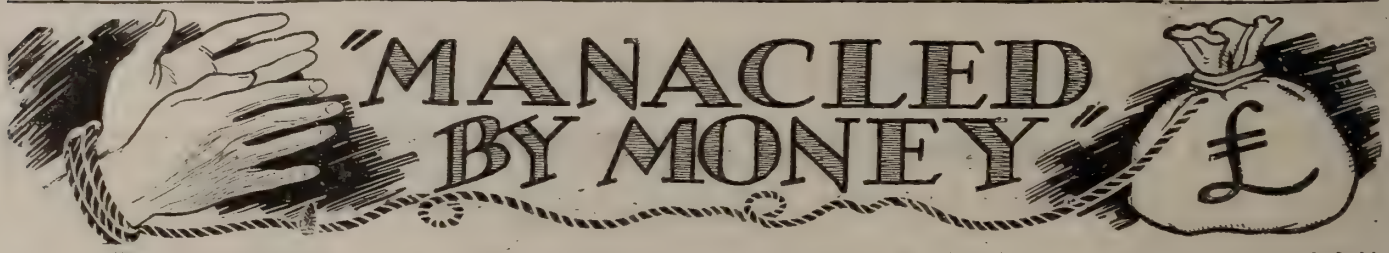


That amusing pair, sometimes called "The Inseparables," EDDY LYONS and LEE MORAN, with JANE ELLIOTT and ETHEL RITCHIE at a garden-party.



A smiling photograph of MITCHEL LEWIS in a character role.

BEGIN TO-DAY! A POWERFUL STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION. By EMMIE ALLINGHAM



The Secret Passage.

THERE was a breath of spring in the air on this particular February morning. Perhaps it was that which made the Rev. Mr. Ferguson's mind reflect that, although Arthur Weston, since that memorable Christmas day, had been an almost constant visitor, he had not yet had an opportunity to speak to him on the subject of Harry Rae's interests.

Three times during the last few weeks he had, indeed, called at Greystone, but on each occasion the old man with the unkempt hair and the weird smoked glasses had informed him gruffly that Mr. Weston was not at home. The man was uncouth and almost hostile in his manner, and the clergyman resented it. It was a long walk to Greystone Hall, and yet he was never asked in to take a rest, although he had himself suggested it. The old man had merely gone in and closed the door in his face.

If Mr. Ferguson had met Arthur Weston after this treatment as he made his way home, he would have complained to him; but, as it was, he contented himself by telling his wife about it, and Mrs. Ferguson, the most kindly of women, was quick to make excuses. The man was a foreigner, she had heard, and did not know our customs. Her husband remarked that Arthur should inform him. Mrs. Ferguson said that no doubt he would in time. She was trying very hard to like Arthur Weston, as she was deeply sorry for him. The loss of his little girl, Jessica, was quite sufficient to account for his eccentricities, and she was hoping that her own and her daughter's influence would shortly bring him round to behave more normally.

If the rector had confided everything to her, she might not have been so kindly disposed towards the owner of Greystone; but the rector, deeming a deathbed confidence as sacred, had not told even his wife.

He knew that Arthur had received the money to put Greystone into order, but though over eighteen months had elapsed, nothing had been said or done.

It did cross the rector's mind that Arthur might have lost the money at one of the Continental gaming tables when he had gone for his holiday abroad, but the idea was dismissed. Arthur Weston was not that type of man. But, nevertheless, the problem worried him; for he could not understand a man hoarding money without placing it to some use.

Money, he considered, was worthless if not used in some way or other.

There were times, when Arthur sat at his table, that the rector wished that Mrs. Rae had not confided in him, or, if she had, that she would have consulted him before acting. If Arthur Weston was not an honourable man, he did not like him being on friendly terms with his womenfolk.

"I must take the bull by the horns, so to speak, and ask Weston in here. He and I must come to some sort of an understanding. For the sake of the boy, I must see that something is done," he said to himself, as he watched the two figures who had suddenly appeared on the lawn.

It was Arthur and his daughter, Grace.

The man had his hand resting on her arm, and he appeared to be talking to her very seriously.

The father saw his child throw back her head and laugh; she was evidently chaffing him. And then, as they passed out of sight, the realisation suddenly swept over the rector that his daughter was no longer a child. She was seventeen. It had never occurred to him before that she was growing up.

The rector got up hastily and put on his wide felt hat. A few minutes later and he came upon them as they were retracing their steps to the house.

"Did you hear the tea-bell, father?" cried his daughter, as she linked her hand in his arm, while Arthur walked beside her.

"I wanted to have a talk with Weston," said the rector. "Perhaps, after tea, you will come and have a chat in my study?" he went on, glancing at the young man.

Arthur nodded carelessly.

"I've got a lot to do, but I can wait half-an-hour," he said; and then he asked Grace a trivial question, as though to show that he attached no importance to the coming interview.

There was nothing to indicate to the ladies the thoughts in their guest's mind as he took tea in the pretty chintz-covered sitting-room.

Arthur was wearing a somewhat worn, but exceedingly well-fitting shooting suit, and his linen, as well as his whole appearance, had an air of being properly cared for. There was nothing of the wildness of a few months back.

At times there was an expression of furtiveness which also appeared in his manner when he was off his guard; but this was seldom, and was put down by his gentle friends as one of the results of living so much alone.

Only the rector seemed preoccupied, as he balanced his cup and saucer on his knee and looked at his daughter Grace with new eyes.

She seemed to have grown up suddenly. He had always thought of her before as a child; to-day he realised she had become a woman. The rector looked at his wife, and wondered if she had noticed it; but Mrs. Ferguson appeared as serene and unruffled as usual as she pressed hot buttered scones on those around her and poured out the tea, talking as she did so about the simple happenings of the village.

When tea was over, the rector put down his cup on the table and turned to the young man.

"I should like you to give me a few minutes, Weston," he said.

Arthur Weston lit a cigarette. Then he leaned back in his chair and stretched his legs out comfortably.

"Why not stay and talk here? We have no secrets, have we?" he went on, glancing with a smile at the ladies. "Why not talk here, sir? It is very comfortable. Don't you think so?"

The rector hesitated.

"I wanted to speak to you on a personal matter, Weston," he said coldly.

Arthur Weston raised his eyebrows.

"The deuce you do!" he ejaculated, in apparent surprise, although inwardly he was fuming. "Very well," he said, rising from his chair.

Then, with a bow to the ladies, he followed his host.

Mrs. Furguson glanced round at Grace as the door closed behind the gentlemen.

"Do you know what your father wants to speak to Mr. Weston about?" she asked.

The girl shook her head.

For some moments there was silence in the room. Mrs. Furguson had taken up her knitting; her fingers were seldom idle.

Grace sat for some minutes staring thoughtfully in front of her; then she said:

"Do you like Mr. Weston, mother?"

"Yes"—Mrs. Ferguson spoke deliberately—"I do like him!" she said. "I am very sorry for him. I think he must be very sensitive."

There was a silence again for a few moments, while Mrs. Ferguson counted her stitches. Then she spoke again.

"I wish he would visit others besides us. People are beginning to talk again. He offended Miss Griggs the last time she called here by walking out of the room when she was announced. I have done my best to excuse him to all the neighbours, but they will talk. Perhaps that is what your father wants to speak to him about."

Mrs. Ferguson paused and glanced again at her daughter.

Grace got up from her seat and stood by the window; then suddenly she turned.

"Mother, there is something about Mr Weston I don't like! I don't think he is sincere," she added, as she caught the expression of surprise on her companion's face.

"My dear! He is always so very nice to you, and you appear to enjoy his company!"

"Yes, mother, I know; but that does not alter the fact that sometimes I feel he is different. He has moods. Just now, when he went out of the room, I saw something evil in his face—something which I have seen there before, when he tried to get me to talk about the secret passage, for instance, that leads into Greystone Hall. I did not tell him, and I never will. He must find it out for himself, if he wants to know it. I don't think I need tell him, do you?"

Mrs. Ferguson shook her head.

"I should think he would ask you straight out if he wanted to know," she said, smiling.

She herself did not attach any importance to this secret, which Grace and Harry Rae guarded so solemnly.

Grace said no more, and a few minutes later she left the room. She had a letter to Harry all written ready for the post, and this was a good opportunity to take it to the village.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ferguson and his guest were seated opposite each other in the rector's old, but comfortable, easy chairs.

The study was a pleasant room, the furniture mellow with age. A small fire burned cheerfully in the grate. Arthur had always considered it the best room in the house in the old days; now he wished he had never seen it.

Mr. Ferguson had been talking, and Arthur now knew definitely all that had passed between his aunt and the clergyman.

(*Continued on page 8.*)

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ARTHUR WESTON is given by his aunt, Amy Rae, a bag containing twenty thousand pounds, and she also leaves Greystone Manor to him in trust for her son Harry. She does this because her husband will spend every penny he can get hold of.

HARRY RAE has a quarrel with Arthur Weston after Mrs. Rae's death. He cannot understand his mother making such a will, and he determines to go out to Australia.

REV. FERGUSON tries to make peace between Weston and Harry before the latter goes away, but is unsuccessful.

GRACE FERGUSON, the vicar's daughter, is a great chum of Harry's. After he has left she goes to Greystone Manor, and sees his father enter the study with Weston. Later she hears a shot.

CECIL RAE, Harry's father, is found dead in the woods next morning, and it is presumed that he has committed suicide.

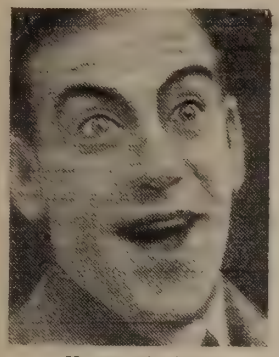
Arthur Weston is in a very nerve-racked condition, but after he has been to the woods and the village policeman has told him that it is evidently a case of suicide, a weight seems to fall from him.

When he returns home the Rev. Ferguson comes with the terrible news that Arthur's little daughter Jessica, who is the apple of her father's eye, has been thrown from her pony and killed while spending the day at the vicar's house.

Arthur Weston goes abroad but returns after a few weeks. Grace goes to Greystone Manor on Christmas Eve, and plays her violin in the old nursery. When Arthur finds her she makes him promise to dine at the vicarage the next day.

THE EXPRESSIONS OF HARRY GRANVILLE.

(Special to the "Picture Show.")



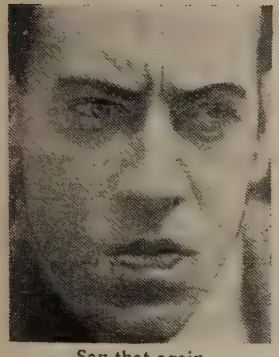
He sees the joke.



Deep in thought.



What is it?



Say that again.



Just doubtful.

HARRY GRANVILLE.

A Short Biography and a Good Story.

HARRY GRANVILLE, well known to patrons of picture palaces, began his professional career on the music-hall stage.

Before that, he had been employed in his father's tobacco factory, but, to quote his own words, "I was sacked for smoking too much."

At this time he says he thought he would like to be a doctor, but altered his mind when a chance came for him to appear on the music hall stage. This first appearance decided his career. He made a decided hit with the public in the turn we remember as Haines and Granville.

Then followed his screen career.

A Small Beginning.

HIS first engagement was with "Cricks and Martin," (Lion's Head Films), in which he played a double part in "Out of His Element," at the colossal salary of two-and-sixpence a day. He can afford to look back on those early struggles, and regard them as stepping-stones to the success which he has since achieved. Having made a name, he played with such well-known film companies as the Hepworth Productions, Windor Film Company, Samuelson Film Company, and in the Victory Films both in England and America.

Coming Photo-Plays.

THE last productions in which he played were "Up, Boys, and At 'Em," and in smaller parts in "To Save to a King," "The Man Who Bought London," "Deadwood Dick," and "A Pair of Spectacles." Mr. Granville has produced many pictures in America, but is now with the J. B. Film Productions, under which banner we shall see him shortly.

Enjoys Being Bad.

MR. GRANVILLE has played all parts and characters on the screen, but confesses to a partiality to being the bad man of the play. Harry tells the following good story against himself.

"While walking in the West End of London, some little while ago, after a hard day's work in the studio, I passed a well-known picture house.

"On the streamers displayed above the theatre was the notice: 'Harry Granville, in "Detective Burge and the Counterfeiters."'

"On the pavement was a little urchin holding on to a big dog with a piece of string. The kiddie was looking at the display of the photograph with envy.

"This aroused my curiosity, and I went up to the child and asked him why he was looking so sad.

"With a broad Cockney accent he replied: 'Lumme, guv'nor, my mates is inside seeing this bloke Granville as a 'tec. I ain't got no money. So, I say, guv'nor, do you want to buy a dog so's I kin see 'im?'

Why He Was Most Pleased.

"FEELING sorry for the kid, and not wanting the dog, I gave him a coin; and, after thanking me, he made a bolt into the picture show.

"Later that evening I happened to be strolling in the vicinity of the same picture house, and met the same kid. I recognised him, and he me. This time he was hugging the dog round the neck.

"I went to him, and asked him if he had seen the picture, and also 'tec Granville?

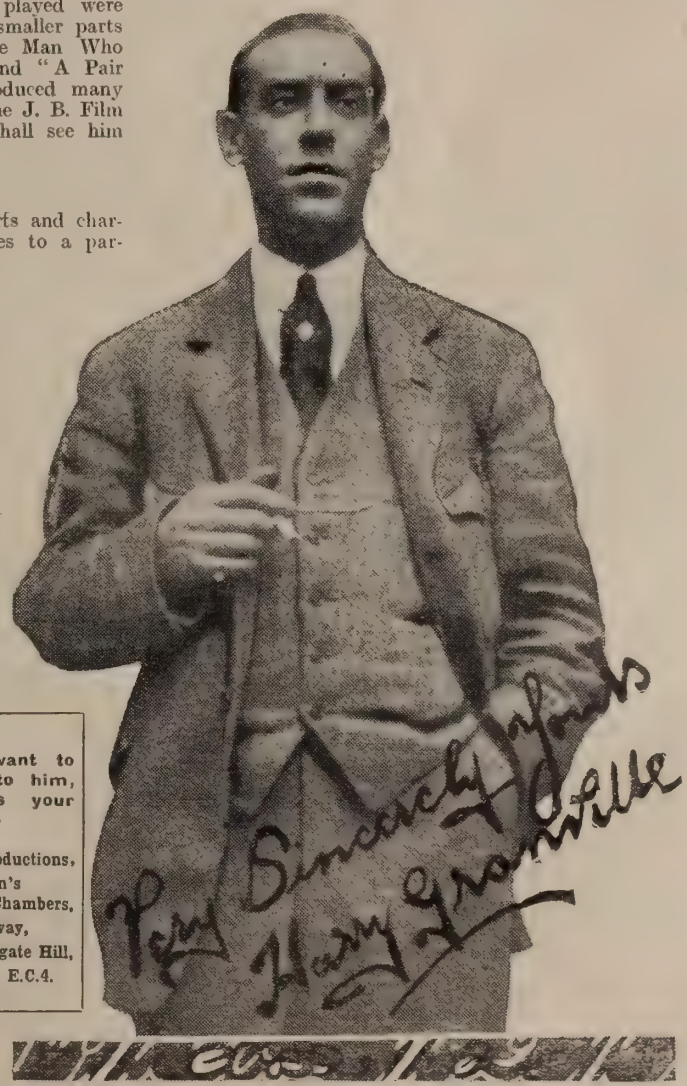
"He said: 'Yes, guv'nor.'

"I asked him then if he were pleased with himself, and again he replied: 'Yus, guv'nor, very; but I am more pleased that I did not sell you my dog.'

"I do not mind telling you that I faded away quickly into the night."

Twenty-Nine.

MR. GRANVILLE was born twenty-nine years ago on the 20th of October, in Manchester, Lancashire. His hobbies are motoring and writing picture plays. He is not married.





A hearty laugh.

If you want to write to him, address your letter—

c/o J.B. Productions, 5, St. Ann's Chambers, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

"Manacled By Money." (Continued from page 6.)

"You have had a deal of trouble, Weston, and I dislike to interfere with other people's concerns, but the wishes of the dead to me are sacred. If you want advice, or help, I shall be glad to give you all that lies within my power, but I must confess it has been worrying me. Time is passing, and the old place is falling into yet greater decay. In a few years the boy will be of age. He will return. I shall deem it my duty to tell him his dead mother's wishes, if you are not prepared to do so."

Mr. Ferguson paused.

The man seated in the chair opposite him did not move. His face was hidden in the shadows which were now filling the room.

Suddenly he roused himself.

"Mr. Ferguson, if I told you I had not that money, I presume you would not believe me?" he said.

The rector looked troubled.

"I thought you could not have it now. Where did it go to?" he asked.

"I had it stolen," said Arthur, saying the first thing which suggested itself to him. "It was stolen while I was away. That is why I sold up my own place, and am living as I am now."

The rector gave a deep sigh of relief.

"I see. You are economising so that you will be able to do part of what your aunt wished. I might have known it, Weston. I knew you were honourable. But, tell me: How was the money lost? Did you not try to recover it? It was a large sum—a very large sum to lose."

Arthur's brain was working swiftly.

"I was all to pieces," he said, with apparently charming frankness. "It was just after I had lost Jessica, and nothing seemed of much importance. The whole lot was taken out of my room at the hotel. I did not miss it for a day or two, and then when I spoke of it I thought people looked at me curiously. I couldn't explain how I had such a large sum about with me."

"No, I understand that," said the rector, nodding his head thoughtfully. "But whatever possessed you to carry it about with you. Why ever did you not put it into the bank, or even give it to me to take charge of."

Arthur nodded his head, as though he thought that either suggestion was good. Inwardly he was amused to think that a man of Mr. Ferguson's years could be so easily gulled.

He glanced up, suddenly suspicious.

Was the rev. gentleman really deceived, or was he, like himself, pretending?

His companion, however, was shaking his head as he thought of the responsibility the dead woman had left behind her on both of them.

"How much have you been able to scrape together, Weston? It will take quite nine hundred to put the house in repair, I should say. Jenkins was talking to me about it only the other day. He said if you do not have something done to it soon you would have it tumbling down about yours ears. That is an unfortunate house. These last few years there seems to be a blight upon it."

The rector shook his head again. He was really thinking aloud. It was a habit of his these days.

Arthur Weston shot him an evil glance, then, remembering himself, he gave a forced laugh.

"I suppose I must have something done soon, but I am so beastly hard up. It will have to wait another few months, though I don't want to start and then have to leave off. You can understand that, sir."

"Yes, I can. But I don't pretend to say that I approve. I want to see the workmen begin. I should like you to shake hands with me though, Weston. I have been troubled about you, and that I must confess, but I might have known that you were trying to do the right thing. We are too apt to look out for the weaknesses of our fellows, and so I want to apologise."

Weston got out of his chair with a laugh, but he did not take the rector's hand. To avoid doing so he caught him by the arms.

"'Judge not, that ye be not judged!' Isn't that a favourite quotation of yours, sir?" he cried jocularly. "I am sure I have heard you preach a sermon on it."

"You have, Weston. Quite right. You have me at your mercy!" cried his companion, shaking his grey head. "Ah, well! We are never too old to learn, and if we confess our sins——" He said no more, but shook his head.

Arthur laughed again.

"Well, well, let us get back to the ladies," said Mr. Ferguson, turning.

Arthur took a step forward, and then hesitated.

"By the way, sir, may I ask how much of this affair your wife and daughter know?" he said.

"Nothing, that I know of," answered the rector simply. "I never discuss the confidences of my parishioners with my family. To me they are sacred."

"Then only you know what Mrs. Rae told you on her deathbed?"

In spite of himself Arthur could not restrain the eagerness in his voice.

"You see," he went on, hoping to explain it, "I feel an awful fool about that money. I should prefer, if possible, that they never knew——" He paused significantly.

The rector patted him on the shoulder.

"I quite understand. But don't think about it any more. What is done cannot be undone. You are doing the right thing now. I am the only living person who knew about it, and so long as Greystone is ready for the lad when he returns, that is all that interests me."

Another Christmas Day.

THE months went by. It was Christmas again. Greystone Hall lay covered with snow.

There was no need for Grace to steal away this Christmas Eve to play in the empty nursery, haunted by memories of the past, for Arthur had invited her and her parents to spend Christmas Eve with him.

Mrs. Taylor and her daughters had also been asked up to cook for the occasion.

"We ain't coming where there is that dirty-looking foreigner," she said to Arthur Weston, when he called at her cottage.

"Oh, my servant, Jakes! Well, he happens to have gone away for a few days, so you won't be troubled with him."

"Good!" ejaculated Mrs. Taylor. "Well, then, sir, I don't know then as I mind if Emma and I do come."

"You must come up a few days beforehand and give the place a bit of a clean. It's pretty bad. I'm afraid Jakes isn't particularly gifted that way. The rooms seem somehow in an awful muddle."

Mrs. Taylor sniffed.

"I wonder as you don't have a woman about the place, sir. They beats all the foreigners."

"I must think about it," said Arthur, smiling, and then, with a cheerful nod and a "good-morning," he passed up the village street.

After Mrs. Taylor had been to Greystone she said to some of the village gossips:

"Sometimes I think Mr. Weston has got that servant of his there in hiding—afraid of me, I suppose. I could have sworn I saw him once when I was trying to peep in through the keyhole, but when I looked again, it was Mr. Weston that was dusting the books in the bookshelf—a funny thing for a gentleman like he is to be a-doing."

"Oh, you always are getting a bee in your bonnet. It was Grace Ferguson you were going to discover something about. That never came to nothing!" cried one of her listeners derisively.

"Oh, didn't it. You wait. Grace Ferguson is playing her own game. She wants to be mistress of Greystone, and she will be, one of these days, and I, for one, hopes she will. She would send that old foreigner packing, and have decent maids about the place.

Arthur was dressed and stood in the library waiting for his guests. There was an air of excitement about him, which revealed itself in the nervous twitching of his hands.

The Dinner Party.

IN the dining-room Emma Taylor was putting the finishing touches to the cloth, which was gay with holly, and candles under scarlet shades.

Arthur Weston came into the room, and from the sideboard he took a short, squat bottle.

"The ladies, I know, will not touch a liqueur. I shall put this in the study, Emma. You might bring in a couple of glasses and the box of cigars," he said.

Emma, fleet of foot, went to do his bidding.

Arthur Weston stood for a moment glancing critically around him.

The fine old room was looking its best in the candlelight. Emma had decorated the place profusely with evergreens. All the shabby places on the walls had been covered up with foliage and scarlet berries.

The man sighed as he glanced around.

If all went well, he told himself feverishly, he could take up his life where he had left it off when his aunt had died. He opened the bottle and poured himself out a generous portion of the liqueur brandy.

"Here is success to my plans," he muttered under his breath.

The guests arrived, and they all sat down to dinner.

Mrs. Taylor had surpassed herself this evening. Mrs. Ferguson, who had heard rumours about the Greystone establishment, was agreeably surprised. As for Grace, she scarcely knew what she was eating. She was once more in Harry's home. To-night, on their return home, she was to write to Harry and tell him all about it.

She sat in a dream world all of her own, and her mother, with rare understanding, managed to shield her from the conversation by monopolising it for the most part herself. When Arthur suggested, with a smile, that he and the rector should retire to the library, where the ladies should follow them, after they had partaken of coffee, the rector, with a smile, consented. He thought that perhaps his wife, one of the best of God's creatures, had perhaps rather overdone her efforts to make the dinner entertaining.

He had enjoyed himself immensely. He seldom dined out, and the whole proceeding was a very pleasant change to him. It took him back to the old days when Mrs. Rae entertained.

In the library a great wood fire was burning brightly. The rector stood with his back against the door, and looked around with an air of benevolent appreciation.

Arthur went to the table and took up the box of cigars, and offered him one. The rector took it, still smiling.

Arthur helped himself, and then took up the liqueur bottle.

"You will have one on this auspicious occasion?" he asked, striving to speak unconcernedly.

The rector moved across to the fireplace.

"Well, I do not usually indulge, as you know, Weston, but perhaps this once," he said genially.

Arthur had his back towards him. The rector did not pay any attention to him. Unlike his daughter, he was thinking of the future. When Harry should come back.

"By the way, Weston, you have not been able to start anything yet," he remarked, as Arthur approached him, a liqueur glass in his hand.

"I am just making arrangements for the New Year," replied Arthur meaningly.

"That is good news." The rector took the glass and sipped its contents, then he paused, and made a grimace. "Whatever do you call this?" he said. "It tastes as if it had pepper in it."

Arthur, who had been watching him through the mirror, gave a strange little laugh.

"It's the best liqueur brandy there is, but you should not sip it, man, you should drink it down so," he drained his own glass. "Then you get the full flavour."

His companion looked dubious, hesitated, and then, as a sound was heard outside, he tossed the contents down his throat.

"I thought that was the ladies coming in," he said, half apologetically. "I don't know what my wife would say, Weston, if she saw me drinking."

"Nonsense! Have another," said Weston, going over to the table again, and taking up the bottle.

"My dear chap, just look at what you are doing. Whatever makes your hand shake like that!" cried the rector, in consternation, as he watched his companion trying to pour himself out another, but his hand was shaking as if with an ague.

Arthur strove to steady it, but he seemed to have lost control over his hand entirely. He put down the bottle with a forced laugh.

"It's my confounded nerves," he said. "I shall have to get something to steady them."

He placed his hand in his waistcoat pocket as he spoke, and his fingers tightened over a little empty phial. He brought it out, and with attempted carelessness, threw it among the burning logs.

The rector looked at him gravely.

"I trust for his own sake, he is not a drug taker," he thought to himself.

(Another instalment in next Monday's "Picture Show.")

ROD LA ROCQUE

The Star Who Grew Younger on the Screen.



ROD LA ROCQUE, *(a studio portrait).*

ON the screen Rod La Rocque was old before he was young! This sounds rather curious, but it is the truth. He was so often cast for elderly parts such as General Grant in "According to the Code." Not but what he enjoyed some of these character roles, and Rod considers that very often they are far more difficult than leading man parts.

"The hero generally has a pleasant all-round time of it, and gets all the praise," he says, "while the character man has to really act."

Rod La Rocque does not want to be starred until he has done something which will stand. He says "If I ever do achieve something worth while, and an offer comes along which means more than the title, I'll be glad to have it. In the meantime—well, I'm satisfied."

His Chance to Play a Leading Role.

ROD LA ROCQUE'S chance to play a leading part came one day when Bryant Washburn was ill, and could not begin his new picture. The film director did not know what to do until Rod persuaded him to let him take the part. Rod certainly made good, and he has been playing leads practically ever since.

He has played opposite Madge Kennedy, Mabel Normand, Marguerite Clark in "Easy to Get," Corinne Griffith, and with Constance Binney in "The Stolen Kiss."

Rod has dark eyes and dark wavy hair, and as he is six feet in height, he makes a really ideal hero. He talks with a fascinating drawl, which is probably accounted for by the fact that he was born in Canada.



ROD LA ROCQUE as an Alpine mountain climber.



ROD LA ROCQUE shows VIRGINIA HAMMOND a few tricks in make up. Rod's height and his dark, wavy hair make him an ideal leading man.



A humorous photograph of ROD LA ROCQUE as Napoleon.





A clever impersonation. ROD LA ROCQUE as Theodore Roosevelt.

"Picture Show" Gossip

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS. STORIES FROM TH

"The Syren in the Flower Boat."

MISS HILDA BAYLEY informed me the other afternoon that she started stage work in the "Yellow Jacket," in which she played one of the principal parts, Autumn Cloud, in "The Flower Boat":

'I had great luck," she smiled. "I read the part to the producers, thinking I might get just a 'walk-on' or understudy, as I had never been on the stage before; but to my immense surprise I was engaged to play Autumn Cloud straight away.



HILDA BAYLEY.

"In 'Mr. Wu,' I played 'Nancy-Ping,' but I had to leave that fascinating production, as I was under contract to play a Gretchen girl, or a girl of the Black Forest, at the Haymarket, in Jerome K. Jerome's play, 'A Great Gamble.'

My Own Country!

"SOON afterwards," Miss Bayley continued, "Cyril Maude offered me his daughter's part in 'Grumpy,' and he very kindly asked me to go to America. I felt, however, that I would rather make my name in my own country and try to go to the States later on.

"I played a burlesque part of an actress in a play called, 'He Didn't Want To Do It,' at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and the leading ingenue in 'The Impossible Woman,' at the Haymarket Theatre, and later 'The Sister,' in the 'Laughter of Fools,' under Mr. Curzon's management.

In Quest of Experience.

"THEN," said Miss Hilda Bayley, "I thought I would get some experience in revue, and, although I did no singing nor dancing, I took a burlesque part in a revue called 'Shell Out.' After that I went back to 'Mr. Wu.' Later I played in Mr. Walter Hackett's play, 'The Barton Mystery,' with H. B. Irving." Thus did Miss Bayley acquire her knowledge of emotional acting, burlesque and comedy.

"The 13th Chair."

MISS BAYLEY'S restrained emotional acting in "The 13th Chair" will no doubt be remembered by many readers of this page. Mrs. Patrick Campbell took the part of the clairvoyant, Mrs. Bayley's Mother. "Of all the plays I've done," Hilda Bayley declared, "none appealed to me so much as 'Carnival,' and that is why I am so keen on the film of the play, which is being produced by the Alliance Company at St. Margaret's, Richmond. Some of the scenes will take place in Venice, and I am greatly looking forward to my visit to Italy.

I strolled into the studio at St. Margaret's with Miss Bayley the other afternoon and admired the wonderful setting of Silvio's (Mr. Mathieson Lang's) apartment, which, in the play, overlooks the Grand Canal, Venice.



ROLAND MYLES.

A Russian Countess.

"MY first film was 'Under Suspicion' with the Broadwest Film Co., and I played a Russian Countess, the strong emotional leading part,' said Miss Bayley, "and in 'The Barton Mystery' I took the lead.

Black Cats and Luck.

"BLACK cats guard me," Miss Hilda Bayley said laughingly. "Twice black cats followed me, and I had tremendously good luck immediately afterwards. After my very first night's performance in the 'Yellow Jacket' when my salary was given to me I discovered I had been paid twice the amount of the agreed-upon salary. I thought there was some mistake, and I handed half of it back, but I was told that the management was so pleased with my first efforts that my salary had been doubled, and then, of course there was nothing else for me to do but burst into tears.

"The evening before," Miss Bayley added, "a black cat followed me home and insisted on sitting on my bed all night."

Twelve Long Hours.

MR. ROLAND MYLES, who plays Piers Evesham in Stoll's production of Ethel M. Dell's story, "Bars of Iron," informed me the other afternoon that he belongs to Africa. His mother is an Irishwoman and his father Scotch, so there is a good deal of the Celt about him. Music was Roland Myles's first love. "I gave three violin recitals at the Wigmore Hall," he said, "then later I went off to America, and led a lazy sort of life. At the outbreak of war I came back to England and joined up with the Hussars in the Imperial Forces.

"After the war was over, someone said to me one day: 'Why don't you come along and do some picture work?' I thought it would be rather fun, and off I went to the studio. I was given a very tiny part. I remained in the building twelve hours, which convinced me that pictures would not suit me!

"A short time afterwards, however, I had the offer of a very exciting, heavy part, and as this proposal also meant a journey that would take me to Italy and France, I naturally jumped at the idea and I have been doing screen work ever since."

"Six Hours' Practice."

WHEN I asked Mr. Roland Myles if he had no regrets for his violin, he told me, that although of course music was still his great passion, nothing less than six hours' practice a day satisfied him, and screen work made this impossible. "However," he laughed, "there are times when I still take up my violin. When I was in Italy, doing a picture for Stoll's, we arrived at Madone, from Florence, just over the border, one evening. The train we wanted to catch was too crowded, so the entire company had to remain at Madone for the night.



MADGE WHITE.

"We put up at the hotel, and when we reached there we found a fete in progress. After the company had dined, the Bohemian atmosphere of the music and dancing in the adjoining room was too much for us, so we decided to join in the revelry.

"Up to this period the local band had been supplying the music. Then someone asked if I could play, and I took up a fiddle, which, by-the-bye, was not exactly a Strad. I commenced to play one piece after another for hours, and it was one o'clock a.m. before the Italians would let me go, and only then on the promise that I would play again the following day.

Mountains and Music.

"THE next morning, I was so keen on climbing the mountains at the back of our hotel, that the promise I had made entirely slipped my memory. On my return, greatly to my astonishment, I found a crowd of people waiting at the hotel. After a hurried meal I again played for the Italians, and afterwards they tried to drown me in champagne!"

Big Game Hunting.

IN "Bars of Iron" there is a very beautiful hunting scene, in which Roland Myles plays a strong lead.

"I am very fond of hunting," he confessed; "in fact, I am fond of all sport, and I've had a good deal of big game hunting in Africa. I had some exciting moments in the boxing scene in 'Bars of Iron,'" he told me. "I was boxing with Leopold McLaglen, who took the part of Avery's husband. He is a very big, fine man,

"Bars of Iron" is a Splendid Photo-play, and a credit to the British Film Industry.



ROLAND MYLES and MADGE WHITE in a s
is one of Stoll's Eminent British Authors' S
of Eric Denys. In the two photographs abo
in two other sc

PICTURE SHOW CALENDAR for 1921



Alma Taylor.
Birthday, January 3rd.

JANUARY

S		2	9	16	23	30
M		3	10	17	24	31
Tu		4	11	18	25	
W		5	12	19	26	
Th		6	13	20	27	
F		7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29	



Geraldine Farrar.
Birthday, February 23rd.

FEBRUARY

S			6	13	20	27
M			7	14	21	28
Tu	1		8	15	22	
W	2		9	16	23	
Th	3		10	17	24	
F	4		11	18	25	
S	5		12	19	26	



Pearl White.
Birthday, March 4th.

MARCH

S			6	13	20	27
M			7	14	21	**28**
Tu	1		8	15	22	29
W	2		9	16	23	30
Th	3		10	17	24	31
F	4		11	18	**25**	
S	5		12	19	26	



Mary Pickford.
Birthday, April 8th.

APRIL

S			3	10	17	24
M			4	11	18	25
Tu			5	12	19	26
W			6	13	20	27
Th			7	14	21	28
F	1		8	15	22	29
S	2		9	16	23	30



Norma Talmadge.
Birthday, May 2nd.

MAY

S		1	8	15	22	29
M		2	9	**16**	23	30
Tu		3	10	17	24	31
W		4	11	18	25	
Th		5	12	19	26	
F		6	13	20	27	
S		7	14	21	28	



Queenie Thomas.
Birthday, June 18th.

JUNE

S			5	12	19	26
M			6	13	20	27
Tu			7	14	21	28
W	1		8	15	22	29
Th	2		9	16	23	30
F	3		10	17	24	
S	4		11	18	25	



Madge Evans.
Birthday, July 1st.

JULY

S			3	10	17	24	31
M			4	11	18	25	
Tu			5	12	19	26	
W			6	13	20	27	
Th			7	14	21	28	
F	1		8	15	22	29	
S	2		9	16	23	30	



Pauline Frederick.
Birthday, August 12th.

AUGUST

S			7	14	21	28
M	**1**		8	15	22	29
Tu	2		9	16	23	30
W	3		10	17	24	31
Th	4		11	18	25	
F	5		12	19	26	
S	6		13	20	27	



Dorothy Dalton.
Birthday, September 22nd.

SEPTEMBER

S			4	11	18	25
M			5	12	19	26
Tu			6	13	20	27
W			7	14	21	28
Th	1		8	15	22	29
F	2		9	16	23	30
S	3		10	17	24	



Lillian Gish.
Birthday, October 14th.

OCTOBER

S		2	9	16	23	30
M		3	10	17	24	31
Tu		4	11	18	25	
W		5	12	19	26	
Th		6	13	20	27	
F		7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29	



Mae Marsh.
Birthday, November 9th.

NOVEMBER

S			6	13	20	27
M			7	14	21	28
Tu	1		8	15	22	29
W	2		9	16	23	30
Th	3		10	17	24	
F	4		11	18	25	
S	5		12	19	26	



Violet Hopson.
Birthday, December 16th.

DECEMBER

S			4	11	18	25
M			5	12	19	**26**
Tu			6	13	20	27
W			7	14	21	28
Th	1		8	15	22	29
F	2		9	16	23	30
S	3		10	17	24	31





PALS. JEAN PAIGE and "Black Beauty."

(Vitagraph.)

Ready for the Revel

Now is the time for dances and revelry. Here are some stars off to welcome the New Year in.



ALICE LAKE ready for a restaurant dance.



MILDRED JUNE as "Spring." (Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies.)





CARMEL MYERS as a "Cloud."

MARION DAVIES, a dainty "Pierrette." (Famous-Lasky.)

MADAME DORALDINA in her famous "Pearl" frock.

...bout British Players

...UDIOS. AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.



ROLAND MYLES as Piers Evesham, and CAPT LEOPOLD as Eric Denys in "Bars of Iron"—Stoll's film version of Ethel M. Dell's novel.



...g scene in this splendid photo-play, which ...Miss White takes the part of Avery, wife ...nd Myles and Madge White can be seen ...n this film.

and is supposed to throw his full weight of seven teen stone upon me. I was prepared to run back, and when I was balancing I warned him not to push, as there were horses behind me. However, accidentally McLaglen gave me a terrific push, I lost my balance, and instead of missing the horse, as I fell, I went straight between his hoofs. It was sheer luck the horses didn't trample upon me."

"The Fox and the Hut."

MISS MADGE WHITE was taking part in a magnificent and realistic ball-room scene, with a big band and all the setting of the real thing at Stoll's Studios, Surbiton, when I saw her the other afternoon.

"I loved all the outdoor scenes of 'Bars of Iron,'" she confided to me. "I faced the camera for the first time in that play, and I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of my work. In one scene where, as Avery, I try to keep the fox away from the hounds. A fox had been kept in the hut, with some one to look after it, until it became accustomed to its surroundings. Before the incident was filmed, the fox was taken out on a cord, for a run. It was necessary for the success of this particular incident, that the fox should run straight into the hut, when the hounds were supposed to be in 'full cry.'

"At the critical moment, before filming, the fox was released from the cord, and to our great joy, instead of making for open country, he came straight into the hut, which was exactly what we wanted him to do."

Divinely Fair and Versatile.

MISS MADGE WHITE is wonderfully fair and versatile, and amongst many varied parts she has played in musical productions are "Bric a Brac," and "Oh, Joy!" and she has also made a name in pantomime.

"I like film work enormously," she said. "Of course, one misses one's audience, but one cannot, on the other hand, say one likes the stage better than the screen, they are both so fascinating; one likes each for each!

"This Christmas," she added, "I am playing principal boy to Gabrielle Ray's principal girl, in 'Mother Goose,' at the Royal Theatre, Manchester. One gets very enthusiastic audiences in the North. I am looking forward to it tremendously."



MAJOR ERIC LANKESTER.

'Varsity Trial Eights.

MAJOR ERIC LANKESTER is one of the latest recruits to the film world. "I am extremely fond of screen work," he confessed not long ago, "and I am also very fond of old furniture," and he pointed to some exquisite specimens in his room. He was surrounded by all kinds of trophies, cups for rowing, and cups won for regimental shooting. Major Lankester may easily be summed up as a real sportsman.

"At Cambridge," said he, "I used to row a great deal. I rowed in the 'Varsity Trial Eights, and I've travelled in the West Indies, in America, in the Canary Islands, and in Spain. As I am a very keen fisherman, I found Norway particularly attractive. And, of course, I've ridden all my life."

Mind Over Matter.

MAJOR LANKESTER served in the Honourable Artillery Company during the war, and he went to the front in the September of 1914. He was in the firing line for eight months. He was severely wounded during one of the very dark days of the war, and after fifteen or sixteen hours he was carried to the base hospital. Then he discovered that it had been decided that his arm was to be amputated. But Major Lankester would not hear of it—and fortunately for himself, his strength of mind was a triumph over matter, for his wounds healed. He was mentioned in despatches for his gallantry while serving at the front several times.

Patches of Emotion.

MAJOR LANKESTER took up screen work last June, and his first leading part was that of Sir Beverley Evesham in "Bars of Iron." Previous to this he had done a certain amount of work in amateur theatricals. "A friend said to me one day, 'You show your feelings too clearly on your face, patches of pleasure, and of ill humour!'

"This gave me an idea," Major Lankester laughed. "I thought of the screen, and now it has completely enthralled me."



OLGA CONWAY.

Grand Opera.

"I SPENT two years and a half in Germany," said Miss Olga Conway when I saw her not long ago, "and I only reached England two days before the outbreak of war. I am passionately fond of music," she added. "I used to play the violin, but I gave it up for singing. Unless one plays the violin perfectly, it is best to leave it alone."

Miss Olga Conway has a contralto voice; she was with Sir Thomas Beecham in light opera and grand opera. She played in "Madame Angot," at Drury Lane. And when she is not singing, she does film work. She played in "Chances of Life," "Unmarried," and "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," and Ina Rose in "Bars of Iron."

Stoll's Famous Producer.

MR. F. MARTIN THORNTON, the famous producer, who is now responsible for many of Stoll's great successes, is an enthusiast over his work. "As far as the actual art of the screen is concerned," he told me, "I believe that the most convincing form of screen portrayal comes from the person who cannot help being natural, and who responds to the directions of the producer, and simply lives the episode he portrays.

"As a producer, I find some people are more responsive than others in their ability to do this. When casting for the production, I endeavour as far as possible to secure a prototype of the character in the story from actual life, so that all that is required for the delineation of the character is his own personality, providing physically he looks what he ought to be on the screen.

"In this way," Mr. Thornton continued, "I find we get realism, if actual life is constructed, and the natural mannerisms of the person so cast. Very often the artiste has had no stage experience, and possibly little screen experience, so he completely follows the instructions of the producer, and responds to his ability, to grasp the realism of the atmosphere of the film.



F. MARTIN THORNTON.

"Bars of Iron."

AN Ethel M. Dell story in Stoll's Eminent British Authors' Series, produced under the sole production of F. Martin Thornton.

The production is a triumph for the producer. The setting of the scenes are exquisitely beautiful, typical of English hunting life, which must make a strong appeal to everyone; and especially to exiles from the old Country all over the world.

EDITH NEPEAN.

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO THOUGHT HE HAD NOTHING TO LIVE FOR. *(Special to the "Picture Show.")*

"THE BLACK GATE"

SHORTLY after eleven o'clock on a night in July the guests in the First Avenue Hotel, one of the smartest of Bohemian resorts in New York, were startled by the sound of a revolver shot.

Guided by the report, the manager went into a small private dining-room. Through a veil of acrid smoke, grim indicator of tragedy, the manager saw a girl shrinking against the wall. Her fear-stricken eyes were fixed on something that lay huddled up on the carpet. It was the body of a man. The manager recognised in the sin-lined face and the gross, over-fed body, Allan Bowen, famous theatrical manager and roue. In that swift second when he bent over the body, the manager knew that Allan Bowen would sin no more.

The manager's lips were just framing a question, when a tall, soldierly built man pushed through the crowd that had followed the manager.

"My name is Nick Norton. I'm a detective from the Central Office. Guess this is my show."

He gave a swift glance at the dead man, and then turned to the girl.

"Now then, young woman! Name first, and then tell me all about it."

The quick, brutal order brought the girl out of her trance of fear.

"My name is Vera Hampton. I dined here to-night with—him."

The girl shuddered as she looked at the body, and then went on.

"Mr. Bowen asked me to meet him, because he said he could get me an engagement on the stage. I had played as an amateur. After dinner he tried, to insult me. I was struggling with him when I heard a shot. He fell down. That's all I know."

"This gun here?"

The detective pointed to a revolver lying by the side of the dead man.

Before the girl could reply, a young man with a handsome face was thrust into the room. He was very excited, and his handsome but weak face was flushed with drink.

"It's Wade de Forrest, Mr. Norton," said one of the waiters, who had hold of the young man's coat. "We found him sneaking out of the hotel."

The detective turned swiftly to the girl.

"Do you know this man?"

"Yes. Mr. de Forrest asked me to marry him."

The detective smiled.

"I see," he said. "Naturally Mr. de Forrest wouldn't like the idea of you dining in a private room with a man with Bowen's reputation."

He wheeled like a flash and faced Wade de Forrest.

"Come, out with it! This gun? This man? What do you know about this?"

"I never saw that gun in my life before. You're trying to put it on me! I know you are! But you can't prove it! You can't prove it!"

The voice of de Forrest rose in a scream of protest.

"Oh, Wade! How could you?"

It was Vera Hampton who spoke, and Norton looked from the girl to the young man with a smile of triumph.

"I guess you two have fixed up the easiest case I ever handled," he said. "It's you for headquarters, Mr. de Forrest. And if you'll take a tip from me I should go quietly. If you attempt to pull any rough stuff on the way, you'll be sorry. I'm thinking it will take more than the Mrs. de Forrest's millions to get you clear of this."

While Wade de Forrest, spoilt darling of a mother who had many millions more than she knew what to do with, was sitting in a cell at police headquarters, and Vera Hampton was regretting for the thousandth time the impulse that had made her consent to dine alone with Bowen, a young man, named Shaler Spencer, was sitting in the library of a Fifth Avenue mansion, reading the newspaper account of the case.

A year ago Shaler Spencer had been one of the cleverest lawyers in New York, and a leading figure in society. He had been practically engaged to Vera Hampton, but one day, after a little lovers' quarrel, she had gone off in Wade de Forrest's car.

Both Vera and Shaler were rather stubborn, and neither would make the first overture for peace.

Vera consoled herself with Wade de Forrest, and Shaler sought forgetfulness in the excitement of speculation.

The result was that he lost not only his own fortune but that of his younger brother Rodney.

Shaler Spencer had just spent a very uncomfortable half-hour. Rodney, just of age, had come to ask him for his money in order that he might go into business, and the elder brother had been forced to tell him he had lost it speculating in what he had honestly believed to be gilt-edged securities.

He had promised Rodney he would get him his money some way, and this was the problem that was now confronting him.

Suddenly he rose and went to his writing-table.

"Dear Mrs. de Forrest,—I can save your son from going to the electric chair for the murder of Allan Bowen. Are you sufficiently interested to call on me to-morrow morning? Yours faithfully,

"SHALER SPENCER."



EARLE WILLIAMS as Shaler and RUTH CLIFFORD as Vera. [*Vitagraph.*

"I think that will solve the problem," said Spencer to himself, as he read the letter, addressed the envelope, and ringing for his butler, told him to send it by registered post.

The Way Out.

MRS. DE FORREST came soon after breakfast the next morning. She was a pretty but shallow brained woman, who had indulged her son, Wade, till he had become one of the weakest of the many weak fools who like to be known as men about town.

"Do you mean this, Mr. Spencer, or are you really trying to get hold of a client?" she said, holding out the letter the lawyer had written her.

"I mean every word of it," said Shaler Spencer, quietly. "I can save your son by going to the electric chair in his place. I make one condition, and that is you pay my brother Rodney the sum of one hundred thousand dollars on the day of my execution."

Mrs. de Forrest started.

"I can't understand this!" she said. "Why should you make such a sacrifice for my son?"

"Because life no longer interests me," replied the lawyer, quietly. "I have but one duty to perform on this earth, and that is to my brother. When you pay him the hundred thousand dollars, I shall have discharged my last debt on earth."

Mrs. de Forrest hesitated.

Much as she idolised her son, she felt she had no right to take advantage of this strange offer.

But a momentary vision of her boy in the electric chair quickly decided her. It didn't matter who died so long as Wade was saved.

"But how do you propose to do this?" she asked.

"Very easily," said Spencer. "Send me some letters and photographs that Miss Hampton wrote to your son, and I will so alter them that they will appear to have been addressed to me. Then we shall have a motive for the crime. It will seem to the jury that in a fit of jealous rage when I found that Miss Hampton was dining with Bowen, I shot him. I happened to be in the hotel on the night of the tragedy, so that will help me. The first thing that you have to do is to drop an anonymous note to Detective Norton, hinting that I am the guilty man. He will call on me, and I will see that he gets enough evidence to get me convicted."

Mrs. de Forrest hesitated no longer.

"I'll do it!" she said. "And I will pay to your brother the amount you ask on the day——" She could not finish the sentence.

"On the day I pass through the Black Gate," said Shaler Spencer calmly.

Detective Norton called on Shaler Spencer the following afternoon.

The lawyer acted the part he had set himself to play very cleverly.

He expressed a mild surprise at the visit, and hurriedly thrust some papers into a drawer of his desk as the detective entered the room.

"I'm making inquiries about the Bowen murder," said Norton. "You were in the restaurant on the night of the crime, I understand?"

"Yes; but I suppose I was one of many hundreds," said Spencer. "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing in particular, Mr. Spencer," said the detective. "You know it is our duty to get as many statements as possible. Do you mind if I take a few notes?"

He placed his hand to his breast-pocket, and then made an exclamation of annoyance.

"I must have left my book at the office," he said. "Do you mind letting me have a few sheets of note-paper?"

"Help yourself. There's plenty in the desk," replied Spencer sullenly.

He smiled inwardly as Norton went to the drawer in which he had so hurriedly thrust the papers. His stratagem had worked.

"Hullo, Mr. Spencer! These letters and photographs are very interesting," said Norton. "I must have a chat with you about these."

Shaler Spencer made no reply.

It was his game to act the part of a man who had been caught off his guard.

Norton read the letters through carefully, and then he turned to Spencer.

"You were in love with Vera Hampton," he said.

"Well, what of it?" replied Spencer.

"A lot, I'm thinking," said the detective harshly. "You were jealous of both Bowen and de Forrest. You followed them to the restaurant. You saw Bowen dining in a private room with the girl you loved. Shaler Spencer, you killed Allan Bowen!"

"You're mad, man! Wade de Forrest killed him! You know he did. You caught him red-handed!"

"I thought I had, but I know better now. Wade de Forrest meant to kill Bowen, but you beat him to it," challenged Norton.

The scene had worked out exactly as Shaler Spencer had intended it should. He hung his head as the detective fixed him with his eyes.

Then he looked up with a desperate light in his eyes.

"You've got me, Norton. I swore I'd kill any man who came between me and Vera. I killed Allan Bowen!"

As the detective took his handcuffs from his pocket, the door opened, and Spencer's butler appeared.

"Miss Hampton to see you, sir."

Shaler Spencer went over to Norton.

"Let me have two minutes talk to Vera," he whispered. "You can stay behind those curtains. I swear I won't attempt to get away!"

"Get on with it," said the detective; "but for your own sake, don't try anything. I shall have you covered all the time."

"Show Miss Hampton in," said Spencer to the butler.

As soon as Vera Hampton entered the room she rushed straight up to Shaler Spencer.

"Shaler, I've come back to you!" she cried. "This trouble has opened my eyes. It was you I loved all the time. I was mad to listen to Wade de Forrest, and worse than mad to consent to dine with Bowen. My ambition to get on the stage made a tool of me. Can you forgive me, Shaler?"

Shaler Spencer tried to speak, but all he could do was to take the girl in his arms.

If Vera had only come an hour earlier. He had deliberately sacrificed his life because he believed Vera no longer loved him, and he saw a way to repay his brother by taking Mrs. de Forrest's money as payment for saving the life of her son. But now Vera loved him he had something to live for.

While he was framing his lips to tell Vera, Norton stepped in.

"You're just too late with that stuff, Miss Hampton," said the detective. "Mr. Spencer has confessed to murdering Allan Bowen."

"But it was a lie!" shouted Spencer. "I thought at the time I had no reason to live, and I did it for a price. It's not true, Norton. I did not kill Allan Bowen."

"Mrs. de Forrest!"

Shaler Spencer's butler appeared in the doorway.

"Show Mrs. de Forrest in," said Spencer.

As the butler left the room the lawyer turned to Norton.

"You take Miss Hampton and hide behind the curtain. I'll prove to you that my confession was made to get a certain amount of money from Mrs. de Forrest. I will prove by her words that I did not kill Allan Bowen."

As Mrs. de Forrest came in the room she opened her bag.

"I have brought the money with me," she said in a whisper. "I want you to have it before you confess."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. de Forrest. I can't take it now. Vera has come back to me, and I want to live. I can't make any confession now."

Everything would have gone well with Shaler Spencer had Mrs. de Forrest spoken aloud as she entered the room; but Norton, not hearing what she said, and fearing that the two were playing a trick on him, now rushed in.

As soon as she saw the detective Mrs. de Forrest realised that it was her son's life against that of Shaler Spencer

(Continued on page 18.)

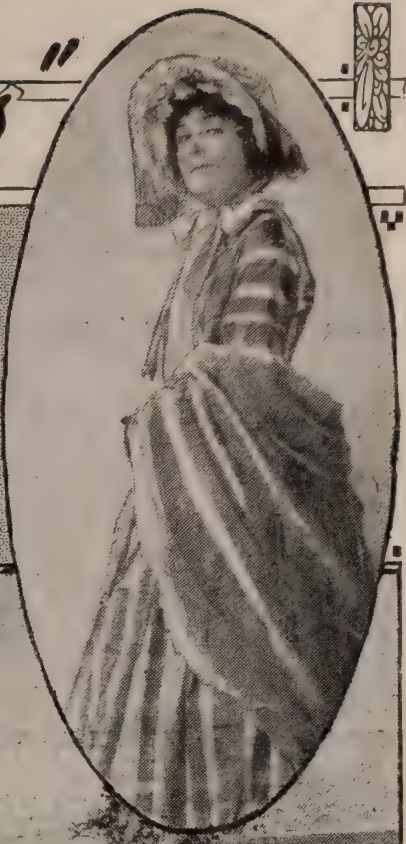
"Bunty Pulls the Strings"



FOR the film, "Bunty Pulls The Strings," a little Scotch village was built up by the Goldwyn Film Company.

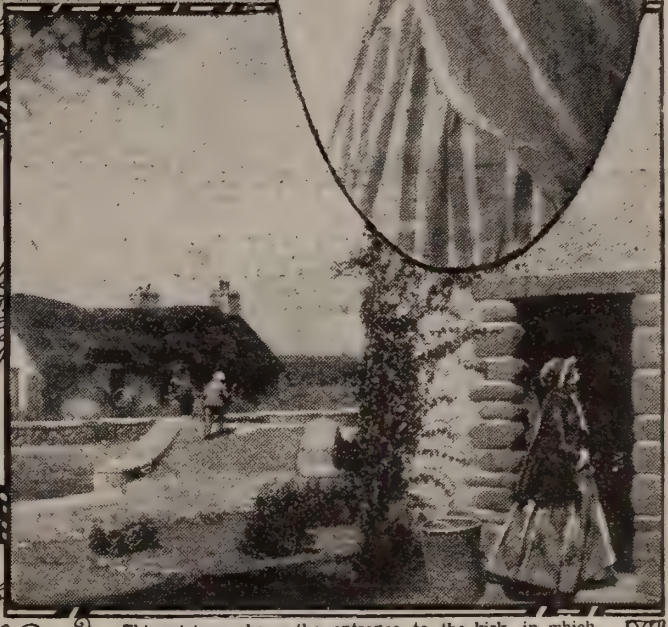
When Mr. Gibbons, the art director, found that it would cost many thousands to erect this little village, it was decided to lease the land, and preserve the set for future use. Consequently the village is very real. There is a Bobbie Burns tavern, a "kirk," cottages with bright front gardens, while over a stream there is a pretty little stone bridge, and across this the Scotch shepherd and his faithful collie guide the flock. The thatch on the cottages is eighteen inches, as in Scotland, and the plants were not transplanted for a day or two, but to grow and bloom again.

This is one of the most remarkable film-sets ever produced, and it only took just over fifteen days to complete.





The little stone bridge which was erected in the village. Above, LEATRICE JOY as "Bunty" in the Goldwyn picture, "Bunty Pulls The Strings."



This picture shows the entrance to the kirk, in which one of the big scenes takes place. Above can be seen a portrait of EDYTHE CHAPMAN as Ellen Dunlap.



A charming rural scene of life in a Scotch village. Everything was planned by Mr. Gibbons, the art director, but the majority of the workmen were Scotch.



This picture is further proof of the wonderful achievement of the Goldwyn Film Company. Who would believe that the old water-wheel had not been turning for hundreds of years?



Don't tolerate this



Not a thorough Cure



Neither is this



Telling the Secret



Result of Application

Why allow Superfluous Hair to disfigure Your Looks?

There's no need—Send TO-DAY for the Secret of the Painless, Permanent Antidote—it's FREE!

ARE you among the unfortunate women suffering from that distressing disfigurement—SUPERFLUOUS HAIR? If so, 'tis good news for you that you can rid yourself of those hideous blemishes forthwith—without the aid of the Electric Needle—without pain—without difficulty—and the cure will be permanent.

The method of treatment—hitherto a well-guarded Hindoo religious secret—was introduced into this country by the widow of a British Officer. This lady was a victim of the hideous growths—she was sensitive—she was ashamed to appear in public. Consequently everything was tried to cure the affliction—but everything failed. Then, by happy chance, fate brought the remedy. Her gallant husband—a surgeon as well as a soldier—saved the life of a Hindoo soldier, who, in gratitude, imparted the closely guarded religious secret. He told HOW Hindoo women free themselves from superfluous hair, their religion forbidding them to grow hair on any part of the body except the head. The officer naturally gave his wife the formula. She tried the remedy, and its success was immediate. In a matter of a day or two the treatment had done its work. All traces of superfluous hair were removed, and have never shown signs of returning. Thus, the affliction endured from youth to middle-age, was removed quickly—completely—permanently.

The lady's name is Mrs. Frederica Hudson, and she will be pleased to convey to you her secret. She suffered for twenty years before the discovery, and desires that all those afflicted should be able to take advantage of her knowledge.

So write to-day. Don't waste your money on any other so-called remedies. Send the coupon below, or a copy of it, giving your name and address, and stating whether Mrs. or Miss. Enclose three penny stamps for postage. Then all instructions will be sent you, and you need never have a trace of superfluous hair again.

FREE COUPON—for immediate use only. To MRS. HUDSON. Please send me free your full information and confidential instructions to banish superfluous hair. I enclose three penny stamps.

Address: FREDERICA HUDSON, Apt. V.4, No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTE: *Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in society, and is the widow of a Prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with perfect confidence.*

Government "Surplus"

500	Turkish Bath Towels, extra large	6/-
300	Turkish Roller Towels, 3 yds.	6/6
700	Honeycomb Towels	2/3
750	Turkish Towels	1/3
200	" " extra large	2/-
650	Damask Supper Cloths	4/6
900	Heavy Padded Cot Quilts, charming designs	8/6
600	Hospital Bed Ticks	8/-
1,000	Bolster Cases	2/-
12,000	Pairs Magnificent Woollen Army Blankets, full double-bed size, each pair weighs 8–9 lbs. per pair 25/-, two pairs	45/-
600	Pairs Twill Sheets, full size per pair	19/6
350	Ladies' Waterproof Coats in stylish fawn. Made from finest quality Government fabric and lined pure rubber. Guaranteed thoroughly waterproof. Worth 4 guineas	37/6
600	Ladies' Fashionable Grey Donegal tweed skirts	8/11
570	Ladies' Long Overall Coats, blue collar and cuffs	6/6
700	Ladies' Waterproof Caps	1/6
300	Ladies' Black Waterproof Skirts	10/-
800	Solid Deal Tables on removable iron trestles, strengthened with iron-bound ends and steel bolts, 6 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in. Free on rail	25/-

Sold singly or in bulk. Special quotations to wholesale buyers. Cash with order.

Hundreds of other bargains. Send for list.

CURRIE'S STORES (Room F.13), 29, Downing Street, MANCHESTER.

WHEN communicating with Advertisers, please mention the "PICTURE SHOW."

"THE BLACK GATE."

(*Continued from page 16.*)

"I was just telling Mrs. de Forrest that I can't stand to my bargain now, Norton," said Shaler. "It was for money that I consented to save her son, but I can't do it now. I've got to go back on my bargain."

"I deny that there was any bargain," said Mrs. de Forrest quickly. "Mr. Spencer confessed to me that he murdered Allan Bowen. Merely because that confession would save the life of my son, I agreed to pay his debts. It was a voluntary act, and there was no bargain."

Shaler Spencer saw how the entrance of Norton had turned the tables against him. His lawyer's training told him that he could not now satisfy the jury that his confession was a bogus one. He had sentenced himself to death, and the only thing that remained for him was to get the money from Mrs. de Forrest that would enable him to pay his debt to his brother Rodney.

"Very well. Take me away, Norton," he said. "I killed Allan Bowen."

. . . . . .

Having burned his boats for the last time Shaler Spencer made no further attempt to save his life.

He entered no defence to the charge of murder, and without retiring the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree.

But despite his confessions there were two people who believed in the innocence of Shaler Spencer.

They were Vera Hampton and his brother Rodney.

Vera obtained permission to visit Shaler in the condemned cell, and pleaded with him till he told her the truth.

"I did intend to kill Allan Bowen, Vera," he said, "but I swear it was not my shot that did it. I fired, but as I did so he moved, and I knew I had missed him. I then dropped the pistol through the curtain and hurried away. What I can't understand is that there was only one shot heard. I myself did not hear another. But despite this I swear to you I did not kill Allan Bowen. There is no chance of saving my life now, but I should like you to know that I am innocent. It has only been since I was condemned that I felt absolutely certain that my shot did not hit Bowen. But it is quite hopeless now to attempt to prove my innocence. You see, I should have to admit that I fired at Allan Bowen, and at first I believed I had killed him. And the great fact against me is that only one shot was heard."

"Nothing is hopeless, darling," said Vera. "I will bring you all the newspaper reports of the case and then perhaps you will be able to find something that will enable you to prove your innocence. What I can't understand is how you were not certain at first whether your shot had struck Bowen or whether you had missed."

"Let me try to explain it more clearly to you," said Spencer. "As I fired I was certain I had missed him, but when I rushed up to the room and saw him lying dead I had to change my opinion, for you must remember that I was positive about one thing—that there was only one report. Then I was forced to the conclusion that I had killed him. I knew that they could never bring the crime home to me, and because I hated both Bowen and De Forrest for coming between us, I had no concern about the one being shot and the other going to the electric chair. You must understand I was in a very bitter mood. I had lost you, as I thought, and I had nothing left to live for. Then when I began to think things over I thought it would be a good way out of the tangle to confess to the murder. But I was determined that Wade de Forrest should not escape without paying a price. I bargained with his mother for a sum of money that would enable me to pay my brother Rodney what I owed him. To me that seemed the easy way out. I did not regret Bowen's death—I don't now. He was a beast, a vampire, who was better dead. I was prepared to pay the penalty of the crime. Wade de Forrest would be released, and the money I had earned by my confession would give my brother a fresh start in life. I was quite reconciled to everything. Then you came. I then made up my mind that I had something to live for. I intended that Norton should hear her admit that I had made a bargain with her to confess for money, but before I could get her to speak Norton came in the room. I then saw I was going to lose all. I had made a bid for life and you and failed. And you must understand that it was only after I was sentenced that I came to the absolute conclusion that my bullet did not strike Bowen. In the long hours I have been sitting in the condemned cell many things have come clear to me which before were all dazed."

Vera put her arms round her lover's neck.

"Everything looks dark, Shaler," she said, "but something in my heart tells me we shall yet be able to prove your innocence. Only promise me that when I bring you the papers you will work to save your own life as you worked in the old days to save the lives of others."

The warder came to the door of the cell to indicate that the interview was ended.

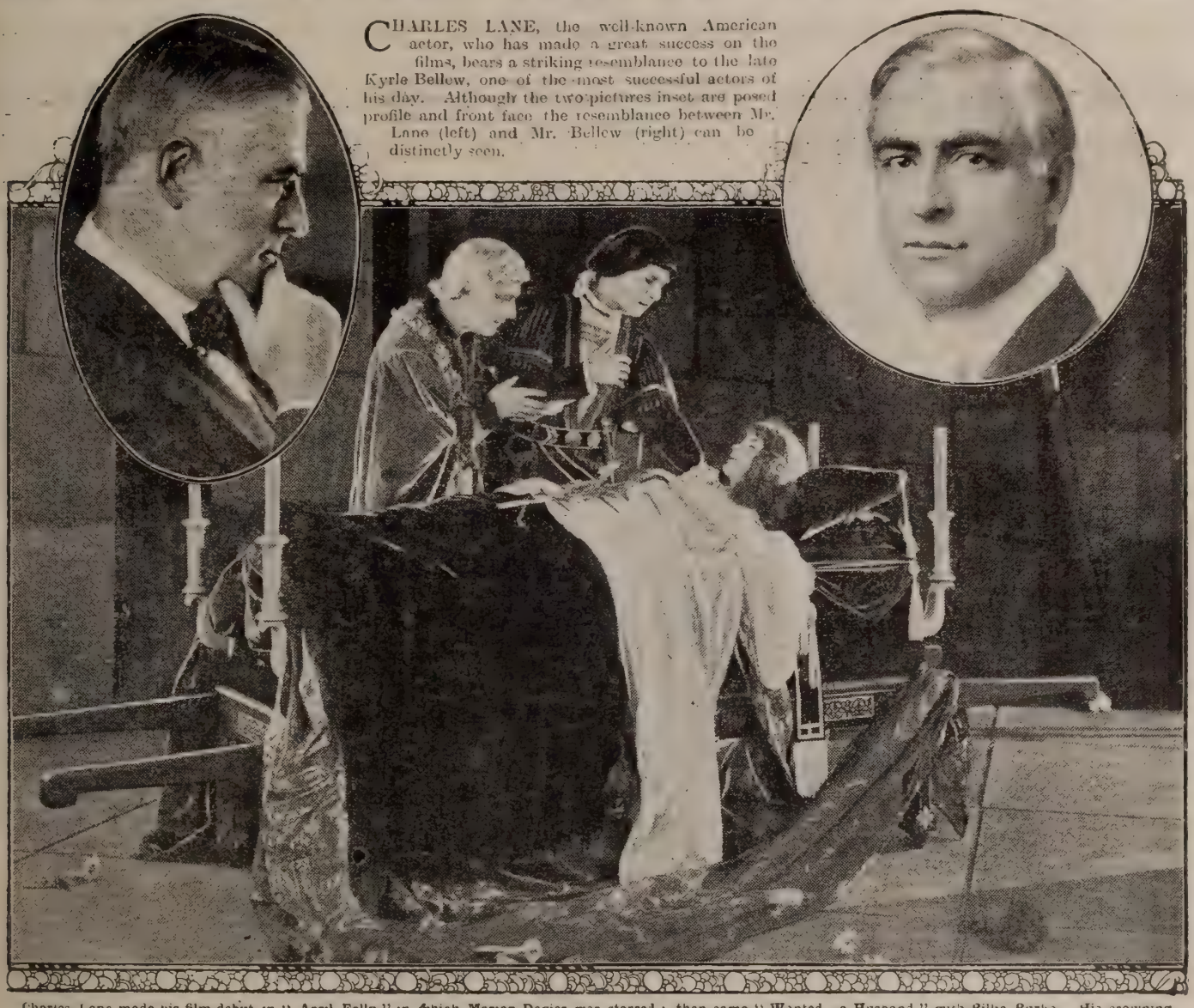
With another fond embrace the lovers parted.

(*Continued on page 19.*)

A LINK WITH THE PAST.

Striking Resemblance of Charles Lane to the late Kyrle Bellew.

CHARLES LANE, the well-known American actor, who has made a great success on the films, bears a striking resemblance to the late Kyrle Bellew, one of the most successful actors of his day. Although the two pictures inset are posed profile and front face the resemblance between Mr. Lane (left) and Mr. Bellew (right) can be distinctly seen.



Charles Lane made his film debut in "April Folly," in which Marion Davies was starred; then came "Wanted—a Husband," with Billie Burke. His crowning performance was as Dr. Lanyon in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Above, Charles Lane can be seen with Percy Marmont and Billie Burke in a mediæval scene.

"THE BLACK GATE." (*Continued from page 18.*)

The Clue.

THE following day Vera Hampton brought all the papers containing reports of the crime, the inquest, and the trial, to Shaler Spencer. With the instinct to live burning within him, Spencer went through the reports with the greatest care.

One paragraph made him start to his feet and pace the condemned cell with feverish haste. It read: "The bullet taken from the body of Allan Bowen was filed with the property clerk at police headquarters to-day. In entering the body it flattened against a bone. It is a mere shapeless mass of lead."

"Shapeless mass of lead," repeated Shaler Spencer. "I may yet escape passing through the Black Gate."

He rang the electric bell in his cell, and asked the warder to send at once for Vera Hampton and his brother Rodney.

When they arrived he showed them the paragraph.

"In this paragraph lies my last hope," he said. "The bullets in my revolver were nickel-coated. They could not have flattened. They would go through bone without injuring the nickel jacket, yet this paragraph says that the bullet that killed Allan Bowen was a soft leaden one. You, Rodney, go to the private dining-room at the restaurant. My bullet must be somewhere in the wall. If you can find it in the wall it will be proof positive that it could not have entered Bowen's body. You will remember that there was only one cartridge discharged in my revolver."

Within an hour Rodney was back with the bullet, which, in the presence of the manager, he had found in the wall of the restaurant.

At Spencer's request, Norton was sent for, and the new facts put before him.

"I agree, Mr. Spencer, that this looks like clearing you. What do you suggest?"

"Send for Wade de Forrest and let me question him. In face of this evidence he must confess that he shot Allan Bowen."

It was a dramatic scene in the condemned cell when the two men who had been charged with the same murder met.

"What do you want with me?" said De Forrest. His face was ghastly pale, and heavy beads of sweat stood on his brow.

"I want you to tell the truth about Allan Bowen's death," said Shaler Spencer. "My bullet has been found in the wall of the dining-room. Therefore, I could not have killed Allan Bowen. What do you know about his death? Look, there is the Black Gate! Would you let an innocent man pass through that gate to the electric chair? Speak the truth. You killed Allan Bowen!"

Wade de Forrest covered his face to shut out the sight of the Black Gate as he gave a scream of terror.

"Yes, I killed him. It was my shot. I saw him fall. I had a silencer on my pistol, that was why nobody heard a second shot. I hid the pistol in an ornament on the stairs behind a bronze figure."

He reeled and would have fallen had not Norton caught him.

Shaler Spencer took Vera in his arms.

"I have passed through the shadow of the Black Gate, darling. Your love that saved me from the electric chair will help me to get back all I have lost."

(*Adapted from incidents in the Vitagraph photo-play, featuring* EARLE WILLIAMS *as Shaler, and* RUTH CLIFFORD *as Vera, by permission.*)

A Happy and Prosperous New Year is the "Picture Show's" Wish to You.

A FILM CHAT WITH MARY RORKE.

A Criticism of the Close-Up So Beloved by Some Producers.



MARY RORKE.

A FEW days before I wrote this article I read some press opinions of the George Clark production, "Testimony," a film version of the novel by the late Claude and Alice Askew. Apart from the very favourable reception accorded the film, what impressed me most about these criticisms was the manner in which one performance in particular came in for universal commendation—that of Miss Mary Rorke. One paper characterised Miss Rorke's portrayal as "a performance unequalled on the British screen." Another remarked: "Mary Rorke is simply great as the mother—to my mind, the best performance in the play." Others referred to her "tremendous power of facial expression," and her "very finished and natural portrayal." And so on.

The upshot of all this was that I went in search of Miss Rorke.

A Gracious Figure.

I FOUND her in her dressing-room at the Royalty Theatre, a gracious and dignified figure in black silk and old lace, a mantilla crowning her silver hair and forming a fitting background to a face both beautiful and wise, whose only lines were those of kindliness, and from whose eyes both love and gentle humour peeped out.

Miss Rorke gave me a welcome which made me feel at home immediately, and then, sitting very upright in her chair, her hands folded simply before her, she began to talk about her film work, although, she explained apologetically, she really hadn't done very much.

She has, however, done considerably more than a number of legitimate players, and here, just to jog your memories, are a few of the pictures in which she has appeared:

"Caste," with Sir John Hare; "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," with the late Sir George Alexander. Two or three Hepworth films, prominent among which were "Comin' Thro' the Rye," the picture Queen Alexandra loved, and "Merely Mrs. Stubbs," in which Miss Rorke gave her famous portrayal of the blind mother. Several Samuelson films, including "Tinker, Tailor," "The Bridal Chair," and "The Right Element." And now the Clark production, "Testimony."

The Genius of the Producer.

I VENTURED to congratulate Miss Rorke upon her latest, and perhaps, greatest success.

She smiled. Then with a little wave of her hand, as if dismissing her contribution to the film, she said:

"So much depends on the producer—the *right* producer—and I was greatly helped in this case by Mr. Guy Newall. Certainly the manner in which he has produced the whole film is extremely clever. He is indefatigable in his efforts to get just the right effects, and on more than one occasion I have seen the perspiration pouring off his face as he put the whole force of his energy and personality into the rehearsal of some difficult bit of 'business.'"

A Terrific Strain.

MISS RORKE went on to say what a terrific strain her performance had imposed upon her.

"There is something really terrible about film acting in this respect," she remarked. "For the screen, mental process must be registered in the face far more acutely than on the stage, and the strain of conjuring up in one's mind some very moving—even terrible—vision, and then expressing the emotion it evokes in one's face, is so severe that I cannot adequately describe it.

"Perhaps," went on Miss Rorke in lighter tones, "that is why I have a preference for comedy roles, such as I have had in several films—the strain is not nearly so great as in dramatic work. And then comedy always seems to me so admirably suited to the screen, for even the slightest, most delicate touch, registers perfectly."

Criticism of the Close-Up.

THE close-up, so beloved of some producers, has a critic to be reckoned with in Miss Rorke, whose chief grudge against it is that it so often imparts an air of unreality to an otherwise convincing performance.

"Whenever a close-up exaggerates people or things out of all proportion to life, nature at once ceases to be, and one is immediately taken into a world of unreality. The whole thing becomes a mere trick. I think it is a great pity."

The actress also regrets that so many producers neglect to run off, for the benefit of their artistes, portions of the film still in course of production, a practice that would enable the players to rectify any little errors while re-takes were still possible.

"I worked with one producer—Mr. Paul, who directed 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray'—who had this admirable habit, and found it a tremendous help," said Miss Rorke. "I remember one thing it taught me—to use yellow powder instead of the grease-paint I had employed earlier in the picture."

The Atmosphere of the Studio.

MISS RORKE has high praise for the atmosphere of the film studio, which she characterises as both "kindly and nice," and altogether more Bohemian than that of the theatre. At least, the theatre of to-day. "It reminds me of what the theatre was like in my young days," she remarked with a smile.

She does consider, however, that the hours of the film artiste, and the conditions under which he works, might with advantage be improved.

In conclusion, she made a significant remark: "The cinema is a serious rival to the theatre."

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

"THE HORROR LADY."

RHEA MITCHELL says it is more Difficult to Look Horrible Than Pretty.







WITH few exceptions the aim of every woman who goes in for a motion picture career is to look as beautiful as possible on the screen.

One exception is Rhea Mitchell, one of filmdom's best-known character actresses, who will be seen shortly in an Allan Dwan production, "The Scoffer," presented by the Mayflower Photoplay Corporation.

It takes a lot of courage, Miss Mitchell says, to cast aside whatever charm you may have, and deliberately set out to see how horrible you can look on the screen. And she further states that it is a lot more difficult to look horrible than to look pretty.

"When Mr. Dwan first explained to me that I was to play the part of a neurotic in this picture," she said, "I must confess I was all at sea. And as he sketched in quick sentences his idea of the character, the thing loomed up as almost impossible. With his instructions I set about to conceive a study in horror that would meet with his approval."

Miss Mitchell spent a good deal of time in studying her part, and above you can see some of the expressions which she had to practise for this photo-play.

THE HOME OF NAZIMOVA

SHOWING THE EXCELLENT TASTE OF THE STAR OF A THOUSAND MOODS



Madame Nazimova, the talented film star who appears in Metro pictures, has a beautiful home in Hollywood. Through the gates we can see a delightful view of the house, with its vine-covered porch.



The grounds of Nazimova's Hollywood home are very beautiful. Here we see a shady garden nook which must be very inviting on one of California's brilliantly sunny days.



The charm of simplicity is emphasized in this picture of the entrance hall and stairway.



Just a corner of Nazimova's bedroom, but even this small space suffices to show us with what excellent taste the room is furnished.



A corner of the room in which Madame Nazimova answers her numerous letters.



A cosy den where a very pleasant evening can be spent with one's favourite authors.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Furnishing in Filmland—The Charm and Beauty of Cushions—Some Ideas For Exquisite Cushions—And How to Make Them.

"WHAT perfectly delightful cushions, my dear! I'd give anything to possess a few like them!"

I heard this remark made by a homely-looking little woman as she sat in the audience of a picture theatre the other afternoon, and she was admiring the really magnificent cushions of all shapes and sizes that were strewn over a divan in one of the big film scenes. It was not the first time that I had heard these sentiments voiced from women in a picture theatre audience, and one could not wonder at it.

Without doubt lovely soft cushions not only add to the comfort and appearance of a room, but they give it just the right touch of homeliness that is essential for the finished effect of any living apartment. And nowhere does one find greater beauty in house furnishing and finishing than on the films.

Cushions on the Pictures.

I AM sure that if picture-theatre patrons could only see some of the gorgeous cushions that are really used in film stories, they would long still more to possess them.

But really there is no reason why they should not have such lovely and elegant affairs in their home. Each and every one of these cushions can be made by the clever little home woman, and sizes and shapes are so irregular and assorted that any pieces of silken material you may happen to have by you, or any small remnants that you can pick up cheaply at sales, can be brought into play. Scraps of gold or silver lace, tissue, galon or velvet that can be foraged out of old boxes or chests can be used for their adornment.

The favourite shaped cushion of Katherine Macdonald is the gauged circular shape of soft silk. This is quite an easy affair to make, the cover being slipped over a bought stuffed cushion. The latter can be obtained very inexpensively at any big draper's.

For the making of this cushion you require a length of soft silk—in black, rose pink, or any shade you prefer. It does not matter if the silk is a thin one, for the gauging takes off the substance of the fabric. Measure a length of the silk to the size of the outer edge of the cushion, and allow half as much again. Cut a piece of muslin just a little larger than the padded cushion, and mount the silk on this. Gather the edge of silk to the outer edge of muslin, and at intervals of about four inches run other gathering threads. The better plan is to run these in small tucks, and slip a piping cord through to pull it up to the size of the foundation. Gather this up until you come to the centre where the silk should be finished off.

A Ribbon Rose Centre.

THE very newest idea to centre these cushions is to make a large rose of pieces of taffeta silk or ribbon. These must be mounted on a small piece of muslin. Each petal is about two inches by four, and doubled over to form a two inch square petal. Turn back the two corners of the folded side, and gather the lower raw edges on to the muslin. Make as many of these petals as you need to fill the circle of muslin and have formed the whole flower. Then this should be attached to the centre of the cushion.

The back consists merely of a plain piece of silk or sateen.

The cushion of crash is most serviceable of all, for one that is in everyday wear. This material is hard wearing, and its fawny brown shade does not too quickly show signs of shabbiness. Still, it is drab unless decorated in some manner.

Ordinary cretonne forms a delightful decoration for the cushion of crash. A motif should be cut out from the cretonne, and appliqued with thick silken thread on to one corner of the cushion looks effective, and is perfectly simple to do. A thick cord of brown should edge the cushion and terminate in one corner with a couple of large tassels.

Taffeta and Padded Fruits.

REALLY beautiful results can be obtained from the charming shot taffetas that are being displayed in the shops just now. There is no need for the slightest elaboration in these cushions, the material itself supplying all the adornment necessary. Carried out in either square, oblong, octagonal or circular shape, it is a good plan to fill in the sides with a ruching of the taffeta. Strips of gold or silver galon run in squares or criss-cross fashion form a simple decoration.

If you wish to expend more time on your taffeta cushion, make a large bunch of grapes out of the same material, and place in one corner of the cushion. The grapes are quite simply made out of circles of silk, padded with wadding, and gathered up to form small balls. Placed in a mass in the shape of a bunch of grapes, they could have leaves of silk or even a bought spray of leaves placed at the back of them.

Another good finish for the taffeta cushion is to make a whole strip of fruits of different shades of taffeta, and, intermingled with leaves, place them right round the edge of the finished cushion. The fruits are made in the same manner as the grapes, only they are flattened out a little instead of being made into balls. A stitch should be taken through the centre of each fruit, and finished off with a French knot.

Oranges on Black Velvet.

THE favourite cushion of one of our big film actresses is the one of black velvet. The actual cushion is the everyday square shape, the front being of velvet and the back of black satin.

Placed boldly in one corner is a design representing a futurist bunch of oranges, and the effect of the orange on the black is as startling as it is effective.

The oranges are formed out of circles of bright yellow chiffon velvet. These circles overlap just a shade, only allowing one full circle to show. They are appliqued on to the velvet with a silk of the exact same shade. To look more realistic, orange paint is carefully brought into play to give bloom to the fruit. The leaves are made in exactly the same manner, being cut from pieces of bright green velvet and appliqued with green silk.

A heavy black silk cord finishes the edge of this cushion, ending at one corner with a huge black tassel.

A DRESSER.



KATHERINE MACDONALD has exquisite taste in cushions. Here you see her with a few composed of ruched satin and taffetas.

FILMS OF THE WEEK

The "Picture Show's" Guide to Picturegoers.

"Who Killed Walton?" J. BARNEY SHERRY. (*Western Import.*)

AN exceedingly well-acted drama, in which the heroine, a young authoress, is accused of murder. The big-hearted man who loves her, played by J. Barney Sherry, sets about to solve the mystery, in the end winning his bride.

"The Shot of Mystery." RENE CRESTE. (*Gaumont.*)

PICTURESQUE romance blended with absorbing mystery. A dramatic story of revenge that keeps one spellbound to the end. An excellent French cast tell the story of a kidnapped girl, who is saved from marrying the man she loathed. Production excellent and photography particularly good.

"The Golden Shower." GLADYS LESLIE. (*Vitagraph.*)

A YOUNG college girl has a love of dancing. But it sweeps her into bad society and much intrigue. Eventually she finds her life's happiness in the glorious South. Dainty Gladys Leslie stars in an efficient cast.

"Louisiana." VIVIAN MARTIN. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

THIS is a mixture of delightful comedy and strong drama, with a vein of tragedy. The little star plays a remarkably versatile role with much skill and fascination. The supporting cast are all well-known players.

"Behind the Door." HOBART BOSWORTH. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

A POWERFUL story of the sea, with many exciting battleship and submarine scenes. Hobart Bosworth plays the role of a captain in the merchant service during the war. A stirring tale of revenge with many an original thrill in it. Jane Novak plays opposite the star.

"Sweet and Twenty." MARGUERITE BLANCHE and LANGHORNE BURTON. (*Progress.*)

A WELL-PRODUCED British photo-play, adapted from Basil Hood's stage-play. A delightful and simple story of English life, showing the power of love and the tortures of jealousy. Marguerite Blanche is a new star whom British audiences will warmly welcome.

"The Double Event." (*Astra*).

ETHEL IRVING'S well-known stage-play on the screen. A superb British production, replete with exciting racing scenes.

"The Tong Man." SESSUE HAYAKAWA. (*Jury.*)

A STRONG story founded on Clyde C. Westover's novel. A drama of Chinese life. Delightful settings.

"Pirates of the Air." St. RUSSEL J. HUNT. (Moss Empires.)

AS the title suggests, it is a story full of thrills and stunts, not the least of which is when the hero climbs out of an aeroplane and from a rope drops on a moving train.

"Heartstrings." WILLIAM FARNUM. (*Fox.*)

IN which William Farnum has the sympathetic part of a self-sacrificing brother, who lives to make his little sister happy. How he revenges a wrong and wins a wife is a typical Farnum part.

COMEDIES.

"A Bungalow Bungle." MOLLY MALONE and RAY GALLAGHER. (*Jury's.*)

SLIPPERY SAM tries to make easy money by hiring, then sub-letting a bungalow to several tenants, asking for rent in advance. How his plan works is shown in one long scream!

"Don't Worry." GEORGE DAY and HARRY DEPP. (*Strand.*)

A SURE laughter-raiser.

"Silk Stockings." Starring HARRY DEPP.

A "GAYETY" comedy, full of vim and flash.

THE "PICTURE SHOW" CRITIC.

FINDING FAULTS IN FILMS.

This competition is closed. The reason for this is that the competition is not a fair one, for thousands of readers have sent postcards which would win a prize if thousands of other readers had not duplicated their fault. For instance, over 100 readers sent the following :

" In ' Let's Get a Divorce ' there is a scene which goes back to the 13th century. Yet a knight in armour wears a luminous wrist-watch, carries an automatic pistol, and uses a fountain-pen."

A prize of 5s. cannot be divided into 100 parts, hence disappointment to 100 readers. There are still thousands and thousands of postcards to be examined, and until these are examined prizes will be awarded as promised. But no more should be sent for the competition. We are always pleased to receive notices of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition.

In " The Light," where Miss Theda Bara stars, there is a scene where the soldiers are coming home from the front. The mistake is, that the train from which they are alighting is most modern, whereas the French trains that were used for carrying troops were windowless and often doorless and broken down. The picture is supposed to be taken in France.—5s. awarded to W. E. Loundes, 104, Bolton Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

In the picture " Hide and Seek Detectives " Ben Turpin lassoes Tom Kennedy, who is in his shirt sleeves. Tom grabs up his hat and coat, and in the next scene is seen running after Ben, but the lasso is round the outside of his coat ! Again, in the same picture, Ben takes a photo with the camera held for a vertical or upright picture, but when the photo is produced in court it is a horizontal one !—5s. awarded to George Walker, 41, Killeen Road, Rathmines, Dublin, Ireland.

The fault I noticed was in the photo-play called " Marriage," featuring Louise Glaum. Her husband is sent to prison, where he is known as convict 8007. After serving one year he is shown making his escape, not in the convict's garb, but in the clothes he was wearing when arrested. I thought this a big fault, and others commented on it, too.—5s. awarded to Mrs. Cushings, 111, Knowsley Road, Magdalen Road, Norwich.

In Episode 5 of the " Lost City " the hero and heroine escape from the house of Cagga, the slave-dealer, into the jungle unarmed and unprotected, yet on arriving in the jungle and hearing the roar of a lion, Stanley Morton, the hero, calmly picks up his rifle and shoots the lion dead. How did the rifle get there ? Also, in the same picture, neither Morton nor Princess Elyata wear hats or any protection for their head whatever. Surely the heat of the African jungle would necessitate some protection from the sun. —5s. awarded to A. R. Birtwhistle, 7, Clover Hill Road, Halifax.

May I draw your attention to the following error occurring in the film production of " The Way of an Eagle." In the officers' mess scene, at Fort Wara, the officers are sitting at table, some smoking cigarettes, when the senior officer arises and proposes the toast of " The King." Now no smoking is allowed at mess until the King's health has been drunk.—5s. awarded to H. W. Emms, 30, Avenue Road, Park Lane, Norwich.



A Recipe without words

Every good housewife knows the recipe here illustrated. Every good housewife knows the result—a fragrant, richly-flavoured "cup o' Frys."

"So refreshing" say some; "So warming and cheering" say others; "So nourishing and healthful" is the verdict of all. And, wise women agree upon the flavour and purity of a "cup o' Frys."

Fry's PURE BREAKFAST Cocoa

"PICTURE SHOW" PUZZLE COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE £100
SECOND PRIZE £25

£150 IN PRIZES

FIFTY PRIZES OF 10/- EACH

ON this page will be found the fourth of our Picture Puzzle series, which deals chiefly with the career of Mabel Normand. Next week the career of another cinema star will be dealt with in a similar form, and so on, until six puzzles have appeared.

The above magnificent prizes are offered for solutions to the picture puzzles which are identical with or nearest to the solution in our possession.

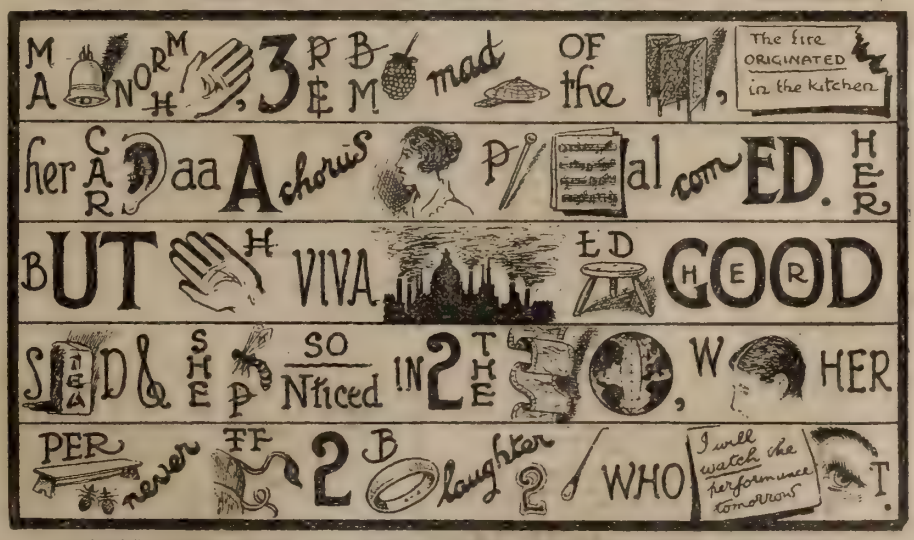
Do not send your solutions in yet. When the sixth puzzle appears full instructions will be given as to how and when your complete set of solutions are to be sent to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with " Boys' Cinema " and " Girls' Cinema."

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not elegible to compete.

No. 4.—MABEL NORMAND PICTURE PUZZLE.



KEEP THIS UNTIL THE SIX PUZZLE PICTURES HAVE APPEARED.

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

LOOKING FORWARD.

TO some of us the passing of 1920 will be like the loss of an old friend whom we had grown to love; to others, perhaps, the event will be one bringing no regrets. Yet to all the dawn of another New Year is an occasion which fills us with fresh resolutions and new hopes as we look forward to a future full of unborn surprises. Many of these last will necessarily depend on what paths we decide to take. But so far as our film entertainment is concerned, it is to the studios that our eyes will naturally turn.

The pictures of 1920 were many of them excellent. Several of them deserving of this praise were British, too, notably "The Call of the Road," which enjoyed a record run at one house for home-made productions. It may be said that for the first time picture goers in this country have been afforded during the past year pleasing evidence of the high quality of the work which British producers and British artistes are capable of turning out. Nor must we, in fairness, forget to acknowledge the entertainment given us by our American cousins. To-day there are certain to reach us from both sides resolutions of still better quality in film plays. We shall look forward to it expectantly, for we know that the industry is one of the most progressive.

And what shall we say of ourselves and you? We, behind this paper, have already made our programme—no, not complete as yet, but so far as it goes a splendid one of good things cramming these pages for all of you, with many more attractions to be added as I learn your wishes. Numbers of you, I know, are old friends. Several are new. Let us continue together and enlarge our circle by getting others to join us from week to week. And may the days ahead of us prove for each and everyone—A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

"LONGMAN" (Warwick).—I suppose there must be a good deal of you in measurement, but your note was so tiny, I nearly lost sight of it. The part of Colette in "The Woman Who Gave" was taken by Evelyn Nesbit. Corinne Griffith does not answer your first question, but she is married right enough, and her husband is Webster Campbell.

"SYLDAG" (Brighton).—Several readers have kindly answered your question about a cheap way of framing our art plates, and the information will be given on the Dressing-Room page.

"A FRIEND" (Lee).—Helen Jerome Eddy in "The Man Beneath," Jane Novak in "The Debt," Tsuri Aoki in "The Grey Horizon," and Mabel Ballin in "The Illustrious Prince." The hero in each of these was Sessue Hayakawa. Fanny Ward and Jack Dean were the leads in "The Cheat."

"NAZIMOVATTE" (Portsmouth).—Oliver Twist was unlucky when he asked for another helping, but your cry "for more" will be answered. Gladys Brockwell in "The Sneak" was supported by William Scott as Wester, and John Oaker as Francisco Buckley. Baby Marie Osborne, who has played in "When Baby Forgot," "Baby Pulls the Strings," "Tears and Smiles," etc., was born in 1911. Here is the cast of "Broken Blossoms."—Lillian Gish (The Girl), Donald Crisp ("Battling" Burrows), Arthur Howard (His Manager), Richard Barthelmess (The Chinaman), Edward Peil (Evil Eye), Norman Selby, otherwise Kid McCoy (A Prize Fighter), and George Beranger (The Spying One). Nazimova's films are "The War Bride," "The Brat," "Eye for Eye," "The Red Lantern," "Toys of Fate," and others.

W. B. (Peckham).—Remember you? Why, of course I do. So your friends in the U.S.A. think this is "the dandiest paper ever," and threaten a whole heap of trouble for you if you ever forget to send it to them. Well, I guess and calculate you'll be wise in avoiding that trouble. Roy Stewart was born in San Diego, California, just thirty-six years ago, has black hair, brown eyes, and is two inches over six feet in height. Florence Vidor was born in Houston, Texas, twenty-five years ago. She has brown hair and eyes, and is 5 ft. 4 in. in height.

JANET SMITH (Edinburgh).—You want to see your full name in print. Well, here it is, and may all the other members of the great Smith family rejoice at the honour done them, and all the Browns and Joneses grow envious. Marian Sais does not give her age, though she tells us she was born in Marin Co., California. Kingsley Benedict may be married, but I have not heard anything definite either way.

G. G. (Colchester), K. M. D. (Wealdstone), E. E. L. (Leicester), "HORNET" (Rochdale), "MARGOT" (Chadderton), "NEMA" (London, S.W.), E. B. H. (Catford), "PEARL" (Shelmarke), "CURLY WIG" (Keighley), R. W. (Manchester), E. H. (Putney), "LOU" (West Malvern), H. G. (Eastleigh), "JENNY" (Shoreditch), D. B. (Cheadle), and "INTERESTED" (Glasgow).—Since your letters reached me the information required has been given to other readers on this page.

"REGINALD" (Lowestoft).—Pearl White was born in Springfield on the other side of the Atlantic, and is therefore, American. Tom Mix is that cowboy hero's very own name.

"ZISKA" (Bombay).—You seem awfully down in the dumps and all through not seeing more photos of your favourites. 'Tis sad, indeed, but cheer up, for they will all greet you from these pages in time. The ones you mention are all married to somebody or other, but to whom? And there I must confess to being just as much in the dark as you.

"LUCY" (Bromham).—I don't suppose your favourite would consider you cheeky for asking him for his photo. He ought to be quite used to such a request by now. Violet Hopson's birthday is on December 16th. In "The Son of Tarzan" Elmo Lincoln will not be featured. The leads in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" were Katherine Macdonald Milton Sills, and Jack Holt.

G. H. M. J. (Bassein).—Thanks for all the interesting literature enclosed with your letter. I was interested to learn that the Burmese are now producing and acting in their own films. I have not heard at the moment the rumour about Eddy Polo and his brother Sam, but it is quite possible they may do a bit more travelling round the world. Sorry I am unable to give you the subscription rates of American publications, but any local newsagent or bookseller may help you.

"YVONNE" (Antwerp).—So you would get a severe lecture if a reply was sent you by post. Is it such an offence, then, for the postman to bring you anything? Anyway, I'll spare your feelings. I am afraid I cannot tell you the causes of any divorce case. Poor Bobby Harron's death was purely accidental.

"CURIOS" (Knottingley).—Was there ever a young lady not curious? Alma Taylor was twenty-five on January 3rd last, and Anita Stewart is not far ahead. Gerald Ames asks us to be content with his birthday, which falls on Sept. 12th.

"BERTIE" (Streatham).—My time is precious, as you say. It happens to be the only precious thing I possess, and someone is always trying to steal it. Alma Taylor was born in London. John Oaker was born in Ottawa in 1893, and is 5 ft. 5 in. in height. Harry Northrup was born in Paris, but was educated in the States. Martha Mansfield, who was born in the town of the same name in Ohio, is twenty-one, and has blonde hair and grey eyes.

"TELEGRAM" (Rugby).—Most artistes do answer their letters, so why not write to your favourite? Yes, Henry Edwards was in the film version of "My Old Dutch." The part of Walter Melrose in "What Every Woman Learns" was taken by Milton Sills.

E. O. (Keighley).—So you like Gerald Ames' "nice curly hair." Yes, he is married to Mary Dibley, also a screen artiste. Gerald Ames was born in Blackheath, but his height is not known. William Duncan's height is 5 ft. 10 in.

"MAY" (Mansfield).—Stories suitable for the screen are chosen by the scenario editor of a film company. If I were to tell you who, in my opinion, is the most enterprising British producer, I should have all the others after my blood.

"MYCK" (East London).—Sorry, I don't remember you writing three times before, but I am glad you decided to have another try. In "Dawn" the players were Madame Karina, Annie Esmond, Edward Combermere, Madeline Seymour, Hubert Carter, and Capt. Heaton Grey. The other two films cannot be traced.

"QUIZZY" (Blackpool).—Space is so valuable nowadays that I often have to answer a very large number of readers by post when I cannot find room for their answers here. That explains why you were surprised to get my letter. Ethel Clayton is the widow of Joseph Kaufmann, while Anna Q. Nilsson's age is not given. The address of the PICTURE SHOW Postcard Dept. is 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

"URICA" (Cheadle).—Lucille Lee Stewart, who was the girl in "Eastward Ho!" was born in Brooklyn, New York, and has blonde hair and dark blue eyes. She is the wife of Ralph Ince, and the sister of Anita Stewart. In "Kilties Three" the leads were taken by Rowland Hill, Bob Reid, and Robert Valice.

C. G. (Gateshead).—Thanks for crowning this paper with your praise. Arnold Daly was Craig Kennedy in "The Exploits of Elaine," and Kenneth Harlan was the hero in "The Price of a Good Time." The other film is a very old one.

"NAPHATALI" (Bournemouth).—No, my mail bag remains as weighty as before. Your "surprising" news happens to be old, for there is very little of importance that happens in filmland which does not reach me long before any of it may trickle through to you. Thanks for correction about Eugene O'Brien, though, as it happened, I had already made it just before your letter came. As regards Hart, several American film authorities agree that he was born in 1876, and as only one or two differ, I prefer to go by the majority. And the other artiste? Well, heaps of them, you know the ladies especially are privileged to grow younger by what they tell us. Gladys Leslie does not mention her husband's name. Gladys Hulette is in her twenties, but does not give her birthplace. In "The Light That Failed," Jose Collins, Robert Edeson, and Lillian Tucker took the chief parts. Sorry, I haven't fuller particulars.

"JUST ME" (Christiana).—And me, too, for I cannot very well leave myself out here. The man who thought of such a title as "When the Desert Smiled" must have a very dry sense of humour. Neither that film nor the other has come my way yet. The feature you mention had a good run, and so we discontinued it, but I am glad you liked it, all the same.

"SNOWBALL" (South Norwood).—William Farnum has blue eyes and brown hair. Glad you have a picture gallery of our art plates.

M. S. (Barnsley).—I do not know where you can obtain Harry Morey's photograph. He was born in Charlotte, Michigan, U.S.A., in 1879, and has fair hair and grey eyes. He is married, and began his film career with Vitagraph, in 1909. Cecil Humphreys played the title role in "The Swindler."

"LILLIE" (Highbury).—In "Sacred Silence," the part of Major Marston (not Crossley) was taken by George McQuarrie. Elec Madison, who made her success in "The Trey o' Hearts," is still doing fine, I believe.

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

MARY GLYNNE, care of Stoll Picture Productions, Ltd., Regent Studios, Park Road, Surbiton.

WILLIAM DUNCAN, care of Vitagraph Film Co., Inc., 1600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

TOM MIX, care of Fox Film Co., 130, West 46th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

MARY MILES MINTER, care of Realart Pictures Corpn., 469, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

(More addresses next week.)

Dr Macnamara on "What to do with the Out-of-Work Ex-Soldier"

Read the remarkable article by the Minister of Labour in Tuesday's issue of the

PENNY PICTORIAL

The Weekly Magazine. Present Price **2d.**

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PICTURE SHOW, January 8th, 1921.

"THE PRIDE OF THE WEST." BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF Marie Prevost INSIDE.

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. JAN. 8th, 1921.

No. 89. Vol. 4.

OF INTEREST TO THE STARS.

Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, & Gregory Scott, snapped with a welcome weekly visitor.



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WHEN communicating with Advertisers, please mention the "PICTURE SHOW."



Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 52.—EARLE WILLIAMS.

ABOVE, Earle Williams, the popular favourite of thousands of our readers, snapped in his library with the PICTURE SHOW. Earl Williams is fond of reading, as his well-stocked bookcases show, but the first thing he reads each Monday is the current issue of the PICTURE SHOW. By the way, have you seen him yet in his latest Vitagraph success, "When a Man Loves"? I think it is one of his best films. The story appears in this week's "Girls' Cinema."

—♦♦—

Beautiful Pictures for the Home.

I AM sure you will agree with me that our double-page picture this week is worthy of a frame. Sometimes you come upon a portrait that is more than a photograph—it is a picture; and I think this one of Marie Provost proves my point, don't you?

And, if you like this picture, you will surely be charmed with next week's study of Norma Talmadge, in a beautiful moonlight love scene.

Did I tell you there is another competition coming in the PICTURE SHOW shortly, with the splendid prize list of £250 to be won?

This competition has all the fascination of our previous successful "Finding the Stars" competition. Look out for it and tell your friends.

—♦♦—

A Story You Ought to Read.

DO you like our cover this week? Violet Hopson and Gregory Scott are particularly interested in the "Girls' Cinema," for you know they write weekly in that interesting paper for real girls. This week's issue deserves particular mention, for in it begins "The Winchester Woman," a splendid short serial which has been filmed by the Vitagraph Company, with Alice Joyce as the Winchester Woman. It tells the story of a fine, high-minded woman, whose good name is besmeared by slander.

A story to make every girl and woman think. You will like it.

—♦♦—

Another Famous Play Filmed.

"THE SKIN GAME" has now been added to that long list of plays that have been filmed. But in one thing it is unique—the cast is composed of the actors who made the play so great a success at the St. Martin's Theatre, London, where it had an uninterrupted run of nearly a year.

Edmund Gwenn, Mary Clare, and Meggie Albanesi are included in the players in this film, which is to be released by Grangers.

—♦♦—

Viola's Latest Hobby.

VIOLA DANA is contemplating starting a guinea-pig farm, at her home in the Hollywood foothills. Already she has a large family of these small animals. About three months ago a friend presented her with a couple of coal-black guinea pigs, and since that time the family has multiplied so that Miss Dana has had to have a pen built specially for them.

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players.

For Art's Sake.

MAY ALLISON says she has discovered that even Southern California's boasted winter does not include a well-heated Pacific.

For her latest production, "Are Wives to Blame," she was required to plunge at midnight into the ocean, clad in all the finery of an evening frock.

Miss Allison plunged, and although not accustomed to swimming at midnight, and in mid-winter, she says that, after the first shock, she had nothing more serious to report than a shivery fit, which passed directly she reached the warmth of the specially heated car which was waiting for her after her swim.

—♦♦—

Hasn't a Birthplace.

A NUMBER of film actors decided the other day that, when they reached stardom, they would buy the old home towns in which they were born.

Buster Keaton was one of them. He was born in Pickway, Kansas, and forty-eight hours after his arrival there, the town was destroyed by a cyclone. Buster says he will be known for the rest of his life as "the man without a birthplace."

—♦♦—

His First Engagement.

LON CHANEY says he was eleven years old when he first began his theatrical career. This was when he procured a job as a stage hand, in spite of all the protests of his family, at the theatre in his home town, where he was paid one shilling a day.

—♦♦—

And He Did Scream!

JOHN COSSAR, a Goldwyn player, is an actor who is willing to do anything for the sake of his art.

He has been cast for the part of the father in the film version of Booth Tarkington's "Edgar Comedies," and in a picture now being made, the script called for him to scream loud and long because a heavy table dropped on his foot.

Mr. Cossar insisted that the scene should not be faked, and said he wanted to feel the pain, so that he could register it properly on the film. He did, but for three days he was unable to walk afterwards.



PEGGY HARRISON, the seven-year-old star who appeared in "Westward Ho!" and in "Our Girls." Little Miss Harrison is a well-known photographer's model.

—♦♦—

Great Underworld Drama.

STUDENTS of drama say that a great underworld drama comes to the fore once every five years. In 1900 it was "Jim the Penman," in 1905, "Alias Jimmy Valentine," in 1910 it was "Leah Kleschna," and in 1915 "Within the Law."

Among the foremost contenders for the coveted 1920 niche is a film that was finished the month before the end of that year, entitled "Outside the Law."

This film is so strong that a stage version has been promised, and it is suggested that Lon Chaney will play the same part as he has taken on the screen on the stage. The author said that he could not visualise another actor in America as Black Jack Moran, or as the Chinaman, which part Chaney also plays in the picture.



LADY DORIS STAPLETON, who is taking the part of the heroine in the first British serial, entitled "The Great London Mystery," which will shortly be shown over here, and in which DAVID DEVANT, the world-famous magician, plays a big part.



LUTHER MILES, whom we shall see as Deveraux in the coming screen version of Ethel M. Dell's novel, "Place of Honour," and as Geoffrey Norton in the first episode of the serial film "Sherlock Holmes." Both of these parts Mr. Miles says he enjoyed.

—♦♦—

Violinist to Star.

BETTY COMPSON earned three pounds a week playing the violin when she was fourteen years old, which was eight years ago. She still plays the violin, but only for her own amusement. She is now starring in her own productions, the first of which is entitled "Prisoners of Love."

—♦♦—

Tom Moore's Next Part.

MOST of my readers will be familiar with "Mr. Barnes of New York," the famous novel by Archibald Claron, which has been dramatised, and has secured a big hit on the stage.

It is now to be screened, the title role giving Tom Moore an opportunity for the sort of acting in which he delights.

—♦♦—

Novelist's Niece to Star.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON, the famous novelist, has a niece, Jane, who is to make her debut on the screen in "Noblesse Oblige," which is the working title of the first original script for the screen written by her famous aunt.

Jane is just seventeen years old. The picture is to go into production at the Goldwyn studios.

—♦♦—

Frankie Lee's New Sister.

CLAIRE ADAMS is especially fond of children. She fell in love with Frankie Lee when he played the role of her small brother in "The Killer," and presented him with a miniature steam fleet, and an electric train, when the picture was completed, telling him that he could always be her brother in real life.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (*Continued from page 3.*)

About Little John Henry.

OF all the courageous little men of the screen, it is claimed by Mack Sennett that little John Henry Junior is the most devoid of fear. Whether he stands on a rock in the sea, waiting for his faithful chum and playmate, Teddy, to rescue him, or whether he climbs about in such hazardous places as only small boys seem to find, it makes no difference to John Henry.

John Henry Junior's name was given him by Mr. Sennett himself, because the latter felt that his baptismal and surname did not fit the real boy that "Don Marion Davis," for that is his real name, turned out to be.

—♦♦—

His Early Career.

DID you know that Milton Sills was born and educated in Chicago, and had twelve years stage career before entering pictures, five years ago, when he played with Clara Kimball Young ?

—♦♦—

She Was Right.

EDNA MURPHY, who has just been engaged by the Fox Film Company, says that she was recently having her fortune told, and the seer became greatly disturbed at the story she read in Miss Murphy's pink and white palm.

"Look out for fire," she warned. "I see you trapped in a burning building. Beware of water. You are in danger of drowning. A dark man is trying to harm you. His gang of paid ruffians are going to kidnap you. Your automobile will be smashed by a train. You'll be thrown over a 150 ft. cliff. Dearie, don't go up in an aeroplane, if you do, you're going to drop. Don't go on a motor-cycle. You're fated to make a nose dive from a hanging bridge. I hope you're not afraid of lions and tigers—I see a drove of them coming after you. You'll need a tin bathing suit with a rope tacked to it, for I see you at the bottom of the ocean, with whales and swordfish as your companions.'

But Edna Murphy didn't seem a bit perturbed, as she laughingly answered, "I knew all that. I am playing the lead in the new Fox serial picture."

—♦♦—

"East Lynne" Again.

ANOTHER film version of "East Lynne" is now in the course of production. It has been chosen by Mr. Hugo Ballan, after an extensive search, as one of the great outstanding pieces of dramatic literature in existence.

The story is known the world over. "East Lynne" as a book has been read wherever the printed word has been circulated, and as a play it has been run in every city and town in America and Britain.

Mabel Ballan and Edward Earle, who has been called the original O. Henry man, are to play the leading parts.

—♦♦—

Kind of Him.

MAN'S present day chivalry was being discussed the other day at the Fox studios, and Estelle Taylor was strong in their support. She said she met a most chivalrous man in the tube that morning. "You don't mean to say he got up and gave you his seat ?" said one member of the company.

"Oh, no," said Estelle, "that's too much to expect of any man, but he placed his newspaper so that I could read it quite easily !"

—♦♦—

More Max Linder Films.

WE are to see Max Linder, the young French comedian, in four comedies yearly, under the new contract he has just signed with the Robertson-Cole Company. The first of these will be entitled, "Seven Years Bad Luck."

William Farnum, Racehorse Owner.

I HEAR that William Farnum has recently invested some of the big fortune he has earned in motion pictures in the purchase of a string of race-horses.

—♦♦—

Where to Find Anita.

ANITA STEWART is very critical of herself on the screen. A friend of mine who has just returned from Los Angeles, says that whenever one of her films is being run in Los Angeles, you will be sure to find Anita huddled in a corner of the house, studying the attitude of the audience towards the picture.

—♦♦—

Didn't Have To Act.

HAVING one's face washed nine times in one afternoon is, in the opinion of Lucy Cotton, carrying cleanliness to a painful extreme.

It was during the filming of "The Misleading Lady," when Bert Lytell, enacting the part of the cave man lover, washed her face with a chilly and sodgy sponge. Every time the scene was "shot," some little thing happened and it had to be done again. The scene was supposed to be a disagreeable one, and Miss Cotton had no difficulty at all in depicting it ; at the ninth time she simply acted just what she felt.

—♦♦—

Rough on the Actor.

WHEN Viola Dana, who stars in the Metro production, "Sorrentinam," told one of the members of the cast, who enacts the part of a barber, to do his part just as though he were in his own shop, she started a lot of trouble. The appreciative barber in one of the big scenes is shown at work upon a "victim," and bearing in mind Miss Dana's advice, he let his clippers romp wildly over the hirsute adornment of the actor in the chair, with dire results to the actor.

—♦♦—

Pearl White's Most Thrilling Experience.

AT the Cinema Club in Los Angeles the other day, a number of the stars were relating their nearest escape from death.

Pearl White recalled an incident which brought her closer to death than she ever wants to be again. She said it was during the filming of a serial, when she had to be placed in a box, with the cover nailed down, and then dropped overboard into the sea. The wood happened to be water soaked, and the box sank. Upon its disappearance, property men, actors and camera men jumped into the water, and the box was raised to the surface, and the very badly scared actress was freed from her perilous prison.

Fay Filmer.



PHYLLIS MAY HOOPER, the pretty six-year-old child actress. Phyllis has appeared with great success in a coming picture entitled "Seaside Frolics." Here we see her with her favourite picture paper and in a pretty character study.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

Quieting the Angry Mob.

PEARL WHITE was suddenly called upon to act as a peacemaker the other day in a dog-fight. The Fox studios are not far from my office window, and I heard a great shouting come from that direction, as if the Huns had suddenly descended upon the town, and were about to begin the war all over again.

Evidently Miss White heard the noise, for when the fight reached the Fox offices, she came to the door and faced the multitude. As near as I could gather and see, two small boys were the centre of the attack, and each one of the youthful pugilists had his following.

"What do you want ?" demanded Pearl.

"We want our dog !" came a shout from the sidewalk.

"Will the person who really owns the dog come forward ?" said Pearl.

Two boys stepped out.

"Two owners—that's funny ! This one gave me the dog. What's your name, son ?"

"Jim McGaffney."

"'Tain't his dog to give ; I found it first !"

Bing-bang ; two small forms rolled off the sidewalk into the street.

Then it was Miss White did some real peace-making. She took the two young malcontents into the studio, and treated them to candy. She let them see the wheels go round in the intricacies of picture making. At the end of an hour they emerged from the Fox studios arm in arm.

"You can have the dog !" they said in chorus.

And now Pearl White has a mongrel on her hands, a dirty yellow pup that eats his head off, and is decidedly unpopular with the pedigreed darlings that live at the same address.

—♦♦—

Gloria Swanson the Second.

THE much-mooted question of why Gloria Swanson has retired from the screen this past year, was answered last Wednesday, when Gloria Swanson Somborn the Second made her appearance. The young lady's advent was received with much interest in film circles, for if ever there was a film baby, Gloria is that one. Her mother, lovely Gloria Swanson, is one of Famous Players-Lasky most popular stars, and her father is Herbert Somborn, president of the Equity Pictures Company. I had a wire from the coast announcing the birth of Gloria, with a line saying she had inherited her mother's beauty. Personally I do not see how this can be determined at the tender age of one day, and that was when my message was sent.

—♦♦—

Speaking of Being Recognised.

WHEN I was in London, Bryant Washburn and his wife thought I ought to see something of the Soho Square district. They started my education by taking me to dine in a restaurant in that locality. The waitress who served us kept her eyes fastened on Mr. Washburn. Finally she went into the next room, and came back with another waitress. They whispered together, and were eventually joined by a third girl, who was so excited she nearly knocked over a man sitting at an adjacent table.

Our waitress at length came back to our table with a magazine. She compared the picture on the magazine with Mr. Washburn, and was so thrilled at her discovery, she said aloud :

"Oh, I am so glad, I am so glad !" Her tone was so ecstatic we asked her what made her so happy.

"Just to see him !" she said, pointing to Mr. Washburn.

To prove she isn't jealous of her popular husband, Mabel Washburn promised her a picture of Bryant.

When we left the restaurant, she followed us into the street, begging us not to forget the photograph.

I hope it hasn't been forgotten

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



A charming photograph of MARY PICKFORD, who delights in giving little ones a happy time. She is seen playing "Kiss in the Ring" with some poor little children at the Los Angeles Orphanage.



A scene from "The Testing Block," showing WILLIAM S. HART and EVA NOVAK. The latter takes the part of Nellie Grey, a young violinist.



In this group, on the extreme left can be seen Mr. ARTHUR T. JACOBS, son of Mr. S. F. JACOBS, the PICTURE SHOW correspondent in Los Angeles. MARJORY DAW is also in the group; while WESLEY BARRY can be seen in the aeroplane.

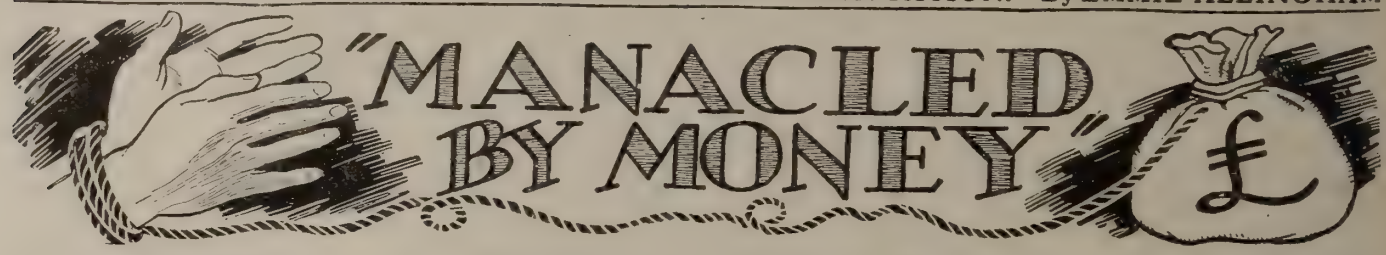


IRENE RICH surrounded with press cuttings concerning herself. Hanging from the front of the table can be seen an "Expressions" page from the "Picture Show."



SEENA OWEN owns an oil well in Texas, and was snapped for the "Picture Show" when she paid a visit there one day.

BEGIN TO-DAY! A POWERFUL STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION. By EMMIE ALLINGHAM



A Tragedy.

A WEEK went by. It was New Year's Day. Mrs. Ferguson and Grace came into the sitting-room already dressed in their outdoor garments.

Mr. Ferguson sat by the fire. He appeared to be dozing. Grace went up to him and tapped him playfully on the shoulder.

"Wake up, daddy. It is time we started, dear. Amy tells me that the children have been outside the schoolhouse for hours. They will all have the most atrocious appetites if we do not get there soon. I do hope that the cake will go round."

Mr. Ferguson opened his eyes sleepily and gazed at her vaguely.

"Ah, yes," he said, and endeavoured to rouse himself. "It's the school treat, of course. I must come along, but don't you both wait for me. You go on and I will follow. I will follow."

To his daughter's disgust he closed his eyes again.

"Really, daddy, dear," she began, and she shook him none too gently.

Mrs. Ferguson, however, stopped her.

"You forget, my dear, your father is getting old," she said in a low voice. "He has always been so energetic that you do not realise it. Come along; no doubt he will follow us as he says."

She pressed her lips to her husband's forehead, but it did not appear to rouse him, so she beckoned to Grace, and in silence they left the room.

Outside the air was crisp and cold, and for some seconds they walked along in silence. The Rectory was situated on a hill, and below could be seen the church and the school house, where a score or so of youngsters were chasing each other, while they waited for the doors to open to admit them to the feast.

"It will be strange to give the children their tea without daddy asking a blessing," said Grace a little impatiently. "I can't understand him at all lately. He does not seem as interested in things as he used to be."

"He is not well," replied Mrs. Ferguson in a low voice.

Grace glanced sharply at her mother, and as she did so she remembered suddenly the talk she had overheard at the post-office over a year ago. Someone had remarked then that the Rector appeared to be breaking up. She had not thought of it since.

"You surely do not think that there is anything seriously wrong with daddy?" she cried in a shocked voice.

"No, my dear. I should make him see the doctor if I did, but I think all the same that your father may want a tonic. I must see to it to-morrow."

They were now surrounded by an eager, smiling mob, and there was no more time for conversation. Mrs. Ferguson knew the name of every child in the parish, and they all vied with each other now to gain her notice.

The schoolroom was decked out with evergreens and holly. An immense Christmas-tree, loaded with gifts and shining with silver and gold tinsel, stood on a raised platform at the further end, while along either side of the hall tea was laid on huge boards supported by trestles, the forms placed ready for seats.

The two ladies were soon busy, attending to the wants of their little guests. Mrs. Taylor had the great urns of tea all ready, and had cut up huge plates of bread and jam and cake.

It was seven o'clock, and the Christmas-tree had been despoiled before Mrs. Ferguson again thought of the Rector, and she wondered that he had not put in an appearance. It was the first time since she could remember that a church treat had not been assisted by his presence.

The last child had been kissed and its treasures safely packed and placed into the little hands, when the door opened, but it was not the Rector, but Arthur Weston who entered.

Mrs. Ferguson glanced at him inquiringly.

"Did you call at the Rectory as you came along?" she asked.

"I did, Mrs. Ferguson," exclaimed Arthur as he held her hand. "I thought you would have all been in, but the Rector was asleep, and so I inquired where you both were, and told the maid I would walk down and meet you."

"And very nice of you, too," cried Mrs. Ferguson, smiling at him. "But you should have come before. There has been quite a lot to do. I have missed the Rector. It makes a deal of work, an entertainment such as this."

Arthur had gone over to Grace.

"If you had asked me to come I might have done so," he said, speaking in a low voice.

"We have got on beautifully. Mother only talks like that. She would positively dislike to have strangers here among her children. She is as jealous of them all as an old hen with her chicks."

The girl spoke lightly, but the man knew instinctively that she for one had no wish for his company.

A curious half smile that was not good to see twisted his thin lips.

"Sometimes I almost feel that you dislike me, Miss Ferguson; and then again sometimes you are so kind," he said.

Grace glanced up at him swiftly.

"I am sorry if I give you that impression. I neither like nor dislike you," she said.

As she was turning away Arthur placed his hand on her arm.

"What has changed your attitude to me?" he asked.

"I have not changed, Mr. Weston. I think I must be tired to-night. Will you please excuse me?"

And then, fearing that her words were unkind, she added, "Go and talk to mother, she wants cheering. She is upset about dad. He has never omitted to attend a church function before and I think, to tell you the truth, it has rather unsettled both of us."

Mrs. Ferguson was putting on her gloves in preparation to depart.

Mrs. Taylor, who had been watching the newcomer, also had on her hat and coat.

"I shall go on. I want to hurry, Grace. Mr. Weston, you are coming into dinner, are you not? Excuse me leaving you both to follow," called out Mrs. Ferguson from the door.

"I am ready! We are coming, mother!" cried the girl hastily, and she almost ran across the room in her haste.

It was unaccountable to herself even, but for some reason which she could not even define, the presence of Arthur Weston was to-night utterly repulsive to her.

Arthur followed her more deliberately. If Mrs. Ferguson had not been engaged with her own thoughts she would have noticed her daughter's agitation. Mrs. Taylor was the only one who was interested.

"Them two have quarrelled," she said to herself. "Now I wonder what about?"

Mrs. Taylor would have followed the little party home if only she had dared, but as she lived in the opposite direction there was nothing to do but to say good-night.

She did this, and Mrs. Ferguson, who always made it a point to be polite to the villagers, had just answered her when a maid, her cap and apron conspicuous in the darkness, suddenly rushed up.

"Oh, Mrs. Ferguson, ma'am, please do come at once. The master, ma'am!"

It was Amy, the rectory housemaid. Mrs. Taylor drew near again.

Mrs. Ferguson had taken two big strides up to the girl.

"Is the master ill?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am! Cook told me to run and fetch you, ma'am."

"But what is the matter with him, girl?" asked Arthur Weston, speaking for the first time. They had all quickened their steps. Indeed, Grace was running ahead.

A dreadful feeling of some terrible calamity to come had taken hold of her.

As in a nightmare she rushed towards the house, and into the sitting-room. The gas was lit, the curtains drawn, the fire was burning brightly. The room looked quite cheerful as she came in from the cold and darkness without. The cook, an old woman, who had been with the Fergusons for years, was standing on the hearthrug, as the girl entered, but at sight of her she put her apron up to her face and began to cry.

The rector leaning back in the easy chair appeared asleep. Grace went up to him. He looked quite peaceful; very much as he had when they had left him a few brief hours before.

"Father!" the girl called him softly. Then she pressed her lips gently to his forehead, but drew back with a little cry of fear. It was icy cold. She gave a startled glance up at the weeping woman, but even then the truth did not come to her.

Mrs. Ferguson entered, hastily followed by Weston. Mrs. Taylor and the maid brought up the rear.

Perhaps Mrs. Ferguson had had some premonition of the truth, for she neither fainted nor cried out.

"Send someone for the doctor," she said in a toneless voice, and then she stood looking down at the lifeless form which had been the hope and mainstay of her life for the last eighteen years.

Grace had turned to Arthur with a question on her lips, but at the sight of him she involuntarily recoiled. He was agitated, they all

(*Continued on page 8.*)

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ARTHUR WESTON is given by his aunt, Amy Rae, a bag containing twenty thousand pounds, and she also leaves Greystone Manor to him in trust for her son Harry.

HARRY RAE has a quarrel with Arthur Weston after Mrs. Rae's death. He cannot understand his mother making such a will, and he determines to go out to Australia.

REV. FERGUSON tries to make peace between Weston and Harry before the latter goes away, but is unsuccessful.

GRACE FERGUSON, the vicar's daughter, is a great chum of Harry's. After he has left she goes to Greystone Manor, and sees his father enter the study with Weston. Later she hears a shot.

CECIL RAE, Harry's father, is found dead in the woods next morning, and it is presumed that he has committed suicide.

When he returns home the Rev. Ferguson comes with the terrible news that Arthur's little daughter Jessica, who is the apple of her father's eye, has been thrown from her pony and killed while spending the day at the vicar's house.

Arthur Weston goes abroad but returns after a few weeks. Grace goes to Greystone Manor on Christmas Eve, and plays her violin in the old nursery. When Arthur finds her she makes him promise to dine at the vicarage the next day.

After dinner Mr. Ferguson has a talk with Arthur, who finds out that the vicar knows about the twenty thousand pounds. He tells Mr. Ferguson that it was stolen from him.

A year passes, and this Christmas Arthur Weston invites the Fergusons to Greystone. After dinner, the two men are in the library drinking liqueurs, and the vicar notices that Arthur throws a little empty phial into the fire.



Surprise.



Her smile.



Enquiry.



So unhappy.



Doubtful.

THE EXPRESSIONS OF ENID BENNETT.

(Special to the "Picture Show.")

ENID BENNETT.

The Star from Australia and Her Screen Successes.

ENID BENNETT was born in Australia, and went on the stage as soon as she left school. She was well known to theatre-goers in Australia before migrating to America.

Among the first important roles she played was Modesty, in the big production of "Everywoman," which, you will remember, was played over here with great success at Drury Lane Theatre, London, when our own Jessie Winter played the part of Modesty.

So good was Miss Bennett in this part that Fred Niblo saw her, and engaged her to appear in his repertoire company. This was the beginning of romance, for shortly afterwards Enid married her director husband.

Prefers a Screen Life.

THE stage had no charms for Miss Bennett after she saw the possibilities of the screen, and it was easy for Mr. Thomas Ince to persuade her to appear in a number of photo-plays, her work so far has been only under the Paramount banner.

Pictures in which you will best remember her are, "Naughty, Naughty," "The Vamp," "A Desert Wooing," "Fuss and Feathers," "The Marriage Ring," "When do We Eat?" "Happy Though Married," "Partners Three," and "Coals of Fire."

There is no couple more happy on or off the screen than Enid and her director husband. Their ideals and ambitions are essentially the same, and in their home-life, as well as in their professional, there is a good fellowship and ideal comradeship.

Enid Bennett's mother is now in Los Angeles. When Miss Bennett became a star, she celebrated the occasion by sending to Australia for her mother and younger sister to visit her. Then for the first time they saw her on the screen.

Enid's younger sister, Marjorie, has also appeared in a number of photo-plays, but, so far, only in those pictures in which Enid herself stars.

If you have seen Enid Bennett in "The Vamp," you will have seen this little star as she really is, for the author of this film wrote the part specially for her. He had in mind the demure little person that Miss Bennett really is in real life, and that, perhaps, is why "The Vamp" is one of Enid's best pictures.

Enid's Views of Matrimony.

ENID has very definite ideas on matrimony. She says no girl's life is complete without love, and marriage should so enrich one's nature that new dramatic power will be discovered. "Fred and I share both our work and our play," she says. "We have complete understanding. And, after all, that is the only basis for a happy marriage, whether there is a career or not."

"Fred's only weakness is prowling about book-shops," says Miss Bennett, which accounts for the walls of their study being lined with books from ceiling to floor.

Enid and her husband have one little room into which a few favoured friends only are invited. They have merrily dubbed it "the Chamber of Horrors," for here are the numerous mementoes and relics of Mr. Niblo's travels abroad.

A Future Dream.

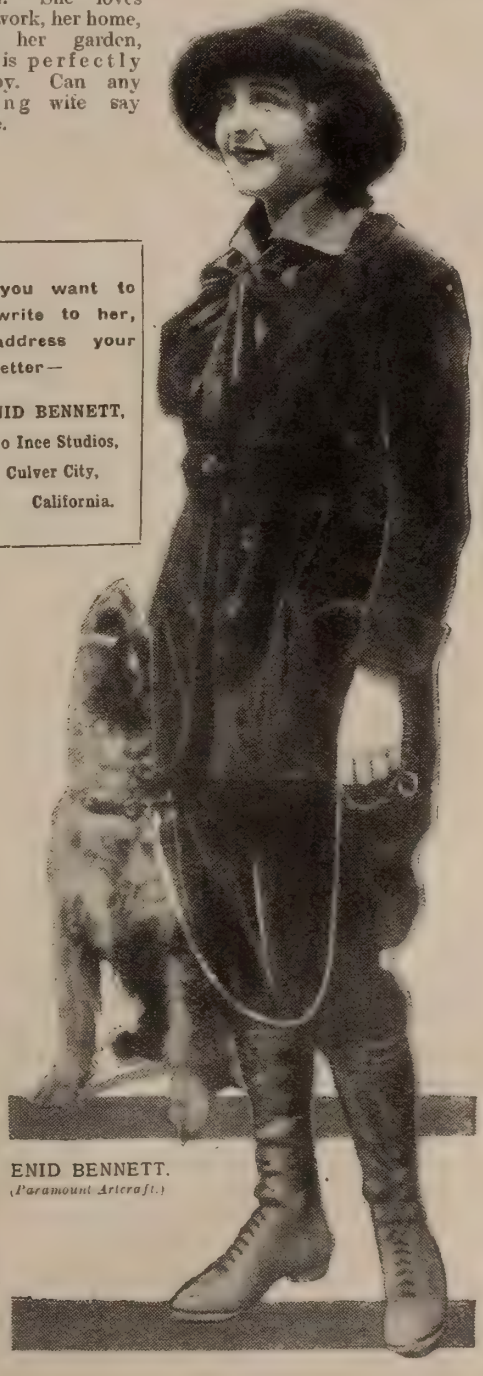
FRED NIBLO has been bitten with the wanderlust, and whenever he hears of a boat sailing he longs to be up and away, and when Mr. and Mrs. Niblo have finished their present contract, they have promised themselves a long trip.

Mr. Niblo was the first man to take motion pictures into Africa, and he wants to cover the same country again, but this time with Enid.

As for her—she says she has no fads, none except Fred. She loves her work, her home, and her garden, and is perfectly happy. Can any young wife say more.

If you want to write to her, address your letter—

ENID BENNETT,
c/o Ince Studios,
Culver City,
California.



ENID BENNETT.
(Paramount Artcraft.)



What do you mean?



Oh!

"Manacled By Money."

(Continued from page 6.)

were—but somehow the expression on his face suggested to her inward satisfaction. He was murmuring condolences to Mrs. Ferguson, but Grace knew that he was not sincere.

He glanced up and caught her steady gaze concentrated upon him, and immediately his face became a mask. He came swiftly over to her side.

"You are thinking I ought to go," he said, speaking rapidly. "But I want to remind you that I had a very great regard for your father. Indeed, I may say that he was my only friend. Doctor Swayle must be here in a few minutes. This has been a terrible shock for all of us. Had you any idea that your father was ill? It was his heart, I suppose?"

"I never heard that he suffered from any weakness," said Grace stiffly.

She was feeling so utterly out of sympathy with the man that she had no wish to prolong the situation.

Arthur took a quick turn up and down the room.

Could it be possible that this girl had a meaning underlying her words? He had pictured this scene more than half-a-dozen times during the last week, and he had told himself exactly how he would act. He must not give himself away by appearing too eager to get assistance. He must suppress himself as much as possible, and act the kind friend. That was his pose.

He knew that Grace was watching him, and he made an effort to pull himself together. Why did these women not speak? Why did they stand as though they were carved in stone? What did they suspect?

He went to the door, and then turned.

He wanted to go out, and yet he dared not. What might they not say to each other if he left them alone. He must never let them be alone together again. He would have to be always with them.

The dead man lay comfortably in the easy chair, his head thrown back as though asleep. Arthur felt no remorse for his handiwork, as he gazed down at him.

Only fear for himself was uppermost in his mind.

Suppose this girl suspected? he told himself. Suppose she had been watching him and the rector on that Christmas night at Greystone, when he had mixed the liqueurs! Yet if she had, what could she prove. The phial he had burned. The poison, as he knew, took seven days to perform its deadly task, leaving no trace. So the Hindoo, from whom he had purchased it, had said. There was no reason why he should not believe the man, and that he was also speaking the truth, when he told him that the poison, having achieved its purpose, dissolved into nothingness in the system.

Arthur had bought it in Paris. He had intended to use it on himself if ever the death of Cecil Rae had been brought home to him.

Then it had occurred to him that it would be an equally easy way of removing the Rev. Mr. Ferguson from his path. He knew too much, and Arthur Weston had gone too far to turn back now. He meant to keep the money intrusted to him at all costs now for himself. He had some vague idea that in some time in the future, he might put it to use, but at present his one idea was to keep it—hide it, so that no one should even guess at its existence.

There was a sound of wheels on the gravel path, and a moment later Doctor Swayle entered the room.

He gave a swift glance around, nodded to Arthur, and pressed Mrs. Ferguson by the hand. Then he crossed to the dead man.

He was some time examining him. He raised an eyelid, peered into the dead face, and pushed the scant grey hair from the forehead.

Arthur, watching him, could scarcely restrain a desire to scream.

For the moment Arthur Weston was off his guard, and Grace, watching him through her tears, read the anxiety which revealed itself in his manner.

She caught her breath, and the tears vanished from her eyes, as the conviction swept over her, that Arthur Weston knew more about her father's sudden illness than they did.

Doctor Swayle turned suddenly and looked at the wife.

"It was his heart," he said simply. "It was affected. I told him a year ago to be careful."

"Are you quite certain, doctor?"

Grace had come to her mother's side again.

Doctor Swayle nodded his head.

"I am quite certain, Miss Ferguson," he said steadily. "But why do you ask?"

Involuntarily the girl's eyes fastened themselves on to the man she suspected. Doctor Swayle somewhat surprised by her manner, also glanced in his direction.

Arthur Weston had covered his face with his hands. He was fearful of what it might betray. The doctor looked from him to Grace.

"Tell me, Miss Ferguson, have you any reason?" he began.

Mrs. Ferguson to whom the whole terrible evening had been a nightmare, at this moment realised what the doctor's question implied.

She had a horror of any thought—a scene connected with the death of the man she had always adored. To her, Grace was but uttering a foolish fear, wrought by the sudden calamity that had overtaken them. Her husband had died naturally of heart disease. It was impossible to think otherwise.

"Grace is overwrought, doctor, as indeed we all are," she said, wiping her eyes, and striving to speak calmly. "I myself am quite satisfied that my husband died as you say. He has been ailing some time. I was thinking of calling you in only this morning."

"I wish you had, Mrs. Ferguson," replied the gentleman gravely.

"So do I," replied the wife sadly.

Arthur Weston felt that he must speak. His silence would be accounted as guilt, he told himself feverishly.

"Of course, there must be a post mortem examination," he said. "I, for one, think that it is necessary. The death was so unexpected and sudden."

"Mr. Weston, I do not think it at all necessary," exclaimed Mrs. Ferguson emphatically. "I could not bear the idea of it. To me it is sacrilege. I am quite convinced that it was his heart. What else could it be? At any rate, nothing can bring him back," continued the poor lady as she once more burst into tears.

Doctor Swayle patted her kindly on the shoulder. They had been neighbours for many, many years, and each had a kind regard for the other.

"I must say that I hoped my old friend would have been with us for many more years," he said gently, "but I agree with you. He suffered with his heart, and without doubt that was the trouble. I shall give a certificate to that effect. Now is there anything whatever that I can do for you?"

Mrs. Ferguson held out her hand.

"I think not, thank you, doctor. I am so bewildered at present. Everything has happened so suddenly."

"I quite understand. I need not tell you that you both have my deepest sympathy," he added, and then he left the room.

Arthur roused himself to follow him.

There was to be no post mortem. Not that it mattered to him one way or another. There would be no trace of the drug left—so the Hindoo had said—but, nevertheless, he was relieved. There was always the risk. But if Grace suspected him! Yet why should she? Surely it was his imagination. He had nothing to fear.

"Shall I stay, or would you rather I went, Mrs. Ferguson?" he said in a low voice. "This is a terrible trouble. I feel it as much as though I had lost my only friend. The Rector was indeed that to me, you know."

"Yes, I am sure you do, Mr. Weston. That is why I like to have you here. I suppose the supper must be quite cold, but let me offer you some?"

Grace went up to her own room. The thought that people could eat, or even go on living, when such a calamity had come to pass to her was almost inconceivable. She sat down wearily beside the bed and stared in front of her.

"If only Harry were here," was the cry in her heart. "If only she had a companion—someone she could trust to speak to."

Her mother seemed to like Arthur Weston. Grace knew now that she had never liked him. She had wanted to help him because she was sorry for him, but that was all. Perhaps that was how her mother felt about him.

Grace found herself going over the whole proceeding of the evening. A softer mood came over her. Perhaps after all she was unreasonable; perhaps her grief had made her suspicious. Why should Arthur Weston be glad that anything had happened to her father? As he had said, he had been his only friend.

Over and over again she wrestled with her convictions, but the memory of that night at Greystone Manor, and the night when Harry had gone away, would recur to her mind.

Someone had fired a shot in the library of Greystone. Cecil Rae had been there. She had seen him herself, and yet Arthur Weston had never gone forward and given his evidence. He might be innocent. It was quite possible that she was just a horrible, suspicious girl. But one day she would have to ask him. It was, after all, only fair to him.

With her mind made up on this point, the girl undressed and went to bed, but not to sleep. She heard the heavy tread of feet as the Rector was carried into the adjoining room; then her mother's footsteps in the room overhead. After that there was quietness in the house.

The hours went by. Suddenly the girl sat up in bed and listened intently.

The old grandfather clock struck three; then there was silence.

The girl was about to lie down again when the noise she had heard before was repeated. Someone was cautiously opening a window.

Grace sprang out of bed and then stood motionless, her ears strained for further sounds.

Then she caught her breath. Someone was moving about in the room below. It was the rector's study. Hastily throwing a wrap over her shoulders, the girl descended.

The study door was closed, but a faint light glimmered from under the door.

Grace hesitated; then she braced herself and turned the handle. The door swung open.

The man at the desk uttered an exclamation. His hand went to the small lamp on the desk, and the next moment the room was in darkness. The figure darted to the window, which had been left open, and the next moment the man had clambered out.

Grace rushed across the room. The man was running down the drive, his shadow outlined against the frosty path. A thrill passed through Grace as she recognised him.

It was the foreigner, the servant of Arthur Weston.

What had he been doing here? That was the question uppermost in her mind as she turned once more into the room.

It did not take her long to light the lamp again. Then she fastened the window and drew the heavy curtains; evidently these had been forgotten owing to the tragedy.

Her father's desk had been opened, but the man had evidently not had time to ransack it.

Grace glanced at the neat piles of papers, and a sob broke in her throat as she realised that the dear hands which had placed them in such order would never touch them again.

She was about to close it up when a large envelope caught her eye.

It lay somewhat under all the other papers, but it was marked with a red seal. Scarcely knowing why she did it, Grace took it out and examined it. In one corner it bore the inscription:

"To be opened only after my death, or when Harry Rae reaches his majority."

Something impelled Grace not to place it back, as her first impulse was to do, and for some minutes she stood with the envelope in her hand.

This was for a lawyer or her mother to attend to. It was not her business to interfere, she told herself. Yet for some unaccountable reason she felt a strong reluctance to part with it again.

This was the paper she had no doubt that Weston had instructed his servant to fetch. The girl's face grew very stern as she realised that Arthur Weston had not forgiven Harry for the past. There was a secret here which for Harry's sake she must know.

Holding the packet, she was about to lock the desk when a sudden breath of cold air made her turn her head. At the same moment a dark figure, well muffled, dashed through the curtains and caught hold of her.

Grace gave a little cry of fear, but scarcely had she done so when she felt a hand over her mouth. A strange, sickly smell pervaded her nostrils, and then she felt herself falling—falling.

(Another instalment in next Monday's "Picture Show.")

PEARL WHITE

Glimpses of the Famous Star's Home Life.

PEARL WHITE has a beautiful home on Long Island, with grounds that stretch away for miles around. She has furnished it entirely herself, as she much preferred to choose everything that she liked instead of leaving it to the taste of a decorator.

Pearl loves to entertain little children, and give them a really good time. She had a very drab childhood herself, without many pleasures, and this has made her wonderfully sympathetic. She cannot bear to think of little children being as unhappy as she was, and so tries to give them the good times that she would have liked to enjoy when she was the same age.

No More Serials.

WE all remember Pearl in thrilling incidents in exciting serials, but she decided some little while ago not to act for serials any more, and she is now appearing in Fox films.



Quaint mascots.





An unusual pet. PEARL WHITE has a strange companion for a motor trip.



A peep of Pearl's beautiful house on Long Island.



PEARL WHITE has many pets—birds as well as animals.



Pearl's house is furnished with exquisite taste. This busy cinema star found time to plan everything herself, scorning the aid of a decorator. Here can be seen a corner of the room where she deals with her letters to PICTURE SHOW readers.

Genius and a Smile

HERE is Victor MacLaglen, who, as Master Alfred Truscott, makes such a tremendous impression by his life-like and natural interpretation of the part. Have you seen "The Call of the Road"? If so, you will agree with me, I am sure, that Victor MacLaglen's smile has not a trace of make-believe about it. His eyes, too, smile in unison with his merry, whimsical mood, and it gets straight at the heart of his audience. He tells me that he served in Mesopotamia during the war. He found the beautiful English scenery in "The Call of the Road" a refreshing change from the burning sands of the desert.



VICTOR MacLAGLEN.

The Born Artiste.

CYNICS may say that artistes are made, and not born; but all will agree that Victor MacLaglen is one favoured by Nature, as proved by the great success of his first appearance on the screen. Temperamentally and physically, he has all the qualities necessary for the making of a brilliant film star.

The Lady Rowena.

I HAD tea with Phyllis Shannaw the other afternoon. She is the pretty English girl who has captivated the hearts of all those fortunate people who have seen her as The Lady Rowena in "The Call of the Road." She told me that she studied at the Guildhall School of Music.

"Music is so tremendously inspiring to me when I am doing screen work," she says. "It helps one enormously to bring out the deeper emotions. I think music is a tremendous incentive in drawing out the best work of the artiste."

Fine Feathers and Fears.

PHYLLIS SHANNAW then went on to explain how she came to play in "The Call of the Road."

"Mr. Jay, an agent, had my photograph on his mantelpiece, and Mr. Davidson happened to be in his office one day and saw it. He seemed to think I was the type of girl wanted for the part, so Mr. Jay sent me down to the studios. I saw Mr. Davidson, and later my hair was dressed in ringlets and I wore one of the old-world dresses to see how I screened.

"When I saw Mr. Colcby, I felt the earth would swallow me up! I was terrified. I had confidence in myself, if they would only wait until I could show it to them. I knew I could do what they required of me, and, fortunately for me, my chance came.

"I am fond of swimming and tennis, and I have played golf with my brother since I was ten years old."

"Props," Please!

PARDOE WOODMAN told me an amusing story the other afternoon about one of his adventures in filmland. The scene was one in which he is playing the hero in Ethel M. Dell's Indian story, "The Place of Honour," which is being filmed at Stoll's Surbiton studio. Pardoe Woodman had been captured by hillmen and bound hand and foot, and was guarded by a particularly fierce-looking Indian.



PHYLLIS SHANNAW.

"We really began to wonder whether we would have a hero to finish the film," one of the ladies at the Stoll studio told Pardoe Woodman afterwards, when she saw that the Indian was given a large, formidable knife.

"Not a 'prop,'" Pardoe Woodman laughed, "but the real thing. The Indian fondled it lovingly, and his eyes glittered in the light as much as the steel blade.

"Picture Show" Gossip

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS. STORIES FROM T

"I noticed this," Pardoe Woodman went on, "and, looking at my own helpless condition, I said that I hoped the dark gentleman would not be too effective with the weapon, or revert to type suddenly in the middle of a film.

"It was quite a relief to all of us when it was finished, and, seeing it to-day on the screen, I must say it looks convincingly horrible."

Little Prairie Mushroom Towns.

MISS CHRISTINE RAYNER is a keen traveller, as well as a screen artiste.

"I crossed the Canadian continent to the Pacific coast," she told me, not long ago, "visiting all sorts of quaint places, from the big cities to little prairie mushroom towns, where the people drove many miles across the prairie to see our plays. On one occasion the train was snow-bound for twenty-four hours, and we did not reach our destination until several hours after the performance was billed to begin: but the audience was very patient. Many of them came to the station to meet us, and helped us to hasten the baggage and properties up to the theatre.

Plays and Films.

"IN the United States," said Christine Rayner, "I played in 'Carnival,' Compton Mackenzie's play, which, as 'Columbine,' followed later at the Princes Theatre in London. I came over from New York to play in 'The Yellow Jacket' when it was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre. This was all before I had thought of working in the films. With the London Film Company I played in 'The Prisoner of Zenda' and 'Rupert of Hentzau,' 'The Middleman' and 'The Christian,' produced by George Loane Tucker; and for Mr. Harold Shaw I played in 'The Heart of a Child,' 'For the Empire,' 'Brother Officers,' and in lots of other films. For some time during the war I gave up my own work to help, and was supervisor in a munition factory.



PARDOE WOODMAN.

Bolshevik.

"WHEN I left the munition factory," Miss Rayner smiled, "I returned to the legitimate stage for awhile, and played with Sir John Hare in 'A Quiet Rubber.' In the spring of this year I went with Mr. Harold Shaw's company to Russia. We had some exciting experiences, as on the way we were caught in Berlin during the revolution, and were unable to leave there for some time. When we did get away, we decided to return to Cologne, and as we passed through Essen the tram was boarded and searched by Bolsheviks. We made a fresh start from Cologne, and this time reached Kovno without mishap.

Two Off One Plate!

"AT Alexandrova Elova," Christine Rayner said, "where we stayed nearly a week, things were so primitive we slept on hay piled on the tables for beds, and at first we had to eat two off one plate and do all our own cooking and cleaning! We had three hours' drive through the forest to the next village to buy food, as nothing but eggs were obtainable at Alexandrova. But it was all so interesting, it was quite worth while," she laughed.

"Charlie's Aunt" and Sweet Fifteen.

ANTHONY HOLLES, who is a son of William Holles, the well-known London manager, was the youngest non-commissioned officer in the Army during the war. He was a corporal in the Buffs at fourteen, and, after training with the Grenadier Guards at Chelsea barracks, he was sent back to his old battalion as drill-instructor.







The coach is held up in "The Call of the R
film, which is a sporting and love drama of a s
released thro



IN HIS STUDY after the day's work.

Eugene O'Brien

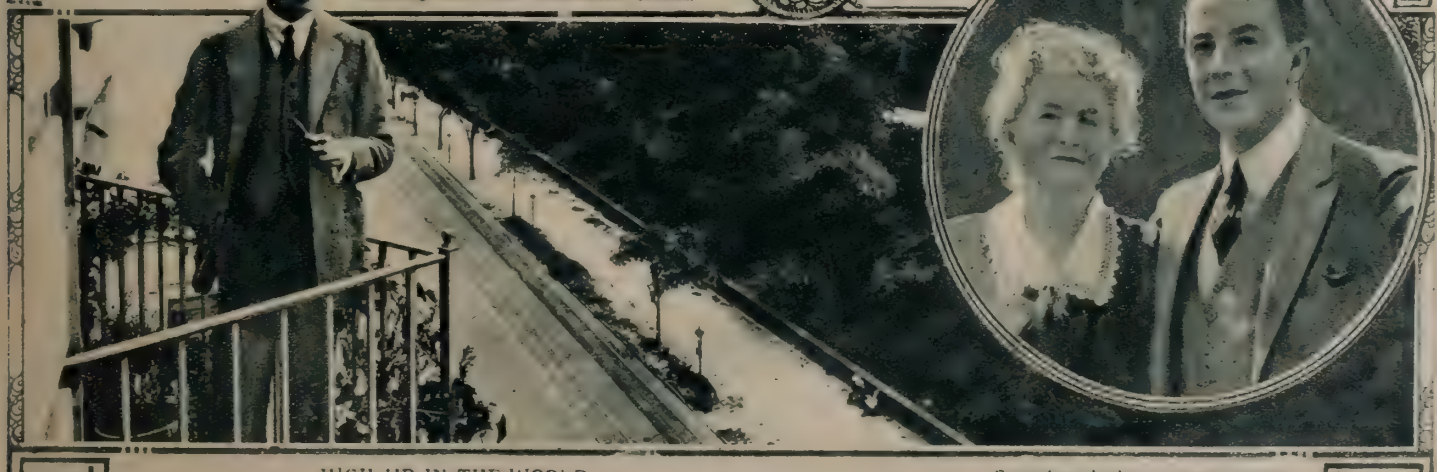
EUGENE O'BRIEN lives in one of the luxurious apartments which face Manhattan Central Park in the heart of New York City. He takes his bachelor comfort with the joy that makes him as much of a home man as the most doting wife could desire.





AT HIS DESK. He spends many hours here answering letters from "Picture Show" readers.

A corner of his dining-room overlooking Central Park



HIGH UP IN THE WORLD.
The view from his veranda.

Sometimes he has a woman visitor
HIS MOTHER.





THE PRIDE OF THE WEST. MARIE PREVOST in Mack Sennett Comedies.

"As Man to—Man!"

Every man at some time or other in his life has gained comfort by talking things over with a pal, as these screen artistes are doing Every man is familiar with the phrase "As man to man."





GEORGE WALSH'S words against circumstantial evidence—in "Chasing a Fortune." (Fox.)

Big BILL DUNCAN begs to be believed.



THE TIME TO CONFESS. A tense scene in the Goldwyn photoplay "The Cup of Fury."



TOM MOORE tries to find a way out—in "The City of Comrades." (Goldwyn.)



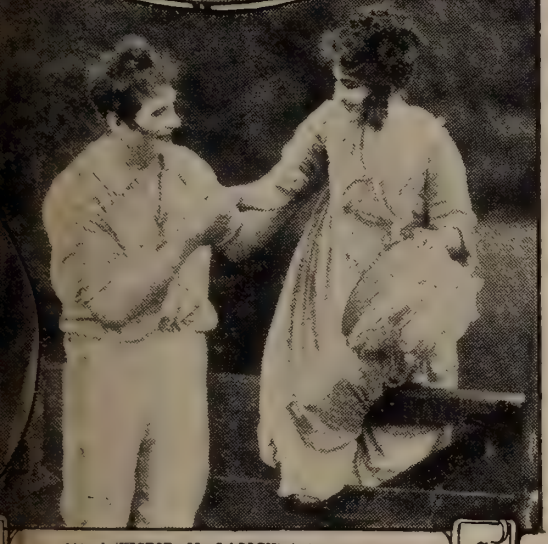
BASIL GILL bares his soul to gain comfort.

about British Players

STUDIOS. AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS



A scene from "The Call of the Road," a charming photo-play produced by A. E. Coleby.



Alfred (VICTOR MacLAGLEN) helps The Lady Lowena (PHYLLIS SHANNAW) to climb over the five-barred gate.



One of the old-world scenes in this splendid ago. It is an I. B. DAVIDSON photo-play ANGER'S.

"After the war was over," Anthony Holles told me, "I went on tour with 'Charley's Aunt,' and played the Aunt when I was fifteen.

Lelio and "Carnival."

"THEN I did some film work, and later played Lawrie in 'Little Women.'"

But I expect many of you will remember Anthony Holles best of all as Lelio, with that wicked smile of his when he tried to get the better of his sister in Mr. Matheson Lang's play, "Carnival." Lelio's sister and Silvio's wife was, of course, played by Hilda Bayley.

"I loved playing with Mr. Matheson Lang," Anthony Holles said, "and now I have just finished playing Charles in the Ideal film, 'The Will,' by Sir James Barrie."

Audiences Through the Producer's Eye.

"I ALWAYS look at films from a commercial point of view," said Mr. A. E. Coleby, the brilliant writer and producer of the enormously successful film, "The Call of the Road." "I regard films entirely from the standpoint of the audience. I have tried to get at the people in their own homes; therefore, I believe all unpleasant subjects should be kept away from the cinema. Most people have skeletons in their cupboards, and they go to the theatre to be amused and carried right away out of themselves.

All Sorts and Conditions of Films.

"MY first introduction to the film world was in 1903, and since that year I have been connected with all sorts and conditions of films, both good, bad, and indifferent, amounting to about seven hundred in all," Mr. Coleby told me. "In the early days we were more or less dependent on the American market for a profit, and thought it very bad business if we could not sell through our agents at Chicago at least fifteen copies of a subject, which order would sometimes be extended to forty.



CHRISTINE RAYNER.

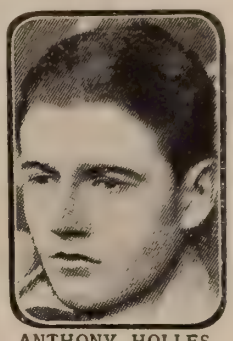
"Naturally, the films of those days very seldom exceeded forty feet in length, the majority being about two hundred and fifty feet.

All Work, Little Play.

"IT was my task in the old days," said Mr. Coleby, smiling, "to write up a subject between ten and twelve in the morning, start taking in the early afternoon, printing it the following day, and taking a sample copy to town the day after that. The question of release dates, as they are known to-day, did not exist, and it was a case of selling to whom you could and getting your money. It is also an interesting fact that about this period one film which I practically wrote and produced was shown at the Alhambra for six consecutive weeks. The late Mr. W. T. Stead took the trouble to write two pages of appreciation of this film, which was entitled 'The Guardian of the Bank.' But the really first ambitious film which I wrote and produced was 'Topsy's Dream of Toyland.' This film is still a hardy annual shown in many parts of the country each Christmas.

A Pioneer.

"LATER on," Mr. A. E. Coleby continued, "I joined Messrs. Pathé, with whom I produced 'The Fate of a King,' 'Peg Woffington' (which, by the way, was written by Mr. Pearson, of 'Old Bill' fame). During this period I had the privilege of receiving a good deal of technical knowledge from Mr. Charles Pathé. Following on this, I started in business for myself, and during this period I was more or less the pioneer of introducing well-known music-hall turns on the films. The initial effort, which was adapted and produced by me was Lew Lake's 'Bloomsbury Burglars,' which, though by no means a wonderful achievement, was an enormous commercial success. I also had the pleasure of adapting and producing Mr. Louis Bommester, the well-known tragedian, in his sketch, 'The Grip,' adapted from the French play, 'La Grippe.' I also adapted and produced Henri de Frece's 'Case of Arson,' and I wrote and produced 'The Mysteries of London' for Martin's Feature Films.



ANTHONY HOLLES.

"After a period," said Mr. A. E. Coleby, "with Mr. Barker, for whom I produced films too numerous to mention, including 'The Lure of Drink,' in which I played the leading role, I joined Mr. T. B. Davidson. I produced Billy Wells in 'Kent the Fighting Man,' Marie Corelli's 'Treasure in Heaven,' in which I played the leading role, David Helmsley, and 'For All Eternity,' written and produced by me, and again I played the leading role. I also produced Marie Corelli's 'Holy Orders,' 'Thelma' (adapted and produced), and 'The Great Game,' with Billy Wells as my leading man. In 'The Village Blacksmith' I played the title role.

An Ovation for the Producer.

"I ALSO produced Eden Philpotts's 'Secret Woman,' and played in it; then 'The Silver Lining,' which is now playing, and 'The Pride of the North,' which will shortly be issued by Messrs. Phillips. I wrote, produced, and played lead in 'The Way of the World,' and my last effort has been 'The Call of the Road.'"

And so great was its success when it was trade shown at the Alhambra that the audience broke out into cheers, and, in their enthusiasm, were not satisfied until Mr. A. E. Coleby took his "call." This was the first occasion on which a producer received such an ovation.

"The Call of the Road."

THE house of Granger presents J. Davidson's all-British photo-play, an original story written and produced by A. E. Coleby, and photographed by D. P. Cooper. "The Call of the Road" is, indeed, a great love story. It carries one right away out of the sordid, every-day atmosphere of life into the enchanted land of romance, of passion, of chivalry, of the open road into the glorious rolling downs, right into the Garden of England, with its leafy shades, its rare old manor house. The whimsical humour of the plot grips the soul.

Victor MacLaglen takes the part of Master Alfred Truscott, who is known as The Lamb: Phyllis Shannaw plays Alfred's cousin, The Lady Rowena; while others in the cast are Phillip Williams as Sir Marten Trevor; Ernest Douglas as Silas, who is Alfred's uncle; N. Nicholas Bates as Paganini Primus; Barry Furness as Paganini Secundus; A. E. Coleby as Punch Murphy; Adeline Hayden-Coffin as The Lady Ulleswater; Warwick Ward as Lord Delaval; Fred Drummond as Hammer John, a Blacksmith; Agness Nicholls as Rowena's old nurse; and R. Ellis and Olive Bell as a miller and his wife.



A. E. COLEBY.

"The Call of the Road" is a joy to see and a pleasure to reflect upon, and shows the genius of the writer and producer, Mr. A. E. Coleby, who is to be congratulated on having screened one of the finest films in the world.

EDITH NEPEAN.

A COMPLETE STORY, TELLING OF THE COMMANDMENT THAT IS UNLUCKY TO BREAK.

"The THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT"



ETHEL CLAYTON as Daphne Kip. (*Paramount.*)

"OH, Clay, it is a beauty!"

Daphne Kip smiled up at Clay Wimburn as she fingered the engagement ring the young man had just placed on her finger.

"Nothing is good enough for you, darling," said the young man.

And if the compliments that Clay Wimburn poured into Daphne's pretty ear might have been believed she was indeed a paragon of perfection.

"I suppose we had better tell mother and dad," said Daphne, after a long interval chiefly occupied in kissing.

While the young couple are walking to the house (the proposal had been made in the garden), let us hurry on in front and listen to a little scene between Mr. and Mrs. Kip.

It is not a pleasant one, but it is necessary to record it, for it is the foundation of this story.

Mr. Kip is over middle age, grey-haired and worried. His wife is younger—under forty—passably good looking. Her only worry in life is a double chin which has survived every treatment advertised by the beauty specialists.

"You seem determined not to understand that our financial position is not what it was," said Mr. Kip, pushing away from him a pile of unpaid bills. "We really can't go on like this much longer."

"We must live up to our position," replied Mrs. Kip. "I don't spend half as much as the other women in my set."

Mrs. Kip had kept to this reply for the past three years, ever since a bank failure had made it necessary for her husband to retrench.

Mr. Kip groaned. He knew it was useless arguing with his wife. She had a mania for spending. Shopping was the breath of life to her, and she could no more resist a bargain at the sales, whether she wanted it or not, than a cat could pass a saucer of cream.

Mr. Kip was in the middle of a long statement in which he was trying to prove that they were living on their capital, when Daphne rushed in.

She was a very pretty girl, golden-haired, petite and graceful. Her mouth perhaps was just a shade too rebellious, but that was more than counterbalanced by the warmth of affection in her soft grey eyes.

"I'm engaged!" she burst out. "Clay is going to see you later, dad. Say you're pleased."

"Of course I'm pleased, Daphne," said Mr. Kip, with a smile that chased his worry lines away. "Of course we can't pretend to be surprised, can we mother?"

Mrs. Kip came out of dreamland to give her daughter a hug and a kiss.

At the magic word engaged Mrs. Kip had seen in a vision a million times swifter than any movie ever moved, a wonderful trousseau, bridesmaids, orange blossoms, and everything. Even as she kissed her daughter she was wondering what she would wear. She hurried her daughter away to discuss frocks, and Mr. Kip returned to his figures.

A little later Mrs. Kip and her daughter entered Mr. Kip's study. Mrs. Kip had a long list of what Daphne would want, not forgetting a few dresses for herself.

"I've made a rough estimate of the cost, dear," she said to her husband. "I know you like to have everything done in a business-like way, so that you can see how much it is going to cost. And Daphne tells me that they want to get married almost at once, so that we must begin shopping at once."

Mr. Kip glanced at the total and shuddered.

"I really can't afford so much," he said. "I've been telling your mother this afternoon, Daphne, that we shall have to economise. We can't go on in this way."

"I believe your father would like to see you married in your walking-out costume," said Mrs. Kip.

"Now, is that fair?" cried the harrassed Mr. Kip. "You know I will do everything I can, Daphne, but it is no use your mother talking in that way. We really can't go on in this way, spending to-day what we hope to earn to-morrow."

The rebellious curve in Daphne's mouth stiffened.

She was fond of her father, and sorry that he had been so worried lately, but she had inherited her mother's extravagant tastes, and after all it was *her* wedding.

As Mrs. Kip led her daughter from the room saying that Daphne should have everything she wanted, even if she sold her own clothes to get it, Mr. Kip felt like a criminal.

Why couldn't women be reasonable? He knew that his wife would not dream of selling as much as a blouse, even for Daphne, and yet she was trying to make him look like a miser. He sat down again to his figures and cut out a subscription to a charity he had supported for over twenty years.

Just before dinner a telegram came from his son Bayard saying that he had been married that morning.

"Isn't it wonderful?" cried Daphne.

"So romantic!" murmured her mother.

"Well, it's saved a wedding present," said Mr. Kip.

Two long-drawn-out indignant "Ohs!" greeted this statement.

"I mean that it will enable me to give Daphne more for her trousseau," explained Mr. Kip hastily.

The next morning there came a letter from Bayard. He had been informed of Daphne's engagement from Clay, and sent his congratulations, adding that he and his bride were going abroad for their honeymoon, and he hoped that she and his mother would use his flat in New York and do Daphne's shopping there instead of in their own town.

Mrs. Kip got a cheque from her husband and hurried her daughter off to New York. They pronounced the flat a perfect dream, and Mrs. Kip sent a wire to Clay Wimburn.

Clay came and admired the flat, but when he heard the rent he mentally described it as a nightmare. The two women told him that it would be impossible to take advantage of Bayard's offer to live in the flat rent free, and Clay cabled to Bayard fixing up to use the flat at a weekly rental of thirty dollars.

He wanted Daphne to have a good time, so he got a holiday from his firm and took her round New York. Mrs. Kip found an exceedingly expensive beauty specialist who guaranteed to remove her double chin, and she and her daughter were exceedingly happy. The money Clay had saved to set up housekeeping dwindled.

One night while he and Daphne were dining at a very expensive restaurant a man named Thomas Varick Ducane came up to their table.

Ducane was a rich bachelor, a man with more money than principles. Clay had met him once in New York at a club and on the strength of that Ducane renewed the acquaintance because he had been smitten with Daphne's beauty.

Clay Wimburn knew the man was wrong from the tips of his patent leather boots to the top hair of his head, but he was compelled to introduce him to Daphne. For him the rest of the dinner was about as appetising as a hash in a cheap boarding-house. But to Daphne, Ducane represented New York and all the glitter of the great White Way.

He appeared to know everybody, and he referred to famous actresses by their Christian names. Clay was silent, and he so plainly indicated that he did not desire Mr. Ducane's company that at last even that brass-fronted gentleman took the hint, and went back to his own table.

And then to Clay came the crowning misery of a very miserable evening. When he called for the bill he found that after he had tipped the waiter he would only have a few cents left. He was so desperate that he called the waiter's attention to the fact that he had charged three dollars for the melon instead of a dollar and a half. He could have cut his tongue out the next second, for he saw Ducane smiling a very supercilious smile and looking sympathetically at Daphne.

In that deprecating manner which is the height of insolence the waiter informed Clay that the half melons were used up when he took the order, and that he had asked for a new one to be cut.

"I naturally assumed that you wanted the best, sir," he added, lifting his eyebrows in surprise that anybody should dare to come to such a restaurant and quibble about a paltry half dollar.

Daphne flushed to the roots of her hair. She felt she had been humiliated in the presence of a waiter, but what hit her hardest was that Mr. Ducane had overheard all.

Clay, now feeling about as happy as a half-drowned rat, escorted Daphne to the door. In the foyer he remembered with a vividness that cut like a knife, that he could not afford a taxi. The few cents he had left would not have got a "Thank you" from the driver as a tip.

"It's a beautiful night. What do you say if we walk home?" he suggested in a casual voice, though his spirits were about as low as thirty under proof whisky.

"I don't mind," said Daphne tonelessly. "It hasn't been a very pleasant evening, has it?"

Clay could not think of anything to say, so he took Daphne's arm and began to walk. After they had gone a hundred yards Daphne began to limp.

"It's my thin shoes," she said reproachfully. "It is quite impossible to walk in them."

There was nothing for it now but for Clay to own up.

"I'm very sorry, dear," he said, "but I haven't got enough money for a taxi. That dinner cost a lot more than I had bargained for."

Daphne looked up as if she could not believe she had heard aright.

"I don't understand," she said. "If you were short of money why didn't you borrow some from Mr. Ducane? You could have got some from the bank in the morning."

Clay flushed angrily at the mention of Ducane.

"You might as well know, Daphne, that I have very little money in the bank. The truth is, we have been going the pace too much. I'm almost broke."

Daphne was staggered at the announcement. She had always thought Clay was a rich man.

"Well, I can't walk, anyway," she said irritably. "You'll have to get a taxi and get the money from mother."

Clay dashed off to get a taxi. He felt that he did not care what happened.

When they arrived at the flat they found Bayard and his wife there.

"I thought you were stopping in Paris for another month yet," said Clay.

"So did I," replied Bayard grimly, "but the funds ran out. I never saw a woman who could get rid of money like Leila," he added in an aside.

"This is really funny," said Clay, laughing in spite of himself. "It's just the same with me. I've landed home without enough money to pay the cab."

"I can manage that for you," said Bayard, handing Clay a note and some silver.

In the meantime, Leila, a very pretty woman, was telling Daphne about her Paris experiences and bemoaning her hard fate at having to come back, though, because of a shortage of money.

"You ought to have stayed," said Daphne's mother. "Bayard would have found it somehow. They're all alike these men. One has got to drag the money from them. But don't worry, Leila. We'll all go shopping to-morrow and have a glorious time."

Found Out.

BAYARD was in the flat next day when the shopping party came back.

They had spent all their ready money, and, persuaded by the manager of a large store to open an account, Leila, Daphne, and Mrs. Kip had run up a bill amounting to nearly a thousand dollars.

On Mrs. Kip's advice Leila decided not to tell her husband about the expedition, but Bayard happened to be in the hall when the dresses arrived from the store. As he saw the accompanying bill he turned to his wife.

"Surely you must have gone mad, Leila. I thought I had bought you everything you wanted in Paris, and here is a bill for a black lace frock, 250 dollars, and one for Daphne for 350 dollars."

"Gracious, girl!" he exclaimed, turning to his sister. "Who do you expect is going to pay for this? Not poor Clay, I hope. You might wait till you marry him before you start to bleed him. You women think of nothing but ruining the man you say you love."

For a few moments the three women were stunned into silence by Bayard's angry outburst.

Then Leila replied to the attack by a hysterical outburst of tears. Bayard heard himself referred to as "a brute" and "a selfish wretch" as Leila rushed into her room, followed by Daphne.

As Bayard tried to follow the door was slammed in his face and locked. Bayard started to plead for forgiveness, and in the end he was glad to apologise and say that Leila could have all the dresses she wanted.

Having gained a victory, the three women plunged from one extravagance to another, and there were no more worried men in New York than Bayard Kip and Clay Wimburn.

Even a telegram from Mr. Kip senior saying that a copper mine in which he had shares had busted, did not stop his wife or daughter from spending.

But the two young men had a greater trouble than the bills.

Daphne had conceived the idea of going on the stage in order that she could earn money, and to that end was always seeing Ducane, who had promised to get her an introduction to a manager. Leila had got to know a man named Weatherill, a fast man about town, no longer young, whose reputation was about as unsavoury as Ducane's.

Both Clay and Bayard protested against these acquaintanceships, but were met by the old defence by the women that if they were not to be trusted then there could be no love. And so matters went on, each day starting with a row, and generally finishing with one.

It was Daphne who first saw the red light.

She invited Ducane up to the flat one afternoon to talk over the idea of an engagement on the stage. Ducane was plausible and full of promises. In her innocence Daphne thought he was ready to assist her out of pure friendship, but she was quickly disillusioned when Ducane suddenly bent over her and tried to kiss her.

Daphne sprang to her feet with flushed cheeks and blazing eyes.

"You cad!" she cried. "If you try to get near me I'll hit you."

"How was I to know you would object to a kiss to seal our bargain?" said Ducane protestingly. "You are quite mistaken if you think I meant to insult you. Forget this incident and I will give you my word that I will help you and never try to kiss you again. Don't you understand that people are a little more Bohemian in New York than in your town?"

Daphne felt she had been to blame for inviting Ducane to the flat. Besides, she really wanted to get on the stage, and Ducane was the only one who could help her.

"All right," she said. "Keep your word and I'll forget it."

It was just at this moment that Clay Wimburn came in. He glared at Ducane and did not reply to the latter's greeting, nor did he say good-day when he left.

"Why do you encourage that bounder to hang around?" he said to Daphne when Ducane had left.

"Because he is going to help me to get on the stage," replied Daphne. "You needn't get jealous, Clay. Mr. Ducane is not in love with me and I am certainly not in love with him. But I mean to earn money to keep myself. There is nothing but grumbling from you, father, and Bayard about money, and I mean to earn some so that I can do as I like with it."

"But what about our wedding?" protested Clay.

"There will be no wedding till I am independent," said Daphne.

There was another angry scene, and Clay went out of the flat in a rage, slamming the door behind him.

Ducane got Daphne an engagement with a manager with whom he was friendly. They were rehearsing a new piece, and Daphne was given a small part. She only lasted one rehearsal. The producer persevered with Daphne for some time, and then he went and told the manager that the young woman had as much idea of acting as a wooden Indian.

Ducane, who had been waiting in the manager's office, smiled to himself.

The more Daphne failed in her efforts to get a living the more she would become dependent on him.

"Tell her so and fire her," said the manager callously.

Poor Daphne left the theatre very disheartened, but she was made of sterner stuff than Ducane had imagined. The fact that she had failed as an actress made her more determined to succeed in another direction.

The Way Out.

THERE was another terrific row at the flat that night.

Bayard was reproaching Leila for her extravagance.

"Haven't you ever heard of the Thirteenth Commandment?" he shouted. "Never spend more than you earn."

Leila shrugged her shoulders.

"And it's called the Thirteenth because it is unlucky to break it," went on Bayard. "And you are breaking it every day."

Then Leila turned.

"You're always preaching at me," she cried in her shrill voice. "I'm sick of it. Haven't you heard another saying which might be called the Fourteenth Commandment? 'Charity begins at home.' What about the money it costs to keep your relatives? You make me tired. This place is nothing more than a hotel for the Kip family."

Mrs. Kip and Daphne, who were in the next room, heard every word.

"Did you hear it, Daphne?" gasped Mrs. Kip.

She did not wait for her daughter's reply, but rushed to her bedroom and began to pack.

Mrs. Kip left by the midnight train. Daphne decided to stop in New York, but not with Leila.

She got apartments with a Mrs. Cheviss, and began to look for work. After a week of futile searching she came home one night and found Mrs. Cheviss sitting with her husband.

"How does one get a job in New York, Mrs. Cheviss?" asked Daphne.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Cheviss wearily. "Ask my husband. He's just lost his."

Daphne looked at the grey-haired man who was

(Continued on page 18.)



Bernard Dudley

The British Character Actor

LIKE so many cinema actors Bernard Dudley had a very successful career on the stage, and variety halls, before he decided to take up film work.

He appeared not only in London, and all the big towns of Great Britain, but he travelled a great deal in all parts of the world. He has a very powerful baritone voice, and has often sung in the West-end of London.

When war broke out he happened to be in Hungary, and immediately came home to offer his services to his country.

His First Screen Successes.

MR. DUDLEY is now exclusively engaged by Harma to appear in character parts. You may have seen the splendid work he did in his first successes on the screen, which were "A Romany Lass," and "The Great Impostor."

Gardening—One of His Hobbies.

MR. DUDLEY lives on the outskirts of London, at Golder's Green, and one of his hobbies is gardening. He is extremely proud of his vegetable garden which would be a credit to any expert.



Scenes from the Harma film, "Brenda of the Barge," in which BERNARD DUDLEY plays a strong part. The bottom photograph shows the exciting fight between him and JAMES KNIGHT.

"The Thirteenth Commandment." (Continued from page 17.)

staring at the wall-paper in a way which reminded her of the picture called "The Hopeless Dawn."

Daphne felt sorry she had mentioned her own little troubles. In a flash she realised one of the great truths of life. Whatever may be your own trouble, there is always somebody battling with a bigger one.

Before Daphne went to bed that night she had fixed up a scheme with Mrs. Cheviss to start a shop for brides.

Recollection of the money she had spent so recklessly when buying her trousseau gave Daphne the idea.

She had a little money of her own, and with some Mrs. Cheviss found, the shop was started.

It was a success from the first.

Clay Wimburn objected, but Daphne was not to be switched off her idea.

Clay did not argue too much. He was pleased that Daphne was out of the radius of Ducane's evil influence. He went back to his firm and a day or two later wired Daphne that he had been sent to get a big contract, which, if he pulled it off, would mean they could get married without any fear of money troubles.

Daphne was happy. She had found that the only way to enjoy spending money was to earn it.

Then there came another cloud.

Leila, with whom Daphne had "made it up," came to the shop one evening and said she was going to dine with Weatherill at Mountain View Hotel.

Daphne, with her new experience of life, was afraid of Leila's friendship with Weatherill. She accepted Leila's invitation to join them in order to protect Leila.

Weatherill was furious when Daphne joined the party.

It upset his plans. Perhaps it was his temper that made him drive recklessly. Anyway, the car turned over taking a sharp corner, and Daphne was taken to hospital with a broken arm and suffering from severe concussion.

Bayard came to see her.

He had heard that his wife and Weatherill were in the car, both of whom were uninjured. Bayard wanted to know how it was that his wife and sister were with Weatherill. Really he was only concerned why his wife was there, for he had more than a suspicion that Daphne had been dragged in as chaperon.

Daphne read his thoughts in his eyes.

She turned a bandaged head to her brother.

"You mustn't blame Leila, Bayard," she said. "Mr. Weatherill was taking me to dinner, and on the way we picked up Leila."

Having told this lie, Daphne assured her brother that she was all right and that there was no need to worry about her, and then went to sleep.

A few weeks later Daphne was back in the shop. Her arm was in a sling, but otherwise she was quite well.

Mrs. Cheviss was folding up stock when Clay Wimburn walked in.

He had pulled off the contract, and he told Daphne of his success as he took her in his arms and kissed her, quite oblivious of the presence of Mrs. Cheviss.

"And now, Daphne," he said, "there is really no need for you to work any longer. I am earning enough money to keep both of us comfortably. I've just called on Bayard, expecting to find you there, and really, dear, they are so happy that I felt jealous. Bayard is doing well, and Leila just hates the idea of spending money. They told me you did something rather splendid for Leila, but I didn't get it; I was too anxious to see you."

Daphne allowed her lover another caress, and then sought safety behind the counter.

"Look here, Clay," she said. "I want to talk to you seriously. "Everybody says that money is an enemy to love. I should like to prove that it can be a friend, and that all I have earned in this business will bring us happiness."

"Let us try, dear," said Clay. "I'm very proud of you, Daphne."

"Very well," said Daphne, "we'll start right away. Here's my half of the money for my wedding ring."

Clay looked at her with a blank stare.

"Daphne!"

"Well, perhaps I am carrying things a bit too far, Clay. But I want to come to you not as a woman who has merely to look pretty at the head of your table, but as a real pal—one who will share all your troubles as well as your happiness. If you are ready to take me on those terms, the wedding can't be too soon."

"I'd take you on any terms," said Clay, "but I think you've got the great idea."

Mrs. Cheviss went into the inner room as Clay reached over and kissed Daphne.

She was crying softly as she said to herself: "I wonder if Daphne would like that Japanese kimono for a wedding present?"

(Adapted, by permission, from the Paramount-Artcraft photo-play featuring Ethel Clayton as Daphne).

:: SHOW YOUR FRIENDS ::
The "Picture Show."

KATHLEEN KIRKHAM

Her Ideas of What Leads to Success In Pictures.

KATHLEEN KIRKHAM tells us what she considers necessary to success in pictures.

She says that a pretty face, a pleasing figure, and a certain amount of vivacity are not sufficient in themselves.

First of all comes really hard work. The screen is not as so many people fondly imagine, a place of comfort, ease, and a good time. When a film is in progress work often starts at nine o'clock in the morning, and goes on until five or six, and even ten, eleven, and twelve when night scenes are being screened.

Another essential is a good education. During her career a cinema actress has to play many parts, covering all nations, all times, and all classes, and unless she is well educated she is apt to fall far short of realism.

Miss Kirkham says that last but not least is the value of ideals. She believes that true womanhood should be the greatest ambition of every girl on or off the screen.





KATHLEEN KIRKHAM, beautifully gowned, steps out of her motor-car.



Photographed at her home in Los Angeles. KATHLEEN KIRKHAM is spending a quiet time reading books to select a suitable play for her first "Kathleen Kirkham" productions.

IVY DUKE

Of Stage and Screen Fame





IVY DUKE in a love scene from one of her films.

BEFORE taking up screen work Ivy Duke appeared in musical comedies at Daly's Theatre, London. She had parts in "The Happy Day," and "Betty," and you will probably remember her as Gianetta in "The Maid of the Mountains," which had such a long and successful run.

When Miss Duke decided to try film work, she applied at the studios of the George Clark Productions, and was immediately given a small part. She did not consider the salary offered her was big enough, and being a very determined young lady, she endeavoured to convince Mr. Guy Newall of this—and she succeeded!

Enthusiastic About Films.

MISS DUKE is very enthusiastic about films, and reads many novels with a view to finding a story that would film well. Quite a number of novels have been purchased by George Clark Productions upon her recommendation.

She does not mind how hard she works to gain the best effects, and considers any time spent in gaining experience as time well spent.

An example of this is the fact that she intends to visit America quite shortly. Miss Duke wishes to see for herself exactly how pictures are made in that country, and therefore she proposes to take a trip out to the "Filmland of America."



It is a question that needs consideration, and IVY DUKE is quietly thoughtful.

Films in Which She Has Appeared.

SOME of the films in which Ivy Duke has played are "The Garden of Resurrection," "The Lure of Crooning Water," "Duke's Son," and "Testimony," in which she plays opposite Guy Newall.

Down on the Farm.

MISS DUKE is extremely fond of the country, and has a delightful home where she loves to spend any time that can be spared from the studio, amongst all the farmyard pets.

It is one of her great ambitions to be able to retire and spend all her time in the country amongst her fowls, ducks, horses, cows, and other farmyard animals and birds.

Ivy has a beautiful dog called "Sammy," of whom she is very fond. Although he is not quite one year old, he, too, has appeared on the screen in two productions.



Ivy is a very good shot.



A happy snap, taken on a day when IVY DUKE was able to spend some time at her country home among her farmyard pets.

PRESENTING PAUL POWELL

Famous Director's Advice to the Screen-struck.



PAUL POWELL.

THE other morning, at the Islington studios of the Famous Players-Lasky British Producers, I met one of the most interesting men in the film world—Paul Powell, who will be remembered as the director of many successful pictures, prominent among which is Mary Pickford's "Pollyanna." Mr. Powell is now engaged upon the production of E. Phillips Oppenheim's story, "The Mystery Road," for the aforementioned company, and was good enough to give me some details respecting it.

Author's First Screen Story.

ALTHOUGH several of Mr. Oppenheim's books have been filmed, this is the first story he has ever written directly for the screen, he told me, and is very typical of this extremely popular author's work.

"There are to be no stars in it——"

I made some little exclamation.

"No," repeated Mr. Powell, with a smile. "No stars. In this case the picture is going to be the star. I believe the public go to see pictures, not stars. In my opinion the star system is a mistake, and often proves the ruination of a story, throwing it all out of focus in order to bring some special actor or actress into prominence.

"In this film the leading players will be David Powell, Herbert Standing, Ruby Miller, and "—here Mr. Powell paused significantly—"Marian May."

Here is My Evidence.

MR. POWELL considers Miss May a great "find," and related how he discovered her.

"We had a terrible time getting the right woman for the leading feminine part," he said. "I didn't dare to take a girl without experience, and yet I did not want to send to America for one, for our policy here, as you know, is to employ British players as far as possible, and to have sent to the States would have been an admission of defeat.

"Just as I was about at my wits' end, a young lady called at the studio to see the casting director. She explained briefly that she had played in some British, French and Italian films—starring in the latter—and with admirable commonsense produced some 'stills' of herself, taken from these pictures. She was, indeed, a lesson to many screen aspirants, for instead of dilating on how great she was, and generally wasting everybody's time, she just left these photos behind, remarking, simply: 'Here is my evidence,' and went away. She could not have been here more than a few minutes.

"When these stills were handed to me later, I immediately realised that I had found the girl for whom I had been searching, and lost no time in sending for her. Indeed, Miss May was already engaged before she arrived back at the studio!

"She is a most intelligent girl, and will, I am sure, go far."

Advice Must be Individual.

"AND what is your advice to the screen-struck?" I asked, feeling quite thrilled by this romantic narrative.

"*Don't get fat!*" replied Mr. Powell, laughingly. Then he went on seriously, "Really, one cannot make hard and fast rules. By so doing, one may discourage those who have real ability on the one hand, and on the other, may raise the hopes of those who possess no talent for film work at all. The whole thing depends on the person concerned. Advice has *got* to be individual."

Your Fog is Overrated.

MR. POWELL remarked that as far as he knew, he was the only American employed at the studio. He was born in Illinois, but has spent many years in California, and so, he added humorously, he was not really an American at all, for a Californian was not a typical American. And even the twinkle in his eye didn't explain the enigma. He told me that he was very delighted to be in England, that he expected to stay here for two years, and that he wished he could stay even longer!

"In spite of our weather, Mr. Powell?"

"Well, of course, the weather here *does* matter, whatever politeness may say to the contrary. The fog persists in getting into the studio, and upsets the lighting badly, but we are having a wonderful device for cleansing the air installed, and will, I think, soon overcome the difficulty successfully.

"And yet, you know," he added, to my surprise, "your London fog is much overrated. If you want to see a real, honest-to-goodness fog, you should go to San Francisco, and even Los Angeles! When there is a fog in these places, you can't see your own hand before your face! But it's of a different quality altogether, especially in San Francisco—dense and very wet."

Fairy-Tale Scenery.

MR. POWELL paid a glowing tribute to British scenery which, he said, "was too beautiful to be believed."

"I look out of the train and can hardly credit the loveliness of the countryside. It seems like fairy-tale scenery. Photography is my great passion and hobby—I would spend millions of pounds on it, if I could!—and my greatest desire at present is to photograph everything in England!"

Which, one must admit, is rather a tall order.

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Framing Your Photogravures—Some Simple and Inexpensive Methods—What You Can Do With Ordinary Brown Paper—The Picture Girl's Dance Frock.

I HAVE had so many letters from readers telling me how very successfully they have framed their photogravures that are given each week with the PICTURE SHOW, and so many asking me how to frame them, that I thought, for the benefit of all, I might give you both the tips sent by readers, and a few other ideas.

Wooden framing is delightful, of course, although this is far too expensive a method to employ for every plate. If you intend to preserve every plate—and they are well worth it to decorate the walls of your own particular den—you will find the following method very effective and particularly inexpensive.

The Least Expensive Method.

STICK the plate upon a stiff piece of cardboard that is a little larger than the picture, and that has previously been covered with brown paper, paint them over with size, and then varnish all over. Affix the pictures to the walls with drawing-pins, or thread a narrow cord through a couple of holes that have been made in the cardboard at the top.

Frequent dusting will be sufficient to keep these pictures clean, and the varnish will effectually take the place of glass. A whole dado of pictures treated in this manner and fixed round the top part of your walls would look most effective.

Of course, passe-partout framing is one of the most charming and inexpensive forms of framing, although—as the pictures are large—there is every possibility of the binding not holding for any length of time, unless the glass is specially thin, so that a firm hold can be taken at all edges. In case a few of my readers do not quite know how this framing is done, I will give you a rough outline of the work.

The passe-partout binding is bought by the strip. It is about an inch or so in width, and can be obtained in many colours. Of course, for framing the sepia photogravures you would choose brown binding. Procure a piece of very thin glass and a piece of cardboard, each the same size as the picture. Lay the glass flat on the table, with the picture upon it face downwards, and then cover with the cardboard. Before placing cardboard on top of this, insert into it a couple of hangers—you can procure them specially for the purpose—so that a cord can be slipped through when the framing is done.

Measure off four strips of the passe-partout to fit the sides of the picture, and mitre the corners of each. Bend the binding in half lengthways, and after wetting the sticky side, affix it over the edges of the glass, picture, and cardboard. Allow to dry thoroughly, and the picture is finished. Ordinary American leather can be used instead of the passe-partout. In fact, this would be better.



No. 29,112.

A charming dance frock specially designed for the Picture Girl by the Editress of "HOME FASHIONS."

What You Can Do With Brown Paper.

AS a matter of fact, ordinary brown paper—of the stiff, substantial variety—can be requisitioned for the framing of your pictures quite effectually. Thin glass and cardboard will also be needed for the framing, but the manner in which the brown paper is applied will make it most substantial. The glass and cardboard must be the same size as the picture. Lay the glass flat on the table, then the photogravure face downwards—and place the cardboard on the top. Bind the edges with tape.

Next, procure a sheet of stiff dark brown paper, and lay this flat on the table. Pick up the picture and lay it upon this. Cut the brown paper out about a little over an inch larger than the actual picture all the way round, taking small pieces out of the corners so that they will mitre on to the picture neatly. Bend the edges of the brown paper over on to the glass of the picture so that it is all ready for sticking. Lift the picture up from the brown paper, and gum the latter all over well. Lay the picture back in position, and bend the edges of the brown paper over on the glass, sticking it down carefully, and wiping well with a soft cloth. Allow it to remain for a while until it is quite dry, and then affix rings to the back with which to hang it up.

The Picture Girl's Dance Frock.

THE Picture Girl has a delightful new dance frock. The actual frock is of charmeuse, while the under-bodice and cascades are fashioned from georgette and edged with sequin trimming to tone. The skirt is quite straight, being gathered at the top to the bodice lining. The cascades are added. The material bodice has Magyar sides of georgette, and plastron front and back of charmeuse.

You can obtain patterns of this evening frock in 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust size for one shilling each from "Picture Show" Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

A DRESSER.



This popular Tammy Hat pattern is free next week.



A very simple Magyar Jumper blouse design, cut in one piece and slit across each shoulder so as to allow for extra fulness in the front. You will get this pattern with "Woman's Pictorial," out on Wednesday, January 19th.



This hat is also given in "Woman's Pictorial" next week, out on Wednesday, January 12th.

FREE This Week!

A very attractive shirt blouse design, cut with a shoulder-strap and an added collar, which can be fastened up closely to the neck, in the present-day correct fashion; or will turn back to form a V for the girl who likes to have her neck free. This pattern is given free with this week's "Woman's Pictorial."



These two camisole patterns are cut quite differently, and the pattern to make both these dainty garments is given in "Woman's Pictorial," out on Wednesday, January 26th.

Big Gift of FREE Patterns

ALL these splendid patterns and a wonderfully smart dress pattern as well are being given away to all readers of the new "WOMAN'S PICTORIAL," the weekly magazine with all the finest monthly magazine features. The blouse pattern is free with to-day's issue, the others will be given with the four following numbers (one each week). Very simple diagrams will be printed in "WOMAN'S PICTORIAL," giving full instructions as to cutting out and making up each pattern.

The only certain way of obtaining these practical and stylish patterns is to give your newsagent or bookseller a permanent order for

WOMAN'S—3d PICTORIAL

The Weekly Magazine for Women.

On Sale every Wednesday.

"Shots" from Broadwest

ANOTHER Christmas has come and gone, another year of work and strenuous endeavour to make British films the best in the world has been completed, and the Directors of the BROADWEST Company look back on the past twelve months with a feeling that in part their ambition has been achieved. 1920 has proved a year of great success for this famous British firm, but if the past twelve months were successful, Mr. Walter West starts out into 1921 with the determination to make the future twelve months still more so.

Since January 1920, the BROADWEST Company have produced, and placed on the markets of the world, no less than twelve first-class productions, which is something of a record. Great progress has marked 1920 for the firm, for not only has Mr. Walter West re-organised the Walthamstow Studio, but has taken over the control of the big one at Catford, which is now working at high pressure.

Among the hundreds of artistes who have played in films for the BROADWEST Company in 1920, are Violet Hepson, Stewart Rome, Gregory Scott, Cameron Carr, Pauline Peters and Adelaide Hayden Coffin, who are all members of the stock company, besides Mercy Hatton, Ronald Colman, Arthur Walcott, Clive Brook, Poppy Wyndham, Violet Elliott, Pauline Johnson, John Gliddon, Gwyn Stratford, and Lewis Dayton, who have played in various productions. The most important 1920 films have been "Her Son," "A Dead Certainty," "The Romance of a Movie Star," "A Great Coup," "Snow in the Desert," "The Case of Lady Camber," and "A Rank Outsider," all of which have been released

January 11th sees the release of "The Great Gay Road," in which Stewart Rome creates one of the finest characters in his screen career, in the person of the gentleman-vagabond. The story, which is from Tom Gallon's novel, is a beautiful one, the supporting actors and actresses excellent, and the photography, general technique, and setting, are well up to BROADWEST'S high standard. Could you desire more? B.B.

BROADWEST FILMS LTD.,
(Head Office), 175, Wardour St., London, W.1.
('Phone: Gerrard 240.)

The Most Attractive Woman
that I know says:—"Don't spoil your complexion by stopping up the pores of the skin with ordinary powder. Just a touch of

Meta HARDING'S 'BLOSSOM'

will give you that beautiful colour which everyone desires. It is made of such excellent ingredients so finely sifted and delicately perfumed, as to be harmless to the most delicate skin. In fact, it is a real antiseptic. It comes to me in a plain packet, just like an ordinary letter, and only costs **1/2** (Post Free) from
META HARDING, 281, Seven Sisters Road, London, N.4."

The Children's Newspaper
Every Friday **2D**

THE DEAF HEAR
THE NEW PATENT
SOUND DISCS
completely overcome DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long standing. Are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable. Worn months without removal. Explanatory Pamphlet Free.
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The Big Three

The PICTURE SHOW
Every MONDAY
The GIRLS' CINEMA
Every TUESDAY
The BOYS' CINEMA
Every WEDNESDAY

The Latest Pictures, Paragraphs, Stories, and News of the Cinema World.

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

This Week's Best Jokes

By permission of Messrs. Pathé Freres

HUSBAND: "You never kiss me except when you want money."

WIFE: "Well, isn't that often enough!"—(*Boston News.*)

* * * *

"Does your son show any particular athletic tendency at college?"

"Oh, yes; he's running through my money."—(*Passing Show.*)

* * * *

"Were you happy when you started for France?"

"Happy? We were in transports!"—(*Auckland Weekly News.*)

* * * *

"Lend me a sovereign, will you, old man? And I shall be eternally in your debt."—(*L'Echo de Paris.*)

* * * *

It takes a woman twenty years to make a man of her son. It takes another woman twenty minutes to make a fool of him.—(*Mr. George Robey.*)

* * * *

One half of the world doesn't know how it's better half lives!—(*Bystander.*)

* * * *

"Doctor, I am troubled with cold feet. What do you suppose is the cause?"

"Cold weather. Half a guinea, please!"—(*Cologne Gazette.*)

* * * *

SHE: "You ought to be ashamed of stealing a kiss."

HE: "You are equally guilty. You received the stolen goods."—(*Pearson's Weekly.*)

* * * *

"Hullo, old bean! How do you like the weather?"

"Oh, terrible."

"How's the wife?"

"Oh, about the same."—(*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*)

* * * *

EPITAPH FOR DECEASED MOTORIST.

Jim Banes to-day would be alive
If he had first learned how to drive.—
(*Detroit News.*)

* * * *

They were looking at the kangaroo at the Zoo when an Irishman said:

"Beg pardon, sor! Phwat kind of a crature is that?"

"That?" replied the keeper. "Oh, that is a native of Australia."

"Good hivins!" exclaimed Pat. "An' my sister married wan o' thim."—(*Montreal Star.*)

* * * *

FIRST MAN: "I'm going to get a divorce. My wife hasn't spoken to me for six months."

SECOND MAN: "Better be careful. You'll never get another wife like that."—(*Variety.*)

* * * *

AMERICAN STATIONMASTER (writing to local resident): "Please send at once and remove case addressed to you marked 'Books.' It is leaking."—(*Cologne Post.*)

* * * *

"Yes," said the young wife proudly, "father always gives something expensive when he makes presents."

"So I discovered when he gave you away," breathed the young husband.—(*Le Journal Amersant.*)

* * * *

FIRST LAWYER: "Did his speech carry conviction?"

SECOND LAWYER: "It did. His client got five years."—(*Answers.*)

* * * *

SHE: "Meet you to-morrow night, usual place, seven o'clock."

HE: "Right! What time will you be there?"—(*Sydney Herald.*)

* * * *

TO MARK TABLE LINEN: Take one cherry-pie and one baby. Leave alone for ten minutes.—(*Toronto Evening Telegram.*)

* * * *

SHE: "I hear your father is ill. Is his illness contagious?"

HE: "I hope not. Doctor says he is suffering from over work."—(*Kladderadatsch.*)

* * * *

KIND LADY: "And how long has your husband been out of work, my poor woman?"

MY POOR WOMAN: "Well, mum, I ain't quite sure whether he was married in '80 or '81."—(*Melbourne Weekly Times.*)

* * * *

GLADYS: "Betty's very worried, she can't get her dressmaker to send her new frock, although she's written twice."

REGGIE: "Perhaps she forgot to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for it."—(*London Opinion.*)

* * * *

"What did you have for lunch?"

"Thirty minutes."—(*Judge, New York.*)

* * * *

FIRST MAN: "I heard his speech last night was extempore."

SECOND MAN: "It was not, it was rotten."—(*Tit-Bits.*)

* * * *

THE JUDGE: "So you and your wife had a few words?"

THE PRISONER: "I had some, but I didn't get a chance to use them."—(*Auckland Weekly News.*)

FINDING FAULTS IN FILMS.

This competition closed on December 18th. The reason for this is that the competition is not a fair one for thousands of readers who have sent postcards which would win a prize if thousands of other readers had not duplicated their fault. For instance, over 50 readers sent the following:

In "Heart of the Hills," featuring Mary Pickford, Honeycutt, Senr., having put some hair oil on his hair, takes up a nearly toothless comb, and then uses a silver backed hair brush.

A prize of 5s. cannot be divided into 50 parts, hence disappointment to 50 readers. There are still thousands and thousands of postcards to be examined, and until these are examined prizes will be awarded as promised, but no more should be sent for the competition. We are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition.

In the film entitled "Out of the Fog," in which Nazimova plays the lead, there is a scene which is supposed to represent the inside of a lighthouse, a lonely place called Ception Shoals, off the Florida Keys. It is a splendid scene, save in one respect, which I think spoils the whole picture. In one of the rooms there is a small window, and through this window can be seen a whole panorama of sky-scrapers. These, I think you will agree, would not be likely to be seen near a lighthouse.—(Master) A. Humphries, 14, Chequer St., St. Albans, Herts.

Some time ago I saw a picture called "Just Bill," during which a fight takes place, and Clayton wrenches a revolver off Morgan and throws it through the window. Someone on the other side picks it up and shoots through the window at Morgan, and yet the window is not even cracked. 5s. awarded to Doris Oldaker, 294, St. Benedicts Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

In "True Blue," the hero (William Farnum) sends a letter to his father in England. When it leaves the hero it is hand-written, yet when the father gets it it is typewritten. 5s. awarded to A. E. Ford, Shepherds Hill, Haslemere, Surrey.

In the film "The Darlings of the Gods," one scene is a huge cave. Large butterflies are flitting about here, but the whole effect is spoilt because the thread by which they are suspended could be plainly seen. 5s. awarded to Dorice Foster, 2, Trafalgar Road, Freemantle, Southampton.

"PICTURE SHOW" PUZZLE COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE £100
SECOND PRIZE £25

£150 IN PRIZES

FIFTY PRIZES OF 10/- EACH

ON this page will be found the fifth of our Picture Puzzle series, which deals chiefly with the career of Bert Lytell. Next week the career of another cinema star will be dealt with in a similar form, and this will complete the series of six puzzles.

The above magnificent prizes are offered for solutions to the picture puzzles which are identical or nearest to the solution in our possession.

Do not send your solutions in yet. Next week, when the sixth puzzle appears, full instructions will be given as to how and when your complete set of solutions are to be sent to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Boys' Cinema," and "Girls' Cinema."

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

No. 5.—BERT LYTELL PICTURE PUZZLE.



KEEP THIS UNTIL THE SIX PUZZLES HAVE APPEARED.

FILMS OF THE WEEK

The "Picture Show's" Guide to Picture-goers.

"What's Your Husband Doing?" DOUGLAS MACLEAN and DORIS MAY. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

A ROLLICKING farce, with Doris May as a suspicious young wife. She enlists the aid of a young lawyer, and then the fun becomes fast and furious. Douglas Maclean co-stars with distinction as the husband. Really good entertainment.

"The Thirteenth Commandment." ETHEL CLAYTON. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

A RICH American girl becomes engaged to an apparently wealthy man. She finds out he is really not rich, but is making great sacrifices to satisfy her whims and extravagances. What she does forms absorbing entertainment on the screen. Will interest all thinking young people.

"Bleak House." CONSTANCE COLLIER. (*Ideal.*)

DICKENS' novel adapted for the screen, well produced and brilliantly acted. The successful actress takes the role of Lady Dedlock, and the rest of the cast is excellent. Unique London backgrounds.

"For Valour." WINIFRED ALLEN and RICHARD BARTHELMESS. (*Western-Import.*)

A GIRL'S sacrifice to save her brother from dishonour. A simple, yet vivid tale of patriotism and the regeneration of a selfish son. Admirable acting and production.

"Common Clay." FANNY WARD. (*Pathe.*)

THE world-famous actress in a strong dramatic play showing the frailty of human nature and the final triumph of good over evil. Will hold the interest from the first scene. A good human drama.

"The Darkest Hour." HARRY MOREY. (*Vitagraph.*)

THE hero, tricked into an engagement, loses his memory before marriage. He wanders into a lumber camp and finds love. A blow restores his memory making him forget the girl he married in the back woods. Returning to his former life, he is claimed by the adventuress as her husband, but the truth is proved in a sensational manner by his true love. A splended story full of drama and romance in which pretty Jean Paige plays opposite Harry Morey.

"The Great Gay Road." STEWART ROME. (*Walturdaw.*)

A BROADWEST film version of Tom Gallon's well-known novel.

Mr. Hilary Tolfrey Kite is a wandering vagabond with no assets beyond his own audacious and irresistible personality. He takes Crook Perkins, a poor weakling, under his wing, and together they travel the great gay road.

They enter the house of Sir Crispin Vickery, who insists that Hilary is a long-lost son. After months of comfort, during which Hilary impersonates Sir Crispin's heir, Hilary repents, and goes away as silently as he came. He is found and brought back, but eventually he is unmasked. Trudging along the hard road of life together, Hilary Kite and Crook Perkins remain vagabonds until Perkins one day takes the Great Road to another world, and Kite, alone, faces the setting sun, a wanderer, forever plodding onward. One of the finest British productions yet shown in the cinemas.

SERIAL.

"Daredevil Jack." JACK DEMPSEY. (*Pathe.*)

THE world-famous boxer as the hero in a thrilling serial, which shows his adventures in quest of two valuable bracelets.

THE "PICTURE SHOW" CRITIC.

FAT THAT SHOWS SOON DISAPPEARS

Prominent fat that comes and stays where it is not needed is a burden; a hindrance to activity and a curb upon pleasure. Many forms of advice to reduce weight have been advanced, such as starvation dieting, dangerous drugs, excessive exercise, etc., all of which are either unpleasant or dangerous.

The latest, most modern, and pleasant way to take off burdensome fat is to take after each meal and at bedtime an oil of orilene capsule and follow simple healthful rules of living.

To get rid of fat at the rate of one, two, or three pounds a week, take these agreeable-tasting little capsules daily, as mentioned, until you weigh what you should. No wrinkles will remain to show where the fat came off.

Oil of orilene capsules are for sale by all chemists at 3/- per packet. If you prefer to have them come to you direct, post-free, send the amount to the D. J. Little Co., 37, Hatton Garden, London, E.C., and bid good-bye to excessive fat.

Don't Wear a Truss!



Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price. Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,
(1795B), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

SPOILING THE PICTURE.

THE other week I referred on this page to the manner in which the programme is sometimes rushed through, thereby nullifying the effect of any enjoyment that might otherwise be gained. Apparently the trouble is not confined to this country only, for this is what Mr. Arthur Berthiet, the director of the new Bessie Love features, says :

"Many a good picture on the screen is spoiled by the speed with which it is run in the theatre. It is only trite to say that 'Macbeth' played on the stage at a galloping speed would not be a tragedy, but a farce. Equally true is it that the tempo with which a serious feature picture is run determines whether its situations and people are seriously taken or made ridiculous. I make the comparison reluctantly, but have you ever been in a church where the minister read the Scriptures or Litany with a speed that took all the reverence out of them and turned solemn precepts into mere lip service? How can truths thus galloped over sink into the spirit and do their work? If the situations or characters of a play seem to jump around from one spot to another, as is too often the case, they can't be taken any more seriously than they seem to take themselves. Many a situation that would have a fine dramatic effect played slowly is ruined by a fast tempo, both for the reason given and the additional one that the audience can't grasp the deep significances if it is carried along swiftly from one scene to another. The best drama is that in which the spectator is impelled to put himself in the place of one or more of the characters before him. But he can't imagine himself in the place of a character that is made to dance before his eyes."

And among the letters which have reached me from readers on the same subject, it will suffice if I quote the following from E. J. F. (Bayswater) :

"All picturegoers will appreciate your remarks about bad projection under the heading of 'Rushing the Film.' Surely this 'absurd rapidity of action' could not be introduced to spoil our entertainment if the manager had his eyes open to this sort of thing. By which I mean that there should be some higher authority than the operator in attendance in the theatre and in readiness to prevent such an annoyance to his patrons."

It will be remembered that in a previous letter quoted here the writer of it blamed the operator. But the responsibility can hardly be his. Often he has to obey orders ; sometimes he may be a bit careless. But it is the manager who should really see that each picture is projected efficiently and in a manner that leaves no room for complaint.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address : The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

K. S. (Navan).—I felt quite angelic after reading the compliments in your letter. But, alas, my wings and halo have not arrived as yet. Somebody else is wearing them, no doubt. Gladys Hulette is the wife of William Parke, Jr., and has brown hair and grey eyes. Montague Love was born in Calcutta, India, forty-three years ago. He is just an inch over six feet, and possesses red hair and blue eyes. Your last question he leaves unanswered.

"ARGENTINA" (Muswell Hill). Ask the manager of your picture theatre politely why he doesn't show the full cast where people can see it before going in, and if he can give you any reasons at all I shall be interested to know them. Some recent films of Milton Sills' are "The Yellow Ticket," "The Mysterious Client," "The Stronger Vow," and "The Fear Woman."

"LUCY" (Blackpool). —You've got terribly mixed up about Grace Cunard. She has played under the name of Lucille Love, but Ruth Roland happens to be a different person. Grace, of course, is married to Joe Moore. Francis MacDonald was the hero in "The Final Close-Up." Don't get fighting over him, either, for he abandoned his lonely bachelor ways long ago. Betty in "The Silent Mystery" was Mae Gaston.

"ARIZONA BILL" (Saintfield).—There are a lot of things you want to know. Why, you suffer from the same complaint as I do. Anyway, here's something to ease your mind. Hedda Nova is 5 ft. 6 in. Geraldine Farrar is the same, while Betty Blythe is two inches taller. Please convey my regrets to Pat, and tell him his question has floored me. I hope to recover when the information comes along.

"LESLIE" (Wrexham).—What do New Year resolutions resemble? Crockery, because they are so easily broken. Now spare me any more, and I'll forgive you. Helen Ware was born in San Francisco and was in the screen version of "The Garden of Allah." Jack Sherrill was born on April 14th, 1898, in Atlanta, Ga., and has brown hair and blue eyes. Margery Wilson, who was Brown Eyes in "Intolerance," was born in Gracey, Kentucky.

"LONGMAN" (Warwick). The more you hurry the longer you are. Which is an old saying in a new suit. The part of Colette in "The Woman Who Gave" was played by Evelyn Nesbit. About Corinne Griffith, she was born at Texarkana, Texas, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. She is the wife of Webster Campbell.

"CURLY" (Nottingham).—You must have been blushing furiously when you wrote me that letter, for all the colour seems to have been absorbed by the paper. Still, it was charming. Yes, George Watkin was in "The Trey o' Hearts," but the other artiste is not mentioned in my cast. Vola Vale is how she spells her name.

"LILY" (Weston).—Well, I am glad you stopped when you got to the end for, of course, you couldn't have gone further. What did you want to know about Sessue Hayakawa? I thought we had already given all particulars about him. So you are sorry Douglas MacLean is married. If some of you young ladies had your way these poor screen heroes would be doomed to bachelorhood all their lives. Percy Marmont was opposite Alice Joyce in "The Vengeance of Durand."

PAT and MAC (Sheffield).—So you both are not quite taken up with Thomas Holding's "manly locks" because they happen to be parted down the middle. Yes, but any other kind of parting might give him sorrow. Let the good man please himself. And what's this? After all the chestnuts I have been consuming, you bring me two more!"—Is Mary Pickford's hair her own?" and "Is she married?" Go away, boys! You make me smile!

MRS. J. (Manchester).—We both happen to be right. Betty Nansen, it is true, played in "A Daughter of Destiny," but that was the Fox production, while the other picture of the same name, in which Thomas Holding appeared, starred Olga Petrova. Betty is so modest that she says nothing at all about herself.

"ZOSCA" (Glasgow), D. N. G. (Nottingham), "TRIXIE" (Liverpool), and MURIEL (Margate).—Glad to hear from all of you. You will find questions about Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, Richard Barthelmess, etc., answered recently.

"NUISANCE" (Motherwell).—Well, that isn't my opinion of you, and you don't seem like one from your photo, for which many thanks. Sorry, if you have had to wait for this, but there were too many before you. The ages you want are : Dorothy Gish (twenty-two), Priscilla Dean (twenty-four), Elsie Ferguson (thirty-seven), Gladys Brockwell (twenty-six), William Desmond (thirty), and Bert Lytell (thirty-two). Jack Holt was the hero in "A Midnight Romance," but your description of the other film does not help me.

M. M. (Wolverhampton).—Here is the only thing I can tell you for the present about Lewis Stone. He has brown hair and eyes, and has appeared in "Man's Desire," and "Held By the Enemy," besides the one you have seen.

E. A. H. (Carshalton).—Can't imagine your friends thinking it was Mildred Harris whom they saw in "Daddy Long Legs." Can Mary Pickford, then, have lost her fame so quickly? Ben Wilson is now chiefly engaged in directing, though he played lead in "The Trail of the Octopus," and "The Screaming Shadow," neither of which has crossed our path as yet. They will be shown later.

"SOLETTE" (Bedford).—Thanks for your suggestion, but though it is a good one, space, unfortunately, prevents its adoption. Yes, Poppy Wyndham is Dennis Wyndham's wife, and Bryant Washburn is married to Mabel Forrest.

"FLOSSIE" (Bangalore).—Don't you think I get many letters from India? Well, you ought to see what my weekly mail contains. I seem to hear from almost every corner of the world, and the post takes back many of my answers. So consider yourself welcome. Pearl White is married now, but Mary Miles Minter remains single, as she prefers it for the present.

"JEAN" (Dunfermline). Cease wondering. I got through your maze of questions safe and sound. Dundee folks may be funny talkers as you say, but I have heard funnier without having to journey so far. Lily Elsie was born in Wortley, near Leeds, on April 8th, 1886. Arline Pretty is twenty-seven, but Rene Creste informs us merely that he was born in Paris. Yes, Matheson Lang is a Scot, bred and born, and if you want his birthday, it's May 15th.

Will readers entering our competitions kindly note that stamped and addressed envelopes should not be enclosed with entries, as the latter cannot be acknowledged, except in the usual way, when the winning efforts are published.

D. I. M. (Cardiff).—In "The Man Beneath," the heroine was Helen Jerome Eddy. Pearl White is now Mrs. Wallace McCutcheon. She has no children, nor have the other two you mention.

I. W. M. (Kirkcaldy).—The full cast of "Liberty" is as follows : Marie Walcamp (Liberty Horton), Eddy Polo (Pedro), Jack Holt (Bob Rutledge), Neal Hart (Major Winston), Bertram Grassby (Manuel Leon), G. Raymond Nye (Pancho Lopez), L. M. Wells (Jose Leon), Maud Emory (Theresa); and Roy Stewart (Col. Dalton). Marion Swayne is the only artiste's name mentioned in the cast of "The Transgressor." No, you have not transgressed by asking too many questions.

G. S. (Dumfries).—It may be possible for you to get the back numbers you want, if you write quickly to the Publisher, the PICTURE SHOW, 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4, and he will let you know the cost. Hayford Hobbs took the part of Basil Gertrie in "When It Was Dark."

LEONARD (Wisbech).—So your sister thinks Warren Kerrigan is very lovely and handsome, and has fallen quite in love with him. Tell her to queue up. There are heaps more after him as well, and none of them, poor dears, are likely to get him in the end. Ah, the pity of it! Minna Grey took the title role in "The Elder Miss Blossom," and the two others with her were Isobel Elsom and Owen Nares.

"MEG" (Edgbaston).—I was nearly on the point of collapse, but when I saw you sign yourself as ever my devoted reader it revived me. Sorry about your wrong initials last time. My fault or the printer's whichever you like. Nazimova's birthday is on June 4th, but Thomas Meighan does not give his. Pronounce the latter's name Mee-an. Mary Anderson was born in Brooklyn, New York, on June 28th, 1897, and is married to Pliny Goodfriend. She has golden hair and blue eyes. Elinor Fair, who has brown hair and eyes, was born in Richmond, Virginia. Percy Marmont, and Mahlon Hamilton are both married men. Not so sure about the other. Write again. You are welcome.

DOUGLAS (Glasgow) —May (Sheffield), and "Dey all" (Bristol).—Three of you with the same question Here, then, is the answer. W. S. Hart's films are : "Breed of Men," "Branding Broadway," "Shark Monroe," "The Poppy Girl's Husband," "The Convert," "Selfish Yates," "Riddle Gwane," "Border Wireless," "The Money Corral," "The Tiger Man," and "Square Deal Sanderson."

A. M. S. (Kensington).—Hope this will find you quite well once more. Frank Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and has appeared in "The Spoilers," "The Rosary," "Ne'er Do Well," and "The Still Alarm." He is 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and is the possessor of blue eyes and grey hair.

"EAGER" (Stockport).—The cast of "Barabbas" is as follows : George Michel (Rudolph Sterlitz), E. Hermann (Jack Varney), Edward Mathe (Robert Derrick), M. Biscot (Biscotin), Albert Mayer (Joseph Albans alias George Rogers), Mdlle. Lugare (Suzanne Denman), Mdlle. Violette Jyle (Noelle Masters), M. Breon (Dr. Lucino), M. Morlas (Langier), Mdlle. L. Stanks (Laura Hartley), Mdlle. Rolette (Mme. Biscotin), Little Olinda Mano (Odette).

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

WILLIAM FARNUM, care of Fox Film Co., 130, West 46th St., New York City, U.S.A.

LOUISE LOVELY, care of Robertson-Cole Co., 1600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

HERBERT RAWLINSON, care of Lambs Club, West 44th St., New York City, U.S.A.

FRITZI BRUNETTE, care of Universal Film Co., Universal City, California, U.S.A.

Guy Newall and Ivy Duke will be pleased to hear from you at 41 Ebury Street, London, S.W.1

(More addresses next week.)

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PICTURE SHOW, January 15th, 1921. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

"STOLEN MOMENTS."—Norma Talmadge in Beautiful Love Scene ART PLATE INSIDE.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. JAN. 15th, 1921.

No. 90. Vol. 4.

Little Jackie Coogan Charlie Chaplin's Protégé



Jackie Coogan co-stars with Charlie Chaplin in his coming film, "The Kid." It is said that Jackie is a serious rival to Charlie, and a great future is prophesied for him by the great little comedian. (More Pictures on Page 9).

? Are you reading "The Winchester Woman." The thrilling short serial in the "GIRLS' CINEMA" ?

ALL TRACE OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERMANENTLY REMOVED.



The Revelation of a Closely Guarded Secret Remedy.

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The cure is absolutely painless and pleasant to perform and a steady application will remove every trace of hair for ever.

IT is a fact, borne out by everyday experience, that old-time remedies have proved more efficacious than many so-called new recipes. These old-fashioned remedies are generally very closely guarded. They are never made known outside the particular circle in which they originated, and consequently many valuable cures that would have been of inestimable value to mankind are lost to the world.

Mrs. Frederica Hudson, who for many years had suffered from superfluous hair, has fortunately become possessed of a marvellous Hindoo secret. A secret that has permanently removed all trace of superfluous hair from her face, neck and arms. A secret that was revealed to Major Hudson, the husband of Mrs. Hudson, for gallantly saving the life of a Hindoo soldier. As a mark of deep gratitude this Hindoo parted with the closely guarded remedy for removing superfluous hair that has been used by the Hindoo women for generations, but which was never revealed, in accordance with their religion.

Now Mrs. Hudson wishes to enlighten all sufferers from this distressing complaint, and on receipt of three penny stamps for postage, full and complete instructions will be sent to any address.

All sufferers should lose no time in sending for this wonderful cure, in order that they may once again recover lost attractions and take their place in society free from humiliation.



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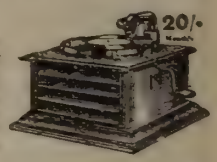
IMPORTANT NOTE. Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in society, and is the widow of a Prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with perfect confidence.



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Why not own one of these beautiful high-class Italian model Accordeons, and entertain your family with delightful music? These wonderful accordeons are easy to play, and with the FREE Tutor we send you FREE, and a little practice, the long winter evening changes into hours of real happiness. The **"SCALA,"** Masters' new Italian model for this Season (as illustrated), is the sweetest of all accordeons. It has very fine Piano Polished Case, Nickel Corner Protectors, 10 Keys (two basses), STEEL REEDS, Fret cut pallet Cover, Ivorite Keys, Fine Organ Tone, etc. A splendid Accordeon for Amateur or Professional. Price **63/-**, on easy terms. Send **10/6** now and promise **10/6** monthly after delivery. We pay carriage. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. Send **10/6** now, and ask for the "Scala" Accordeon.

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The
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SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE



Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 53.—ANN FORREST.

ANOTHER favourite of filmland sends along this photograph as proof positive that she reads, and with great interest, the premier picture paper, the PICTURE SHOW.

—♦♦—

My Thanks—and a Promise.

I WOULD like to thank each reader individually who sent New Year's greetings to the PICTURE SHOW. Let me say here that they were more than appreciated, and every effort will be made, from Editor to office-boy, to be worthy of your kind thoughts and praise. Each of the fifty-two numbers of the PICTURE SHOW during 1921 will be the very best possible—the best of art supplements, the latest news and gossip, the finest photographs and stories, the most interesting life-stories of the stars. In fact, everything worth noting in the cinema world will be found in the PICTURE SHOW.

—♦♦—

Naming the Stars Behind the Goggles.

BEGINNING right here, I must tell you that next week begins a new and fascinating competition. The prize list is £250, and all you have to do is to name the star behind the goggles. If you go to picture shows, you will have much fun identifying the faces that look at you from behind the horn spectacles, and you stand a chance of winning a big money prize. You will like this competition.

—♦♦—

Have You a Boy Chum?

JUST a word here. If you have a brother or a boy chum, don't let him miss *next* week's issue of the "Boys' Cinema." In this issue begins the thrilling serial, "The Return of Tarzan," which has just been made into a wonderful serial film. A splendid new series of football stories, the real life-story of Captain Ash, cowboy and outlaw hunter, and his reminiscences of Pancho Villa, the notorious bandit (who, you will remember, was wounded again the other day) makes one of the most thrilling stories of modern days. This, in addition to all the other splendid features in this real adventure-loving boys' paper.

I am reminding you in time that next week's "Boys' Cinema" is too good to miss.

—♦♦—

Don't Forget the "Girls' Cinema."

AND now I am telling you about papers worth reading, I mustn't forget to mention the "Girls' Cinema." If you are fond of good stories, you will enjoy this splendid paper for girls. In this week's issue there are three fine serial stories, a long complete story, and a letter from Gregory Scott to the up-to-date girl; also a special article written by Gerald Ames on "The Girl Beautiful."

Look out for the paper with the picture of Joan Morgan on the cover. The "Girls' Cinema" is hard to beat for stories.

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

"A Good"-Looking Villain.

PEARL WHITE has a new director who flatly refuses to recognise the old-time type of villain. He says that the man whose very eyebrows proclaim him to be a villain has not a chance to perpetrate his villainies. Everyone suspects him from the start. So, for Pearl White's next picture, he has selected Allen Edwards, a boyish, good-looking fellow—so good-looking that one would instinctively imagine him to be a hero. He has always played hitherto in hero roles, and it is because he is so well situated for hero parts that the director has cast him for this villainous character.

—♦♦—

Nazimova's Love Story.

NAZIMOVA says she owes her romance to being exiled from Russia. During the rule of the late Czar she incurred displeasure by playing in a revolutionary play and was banished, and forbidden to play in Russia.

This sent her to the United States, where she secured her memorable stage triumphs. She had as her leading man Charles Bryant. That was the beginning of romance for Nazimova.

—♦♦—

Candid Nazimova.

BY the way, this delightful little star has few, if any, feminine vanities. She tells you, with amazing candour, that she is not pretty. She has a great sense of humour, and here is a fact that is not generally known. She wears eye-glasses when not acting before the camera.

"I am very near-sighted," she said. "During my stage career this bad sight has often stood me in good stead. For instance, if an actor was particularly bad, I simply could not see him."

—♦♦—

What Was She Worth?

A FRIEND of mine told me that a girl called at the studio the other day and suggested that she would make a star, adding naïvely:

"All my friends say so."

"But we have a leading lady," she was told.

"Oh, I wouldn't mind taking small parts at the start!" said the would-be star.

"Well, we might use you in a ballroom scene to-morrow," said the casting director.

His visitor pouted.

"How much would I get for that?"

"Whatever you are worth," she was assured.

"Dear me!" said the girl, reaching for her coat. "I am afraid I couldn't work for that!"

—♦♦—

A British Star.

LILLIAN RICH, the petite film actress who owns England as her birthplace, is again to be seen as leading lady for H. B. Warner in his latest picture play, "Dice of Destiny."

Previous films in which Miss Rich has played with H. B. Warner are "One Hour Before Dawn" and "Felix O'Day." You will remember she recently played opposite Mahlon Hamilton in "Half a Chance."

—♦♦—

H. B.'s Ambition.

H. B. WARNER says that when he was a small lad, he used to tell his father that his ambition was to be a surgeon. His father, however, was an actor whose remarkable work in "Drink" is theatrical history. This was why young Warner gave up the idea of a surgeon's career and took to grease paint.

—♦♦—

Was It Too Light?

ALICE LAKE, the other day, thought she would give a pleasant surprise to one of her girl friends. She baked a cake. It was one of those lovely creations, three storeys high, with cocoanut icing, etc. She says she wrapped it up very carefully and sent it by parcel post.

Several weeks later she received a postcard from her friend. It said:

"Thank you very much for the present. I was out when the postman came, so he put it under the door. What was it?"

—♦♦—

Another Catastrophe.

BERT LYTELL jumped into a crowded tramcar the other day which was packed in the most approved sardine fashion.

Bert said he found himself next to an old man with a sodgy newspaper clasped against his chest.



The stars have their own chairs on which to rest during studio waits. Mary Pickford turns round to greet you from hers, and introduces you to her director, Frances Marion.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

"Rather damp reading, dad!" laughed Bert.

"Reading, my eyes!" snorted the old man. "I had a dozen cream méringues for a children's party in this paper when I got aboard, and now look at them!"

—♦♦—

News of Tom Santschi.

I AM glad to say the condition of Tom Santschi, who, as you know, has recently been operated upon for appendicitis, continues to be satisfactory.

In the case of many film actors work could be recommenced again without delay, but Fate has cast Santschi into the most strenuous rôles, and it will be many weeks before he will be able to take up his work again.

—♦♦—

Jack, Now, Please.

BULL MONTANA, who is noted for his characterisations of brute rôles, and who has appeared in a number of Fairbanks films, I hear, is beginning to take on dignity. He is to be programmed hereafter as "Jack" Montana.

—♦♦—

Bessie Coming Soon.

BESSIE LOVE, in view of her proposed visit over here in the New Year to make scenes in England for "The Old Curiosity Shop," has spent much time recently in studying the character of "Little Nell."

In this film Bessie hopes to make the part of Dickens's little heroine so realistic that the public will be swept almost into the belief that they are seeing Nell in the actual scenes of her trials. That is why she insists on these scenes being taken in England. She says it would be nothing less than sacrilege to make counterfeit backgrounds in a studio.

—♦♦—

Custard, Apple, and Blackberry.

CHESTER CONKLIN says he could write a book on the "Evolution of Pie-throwing in Comedies." He says, in the early days of the films, only custard pies were used to smear in the face of an enemy. In the glare of the modern lighting these were found to photograph badly, and open apple tarts were used. These did very well until one director discovered that blackberry pies photographed with even more contrast. They were more juicy, and ran more when they collided with the face of the victim.

—♦♦—

A "Villain's" Collection.

ROBERT McKIM, the famous screen villain, believes that he has the largest and most valuable collection of finger-rings owned by a private individual.

His first "find" that made him a collector was when he acquired an Italian ring of silver, set with sapphires, which contained a small receptacle for poison, which formerly belonged to the Di Medici family.

His collection contains a ring of virgin gold, made from gold gained in the first great Klondike strike; a platinum and diamond ring, once part of the Russian crown jewels; a beautiful jade ring, inscribed in Chinese and set with a large pearl; and a ring carved from a black walnut shell, and ingeniously set with a river pearl.

The latest addition to his collection, however, is a most valuable old-time dynasty Egyptian ring. Made in gold, much after the fashion of the modern seal ring, it is set with a large, flat ruby, carved with the scarab, or sacred, beetle.

Robert McKim is to wear this in his coming photo-play, "There was a King in Egypt."

—♦♦—

A Narrow Escape.

SHIRLEY MASON adds to our collection of thrilling escapes from death by telling how she was driving one day along the banks of a river with her well-known sister, Viola Dana. Descending an unfamiliar road, she did not know that there was a sharp turn, which was concealed from view, and when she reached it, she did not turn the wheel far enough round. As they went round, the edge of one of the tyres grazed the edge of a precipice one side of the road, beneath which was a sheer drop of hundreds of feet. Another inch, and the screen would have lost two famous stars.



MARY MASSART, the pretty British actress who is playing the part of Helen Cumberley in the Stoll screen version of "The Yellow Claw."



MARION FAIRFAX, author playwright, and scenario editor, who has signed another contract with the Marshall-Neilan Studio.

A Terrible Hour.

EILEEN PERCY related an experience that occurred when she was crossing the Atlantic, and the liner was caught in a terrific storm. The waves swept the decks, as the boat plunged to and fro. The women were huddled together in charge of an officer. Mothers were praying, children were crying piteously. Everyone was panic-stricken, and suddenly the lights went out. After hours of tense agony, the storm ceased, but Miss Percy said that she never prayed so hard as she did during those awful hours.

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In the Lion's Cage.

LOUISE LOVELY capped all the stories by telling of her experience when she was playing on the music-hall stage.

On the bill with her was a wild animal act, and an unusually beautiful lion, much admired by the star, occupied a large cage divided into two sections, with a door between and a door at either end.

Miss Lovely, believing the lion safely secured in the farther section, walked in, and allowed the door to slam behind her. To her horror and amazement she saw the connecting door between the two sections open, and the great beast walked slowly into the same cage as herself.

She screamed aloud, and fainted, and stage hands and workmen, hearing her cry, came just in time to drive the great beast off with forks.

Fay Filmer.



EDITH MAY, who has won the Sales-girl Beauty Contest in America. She was chosen out of 10,000 entrants. Miss May has been given six weeks engagement in the Ziegfeld Follies at £20 a week, travelling expenses for herself and chaperon, and a guarantee for her expenses back in case she decides to return home at the end of her engagement.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

Taking the Milk Cure.

THAT winsome young person, Mabel Normand, gave all her friends a terrible shock when she grew thinner by the hour, a few months ago. I saw her at the theatre, and was haunted by her white face, and her eyes with their deep shadows. Mabel's eyes are so big and deep, when she looks badly they seem to cover her whole face.

After meeting her, I heard she had gone to the country and was drinking gallons of milk. Then I didn't see her for weeks, until we met at the auction of Olive Thomas's things. She has put on ten pounds, and is as round and pink as when she used to make everyone laugh in her famous comedies with Fatty Arbuckle.

"I am just resting," she said, "and I refuse to make another picture until I can get a story I want, and the sort of director I need."

Mabel looked very well in a red turban, set jauntily on her pretty head, and a coat worth a king's ransom but none too good for the little lady.

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Speaking of the Thomas Sale.

I WAS having lunch at Delmonico's with Thomas Meighan, and he suggested we go to the sale of Olive Thomas's effects. He said there was a string of jade beads his wife wanted, and several little pieces of silver he wanted to buy. He was with Jack Pickford when many of his gifts to Olive had been purchased. We picked up Mrs. Meighan, she who was formerly Frances Ring, a member of the famous theatrical Ring family, and motored down to the auction rooms.

There was something so austere and cold about this dreadful place with its crowd of curious folk who gathered, not to buy, but to stare at those who did want to purchase some memento of poor little Olive.

Olive's friends were sad and heart-broken over this public sale of her effects, but it was the only thing left for her mother to do. Jack Pickford walked out of their apartment leaving all Olive's clothes, her jewels, and the household effects to the Duffy family. Not being in very good circumstances, Mrs. Duffy seemed to think the only way for her to do was to sell her daughter's valuables and realise as much as she could from them. She sold two motors, and at once paid a deposit on a home in New Jersey.

There was nothing belonging to Olive too sacred to be kept away from the auctioneer's hammer. Her photographs in gold frames and the pictures Jack had given her with tender sentiments, were heaped up on a table with her jewels. It was heart breaking to the friends who had admired the warm-hearted lovable girl.

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Tommy and the Cocaine.

I WAS highly amused at Thomas Meighan's description of how prisoners in gaol and at Sing Sing get their cocaine. He has been making a picture in which the gaol in New York City, and the famous Sing Sing prison are filmed. He became very good friends with the warden, and learned more secrets of the crook trade than he ever knew in his life before he mingled with this strata of society.

I had luncheon with him a few days after he had left his gaol friends, and he told me all about it. He had a letter with twelve stamps on, marked special delivery, sent to a man in gaol. The envelope looked innocent enough, but Tommy explained to me how the sender of the letter had placed cocaine under each stamp. He had a box of cigarettes, which looked harmless, but on closer investigation one found a tiny vial of cocaine.

"Those men," said Tommy, "are clever. They are desperate too, and the combination is deadly. But the prison reform has kept hundreds from suicides, and many more from insanity. They no longer wear stripes, but a comfortable pair of grey trousers and any shirt they wish. The warden certainly does a great work.

One of these days, Thomas Meighan will be going in for prison reform. He has all the statistics at his finger-tips, and is vitally interested in these guests of the State.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



WILLIAM S. HART is very fond of children, and here you see a photograph of him with a little friend—an embryo actress.



An early morning snapshot of pretty MOLLY MALONE, a Goldwyn player, taken with one of her favourite pets.



JANE ATHERTON, niece of Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, gave up society for a motion picture career. Her first appearance will be in an original story by her aunt for the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.



VIOLET HOPSON, MRS. HAYDEN COFFIN, and GREGORY SCOTT chatting to Joe Plant, the famous jockey, for a scene in the new Violet Hopson film, entitled "Kissing Cup's Race," the famous poem, which has been made by the Broadwest Film Company into a fine photo-play.



"Mac Edwards," the beautiful collie which belongs to the well-known producer and player, Henry Edwards. Mac Edwards has played many parts on the screen, and in "John Forrest Finds Himself" has some very difficult scenes.

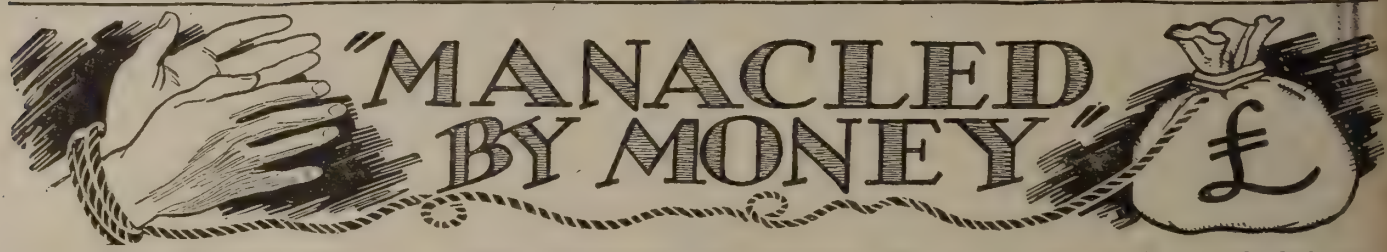


If FRANK MAYO is bargaining for a toy, he certainly has a large selection from which to choose It is surprising to think that one man could carry so many things.



Nobody could accuse MARY ANDERSON of being idle. While her horse has a rest, Mary gets out her knitting and plains and purls for a few rows before continuing her gallop.

BEGIN TO-DAY! A POWERFUL STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION. By EMMIE ALLINGHAM



Grace Goes to Greystone.

IT was daylight when Grace at last opened her eyes.

For some moments she did not stir. She had been dreaming, she thought—a horrible dream, which although she could remember nothing tangible, seemed to have hold of her even yet.

Then, as she began to slowly recognise her surroundings, she tried to think, but her mind remained clouded until the sound of someone moving in the adjoining room roused her.

It was the housemaid clearing up the dining room fire.

The familiar sound brought Grace slowly to her feet. She swayed unsteadily and placed her hand on the desk for support, while her eyes wandered round the room.

Everything was in its place; the room was as she had always remembered it. The desk was closed, and there was nothing about to suggest to her mind the happenings of the night before. She only knew that she was tired—very tired, and that she wanted sleep.

She made her way up to her room, threw herself upon her bed, and did not wake again until the morning was well advanced.

Mrs. Ferguson had entered the girl's room, and having found her asleep had given orders that she should not be disturbed.

While Grace was dressing, the memory of the preceding night came back to her with startling vividness. She remembered, also, that when she had come to herself the desk had been closed.

Her mother was in the library when she entered some few minutes later.

Mrs. Ferguson was going through her husband's papers.

She knew that in a few short weeks the Rectory would have to be vacated for the new Vicar to take up his abode in the parish.

Grace came into the room, and stood beside her mother.

Mrs. Ferguson glanced up at her with a wan smile.

"Well, my dear. There are a great many letters to write. I have left them for you to attend to," she said.

"Mother, did you see a letter addressed to Harry in father's handwriting?" said Grace, earnestly.

Mrs. Ferguson shook her head.

"Do you mean in your father's desk? No, dear, I have seen nothing of the sort. Why do you ask?"

Grace hesitated. It was on her lips to tell all that she knew and some of the things that she suspected, but as she looked into her mother's white, pain-drawn face, and realised that what she had to say must make her more unhappy, she desisted.

"I ought not to bother you with such questions now, dear," she said, as bending her head she kissed her mother affectionately. "It just came into my head as I saw you had been to the desk——"

She trailed off, and began to speak of other things, and Mrs. Ferguson, generally the most observant of mothers, noticed nothing unusual in her manner. She, poor soul, was thinking of other things.

It was late in the afternoon before Grace felt that she was free to follow her own devices.

She was quite certain that it was Arthur Weston or his servant that had attacked her in the library, and she meant to beard him in his den.

It was not until she neared Greystone, standing lonely, cold and gaunt in the early winter evening, that doubts began to assail her as to whether she would be wise to venture there alone and unprotected.

Arthur Weston was a strange man. In her heart she had never been able to like him. The suspicions which had lain dormant for the last three years had now suddenly burst into a flame of certainty in her heart.

Cecil Rae had died of a gun shot. A shot had been fired in Greystone when only he and Arthur Weston were there, and Cecil Rae had never been seen alive again.

And now her father had died.

The doctor said from heart disease, but was it so?

Grace shivered and drew her wrap yet closer round her shoulders. Arthur Weston was a desperate man. A revengeful man. Could he have had anything to do with the death of her father? If so, what was his object? Was it because of Jessica? Did he hold the Rector responsible? Oh, surely not. Both her father and mother had been so kind to him. No. It was not that.

Slowly the truth forced itself upon Grace. There was a secret connected with Greystone Manor. Something which her father had known. Something which he had written down in the letter which last night had been stolen. Something which concerned Harry, and which he was to know when he was twenty-one. The girl remembered how her father had dwelt on the necessity of Harry returning to England when he was twenty-one. How he had tried to persuade him to stay in the country, and also how the Rector had tried to get an interview with Arthur Weston on more than one occasion, and had failed until a few short weeks ago.

"If I could but get that letter again," murmured the girl under her breath as she stood hesitating before the great stone building which was rapidly being enveloped in darkness.

A grey mist had risen over the dank grass; the whole landscape had a dreary aspect. Not a sound broke the stillness but the drip-drip of the damp leaves of the evergreens on one side of the house. Grace made her way to the other side. A few minutes later she was in the secret passage groping her way in the darkness. She moved swiftly yet silently, without any sense of fear.

Despite the gloomy aspect of her surroundings, it was peculiar that whenever she set feet in the old house, a sense of safety and peace stole over her senses. It was as impossible for her to think of danger to herself, as it would have been when she was with the kind people whom she had loved and cared for so dearly in those far-off happy days, when she had run about the passages and corridors with Harry as her companion. She always felt a sense of his nearness whenever she set foot in his old home.

To her disappointment the library was in darkness. She made her way to the further panel, and cautiously felt for the opening.

It was stiff and gave a peculiar little grating noise as she moved it with difficulty.

"Who is there?"

The voice sounded almost at her elbow, and the girl shrank back scarcely breathing.

She heard a sound of shuffling footsteps, and then to her relief they passed.

The man was going his usual nightly round to see that every door and window was fastened, and he had gone straight for the window at the end of the passage on hearing the noise.

As Grace realised this, at the risk of being heard again, she closed the panel. It moved easily and noiselessly now.

For some minutes the girl stood wondering what could be her best move, and then realising that the men in the house would now be on their guard, and she must either go round to the front door and knock for admittance, or come another time.

The later proceeding appeared the most sensible.

Having made up her mind, she turned to descend, missed a step and slid on to the next with a clatter.

Arthur Weston had just reached the window when he heard the noise behind him and he darted back. In his excitement he dropped the candle he was carrying, and so was in total darkness.

"Who is there?" he called out again in a hollow voice, and then he stood listening, every nerve alert waiting for an answer.

But there was only the deep silence—the silence which was beginning to be more terrible to him than any noise.

He dared not leave the spot, but stood tense and on the alert, waiting for the person or thing or whatever it was, to move again and make some sound so that he could get its whereabouts.

Meanwhile Grace had cautiously descended the steps in a sitting position, until she came to the steps which led under the conservatory.

Here she rose to her feet and ran.

She was trembling as she reached the sundial, and felt the cool, moist air on her face.

She had thought it would have been an easy matter to beard Arthur Weston in his own home, but now she knew different. If he had discovered her there that evening!

She shuddered at the thought.

All the way home she was trying to think of someone in whom she could confide. The doctor? Her mother? No, neither of them would do.

After all, at present she had only her suspicions. She could actually prove nothing against Arthur Weston. It would not be fair or kind to worry her mother when she was already stricken down with her own misfortunes.

(Continued on page 8.)

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ARTHUR WESTON is given by his aunt, Amy Rae, a bag containing twenty thousand pounds, and she also leaves Greystone Manor to him in trust for her son Harry.

HARRY RAE has a quarrel with Arthur Weston after Mrs. Rae's death. He cannot understand his mother making such a will, and he determines to go out to Australia.

REV. FERGUSON tries to make peace between Weston and Harry before the latter goes away, but is unsuccessful.

GRACE FERGUSON, the vicar's daughter, is a great chum of Harry's. After he has left she goes to Greystone Manor, and sees his father enter the study with Weston. Later she hears a shot.

CECIL RAE, Harry's father, is found dead in the woods next morning, and it is presumed that he has committed suicide.

The same day Arthur's little daughter, Jessica, is thrown from her pony and killed.

He dines at the Vicarage on Christmas Day and finds out that the vicar knows about the twenty thousand pounds. He tells Mr. Ferguson that it was stolen from him.

A year passes, and this Christmas Arthur Weston invites the Fergusons to Greystone. After dinner, the two men are in the library drinking liqueurs, and the vicar notices that Arthur throws a little empty phial into the fire.

Seven days later Mr. Ferguson is found dead in his chair. Arthur Weston has given him a poison that leaves no trace, and the doctor's verdict is heart failure. Grace, however, suspects Weston. That night, when she is in bed, she hears a noise and going downstairs surprises the old servant from Greystone. He disappears through the window and Grace finds a packet which he had evidently tried to steal marked "To be opened only after my death, or when Harry Rae reaches his majority."

A minute later a muffled figure catches hold of her, and she feels herself falling—falling.

THE EXPRESSIONS OF TOM MIX.

(Special to the "Picture Show.")



Just happy.



Just bored.

TOM MIX.

The Romantic Life Story of the King of the Cowboys.

EVERYONE who goes to picture shows knows that Tom Mix is the King of Cowboys, but few realise that underneath the blue shirt of the cowpuncher beats a heart that is attuned to romance. Tom is magnificent in manly strength when he rushes into a herd of stampeding steers, throws, or as he would say, "bull dogs" one, and behind the quivering flesh hurls down the heroine and saves her life, as he did in "Treat 'em Rough."

Tom as a Lover.

TOM MIX would never win a prize as an ideal lover; he draws a gun much quicker than he can pay a compliment, but sometimes I think that Tom's rough-and-ready chivalry must mean more to a woman who sees him on the screen, than the studiously correct lover of the films.

Tom Mix expresses in action, admiration, friendship, love, where other people speak it. All who have seen Tom in that last close up, when, after proving his love by a hundred acts of sacrifice, the time has come for him to tell the heroine, "I love you," must have been moved to pity for Tom in his awkwardness, when trying to tell the old, old tale.

Actions Speak Louder Than Words.

THE truth is that any city clerk with a well-pressed suit and a cheap tie could give Tom a three furlongs start in a five furlongs race and beat him. It is the close up that closes Tom down.

Like all men who have lived a life of action, he cannot act.

On the screen, as in his life, Tom does things.

A real cowboy, he imbibes his respect and admiration for women, because most of his life was spent in the solitudes where the dainty foot of Eve never trod.

Under the starshine, crooning the soft melodies that kept the cattle peacefully grazing or sleeping, Tom, like every other man who rides the ranges with a house carried lightly in two blankets on the saddle of his pony, dreamed of a wife and home.

He found the woman of his dreams—the woman whose face he had seen dimly outlined in the white fleecy clouds when the pale moon shone behind them. He found her in Victoria Forde, herself a cinema star, and those who love Tom Mix, the manly man of the screen, will be glad to know that the woman he sought in the starshine of the ranges came to him at last.

A Real Cowboy.

AS you may know, Tom has been a cowboy all his life. During his early days he was to be found wherever there was a chance of excitement; cattle roping, bull-dogging, fighting, bandit hunting were a few of the things he did before he entered motion pictures as one of the hard-riding "extra" cowboys, who lent colour and excitement to the old-time Wild Western dramas. His dare-devil feats soon won for him promotion to the task of playing "double" for a leading player who did not possess much horsemanship.

No feats are too daring for Tom Mix; he regards broken wrists and sprains as a necessary, if uncomfortable, part of the day's work.

A story is told of him that one day his director was showing him a number of Remington paintings. One was of a cowboy thrown from his pony, being dragged by one foot, caught in a stirrup, and after seeing it Tom went away with a thoughtful face. The next morning he went up to the director with a happy smile.

"I can do it!" he said, pointing to the picture of the cowboy. He was actually filmed in the three ensuing productions, doing this dangerous "stunt," and refusing to "fake" the scenes in any way.

Author, Star and Director.

LIKE most other film stars, Tom finds that his day is fully occupied. His favourite hobbies are boxing; he has a specially constructed gymnasium at the back of his home, where he has a round daily with his sparring partner; swimming, reading, and motoring. Tom has written many of the plays in which he has appeared, and has also directed them himself.

One of his latest productions is "Prairie Flowers." It is adapted from the well-known novel of the same name, and is a sequel to "The Texan." In it he presents many new stunts, said to be the most thrilling he has ever attempted. Other pictures in which he has appeared are "Six Shooter Andy," "Treat 'em Rough," "Rough Riding Romance," "Fame and Fortune," "Cupid's Round Up," "The Coming of the Law," "Roaring Reform," "Western Blood," "Ace High," "Mr. Logan, U.S.A.," "The Wilderness Trail," and one that will shortly be seen over here, "The Feud."



Just suspicious.



Just interested.



Just determined.



Just angry.



TOM MIX.

If you wish to write to him, address your letter—

TOM MIX,
c/o Fox Film Co.,
130, West 46th Street,
New York City,
U.S.A.

"Manacled By Money."

(Continued from page 6).

As to Doctor Swayle, Grace wondered how much she could tell him of her suspicions. Dare she put them into actual words? Would not the doctor be incredulous, or, if he believed her would he not consider it his duty to inform the police? That would mean publicity for her mother as well as herself; something from which they both naturally shrank. And then, again, what could she prove against Arthur Weston? There was only her word about the letter which had been stolen from her father's study the night before. No one had seen her attacked and drugged.

And then, as these thoughts passed through her mind, she suddenly remembered Harry. After all he was the person who should act.

Grace sped across the Park, and took the short cut through the woods. Her mind was made up. She would write and tell her suspicions to Harry.

The letter did not take her long to write, although she had so much to say. It was with a little sigh of relief that she posted the letter. Now she could give her attention to her mother, who so sorely needed her help. She would try to get back the letter if possible, but she felt it was now destroyed. It was scarcely likely that Arthur Weston would keep a paper which he did not want his cousin to have.

Arthur Weston was with her mother when she returned. He had come to see if he could be of any use, he explained, as his restless eyes scanned Grace's face.

Mrs. Ferguson left them together. She, poor lady, was in no mood for visitors, and although she liked Weston, she felt at the present time a certain effort was required to meet anyone but her own daughter.

"You have been out this evening, Grace?" began Arthur.

The girl looked up at him. The overpowering impulse to tell him that she had recognised him the night before swept over her, but she managed to restrain it. After all, was it not best to keep silent until she had the proofs of his villainy? Would it not be foolish to put him on his guard?

So she smiled.

"Yes, I have been down the village to post letters," she said.

Her companion nodded.

"This is a terrible calamity that has befallen you," he said. "I have been trying to express to your mother my sympathy. I hear from her that you will have to leave the Rectory almost immediately after the funeral. I should like you to realise that I would be glad to assist you in any way I could."

"Thank you. You are very kind."

The coldness in the girl's voice was unmistakable.

Arthur had stretched himself out in the Rector's favourite chair, with a pipe between his lips.

Grace looked at him almost with repulsion. How was it possible that she and her parents had ever thought kindly of this man.

He glanced up sharply, and caught the expression on her face.

"Grace," he said, "may I ask you why you have changed towards me? You used to be kind, even friendly, and now——" he gave a short embarrassed laugh. "You look as though you thoroughly detested me. Will you tell me, please, what you have in your mind against me?"

"What should I have against you, Mr. Weston?" asked the girl steadily, but the colour mounted to her face despite herself.

"That is what I cannot understand, and I want you to tell me."

He was leaning forward now towards her, his not unhandsome face wore an almost boyish, eager expression.

In spite of all her preconceived convictions, Grace felt herself waver. When Arthur Weston chose to exert himself he could create a very favourable impression. There was even a charm about him. The man who now sat regarding her was totally unlike the Arthur Weston of a few minutes ago, so far as appearance went, and Grace was not experienced enough not to be impressed.

Could she have misjudged him. Was it his servant she had disturbed in the study? Yes. She was certain of it. Grace managed to draw herself up to her full height.

"Mr. Weston," she said, "last night a letter was stolen from the desk in the library. I disturbed the thief and I recognised him."

There was a short silence, and then Arthur Weston drew his chair yet closer to where the girl was standing on the hearthrug.

"This is interesting, although I do not see what it has to do with the subject we are discussing. Someone stole a letter—tell me all about it."

He spoke frankly, without the slightest suggestion of guilt.

Grace was bewildered. She had seen an expression of fear on Weston's face when the doctor had said her father was dead, yet now, when she was accusing him of being a thief, he did not appear to turn a hair.

"Mr. Weston. It was your servant who entered our house last night; and either he or you came back and drugged—me."

"Grace, are you really serious?"

"I am. The letter was addressed to Harry Rae, Mr. Weston. No one could possibly be interested in its contents but you."

"You think that, do you? You believe that I would do such a thing?"

There was reproach in his voice, and a certain dignity. Arthur Weston was not the type of man to allow a girl to frighten him. Besides, he knew that he was safe. Mrs. Ferguson had made no mention of last night's affair. Grace had evidently kept her own counsel. He knew that it must be she who had entered Greystone earlier in the evening, and that was why he had come round. He felt he must know what was going on.

Now he allowed a smile to twitch the corners of his mouth.

"Really, you must forgive me, Grace, but your story—— Is it not just a little wild? My man is a most harmless old soul. I should not think for a moment that he would behave as you say he did. What did he do?"

The Girl with the Lucky Star!

Read the Wonderful Life Story of

JOAN MORGAN

in this week's

GIRLS' CINEMA.

On Sale To-Morrow. Price 2d.

He paused and looked at her inquiringly, the smile still on his lips.

Grace felt that he was making her ridiculous, and a very real anger swept over her.

"It is quite true, though at present I can prove nothing. But the day will come when I can, and then you won't laugh, Mr. Weston. It is true I have tried to like you. I was sorry for you, but now I feel there is something horrid—something evil about you, and I mean to find out what it is."

The words broke from her lips in a torrent. She had thought of them so often during the last few hours, that she spoke them almost unconsciously.

Arthur did not stir. His expression even scarcely changed, except for a peculiar pallor which overspread his features.

"So that is what you really think of me?" he said very quietly. "Well. It is as well to know exactly where we stand. I don't know why you should have such an opinion of me. I am thankful that your parents have never shared it."

He glanced at her keenly to discover if she was likely to retort, but Grace was breathing heavily, her hand on her heart. She was a girl who seldom gave way to her emotions, and when she did it took it out of her.

Arthur leaned suddenly yet further out of his chair towards her.

"Grace," he said, striving to speak gently. "I should be genuinely amused, if I did not know of the great sorrow which has entered your life, but you must not let it unhinge your brain. What is this story about chloroform? Surely you must be mistaken. Who discovered you? I am intensely sorry for you and your mother. Surely you must believe that? And this foolish, wild notion of yours——"

He threw out his hands as though in bewilderment.

"My dear girl, you must see how very improbable and wild it sounds. You had a nightmare last night. It was natural after the shock you had sustained. Think, now. Was it not so?"

Grace was about to make an indignant retort when she caught again a momentary expression on the face of the man before her. It passed swiftly, but Grace saw again the evil glitter in the eyes, which warned her of the wicked soul of the man she was dealing with.

After all, she had written to Harry. There was no sense in her putting his cousin on his guard.

"I do not think I dreamed it," she said hesitatingly.

Arthur laughed out loud, and to her consternation caught at her hand and lifted it to his lips.

"You dreamed it, Grace," he said. "My dear, I am sure you did."

The Proposal.

THREE weeks had passed away. The funeral was over. It was their last night in the old Rectory. Mrs. Ferguson had been offered a cottage in the village, and here she was prepared to go.

Mrs. Ferguson had always known that her husband was poor, but he had certainly not expected to leave them so soon. Affairs proved to be in a very critical state for the widow. Grace would have to earn her own living. Mrs. Ferguson also would have to find some occupation which would help her to keep the wolf from the door. It was a sad state of affairs, and though Mrs. Ferguson smiled bravely and spoke of the future with quiet confidence, she realised she was no longer young. All her life had been spent in comparative comfort and luxury. Grace felt her heart fail her when she realised the true state of their circumstances.

She was packing up a few treasures which were to be taken down to the cottage in the morning before the sale of their now superfluous furniture. There were a number of books she prized, and she remembered some of her father's which he had kept in his room. These were of little value as she knew, and she felt no qualms at keeping them.

There was his Bible and prayer-book, his book of meditations, and yet another. A rather cumbersome affair bound in shabby leather with a heavy, old-fashioned brass clasp.

Grace opened it curiously. She had often seen it in her father's hands, but never open. It was a diary, complete from the first early years of his married life. A page given to every day.

She turned to the last entry, New Year's day. The day he died.

At that moment Mrs. Ferguson entered the room. She walked hurriedly and not at all in her usual manner.

"Oh, here you are, Gracie dear," she cried. "I have been all over the house looking for you. Oh, my dear. I don't know quite how to tell you, but it seems just like providence to me. Arthur says he will sell Greystone if you like. In fact, he seems most anxious to do everything to please you. He really is a very nice man. I do hope you will like the idea as much as I do."

Grace stared at her mother in undisguised astonishment. Never before had she seen her mother so excited and apparently unnerved.

"Whatever is it, darling?" she asked, placing her arm round the older woman, and gazing down into her face.

"It is such a relief, dear. I have been so dreading the future, although I have tried so hard to keep it all to myself, and now this has happened, and it is a way out for us all. Arthur will help me. You need not leave me and go away. We shall, of course, all be poor, but we can all keep together."

"Mother, dear, what are you talking about? I don't understand in the least," said the girl gently.

Mrs. Ferguson looked up at her, her expressive eyes full of tears.

"Arthur Weston is downstairs, my dear," she said unsteadily. "He wants to speak to you, Grace. He is an honourable man, and has asked my permission. He wants to marry you, dear."

(Another instalment of this thrilling story in next Monday's "Picture Show.")

JACKIE COOGAN

A Charlie Chaplin "Find."

LITTLE JACKIE COOGAN was discovered by Charlie Chaplin, who gave him the title role in his film "The Kid." This film, by the way, has not yet been released over here. A photograph of Charlie with his little protégé, of whom he is very fond, can be seen on this page.

While on his recent visit to New York, Charlie either wrote or wired his little friend two or three times a week. He believes that there is a great film future for Jackie, and has had the boy's name billed in letters as large as his own in the announcements of his new picture "The Kid."



JOSEPHINE ADAIR and JACKIE, whom she plays opposite in "Peck's Bad Boy."

A Bad Boy—For the Films!

JACKIE is now enacting the bad boy in "Peck's Bad Boy," and he is thoroughly enjoying his part, for he has to get into a scrape almost every minute.

There are many amusing incidents in this film, which is being produced in Los Angeles by Irving Lesser.



JACKIE COOGAN is always in a scrape as the bad boy in "Peck's Bad Boy." This scene shows him having an argument with his father, enacted by GEORGE PIERCE.







A sudden spill! Traffic laws did not worry BILLY WHISKERS, who was providing goat power for JACKIE. It wasn't Billy's fault that there happened to be an obstruction in the middle of the street. This is one of the amusing incidents that will be seen in the forthcoming production, "Peck's Bad Boy."

"Picture Show" Gossip

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS. STORIES FROM

The True Artiste!

I SHOULD like to know how many of you have seen that wonderful British film, "The Lady Clare"? I am sure that you will agree with me that no country in the world has produced anything finer.

Beautiful English scenery unfolds itself before our eyes, with British artistes, possessing all the traditions of their own country, and the plot is Tennyson's immortal ballad. It makes one proud to know that we are coming into our own at last.



SIR SIMEON STUART.

Sir Simeon Stuart is a very handsome and dignified Earl of Robhurst, and he shows great dramatic power. In some ways Sir Simeon is unfortunate by reason of his baronetcy—for he owes his rapid advancement in filmland not to his title—but to his art—it he were a peasant he would be what he is—an artist! This is not only my humble observation, but the opinion of one of the greatest producers in London.

A Bucket of Water and a Hot Day.

SIR SIMEON told me an amusing story about his adventures in "The Lady Clare."

"I am supposed to die after the second act, to sit by the fire, cold and shivering, I have been out in a storm. Three buckets of water had been thrown over me to make me look thoroughly drenched with the heavy rain, and I died!

"The producer left me twenty-five minutes in my wet clothes, whilst he went on and rehearsed the people, who were supposed to find my dead body the following morning, but at the end of that time so hot was the day, that my clothes were quite dry!

The Lily-White Doe.

SWEET MARY ODETTE is a dream of innocent, youthful beauty as the Lady Clare.

Her spontaneous, joyous movements are a delight to behold—and if, as it is frequently stated that the screen betrays the inner emotions and personality of the artiste, Mary Odette is quite one of the most lovable film stars in the world.

Those wild, exuberant spirits—and she has heaps—I heard of her coming home across country one night after a dance, on the back of a motor-cycle! and yet withal the charm of her shy, modest, girlish smile is irresistible. I have seen quite a lot of Mary Odette, and the more I know of her the greater become her attractions.

She simply adores animals. Therefore "Lady Clare" is one of Mary Odette's favourite films. All the characters are so well cast, and the surroundings so artistic that she felt that she was actually living in Lord Tennyson's poem.



MARY ODETTE.

There is a wonderful collection of animals in the production.

"Of course there is the Lily-White Doe," Mary Odette laughed, "and a very large, green Indian lizard, which, as Lady Clare, I constantly carry about in one hand, and a kitten in the other. Then there was a mongoose, one of the only two in England, also a hedgehog, which I had to pick up and fondle!

Odette, the Humanitarian.

"THESE animals," Mary Odette told me, "were procured with very great difficulty. They were advertised for in the daily papers, and it was stated, as an inducement to their owners, that I would personally care for them.

The Doe's Surprise.

"BUT the undertaking was no sinecure," said Mary Odette, with a merry twinkle in her dark eyes. "It was impossible to find a tame doe, and the wild one strongly objected to film acting, and human beings in general." I am quite certain that the film would have been minus "The Lily-White doe" had it not been for Mary Odette's courage and perseverance. To the doe's great surprise she continued patiently feeding it and petting it, in return for its wild onslaughts, until eventually it came to love her.

The Lizard Who Escaped.

"ONE day," Mary Odette told me, "the lizard escaped, and as everyone shrank from touching it—it might have started on its journey back to India, if I had not been there to pick it up."

Mary Odette knows not the meaning of fear, she is afraid of nothing, and feels no repulsion for any living creature, that is why, if it needs her help and pity, she can look after the most loathsome being, for she sees not its loathsomeness, but only its need for compassion.

A Heated Discussion.

I HAD tea with Jack Hobbs the other afternoon, and I expect many of my readers have already lost their hearts to his fine, exhilarating performance of Lord Ronald, who so gallantly wooes his fair "cousin," the Lady Clare.



JACK HOBBS.

He has real crinkly hair—and of course he is tall and upright, with the gayest smile in the world, and one isn't a bit surprised that the Duke of Wellington, in "The Lady Clare," chose so handsome and gallant a fellow to be his aide-de-camp.

To return to Jack Hobbs' hair, he told me an amusing story about it. He went into a cinema to see the picture. And he sat next to two girls, who were complete strangers to him.

Whenever he appeared on the screen, he saw that they became very argumentative, and he wondered what on earth about himself could cause so much excitement.

"I know it is," said one heatedly!

"And I know it is not!" retorted the other with equal determination.

"Well, watch the next time," said the former.

Jack Hobbs waited anxiously to know the reason of the serious discussion.

At last there was a flash of himself.

"There you are!" cried his neighbour in triumph. "I told you so! He does have his hair Marcel waved!"

A Brilliant Young Actor.

JACK HOBBS is not only good to look at, and a typical Englishman—during the war he served as a sergeant in the Royal West Kents—but he is one of our most brilliant young actors on the legitimate stage and on the screen. Possibly, many of you saw him in "The Grain of Mustard Seed," at the Ambassadors. He also played in "Time to Wake Up," and "The Chinese Puzzle," in the "Headmaster," at the Playhouse, and in Canada and New York with Cyril Maude. Then he took a part in "The Speckled Band," with Lyn Harding, in Chicago and London. Jack Hobbs also played in "Laughter of Fools," and a "Scrap of Paper," at the Criterion; and in filmland, "Tom Brown's School Days," "The Lady Clare," "The Face at the Window," "Shuttle of Life," and for the Famous Players-Lasky, "The Call of Youth."

Jack Hobbs is a member of the brilliant British Actors' Film Company—and he is tremendously happy with them. It was my good fortune to have luncheon in their studio



SIR SIMEON STUART as the Earl of Robhurst.



JACK HOBBS and FEWLASS LLEWELLYN in a scene from "Lady Clare."



Marjorie Hume

Photo: Poulsham & Bamfield





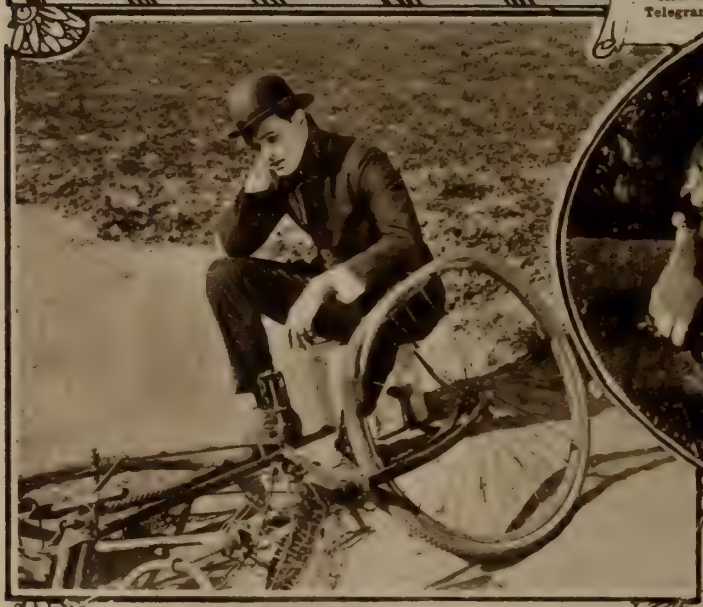
STOLEN MOMENTS. NORMA TALMADGE —in "The New Moon."

OUT of LUCK

In contrast to the many happy moments we have shared with these stars of filmland, they have their out-of-luck moments, as we see here.



BRYANT WASHBURN finds it cold without his coat—in "Mrs. Temple Telegram."



CHARLES RAY contemplates his broken bicycle many miles from home



GLORIA SWANSON will wake up to more trouble in this coming De Mille photoplay.



ELSIE FERGUSON needs a friend—in "Lady Rose's Daughter."

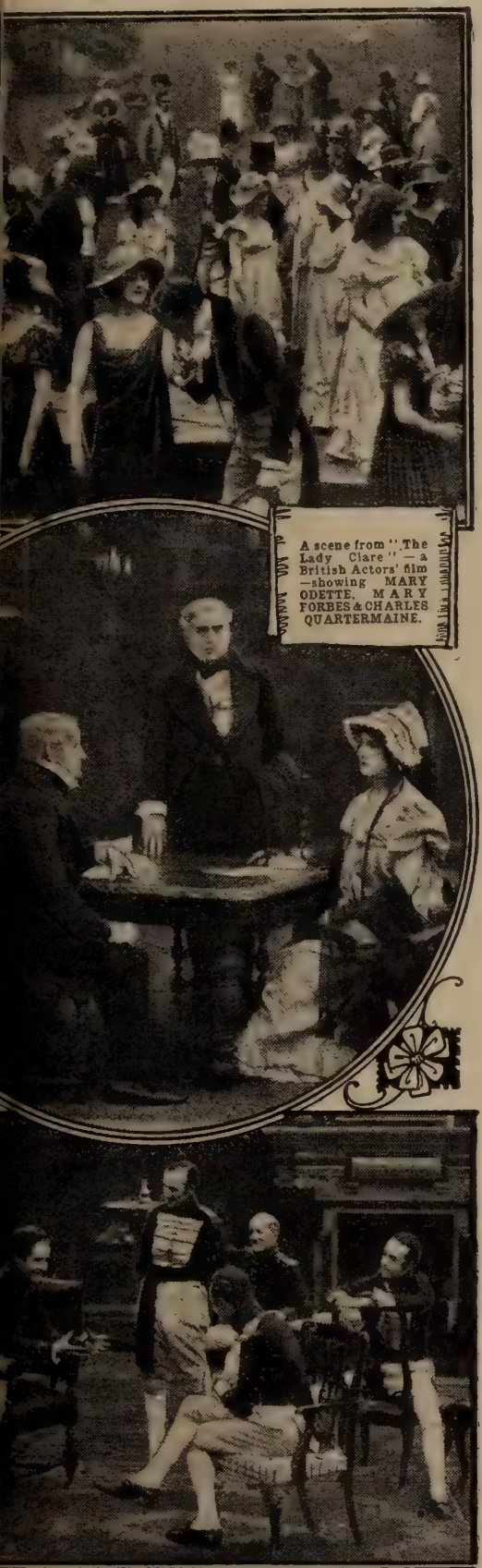


VIVIAN MARTIN finds a friend in need in TOM MOORE—in "Molly Entangled."

Photo Paramount Artcraft

...bout British Players

...STUDIOS. AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.



A scene from "The Lady Clare"—a British Actors' film—showing MARY ODETTE, MARY FORBES & CHARLES QUARTERMAINE.

...rd Ronald (JACK HOBBS) with his brother ...dcers, after having been made aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington.

not long ago. The studio belonged to the late Sir Hubert Herkomer, the famous painter, and his magnificent house, which is really more castle than ordinary dwelling, stands in the romantic grounds. The British Film Actors' Studios are certainly situated in an exquisitely lovely district. There is a real atmosphere of camaraderie and good fellowship about the whole place.

Wanted a Wife.

JACK HOBBS declared he wanted a wife, but I warn my readers it is not easy to know when he is in jest or earnest.

"She must be able to ride, dance, and play the piano," he told me, "because I adore dancing."

When I asked him:

"What attracted him to pictures?" he answered with his merry, boyish laugh:

"Want of money! I was tempted, and I fell!"

Fewlass Llewellyn.

DR. JENNER, in "The Lady Clare," is one of the dominating characters throughout the performance. So natural are Fewlass Llewellyn's movements, so subtle his expression, that he is the distinguished doctor whom he impersonates to the life.

Mr. Llewellyn leads a very busy life. I snatched a few minutes' conversation with him the other morning at the Ben Greet Academy of Acting, in Bedford Street, Strand.

"Teaching is my hobby," he said; and I must confess that he looked as if he enjoyed it.



FEWLASS LLEWELLYN

The Value of Movement.

MR. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN has played in "Dombey and Son," "Goodbye," and, of course, in "The Lady Clare."

"British films are certainly coming to the front," he declared. "There is an atmosphere about them that means we are going to do things. There is tremendous value in movement—movement with reason, with knowledge behind it. A student who begins to understand such values jumps ahead at once."

A First Film.

MISS BETTY FAIRE, who is playing in "Paddy The Next Best Thing" at the Savoy Theatre, is now at work on her first film, at the Alliance Studios. She tells me that she likes the work immensely. During the war she devoted her time to nursing the wounded. Betty Faire won the scholarship at Tree's Dramatic Academy. She played the Proud Princess in "Once Upon a Time." Betty Faire is dainty and charming, but she leads a very strenuous life. When last I saw her it was nearly six o'clock one foggy afternoon—and yet she had been doing exteriors in golden sunshine only a few miles out of London.

"Now I've got to hurry away to 'Paddy,'" she laughingly said, when we parted.

Wilfred Noy.

WILFRED NOY, the famous producer, told me the other day that he has been associated with film work for eleven years. For a joke, he once took the part of a sergeant of police. Then he was asked if he would like to try his hand at producing. In the office he was handed some rough manuscript and asked to show how he would treat it, and the result was satisfactory, and he commenced to produce straight away. In those days a coal mine was created out of black paper, but such make-believe times are past; since then, for filming purposes, real coal is used, "and I had a mining engineer to help me fix up such a scene," said Wilfred Noy, "so that it would be absolutely correct in every detail.

"At the Clarendon Film Co., with whom I was associated, we turned out twenty-five films a year, until long subjects came in. Then they made me a director, and so I remained until it was transferred to the Harma Company. When I left, I became a free lance producer until I joined up, and now, of course, I am producer for the British Actors' Film Company."

The Phillips Film Co. Present "The Lady Clare," by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

William Noy's Six-Part British Actors' Photoplay.

Senario by Dale Laurence.



BETTY FAIRE.

THE Earl of Robhurst (Sir Simeon Stuart) is an elderly bachelor. Lady Julia Medwin (Mary Forbes), the widow of his only brother, is anxious that her little son, Lord Ronald, shall inherit the Robhurst estate.

The Earl falls ill. Dr. Jenner (Fewlass Llewellyn) tells Lady Julia that the Earl must have a nurse in constant attendance. Lady Julia, terrified that a pretty nurse would prove a danger, scours the country for the ugliest woman procurable, and her friend and confederate, Mrs. Thrale (Lena Halliday), helps her.

Artifice and Ugliness and Sympathy.

MRS. THRALE confides this story to her friend, Clare Hampden (Winifred Evans), who succeeds in making herself ugly enough to satisfy Lady Julia, who engages her.

Clare's sympathy to the broken man influences him, and when she is about to leave him, he asks her to marry him—and when Lady Julia hears the news, the Earl has already married his nurse.

The Countess, however, dies on the day her child is born, the Lady Clare. Dr. Jenner finds a young foster-mother, Alice (Barbara Everest), who is persuaded to part with her own baby so that she may entirely devote herself to the heiress.

One day Dr. Jenner notices the marks of cowpox on Alice's hand, and informs the Earl that she will never have smallpox. Soon after an epidemic of smallpox attacks the village; the Earl sends his baby daughter away with Alice. But Alice longs to see her own child, takes Lady Clare to her own home, far away from the plague; but on the journey across country the child develops smallpox and dies. Alice succumbs to the sudden temptation of substituting her own baby for the dead Lady Clare.

Love and Happiness.

SIXTEEN years later the Lady Clare (Mary Odette) has grown into a beautiful girl.

She has many suitors, but her sole passion is for her pet animals. She likes no one so much as her cousin, Lord Ronald, but on account of her obvious unreadiness for love, he refrains from pressing his suit. Lady Julia urges him to do so, and so secure the estate, but in vain.



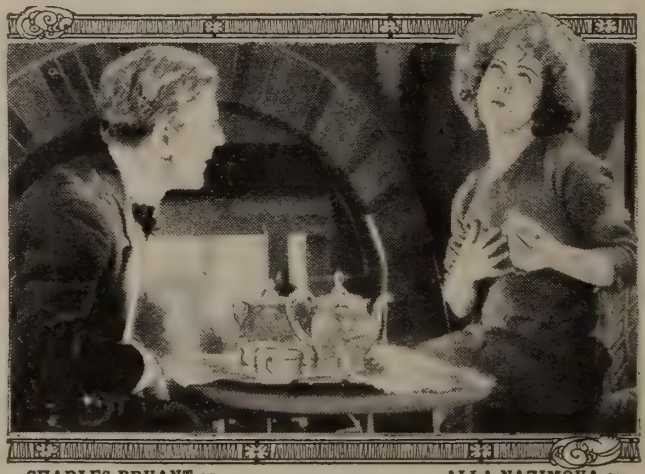
WILFRED NOY.

The Marquis of Hartlepool (Charles Quartermaine), one of Lady Clare's suitors, and who was once in love with Lady Julia, is in need of money, and tries to kidnap the little heiress. Lord Ronald discovers the plot. He fights a duel, and the Marquis is killed. Clare's heart opens to love, and Alice reveals her secret, but in the end all is well, and finishes with Tennyson's famous lines:

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

EDITH NEPEAN.

"The BRAT"



CHARLES BRYANT as MacMillan Forrester.

ALLA NAZIMOVA as "The Brat." (*Jury.*)

A Splendid Complete Story telling of a little chorus girl and her love story.

"THERE'S something about that little girl in the first row—the one on the right, I mean—that lifts her out of the ordinary chorus type."

Stephen Forrester, man about town, roué and gambler, turned in his stall to Rufe Eglam, the manager of the Orpheus Theatre, as the two watched the final rehearsal of the autumn production, "The Girl with the Eyes."

The manager looked in the direction indicated. He saw a slim, elfin-like girl, with a face that was a mixture of a sprite and a girl of the Apache dancing-halls.

"Sure, she is a bit quaint!" said Rufe lazily. "Would you like me to introduce you? Not that these kids stand on introduction!"

He waved a fat, jewelled hand to an attendant, and whispered a message.

"Ben tells me she is called the 'Brat,'" he said to Forrester. "Straight as a piece of string, Ben says. However, that's your funeral!"

Rufe Eglam leaned back in his seat and surveyed the dancing of the chorus through his heavy-lidded eyes. These girls, with their beautifully moulded limbs, meant nothing to him. They were a part of the show that was going to boost up the takings of the Orpheus Theatre, help to pay fat dividends to the shareholders, and make his position as the most enterprising theatrical manager in New York still more secure.

He had seen so many chorus beauties, this fat, phlegmatic manager. He had seen so many go down to the gutter, and a few rise either to fame on the stage or social eminence through the ceremony of marriage. To him they represented nothing more than an attraction, a setting of girlish beauty to the principal girl, the matinee idol of the moment, or even the gross comedian whose banalities wearied him, used as he was to the tinsel and vulgarity of the musical comedy stage.

The Brat came up to Forrester as he was thinking of these things.

Rufe Eglam turned in his seat with an effort.

"Mr. Forrester wants to know you, dear. I told him you were called the Brat. Guess the name fits you, kid!"

The alleged introduction over, Rufe Eglam dozed in his chair.

He might have been asleep, but nothing was escaping his half-closed eyes. He noticed that the third girl in the front row on the "prompt" side was looking pale through her rouge, and mentally decided that she would not do for the opening night; but at the same time he decided that she had got to have twenty dollars to make up for her disappointment.

"Lord!" he said to himself. "That's Ruby Vernon! All the rage ten years ago. Well, she'll have to go to the back row. Rufe Eglam ain't out to run any home for girls that have lost their beauty. Remember her mother."

Rufe Eglam, having decided what he was going to do with the chorus, settled into another half-doze before the final act came on; but he had scarcely folded his arms before the voice of the Brat brought him back.

"You can keep your fingers off me, Mister Forrester! I'm not on that lay! Here, Mister Eglam, just tell this swell guy he's too fresh!"

Rufe blinked his eyes and began to sit up and take notice. He saw it all in a glance. Forrester had been trying to make love to the girl, and another swift glance at the Brat told Rufe that she was not the kind of girl to allow such advances from strangers.

He was on the point of telling Forrester quietly to leave the girl alone, when he caught sight of the man's face. It was crimson with mortification. Also, Rufe remembered that at the last board meeting he had been told by the chairman that the theatre was getting too respectable, so he decided to attack the girl.

"What's the matter with you?" he growled. "You ought to be proud when a gentleman speaks to you."

"This fresh guy a gentleman?" sneered the Brat. "He's nothing more than a dressed-up dude who thinks every girl on the stage can be bought for a dinner! He's like all the other Johnnies that come to the Orpheus. They fill the box-office with dollars, and you don't care how they insult us. But I won't be insulted! I'd rather starve than be insulted!"

"That'll do, you brat!" said Eglam thickly. "You go and get what's coming to you; you're sacked! D'ye hear? Sacked!"

The Brat walked back to the stage. She realised what she had done. After weeks of weary rehearsal at starvation rates of pay, she had lost her job, just as she was looking forward to a spell of comparative luxury. But she was not sorry.

"What's the matter, kid?" said the assistant stage manager, a kind old man who was a great favourite with the girls.

"I told the manager and that fancy guy sitting with him some hard truths, and I've got the sack," replied the Brat.

"Truth is just the one thing those guys don't like, kid,' said the old man. "There's a show opening at the Casino. Go there to-morrow morning and mention my name to Davies."

"Thanks, dad; you're a real sport!" said the girl, as she shook his hand.

When she got outside the theatre it was raining—not in spots, but in sheets.

She shivered in the porch of the stage-door for some time, but as the rain gave no indication of ceasing, she wrapped her thin coat tighter around her and faced the storm.

As she got on the curb, Stephen Forrester came towards her. He had been waiting for her. His experience told him that hunger is virtue's most dangerous enemy, and he felt sure that this miserable chorus-girl would now be sorry she had dared to speak as she had done.

"Come along, kid, and forget it," he said. "I've got my car here. Come and have dinner with me."

"If you really wanted to do me a good turn, you would give me the price of a sandwich!" said the girl. "I'm starving, but you can keep your dinner, and take that for trying to insult me again!"

Her little hand flashed out and caught Forrester on the cheek.

The incident was witnessed by one of Forrester's pals, who was passing, and it made Forrester furious. There was only one way of saving his dignity. He called a policeman and gave the Brat in charge for accosting him.

In vain did the girl attempt to tell her version of the story. The policeman hurried her off to the station, where, after waiting some time, she was brought before the magistrate of a night court.

His Heroine.

IT so happened that, on that very night, MacMillan Forrester, a distinguished novelist, brother of the man who had insulted the Brat, was sitting by the side of the magistrate, looking for material to put in his next novel.

His heroine was a poor working-girl, but his experience of that type had been so small that he felt the book was doomed to be a failure.

It was in the hope of finding a girl of this type that he had left his comfortable study and walked about the city.

As soon as the Brat stepped into the dock, he recognised in her the very girl he was seeking.

MacMillan Forrester was a totally different kind of man to his brother. He was in every sense of the word, a gentleman. His handsome face grew thoughtful as the girl looked towards the magistrate.

"What have you got to say to this charge?" said the magistrate, not unkindly. "You know, if it is proved, you can be sent to prison!"

"Well, I suppose I should be warm and dry there, and they will give me something to eat!" retorted the Brat.

She was tired of explaining, weary of telling the truth to people who had made up their minds that she was guilty.

"Fine her, and I will pay it," whispered MacMillan Forrester to the magistrate.

The magistrate nodded, and in a few minutes the novelist was explaining to the girl that she was free.

"I saw what was being done!" said the Brat. "You paid the fine. Now, tell me what your game is? If it's the same as the swell who had me arrested, you can take it from me that there's nothing doing!"

"I have no game at all," said MacMillan quietly. "I believe we can help each other. I am a writer, and I want to find a girl for a novel I am writing. You are the first one I have seen that fits into my scheme. All I ask is that you will come with me to my mother. You will be under her charge, and she will treat you just as she would her own daughter. In return, I only ask that you will talk to me and tell me about your life. I will pay you ten dollars a week, apart from your meals. If you want any references as to my respectability, you can see the magistrate."

The girl looked straight into his face.

"I don't figure I should go much on the magistrate's word," she said slowly, "but I'll take a bet on your eyes. I believe you're on the level, but it beats me how you can pay so much money just to hear me talk. Why, with the meals thrown in, it's a lot more than I get for singing and dancing! You can lead me to it."

Forrester called a taxi and helped the girl in.

While they are travelling to his home we will take the privilege of a writer and have a look at Forrester's relatives and friends. They are in the drawing-room, discussing MacMillan and his hurried exit from the dinner-table to try to find the right type of girl for his story.

Mrs. Forrester is a stately dame, with more pride than Christian charity. There are hundreds like her in every city, so we need not linger over her, apart from saying that she had, in her own way, been a good mother to her children.

Next to her is Miss Angela Vanett, MacMillan's fiancée. She is a younger edition of Mrs. Forrester, good-looking and correct in all social accomplishments, but believing that the world is made up of two classes, people like herself and common people. At the table, also, is Bishop Farrar, a fat-faced man with the oily unctuousness of the professional Christian, but with about as much love of humanity in his poor, parched soul as would have covered a pin-point, had it been spread out. There was also a butler entirely in keeping with the rest of the people at the table.

MacMillan took the Brat into his study and rang for the superior butler.

"Bring some sandwiches and hot coffee," he ordered.

The butler glanced at the girl with that lofty disdain which only an ill-bred menial knows how to assume, but the girl merely looked up as she took off her shoes and placed them in front of the fire to dry.

"What a funny guy! Does he always look like that?" she asked, with artless curiosity.

The butler lost his dignity and stumbled as he tried his stately exit.

"Say, this is real good!" exclaimed the girl, as she flashed her bright eyes in a thankful glance at MacMillan. "I guess when old funny face comes in with that coffee and grub, this will be the best home I've seen since mother died."

"Is your mother dead?" asked the novelist.

"Oh, go on! I was only kidding. That's what we girls say when we get decent lodgings. I never knew a mother. Gee! This is a swell place."

At this moment the Brat looked down at her feet and saw several holes in her stockings. The novelist had his back to her, and she bent down quickly, and, smudging her hands in the coal-dust, rubbed it over the bare pink flesh.

The butler came in with the coffee and sandwiches.

"Mrs. Forrester wished to know if she would be disturbing you if she came in, sir," he said.

"You might tell my mother I should like to see her," said MacMillan.

As the butler left the novelist turned from the bureau at which he was standing, and came to the girl with a roll of notes in his hands.

"First week's salary in advance," he said cheerily.

"You're a real toff!" said the girl, with a little catch in her voice.

She proceeded to put them in a safe place. It was her stocking, and it was unfortunate for the Brat that at that moment Mrs. Forrester, Angela and the bishop entered.

"My heroine, mother! The girl I have been looking for to give me the chief character for my book!" said MacMillan.

Mrs. Forrester and Angela raised their lorgnettes and said nothing. The bishop raised his hands and muttered a pious exclamation as he fixed his eyes on the Brat's stocking. He began to shuffle his feet on what he thought was a rug.

"Gee! Can you beat that?" cried the Brat, as she rushed towards the bishop. "My best fur!"

She shook out a bedraggled, cheap feather boa and put it on the sideboard.

Mrs. Forrester and Angela muttered something about not wishing to disturb the novelist and withdrew, followed by the bishop.

"They don't seem to like me much!" grinned the girl. "Don't matter, though; I'm only working for you. They won't worry me none!"

"I'm afraid they are a little conventional," said MacMillan apologetically.

At that moment Stephen Forrester came in. He gave a little gasp as he saw the girl at the fire, but his brother did not notice it. The Brat opened her mouth to speak, but thought better of it as MacMillan introduced his brother.

"I expect he wouldn't like to know his brother is a cad," she thought.

It was an awkward situation, saved by the re-

appearance of Mrs. Forrester, Angela Vanett, and the bishop.

While the three were talking to MacMillan, the Brat went up to Stephen.

"I didn't give you away," she said, "but it wasn't for your sake, but for his! He is a gentleman. I can't think how he came to have a brother like you!"

She went to the fireplace and slipped on her shoes.

"Guess I'll be going now," she said to the novelist. "I'll be here sharp to-morrow morning for the new job."

As she passed out, she gave a saucy back kick for the benefit of the bishop.

"Really, MacMillan," said Mrs. Forrester, "I think you might study us more. It is all very well writing about that sort of person, but when it comes to meeting them under one's own roof——"

The unfinished sentence was eloquent of what Mrs. Forrester thought.

"Oh, Mac was ever a knight errant to beauty in distress," said Stephen maliciously.

"The girl is necessary for my work," said MacMillan quietly. "After to-night none of you need see her. She will be in my study."

"I should have imagined you might have found more congenial types to write about," said his fiancée stiffly. "Surely it is not necessary to go to the gutter for your heroine?"

"Not always; but as a rule, these people are much more interesting than the average society woman," remarked MacMillan, with just a tinge of defiance in his voice.

The Work Begins.

THE Brat was on time the next morning and MacMillan got her to tell him about her struggles on the stage.

Especially did he wish to hear about the incident that had brought her into the police-court.

The girl told him all that had happened except the name of the man who had insulted her, and then tried to get her put in prison. MacMillian took notes of all she said, and began to build up the character of his heroine from life as told to him by the Brat.

The book, which had hung fire before, now progressed swiftly.

The novelist felt that, whereas before it had been a dead thing, it now breathed life—real life, not the imaginings of a mind bounded by the four walls of a study.

As for the girl, she found life very pleasant. MacMillan treated her with a kindness and chivalry she had never known before. She had respected him from the first moment they had met. Then she had begun to admire him, and finally she fell in love with him.

But she never let him know of a passion which she quite realised was hopeless.

Had she but known it MacMillan was gradually falling in love with her.

He saw under the surface of this child of the slums a nobility of nature that he had not found in Angela Vanett, and often he found himself dreading the day when he would have to marry the cold beauty who was so coldly correct.

But as the Brat took care to hide her love under an appearance of banter and mischief, so did MacMillan conceal his passion under the grave kindness of an elder brother.

The only thing that worried the girl was Stephen Forrester.

She soon found out that although MacMillan earned a lot of money, Stephen spent it more quickly than his brother made it.

One day, when MacMillan was busy writing Stephen came in and asked for another loan.

For the first time MacMillan protested.

"Really, Stephen, you will have to pull up," he said. "I was surprised to find how much you have had lately, as I went through my pass-book the other day. Here is the key of the safe. Take what you want, but try to make it last till I can earn some more."

With a muttered grunt of thanks Stephen took the notes and locked the safe, throwing the key on the table.

Without looking up from his papers MacMillan pushed the key to the Brat.

"Look after that for me, please," he said.

Days passed and the Brat overheard Mrs. Forrester and Angela talking about a big charity bazaar at which Angela was going to dance.

All her life she had longed to be a great dancer, and when she heard the two women talk about the wonderful "Rabbit Dance," which a famous professional was going to perform, her thoughts went back to the theatre. It was the big dance in "The Girl with the Eyes," and she had been understudy to the principal dancer before she got the sack.

"Gee! But I should just like to show them how that dance ought to be done," she said to herself.

Fate moves in mysterious ways.

On the night of the great bazaar the bishop, who was the chief organiser, came to the Forresters in a panic.

The professional dancer who was to have danced the "Rabbit Dance" had sent word at the last moment that she could not come. Nobody knew better than the bishop that, although the rest of the programme was being carried out by amateurs like Angela Vanett, it was the fact that the professional dancer was appearing that had sold the tickets.

"It's just like these people. One can never trust them," he said hopelessly.

(Continued on page 18.)

VIRGINIA LEE

Artist's Model and Film Actress.

UNTIL she was twelve years old, Virginia Lee lived in Mexico's capital city, and she absorbed a great deal of the romance of Mexican life.

Soon after her graduation at a finishing school her family went to New York, and there Virginia Lee soon became famous as a model for magazine covers.

Virginia is not the first girl who has passed on from being an artist's model to screen work—the late Olive Thomas, Kay Laurel, Edith Stockton and Justine Johnson are a few of those who have followed the same course.

Her Screen Career.

VIRGINIA LEE co-starred with Ernest Dalton in "Beyond the Law." Next came two pictures with Louis Bennison, "Oh, Johnny" and "Sandy Burke," followed by an important part in "The Whirlpool." Other films in which she has appeared are "Luck and Pluck," "The Fortune Teller," and "The Servant Question."



A charming studio portrait of beautiful VIRGINIA LEE.





A scene from "The Fortune-Teller," showing VIRGINIA LEE with MARJORIE RAMBEAU (seated).

THE BRAT." (Continued from page 17.)

"If it's Mamie Swan's dance you are worrying about, I guess I know it backwards," said the Brat. "I'll do it for you if you like. I was her understudy at the Orpheus."

At any other time the bishop would have snubbed her, but now he jumped at the offer.

"It will be really good of you if you will," he said. "I suppose you really can do it?"

"They said I could beat Mamie at it," said the girl easily. "Don't worry, I'll pull you through."

Angela Vanett was furious. She had expected the bishop to ask her to do the dance, but she thought it beneath her dignity to offer her services now. Her vanity received another rude shock when MacMillan turned to the bishop.

"I'm certain the Brat will do it as well, if not better, than Miss Swan," he said.

The Brat looked at him with grateful eyes. Praise from MacMillan meant more to her than any success she would achieve.

"I'll get my old dress from the theatre," she said. "Where's the show?"

"I'll take you," said the novelist. "Run along and get your dress, and I'll drive you over."

It was the last straw to Angela Vanett's pride. She knew that the dance she was doing was nothing more than a pose in a pretty costume, and her instinct told her that the Brat would be the success of the evening.

"But not if I can help it," she muttered to herself, as she went away to dress.

The Dance.

THE first part of the charity performance went fairly well. Angela Vanett was applauded, but the applause was as artificial as her dancing. The truth was that Angela's figure looked better in a smart frock than in the loose Grecian robes that she wore as the dancer.

She might have realised that the truth of that old saying, "Charity uncovers a multitude of shins," and Angela's limbs would not have made a sculptor rush to her for a model.

After the interval came the Brat's dance.

To the girl's delight the old assistant stage-manager at the Orpheus had been lent to manage the show.

The great thrill in her dance was when a shot was fired and she was killed in the middle of her dance.

"Don't forget the gun, old sport," she said to the stage manager. "One loud report, and I'll do the lingering death act so that Mamie Swan will look a washerwoman kicking the bucket."

With a glad back kick she tripped on the stage.

There was that sudden in-take of breath of the audience that marks the silent appreciation of talent.

The Brat could dance. Her feet never seemed to touch the stage. She danced like a wild thing of Nature, easily, gracefully. Perhaps the greatest tribute to her genius was given—quite unconsciously—by the stiffly-corsetted matrons, pillars of charity, and very stout pillars, too, in a physical sense.

They had seen their own daughters treading heavily on the stage, looking more like elephants than fairies, and the twinkling feet of this common girl filled them with envy.

In the wings Angela Vanett looked at the dainty dancer with hatred in her eyes. A little in front of her was the stage manager, holding the revolver in his hand that was to fire the shot—the cue for the great death scene.

Angela had laid her plans.

She staggered forward and fell at the feet of the stage manager.

"Get me some brandy!" she gasped. "It's my heart!"

Then Angela did a far better bit of acting than she had shown in her performance. She collapsed in such a realistic manner that the stage manager forgot all about the revolver he was holding.

He rushed to get the brandy and fetch a doctor.

The moment came in the dance where the shot ought to have been fired.

The Brat danced on and at last she could restrain herself no longer.

"Shoot!" she called in a hoarse cry.

But there was no shot.

Only the jealous face of Angela Vanett, with hard staring eyes, gloating in the downfall of her rival.

The Brat danced on till the music finished, but no shot came, and the curtain came down.

The brilliant dance had ended in a fiasco.

As the Brat rushed off into the wings she saw the stage manager looking very bewildered, with a flask of brandy in his hand.

"Why didn't you shoot?" she sobbed. "You spoilt my act."

"I didn't queer it, kiddie," said the old man. "This woman threw a dummy faint, and made me go for brandy."

The girl looked at Angela Vanett, and the truth came to her in a flash.

She rushed off the stage, changed her dress, and dashed into the street.

Outside was MacMillan's car. She ordered the chauffeur to drive her to the Forresters. Her one desire was to get the few things she had there and get out of the house before MacMillan came back. She was too proud to let him know the mean trick his fiancée had played on her. As she had shielded his brother, so she would shield Angela Vanett.

(Continued on page 23.)

VINCENT COLEMAN

A Film Actor Who Is Never Idle.



VINCENT COLEMAN is surprisingly clever at making all sorts of things; from lamp-shades to furniture, and he wastes no time in the waits between scenes at the studio or in his dressing-room at the theatre, but employs the time in making things that most people would consider worthless into things of use.

An interviewer found him one day cutting up a silk coat which was part of a discarded fancy costume. This silk was converted into a beautiful lamp-shade for his dressing-room.

A Home-Made Home.

VINCENT'S home is, indeed, a home-made one, for there one will find an umbrella-stand, hat-rack, book-cases, smoking stands, card tables, picture frames, and many other things, all made by Vincent; while on the walls are several oil paintings from his brush. Then there's a great big couch—one of the really "comfy" kind—and he even made that, too, from a cheap iron bed with the posts sawn off!

Films in which He Has Appeared.

HERE are some of the films in which Vincent Coleman has played: "Should a Husband Forgive?" "Partners of the Night," "Good References," and "The Dress of Destiny."





VINCENT COLEMAN as he appeared in "Partners of The Night"—a Goldwyn film.



Another photograph of VINCENT COLEMAN in "Partners of the Night."



A scene from "Good References," showing VINCENT COLEMAN with CONSTANCE TALMADGE.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Modern Clothes and Their Effect Upon the Figure—The Round-Shouldered Habit—Its Effect on the Health—A Remedy—The Picture Girl's Frock.

THERE is a noticeable tendency among girls just now to develop the round-shouldered habit. In a great measure, I put this down to the wearing of the big coat with large collar that hunches high up into the neck. To procure a little extra protection from winter's chilly winds, the wearer of the big coat is inclined to huddle her chin well into the soft collar, and incidentally hunch the shoulders up at the same time. When the coat is worn, the round-shouldered effect is not so noticeable, although a certain amount of ungracefulness is given to the silhouette. But when the big coat or wrap is left off, the hunched effect of the shoulders is more noticeable in a thin blouse or frock, and far more ungainly looking.

The girl who desires to look her best always, must never for a single day neglect to consider her figure. I do not mean use heaps of creams and cosmetics upon it—although care of the skin itself is necessary—but she must bear in mind the utter need to always carry herself well, and be careful never to fall into ungraceful habits of walking or sitting.

Watch the Screen.

A CAREFUL study of screen actresses will show you the importance of this. Have you ever seen an ungraceful walk upon the screen, or an ugly sitting posture. Never, I am sure. There is charm and grace in every movement of the screen star, and that is why each and every one of them look so beautiful, and appeal to you so intensely. Elsie Ferguson is a perfect lesson to every girl who watches her acting upon the films. Utterly graceful and beautiful is her walk, and her manner is always charming. This you will realise is the secret of the screen star's success—to a great extent, anyway. Of course, most of them are wonderfully clever actresses, but many of them who are not so beautiful as others are perfectly appealing on account of their charming manners and movements.

Just now it is an age when it is the fashion for beauty to be carelessly attired. Waists are softly hung, frocks fall straight from the shoulders, and collars fall well away from the neck, or, as in the manner of the big coat, muffle up into the neck. These styles are comfortable, but they have invited the girl to allow her shoulders to droop, or to slump forward in a way that soon becomes a habit, and robs the body of both grace and youth.

The round-shouldered habit is an easy posture to adopt, but those who indulge in it will sooner or later regret their folly when they find that it is easier to assume such a thing than it is to get rid of.

Later on when Dame Fashion, always fickle, turns her fancy to another quarter, the girl who has become round-shouldered will be regretting the fact that she ever allowed her shoulders to sag.

Round shoulders affect the health as well as grace and comeliness. Round shoulders mean sunken chests, sunken chests mean quickly taken colds and coughs, and poor circulation; therefore round shoulders are a foe to beauty. Whether it is laziness or just the desire for ease, I do not know, but the loose way in which girls sit nowadays is most noticeable. Their blouses have no shoulders, the filmy material loops over the belt all the way round, corsets are negligent above the waistline, and support not any of the figure, and waists are high or low as the fad may take the wearer. So it seems that our girls bid fair to become shapeless, baggy-looking figures in time to come.



No. 29,114.
A becoming frock specially designed by the Editress of HOME FASHIONS.

I do not advise them to sit as straight as soldiers. There is a happy medium, of course, between the rigid posture and the relaxed poise. Bodily symmetry calls for some effort at dignity, and at least a small amount of poise and balance.

So the girl who wishes to be at once healthy and fashionable may, if she likes, combine ease with grace, art with health, seeing to it that her lungs are always well filled with air, her walk well balanced, and her figure erect.

The Remedy.

SHE must watch herself as she sits, as she works, and as she walks. Constant vigilance is necessary at first when wrong habits must be overcome. Later the correct positions become second nature. The business girl must guard, as she sits at her desk or her typewriter, that her spine is straight and erect, and the shoulders tolerably well back. When she sits in a chair, she must take pains to brace her shoulders back against the chair; when retiring she must be certain that her lungs have every chance of expanding properly. The girl who sleeps healthily will awaken much more refreshed than the one who lays in bed, bent and cramped, shoulders curved forward, and who awakens both tired and listless in the morning.

The woman who takes long walks, who plays golf or tennis, the woman who swims or who indulges in any healthful exercise cannot help but breathe deeply, for she will need to do so to keep up with her exercise. Vocal exercise is good for the same reason, therefore I would advise the round-shouldered girl to go in for any physical exercise that appeals to her. The round shoulders will undoubtedly disappear as you breathe more often and more deeply, and you will find that in seeking to rid yourself of the round-shouldered habit, that you have gained immensely in health, vitality, and appearance.

The Picture Girl's Frock.

A CHARMING frock of brown garbardine with smart bow and sash ends of striped silk. The frock is cut in new long-waisted style, the skirt being gathered on at hipline. Interwoven bone rings form the waistbelt.

PAPER PATTERNS of this dress can be obtained in 34, 36, 38, and 40 inch bust sizes for one shilling each—P.O. made payable to the PICTURE SHOW—from the PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1. A DRESSER.

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

The Week's Best Jokes.

(By Permission of Messrs. Pathé Freres.)

KINDLY STRANGER (to pedestrian knocked down by motor car): "Are you hurt?"

PEDESTRIAN: "I don't know, I haven't seen my lawyer yet."—(*Le Rire.*)

* * * *

MRS. TATTLE: "Have you had much experience as a maid?"

THE MAID: "I worked for the Scrapleigh Styles for six months before they separated."

MRS. TATTLE: "I'll engage you. Now tell me all about it."—(*Boston Globe.*)

* * * *

At a recent wedding in Buckinghamshire the bride carried a handkerchief that had been in the bridegroom's family since 1610. We should like to know the name of their laundry.—(*London Opinion.*)

* * * *

FIRST MAN: "How does your wife like having a Kitchenette?"

SECOND MAN: "Fine! You should taste some of her mealettes."

* * * *

A cook and £2,000 disappeared from the same house the same day. It was probably her pay day we should think.—(*Kladderadatsch.*)

* * * *

JACK: "Have you heard that Kalle has left off drinking?"

FRANK: "Has he? What did he die of?"—(*Strix, Stockholm.*)

No man really knows a woman like a book until he has tried to put her on the shelf.—(*Cartoons Magazine.*)

* * * *

FIRST LADY: "Since my husband has taken up this idea of adopting French towns, I've not seen much of him."

SECOND LADY: "But how interesting! What town has he adopted? Paris?"—(*Passing Show.*)

* * * *

To the mother of a large family life seems to be one darned—stocking after another.—(*Toronto Evening Telegram.*)

* * * *

GUEST (at crowded hotel): "How much do I owe you?"

LANDLORD: "Let me see, your room was——"

GUEST: "Didn't have any room. I slept on the billiard table."

LANDLORD (quickly): "Ah, well, two shillings an hour."—(*Pearson's Weekly.*)

* * * *

SHE: "Did you know that Ethel has a dark room especially for proposals?"

HE: "I did. I developed a negative there myself last night."—(*Brisbane Weekly.*)

* * * *

FRANK: "Did you hear of the awful fright Frank got on his wedding-day?"

JACK: "Yes, I was at the church. I saw her!"—(*Blighty.*)

FILM FAULTS.

This competition is closed, but we are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition.

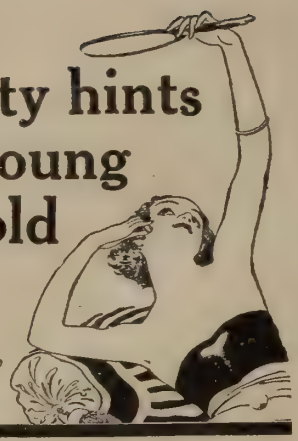
I went to see Marion Swayne in "The Transgressor," and noticed that when the doctor had got the child out of the burning house at fearful risk, they both came out looking none the worse for fire, not even the child's lovely curls. I thought this seemed to spoil the whole picture, and several friends thought so too.—5s. awarded to Miss N. Clarke, 4, Newbold Street, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.

In "The Innocence of Ruth," leading players return home from a late dance. On the opposite side of the road is a nurse-maid, wheeling her charge along.—5s. awarded to M. Gregory, 13, South Place, Ewell Road, Surbiton Hill.

Constance Binney playing the part of Juliet in "The Test of Honour," gives a violin recital, and the film shows the audience all listening appreciatively. One sees Juliet drawing her bow across the violin, but her left hand *never moves!* By this, she must have played only four notes all the time, as a violinist "makes" notes by the fingers of her left hand rapidly pressing the strings.—5s. awarded to Miss Meg Maxton, Millwall Place, Sandwich, Kent.

In regard to film faults, the hero in "The Lone Wolf" has to cross the English Channel by aeroplane. During the flight nothing is seen of the water, but everything is land and buildings.—5s. awarded to Henry Pancoust, 2, Lakehall Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Beauty hints for young and old



By 'CYNARA.'

TO REMOVE UNWANTED HAIR

"PRUH" is positively the only depilatory in the world that is *guaranteed* to remove all superfluous hair from face or underarm *without irritating or reddening the skin.*

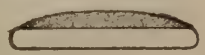
"PRUH" is free from risk—it is quite harmless and far superior to all ordinary depilatories.

"PRUH" can be applied whilst preparing the toilet—it takes but a few moments, and leaves the skin perfectly soft and smooth.

Simple instructions in each box **2/9**

FACE POWDER THAT BEAUTIFIES

Unlike the ordinary "Poudre de Riz"—powder made of rice starch—"Poudre Vanoré Compacte" does not parch the skin or cause wrinkles to appear. It protects the beauty that lies in the skin, and enables one always to be fresh and youthful-looking. It is supplied in the daintiest of Art. Tortoise-shell boxes—just the thing for the handbag—and contains *three times* the quantity of powder usually supplied. Realise the saving this means!



In ordinary compact powders the powder is compressed on to a porcelain palette.

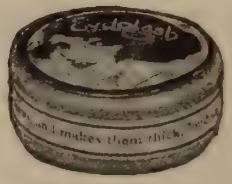


In Poudre Vanoré the powder is compressed into a flanged metal disc. It holds THREE TIMES *the usual quantity of powder.*

8 Tints: Per box, **1/9**

LONG, DARK EYELASHES

"EYDOLASH" will darken your eyelashes and brows and make them thick, long, and silky, thus giving to the eyes that fascinating, expressive look which men find so appealing. Recommended by leading actresses. **"EYDOLASH"** is a real darkener—not a "make-up." Detection impossible—thus best for *discreet* women. Positively harmless. In dainty ivorine pots, full size **1/6**



LOVELY WAVY HAIR

It is quite easy to transform straight, lank hair into a mass of lovely waves.

"WILLOWAVE" the marvellous hair-waving fluid, should be brushed through the hair until it is well moistened to make it beautifully soft and wavy. If used in conjunction with waving pins, it will make the hair a mass of beautiful waves that last several days at a time.

"WILLOWAVE" has a beneficent, cleansing effect on the scalp; assists the follicles to spring into life, thus inducing a thick, luxuriant growth, full of beauty and charm.



Per bottle, small size, **1/9** double size, **3/3**

The above toilet preparations may be obtained from most high-class hairdressers, chemists and stores. If your dealer cannot supply, send us his name and address with P.O. (postage 2d. extra), and a first supply will be sent direct by the sole manufacturers and importers,

A. FISHER & Co. (Dept. 28), 170, Strand, London, W.C.2.

"THE EDUCATION OF NICKY."

James Knight and Marjorie Villis in a Charming Love Story.

A PICTURE is now approaching completion at the Harma studios which, it is believed, will prove one of the most delightful films of its kind. It has been adapted from a story specially written for Harma by May Wynne, and is entitled "The Education of Nicky." It is a charming love-story, set in a typical British atmosphere.

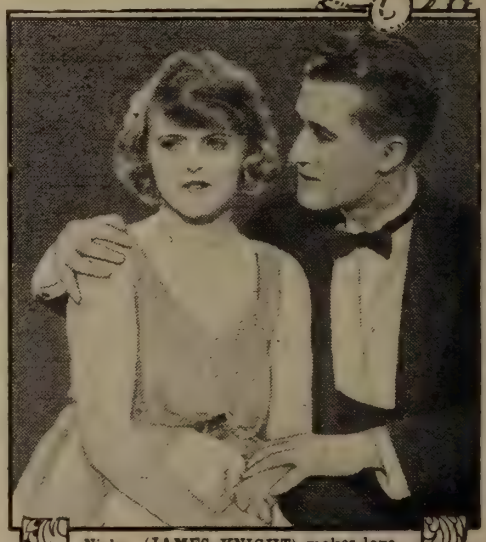
The Story.

JAMES KNIGHT takes the part of Nicky, a rich young Canadian who has recently come to this country on a visit to well-to-do relatives, who, having made their money in trade, are seeking their way into the best English society.

Nicky is deeply attached to his pretty cousin, Chloe, played by Constance Worth; but her mother has other plans for her, and desires her to marry a retired colonel with City connections. Thus, as so often happens, the course of true love does not run smooth, and a few more complications are caused by the intrigue of another charming young lady, Trixie, who is well-known in society as being in search of a rich husband. This part is played by Marjorie Villis.

Other characters in this splendid film are played by Mary Rorke, Winifred Sadler, Frank Weatherly, Dolores Courtenay, Capt. Stephenson, etc.

There is some delightful scenery in this Harma film, the exterior scene having been taken in the picturesque district of Lynton, Lynmouth, North Devon.



Nicky (JAMES KNIGHT) makes love to Chloe (CONSTANCE WORTH).



Trixie (MARJORIE VILLIS) is in search of a rich husband, and makes love to Nicky.





One of the delightful scenes taken in North Devon for this new Harma film, "The Education of Nicky." Nicky (JAMES KNIGHT) and Chloe (CONSTANCE WORTH) go on a fishing expedition.

HAIR BEAUTY GIFTS BY POST.

Write To-day for a Complete "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit.

1,000,000 FREE DISTRIBUTION.

EVERY gift of Nature is perfect, and of all the bounteous gifts that Nature has given to women—the hair is undoubtedly the most highly prized. Yet, strange to say, it is so often neglected.

Under the treatment of "Harlene Hair-Drill" every woman can possess this crowning beauty, and can assure herself of the truth of this declaration by self-demonstration free of expense.

No longer, therefore, is there any necessity or excuse for anyone not to prove by personal experience how "Harlene Hair-Drill" causes the hair to grow in health and beauty.

WONDERFUL POPULARITY OF "HAIR-DRILL."

To-day all the leading Actresses, Cinema Queens and Society Leaders make "Harlene Hair-Drill" a part of their daily toilet, and willingly testify to its hair-growing and beautifying results.

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair **makes all the difference to woman's appearance** (and man's, too, for that matter), and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair health and beauty **free.**

IF YOU VALUE YOUR HAIR—WRITE NOW.

If by the expenditure of a little time—just about two minutes daily—it is possible to acquire real hair health and beauty, surely it is folly to refuse or even to hesitate a single moment in taking the first step to secure it.

This is really a Four-in-One Gift, for it includes:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and natural tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."



3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which makes a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual giving full instructions for this toilet exercise.

Do not delay in sending for this Hair Health and Beauty Gift. The demand will be great, and early application is desirable.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct, on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

In the best interests of your Hair, you should post your application for one of these Hair Health and Beauty Gifts to-day. "Harlene Hair-Drill" is the simplest and the surest method of cultivating really healthy, beautiful hair.

'HARLENE' FREE GIFT FORM

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

PICTURE SHOW, 15/1/21.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

STRENGTHEN YOUR NERVES.

Nervousness deprives you of employment, pleasures, and many advantages in life. If you wish to prosper and enjoy life, strengthen your nerves, and regain confidence in yourself by using the **Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment.** Guaranteed Cure in 12 days. Used by Vice-Admiral to Seaman, Colonel to Private, D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s, M.M.'s, and D.C.M.'s. Merely send 3 penny stamps for particulars.—**GODFRY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd.,** 536, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

VAMPING AT A GLANCE



The most wonderful Musical discovery of the Age. It teaches you to play the piano beautifully by ear and vamp to thousands of songs in all keys with **ONE HOUR'S PRACTICE** without the slightest knowledge of music. Simple as A.B.C. 164,000 sold and everyone delighted. Success guaranteed. Money returned if not as stated. Complete, post free, **2/6** (per P.O.)—**Imperial Publishing Co.** (L Dept.), **28, South Castle St., Liverpool.** Established 1872.

STAMMERING.

Those seeking a genuine and permanent cure for stammering and other speech defects should write at once for my free 24-page booklet "Straight Talk to Stammerers," etc. Method endorsed by Education Authorities, Doctors, Clergy, Army Officers and many others. *Guaranteed 30 testimonials in one month.*

WM. N. WAREING, "Glendene," Anchorsholme, Nr. Blackpool.

SHOW YOUR FRIENDS

The "Picture Show."

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WANTED—PRODUCERS.

Dorothy Minto on a Crying Need.



DOROTHY MINTO.
(Photo: Claude Harris.)

WELL, folks, I've put it on record a few times that I "found Miss So-and-So in her dressing-room at the Dash Theatre," or words to that effect, so it's rather a change to relate that for once in a way *I* was the person found, the seeker being Miss Dorothy Minto. Now that stars have started coming in search of me instead of t'other way round, I'm mighty in danger of getting a swelled head, I can tell you. But, in case I leave the impression on your mind that Miss Minto is in the habit of running about seeking to be interviewed, I must add the prosaic footnote that I had already arrived at the Little Theatre when the young lady in question came running down the stairs in search of me—her fair hair rioting (as those novelist fellows are so fond of saying) about her—and that it was simply due to the call-boy's—or my—blunder that the little star came out of her haven to find me, the humble suppliant at stage doors, instead of my finding her. Still, this is a proud day for me.

But to get to the real business in hand. (You see, I'm neglecting my work already.)

A Wonderful Picture.

TO commence with, I will humble myself in the dust by confessing that Miss Minto has done more film work than I had ever dreamed she had, and that in consequence of my ignorance I was somehow labouring under the delusion that she might not be interested—really interested, you know—in pictures. But I was wrong. (I often am. It is a fault to which the best of us are prone.)

"I am interested in everything," remarked Miss Minto at the commencement of the proceedings—thereby opening a wide field to me—and I can quite believe it. She strikes one just that way, radiating as she does the very joy and thrill of living.

"Well, then, films——" I began, feeling decidedly cheered.

"I Love Them."

"FILMS?" she echoed. "I love them! Let me see—I appeared in my first in 1916. Can't remember the name—just a little comedy thing. Since then I've played in 'Once Upon a Time,' 'The Glad Eye,' 'I will,' 'A Little Bit of Fluff,' and "—here she paused for breath—"I've just finished 'The Game of Life,' for Samuelson."

Wonderful!

AS this film has not yet (at least at time of writing) been shown to the trade, Miss Minto did not feel at liberty to divulge more than a few details, but from what she said it must be one of the biggest pictures ever done in England. Her enthusiasm for it was infectious and unbounded. The one word which seemed to her to fit it above all others was "wonderful." The chief roles were "the most wonderful one could have." Tom Reynolds, her co-star, was "a wonderful actor. I owe more than I can say to his assistance," and Mr. Samuelson (for whom Miss Minto has the greatest admiration) was a "wonderful producer." So the whole thing must be wonderful indeed, especially, as Dorothy said, it contains something of every emotion.

A Coster Girl.

THE period it covers is from 1837 to 1887, and Miss Minto portrays a coster girl throughout. And "wonderfully" she does so if the character portrait she showed me is anything to go by.

"The role is quite different to anything I have ever played in my life," she said, "and is a mixture of broad comedy and pathos. It has certainly afforded me richer opportunities than I have been given in film work hitherto, and I enjoyed it immensely, although never again could I do film and stage work simultaneously as I did in this case. I do not believe anyone can satisfactorily. That is why I am making no plans for further film work while I am playing at this theatre. Contrary to some opinions, film acting is very trying and *very* difficult, and I think it demands one's undivided time and energies. I think it is a great pity and a great mistake that stage people—at least, *some* of them—are prone to treat film acting as a side issue, that they do not take it more seriously, whereas, after all, it is closely allied to their own special branch of dramatic art. Indeed, I cannot see how you can separate the screen from the stage, for what, really, is film acting but the old art of miming?"

"The Producer's the Thing."

WITH a great many other celebrities, Miss Minto holds the opinion that in filmland "the producer's the thing"—that in Britain especially there is an urgent need for more and more men of directorial genius; men of stage as well as of screen experience, who not only have the technicalities of their art at their finger-tips but possess the faculty of knowing their players through and through.

"You must work *with* your producer and be with you," said Miss Minto. "A man who knows your temperament practically to the flicker of an eyelash. A really good producer can make an artiste do *anything*. At least I have found so."

As an instance of the pitfalls into which producers of inexperience are apt to fall, Miss Minto mentioned a certain "costume" picture she had recently seen, in which the crowd work was magnificently handled and correctly dressed, while a close-up revealed two little pages attired in costumes of quite another period.

The Fatal Re-fake.

SHE also instanced the habit of retaking scenes (which so much prevails in this country), as a mistake fatal to the attainment of the best artistic effects, remarking that by the time an actress has been forced to summon tears nine or ten times in succession, without the stimulus of an audience, and with a property man directing a spot light on her face throughout the proceedings, she is incapable of giving of her best when the critical moment for the *final* "shot" arrives.

"In America they don't shoot a scene until the director is absolutely certain of the effects he wishes to achieve," she said.

She also expressed the opinion that close-ups are utilised far too little in British pictures.

"A Film Maniac."

FOR the rest, Miss Minto is, as she expressively puts it, a "film maniac," and like most of us, has her particular screen favourites. These are Wallace Reid, Mary Pickford, Sessue Hayakawa, and Charlie Chaplin, whom, she considers, almost *too* great, too wonderful to talk about in the same breath with other film stars. She also much admires Pauline Frederick, while she confesses that, despite her own reputation for comedy, the roles she would like to portray on the screen are such as some Gladys Brockwell has given us.

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

NAME THE STAR BEHIND THE GOGGLES.

Next Week, £250 in Prizes—Grand New Competition.

"THE BRAT."

(*Continued from page 18.*)

It did not take her long to pack the few things she had, and she was gliding down the stairs when she heard a noise in the hall. It was Stephen on the telephone. He was promising somebody that he would pay a certain amount of money that night.

She crept into the study. On the table in MacMillan's handwriting was a note addressed: "To my little Collaborator."

Inside was a bundle of notes and a letter thanking her for her part in the story which was now finished. She took up the notes and went out through the side door. As she did so she heard Stephen coming.

She hid herself behind the curtains and waited.

Stephen came to the safe, and took out a key. Then she remembered that she had given him what she thought was the key to the spirit cellarette, when he had asked for a drink. She must have made a mistake and given him the key to the safe.

The Brat walked into the study as Stephen was taking a roll of notes out of the safe.

"Put them back," she said quietly. "You can take these I have earned. You have never played straight with me, but I don't want your brother to know you are a thief as well as a cad."

At that moment there was a sound of voices.

"Beat it while you can!" whispered the Brat, shoving Stephen through the inner door.

Then she rushed to the safe to close it.

Before she could get to the door of the safe, Mrs. Forrester, her son, Angela, and the bishop came in.

She saw MacMillan's eyes fixed upon her.

"How could you do that when I trusted you so," he said bitterly, glancing from her to the open safe.

"Just one minute!"

It was Stephen Forrester's voice.

"She's not guilty, Mac," he said, as he stepped into the room. "I was robbing the safe when she caught me. She made me put the money back and gave me these notes."

"She tried to get me away and take the blame on herself," went on Stephen. "And you might as well know, now, that I was the cad who got her arrested the night you found her."

There was a silence and then Angela Vanett came forward. Pulling off her engagement-ring she handed it to McMillan.

"She loves you Mac, and I see now you love her. This is where I make my exit."

"Brat, you're just wonderful!" said MacMillan, as he clasped her in his arms. "You've got to be my collaborator for life."

(*Adapted from incidents in the Jury photo-play.*)

FILMS OF THE WEEK.

The PICTURE SHOW'S Guide to Picturegoers.

"Two Women." ANITA STEWART. (*Vitagraph.*)

A VERY human picture showing the characters of two totally different women and how they influence the life of a man. Exquisite scenery and excellent acting, with the lovely Anita Stewart in a delightful role. The story by James Oliver Curwood.

"Red Hot Dollars." CHARLES RAY. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

AN iron foundry is the scene of Charles Ray's latest play. Though the story is slight, the film is full of interest, and the popular star, as a foundry worker who saves his employer's life and is made his adopted son, gives an excellent performance. Gladys George is the heroine.

"Whom God Hath Joined." MARCELLE PRADOT and PAUL CAPELLANI. (*Gaumont.*)

AN artistic domestic drama touching on the French system of arranging marriage. A young wife who seeks romance almost at the price of her life's happiness but finds out the truth before it is too late, and a husband who is prosaic and hard-working are the two chief characters. Excellent acting by two very well-known French artistes. A true-to-life story, especially appealing to women.

"The Tree of Knowledge." ROBERT WARWICK. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

A SPLENDIDLY produced film-play, by C. De Mille, introducing a remarkable prologue. The cast is practically all-star. A young Englishman, played by Robert Warwick, is confronted by a woman from his past, who tries to wreck his life. The modern daughter of Lilith, however, is defeated. Brilliant acting and photography.

"Into Temptation." ALMA HANLON (*Triumph.*)

A GRIPPING story with a strong human appeal. It shows what happened to a girl who craved for luxury and scorned the humbleness of home. Average production.

"Telemachus' Friend." ROBERT. MCKENSEY. (*Vitagraph.*)

AN O. Henry story in two reels. A most amusing tale of a henpecked husband who tells how he met and married his wife. Very good fun.

"Flames of the Flesh." GLADYS BROCKWELL. (*Fox.*)

GLADYS BROCKWELL as a woman who seeks revenge for the wrongs done her in the past, who finally makes instead a great sacrifice. Strong drama, well acted by the whole cast. Reproductions of Paris night scenes remarkably shown.

"Lady Noggs." JOAN MORGAN. (*Progress.*)

A PARTICULARLY delightful story of a little orphan peeress. Adapted from the stage-play by Cicely Hamilton, it will be enjoyed by all, young and old. Little Joan Morgan, a great favourite in the revue "Bubbly," plays the stellar role, and is charming and clever throughout. Excellent.

SERIAL.

"The Terror of the Range." BETTY COMPSON and GEORGE LARKIN. (*Pathe.*)

A MELODRAMA in seven episodes. The hunt for the Terror introduces many thrilling adventures. Betty Compson is delightful as the heroine. The whole play goes with a fine swing.

THE "PICTURE SHOW" CRITIC.

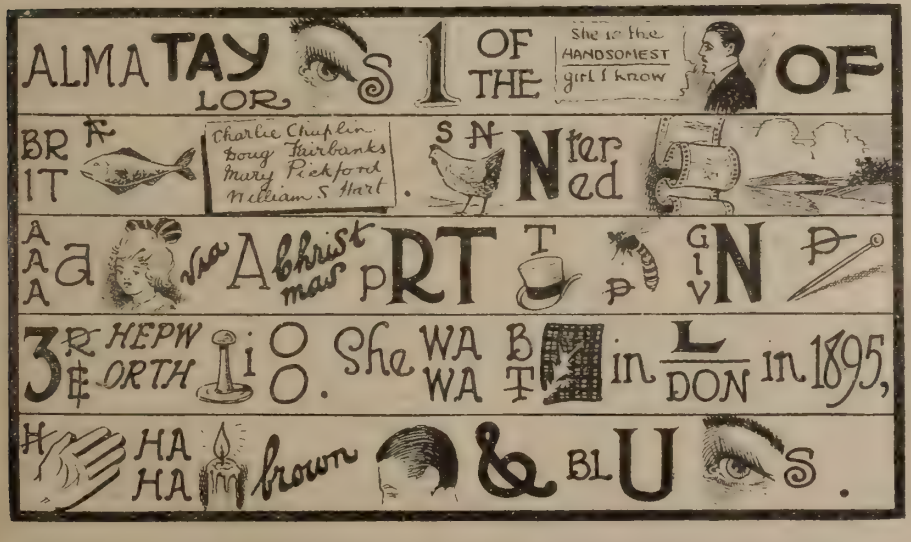
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SECOND PRIZE £25

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No. 6.—ALMA TAYLOR PICTURE PUZZLE.



I enter the "Cinema Stars" Competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

THIS week we publish the sixth and final picture puzzle in the above competition.

Competitors must now prepare their solutions, and send them in to us as soon as possible. All solutions must be made out in sets of six, and the coupon to which each solution refers must accompany it. Sets of six pictures must be pinned together.

Competitors are at liberty to send us as many complete sets of picture puzzles and solutions as they please, but incomplete sets will be disqualified.

All solutions must be written in ink on one side of a clean sheet of paper. Competitors may send as many complete sets of solutions under one cover as they please, and all efforts must be addressed to

"Cinema Stars Competition,"
Gough House,
Gough Square, E.C. 4,

They must be posted in time to reach that address by January 22.

Solutions containing alternatives to particular pictures will be disqualified.

Each complete set of puzzles and solutions must be accompanied by the coupon on this page, which must be filled in with the competitor's name and address.

No responsibility can be accepted for efforts lost in the post, mislaid, or delayed, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

The First Prize of £100 will be awarded to the competitor whose complete set of solutions are identical with or nearest to the solution now in the Editor's possession. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. This competition is run in conjunction with "Girls' Cinema" and "Boys' Cinema," and readers of these journals are invited to compete.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition.

Employees of the proprietors of this paper are not eligible to compete.



FREE Hat Patterns

THESE delightfully pretty and serviceable hats are easily made at home in an hour or two and the smallest possible amount of material only is required. Both patterns are given free in this week's "Woman's Pictorial" which also contains diagrams explaining how to cut and make them up. These are so simple that previous experience in the art of hat-making becomes quite unnecessary.

It is so seldom that attractive patterns of this description are given away that you would be well advised to give your newsagent an order TO-DAY for

WOMAN'S PICTORIAL — 3d

The Weekly Magazine for Women

OUT ON WEDNESDAY



Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

AUTHORS AND THE SCREEN.

HAD anyone suggested to any of our well-known authors a few years ago that they might use their talent for the screen, the idea would certainly have been scoffed at. It is true that even to-day there is in many quarters among literary men a disinclination to associate themselves—unless it be through the media of their published works—with film plays. But I do not think this attitude will long continue, since the lead now being given by some of our most popular writers is certain to be followed.

Among those who have definitely undertaken to write for the screen are Arnold Bennett, Edward Knoblock, H. G. Wells, Compton Mackenzie, and several others, while even George Bernard Shaw's deep interest in motion-pictures may result before long in his deciding to write for the screen. As picture-goers know only too well, the average film-story of to-day stands badly in need of being raised to a higher standard of quality, and the talent and imagination which our best authors can bring to its aid will be all to the good of the picture-play of the future.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

"RUTH'S ADMIRER" (Southampton).—Nothing about your handwriting puzzled me. I have grown quite an expert in that line after all the epistles I have read. Your questions about George Chesebro leave me wondering. I wish he would tell us both. Ruth Roland is that lady's real name as far as I have heard. Juanita Hanson is American, and Theda Bara also is not Russian, French, or Polish, but American, too. Yes, Rumour is a wonderful old dame, isn't she? Tom Moore is nearing thirty-six, and Monroe Salisbury is his senior by three years. Irving Cummings was born on Oct. 9th, 1888, in New York, and is married to Ruth Sinclair. Mary Miles Minter was born on April 1st, 1902.

"SWEET WILLIAM" (Neath).—Thanks for the bouquet from the family. Fancy you never summing up courage to write to a harmless individual like me before! Yes, Henry Edwards was in "Barnaby Rudge," and Fred Morgan was the actor in "The Beetle." Yes, it is a pity when a long and exciting film is divided up in order to allow music-hall turns in between. And the audience, I suppose, also feels a bit cut up.

N. D. and F. D. (Brixton).—Sorry if I have made you take up your residence temporarily in the wrong suburb, but I had to guess it from what you told me. Irene Castle is twenty-seven, and Bobby Vernon is twenty-three. You mean "Tess of the Storm Country." It's an old Mary Pickford film, as you know.

"INQUIRER" (Clapton).—In "The Miracle of Love," Wyndham Standing was Clive Hurbert, and Jackie Saunders was Cornelia Kirby. The others were: Lucy Cotton (Duchess of Harwich), Blanche Davenport (Dowager Duchess of Cheshire), Percy Standing (George, Duke of Cheshire), Edward Earle (Howard McClintock), Ivo Watson (Duke of Harwich) and Lila Blow (Lady Emily). Elsie Ferguson in private life is Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke.

G. H. M. J. (Bassein).—At present we haven't most of the postcards you want. Address the PICTURE SHOW Postcard Dept., 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4, for any others. James Corbett is nearing fifty-three, Ruth Roland will be twenty-five this year, and Pearl White will be thirty-two on March 4th.

D. S. (London, E.).—You ought to have sent your "Film Fault" on a postcard. Florence La Badie died some time ago. Peggy Hyland has not stated her age so far. I am glad you like British pictures better than you did once.

R. W. S. (Finchley).—You don't consider that anybody who reads the PICTURE SHOW wastes his time. Why, who's been suggesting that? Tell me. I would just like to look at him. Mabel Ballin was Morse Penelope in "The Illustrious Prince."

"BLOSSOMS" (Homel Hempstead).—At the moment of writing no photos of your favourites have been published. In "Rosemary Climbs the Heights" the players were: Mary Miles Minter (Rosemary Van Voort), Margaret Shelby (Wanda Held), Charlotte Mineau (Thamar Fedoreska), and Allan Forrest (Ricardo Fitzmaurice). The last-named artiste is the one, I think, you must be referring to.

"DEVON ENTHUSIAST" (Ilfracombe).—Am I *ever* cross or glum? Oh, sometimes, and then I generally have a row with myself. It's really safer than dragging in some other opponent who might prove more formidable. So you have started a book of film information. Well, that's going to keep us both busy. In "Aladdin," the starlets were Virginia Lee Corbin and Francis Carpenter. Sorry, but I don't keep track of the usual comedies, as casts are seldom given and queries about them are rarely asked me. Florence Vidor was the heroine opposite Bryant Washburn in "Till I Come Back to you." The other artiste does not reveal the information you want.

"KOKO" (Calcutta).—Hope you received the copy of the "Girls' Cinema" all right. Aurele Sydney, Manora Thew, and Charles Rock were in "Ultus." The first and last named artistes are now no more. No, Mary Odette, who was formerly known as Odette Goimbault, is not English, but French, for she was born in Dieppe.

"VI" (Chelmsford).—Sorry, no information to hand as yet regarding your two favourites. They have yet to learn the "sweet uses of advertisement."

W. M. B. (Enfield).—I'll let you off this time if you promise to be good and follow the rule at the top of these answers when next you write. Since you find that nobody worries about poor Wyndham Standing of late, he shall adorn this page straight away. Birthplace, London, born August 23rd, 1880. His height is 6 ft. 1 in., and his colouring, brown hair and grey eyes. "The Law of the Land," "Rose of the World," "Eyes of the Soul," and "Earthbound" are some of his films. Your attempt to describe me is not a bad guess, though it does not quite hit the mark.

ALICE (Glasgow), J. M. K. (Lucknow), DIANA (Burgess Hill), E. R. (Barnes), "TAFFY" (Wolverhampton), A. B. (Ripley), ROSE (Plymouth), J. D. (Hythe).—Come, let me address you all together. Lillian Hall is twenty-two, and Eileen Sedgwick a year older. Mabel Normand plays for Goldwyn. Enid Bennett is married to Fred Niblo. Bessie Barriscale's husband is Howard Hickman. Henry Edwards was born in Weston-super-Mare. Chrissie White is married, and has golden hair. Marie Walcamp was born on July 27th, 1894, and has hazel grey eyes. Madge Kennedy is married to Harold Bolster, and William Farnum to Olive White. Juanita Hansen is American.

MABEL (Belfast).—Heather Thatcher was born in London, but does not disclose her age. Her films are: "The Key of the World," "Pallard the Punter," "The First Men in the Moon," and "The Green Terror." She has auburn hair.

"SAUCY SAL" (Sheppertor).—Nay, lass, I'm never "crotchety" on this page. It all depends on how I am read. And then you add, I am always very jovial and saucy. So what am I to believe? Charming letter, any way. But didn't you feel inquisitive enough to ask me anything?

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

OWEN NARES, care of Samuelson Film Co., Worton Hall, Isleworth, Middlesex.

MARIE OSBORNE, care of Pathe Exchange, 25, West 45th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

GEORGE WALSH, care of Fox Film Co., 130, West 46th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

FRANCESCA BERTINI, care of London Independent Film Trading Co., Ltd., 4, Denham Street, London, W. 1.

Guy Newall and Ivy Duke will be pleased to hear from you at 41 Ebury Street, London. S W 1

(More addresses next week.)

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PICTURE SHOW, January 22nd, 1921. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

£250 New Prize Competition FIND THE STAR BEHIND THE GOGGLES See Back Cover.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. JAN. 22nd, 1921.

No. 91. Vol. 4.

WHEN TWO BLACKS MAKE A WHITE——HAPPY.



Edith Roberts, the popular serial star, smiles at two piccaninny pets of the studio making energetic excavating efforts on a giant melon. The "Pics" have certainly left their mark in the picture.

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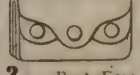
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PHILLIPS 'SPECIAL' REVOLVING RUBBER HEELS





Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 54.—LILA LEE.

LILA LEE is here seen stealing a few moments from the studio to read her favourite picture paper, the PICTURE SHOW. Lila is fast becoming a great favourite over here.

—♦♦—

Our Grand New Competition.

HOW do you like our goggles competition? Isn't it all I promised you? With your large knowledge of film stars I am sure you will have great fun identifying them—and think of the chance of winning a big money prize! An evening's fun a week, with the chance of a prize. I know you will be pleased.

—♦♦—

Our Art Plates.

OUR Art Plates continue to delight a large number of readers of the PICTURE SHOW, who write weekly to say so. This week's beautiful art picture of Anita Stewart is in answer to a large number of entreaties for a portrait of this dainty star.

—♦♦—

London Slavey Story Filmed.

"MERELY MARY ANN," adapted from the famous novel, and stage success of the same name, by Israel Zangwill, has been made into a delightful film play by the Fox Company, with Shirley Mason as the little drudge of a London boarding house.

You will remember the story of the friendless little slavey, who worshipped the young musician, whose art was his only asset. He was about to offer her a post as housekeeper, when Mary Ann came into a fortune.

How the course of true love was made to run smoothly after many hardships is depicted in one of the most sympathetic productions I have yet seen on the screen.

—♦♦—

Accomplishments for Films.

"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS" is another of J. M. Barrie's plays to be filmed. Lois Wilson is playing the leading part, and she tells me she learned to use a typewriter, and to knit socks on four needles, both of which accomplishments were required in the photo-play.

—♦♦—

His First Screen Appearance.

LYN HARDING makes his first triumphant appearance on the screen, as Beverley, the spiritualistic fraud in the Stoll screen version of "The Barton Mystery," the play which ran for a successful season at the Savoy Theatre, when the late H. B. Irving took the part of Beverley.

This is a noteworthy screen appearance, as

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

Lyn Harding has been on the stage for over thirty years.

—♦♦—

Remarkable Experiences.

IT is not only American cinema actors who have remarkable experiences. Listen to this. Holman Clark, the well-known stage actor, tells he walked through Clapham, dressed as the green genie, with a string of camels, for the film version of "The Brass Bottle." And then again for the first film version of "A Message from Mars," made over here, Mr. Holman Clark in the part he created on the stage, that of the messenger, walked through Hyde Park in shining armour.

—♦♦—

Praise From Betty Compson.

BETTY COMPSON thinks that the English girl is the finest woman in the world for a man to marry.

"They know far more about the problems of life than did their carefully chaperoned ancestors, and although they retain all their femininity, they have the advantage of knowing how to face the real facts of modern existence. Work does not destroy feminine charm, but rather augments it, and it is not to be wondered at that men are seeking for wives, women who are capable of looking after themselves and their homes, and at the same time appearing as charming as others who are more or less helpless.

"The butterfly girl always has a passing charm for the masculine heart, but men tire of her and her invariable companion helplessness. The girl who, in the hard school of worldly experience has learned to manage her domestic affairs efficiently, and at the same time delight her husband by being an "all weather" butterfly, eventually displaces her more unreliable and fragile rival."

And Miss Compson should know, for the admirers she rules on the screen range from hard-living, hard-riding cowboys, to immaculate ornaments of society drawing-rooms.

—♦♦—

Sworn Allies.

TEDDY, whose photo appears on this page, and John Henry, Jr., Mack Sennett "stars," are sworn allies and devoted friends. The sagacity of the Great Dane seems only equalled by the faith of the lad in him. Picture patrons are familiar with this duo of screen actors and with their numerous stunts, hazardous and thrilling.

According to his trainer, Joe Simpkins, Teddy is the only one of five great Danes that he has succeeded in reducing to docility and subjecting to successful training. He (Simpkins) bears on his person the marks of the fangs of the preceding four Great Danes he attempted to "educate."

According to Mrs. Davis, her son, John Henry, Jr., is just as fine a lad in the bosom of his own home as he is on the screen—all boy, unafraid and dear.

—♦♦—

Her "Benny" Screened.

A NEW lease of life has been given to the book, "Her Benny," by Silas Hocking, through the popularity it has achieved by being screened. The photo-play, which has just been released, tells a story of child life in Liverpool; the play, by the way, was filmed amid that city's crowded streets. Babs Ronald and Sidney James Wood take the chief parts in the film version, to which Silas Hocking has given his approval.

—♦♦—

Have You Heard This?

WILLIAM FARNUM tells a good story of while he was taking a holiday recently, he was invited by a friend to spend an evening at his hotel. He was waiting for his friend in the hotel lounge, and fell into conversation with several strangers. One fellow apparently fancied himself very much as an actor, and told several wonderful stories of his talent in that direction; mentioning also that he had played with William Farnum.

"Is that so?" asked Bill, slightly bored.

"Yes, I played with him for more than a year, and for the life of me I can't understand why everyone is raving about him. For my part, I don't think there is anything about him to warrant such a tremendous fuss."

"Well, there is no accounting for taste," remarked Farnum dryly.

"You never said a truer word!" exclaimed the man, with the assurance of the public speaker who thinks he has the sympathy of his audience. "Do you know he's not particularly handsome when you get close to him. Not half as good-looking as you are, for instance."

"You don't say so," declared Farnum. "But what kind of a man is he to work with?"



TEDDY, the famous dog star of a score of Mack Sennett successes, has just been signed on with a new contract with the Special Pictures Corporation. Here we see Teddy reading his contract, and for the amusement of our readers making his mark as a signature.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

"Well, I don't like to spread unpleasant reports, you understand, but, confidentially, he is what we call a stage hog. Wants to keep in the centre of the stage, and all that kind of thing. Rather a disagreeable personality, too!" And so on.

And the wonder of it all was that the popular star let the man rave on without trying to disillusion him in any way. He says he likes to see anyone enjoying themselves.

—♦♦—

Tom Cannot Drive a Car.

THOMAS MEIGHAN, all-round sportsman as he is, has confessed that he cannot drive a motor-car. In these days, when every star has two or three, and vie with each other for exceeding the speed-limit, this is indeed a confession!

—♦♦—

The Only Casualty.

WESLEY BARRY met with an accident last week, when he fell from his horse. Wesley was pretty shaken up and bruised, and had to spend a day in bed. But he reports that the only casualty suffered was the loss of two freckles through his remaining out of the sun for a whole twenty-four hours.

By the way, Wesley and Colleen Moore gave a party to over 200 Los Angeles orphans the other day. The affair took the best part of a day; a sight-seeing 'bus ride through the city and a matinee performance at a theatre were two of the items.

—♦♦—

A Delightful Spot.

FOR the scenes of the coming Stoll photo-play, "A Gentleman of France," the most important members of the cast crossed the Channel to film the exteriors. They stayed for a while at a real old French inn at Aurillic, small but commodious, a wonderful old place, having the old French fireplaces, in which blazed log fires, wonderful old rooms, the structure of which had not been touched for at least a hundred years.

However, the company had reluctantly to leave the old inn, for the strange reason that horses, required for the production, were unobtainable in that hilly, mountainous district, so they went on to Nice.

—♦♦—

Two Birthday Dinners.

JOHNNY JONES celebrated his twelfth birthday with two birthday dinners. On that day scenes were taken for the filming of "A Day's Diet," the 11th "Edgar" episode.

In the story, Edgar's country cousin has his birthday, and the two boys spoil their appetites for dinner, by eating a marvellous amount of assorted fruit. On Johnny's birthday these eating scenes were photographed, and when Johnny got home he found his real birthday dinner waiting for him.

Did he eat it? you ask.

"I'll say I did," is the way Johnny puts it.

—♦♦—

Viola Doesn't Worry.

VIOLA DANA doesn't possess a single streak of pessimism. She says that hard times do not worry her, as she has learned so many things through acting for the films that if she were to wake up one morning, and find herself one of the unemployed, all she would have to do would be to brush up the tricks of a few of the trades she has learned.



MAY ALLISON chatting with ROBERT EDESON was caught for the PICTURE SHOW camera. Mr. Edeson was also caught with his favourite picture paper. Do you see it in his hand?

"For instance," she says, "I think I could make my living as a hurdy-gurdy man, and carry a pet monkey around with me. In 'Sorrentina,' the picture on which I am now working, I take the part of a little Italian street waif, and have to do the things that all street waifs do. Now, in view of the fact that I have one accomplishment, I don't think I would judge the whole world wrong if I should have to seek another job.

"Or in the case that I was in a place where I couldn't get a hand-organ, I could make my living by dancing, as was the case in my role in 'The Chorus Girl's Romance,' where I had to dance my way through life."

Fay Filmer.



NORMA TALMADGE and CONWAY TEARLE, in the New York Art Galleries, are here seen chatting with Mr. Chet Withey. This picture was taken (as you may know) during the filming of "She Loves and Lies."

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

MARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks are working day and night to get their pictures up to date so they can sail for England. They expect to leave here in February, and to make several pictures with British settings. Their reception when they were in England last spring is mainly responsible for this desire to return.

—♦♦—

Roscoe Gets Cold Feet.

EVERYONE was laughing at Roscoe Arbuckle before he sailed for England. He would declare nothing could keep him from his foreign trip one day, and the next he refused absolutely to leave terra firma. It grew to be such a joke among his friends, everyone was betting on whether or not "Fatty" would leave New York. The odds were in favour of his going, for it was known he had been planning this trip for months. When finally he did reach the Aquitania, and stayed on board until the ship pulled out of harbour, those who were wagering on his voyage were greatly relieved.

He 'phoned to me in high spirits over his adventures promised abroad, but later in the week, when the time grew nearer he was not so sanguine. Everyone wondered if he is afraid of the ocean or merely so patriotic he disliked leaving the U.S.A.

"He need not be afraid of the sea," said a well-known man, "why he is so fat he could float."

—♦♦—

Norma and Eugene Dance Together.

THE laity who came to the Actors' ball to mingle with the celebrities were elated when Eugene O'Brien led Norma Talmadge out on the floor for a dance. They danced perfectly, and made such a stunning-looking couple there was a regular chorus of Ohs! and Ahs! Eugene says he never had such a leading lady, and does not care who knows it. There are others who say the same thing, and regret the Talmadge-O'Brien team was broken up when Eugene reached the starring class.

—♦♦—

Elliot Dexter to Go Abroad.

THE fact that Elliot Dexter has only played in roles calling for lame heroes since his breakdown has made everyone believe he is permanently disabled. It is true he is not the robust, healthy young man whom Cecil de Mille selected for his romantic features, but neither he is not in the delicate state of health attributed to him. He is still the splendid artist we knew of yore.

Mr. Dexter plans to go abroad and try a change of climate. He has had an offer to make a picture in England, but for the time being he will merely recuperate in the sunshine of Great Britain.

—♦♦—

Returns to Her Work.

AFTER the death of Robert Harron, Dorothy Gish could not be persuaded to return to the screen. For several months she kept away from the Griffith studios and paid no attention to motion pictures. But that time has passed now and she is back at work, devoting her time to her profession and trying to keep a brave and smiling face. It will be a long time before she forgets the charming young man for whom everyone in the picture industry mourns, but she has her life to live, and she is sensible to "carry on."

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



A charming photograph of PAULINE FREDERICK as she appears in "Roads of Destiny."



An interesting photograph of dinner at a mandarin's house. This is one of the very elaborate scenes in SESSUE HAYAKAWA'S Robertson-Cole Production, "The First-Born." Sessue Hayakawa, the wonderful emotional actor, is a great favourite with all picture-goers, and they will eagerly await the release of this splendid photo-play.



MRS. MARGARET MANN, who has played so many "mother" parts on the screen.



MONTE BLUE, leading man to MARY MILES MINTER, in "A Cumberland Romance," fails to recognise the "Realart Sunbeam" when she passes attired in a dress of the '70's, with a black wig hiding her blonde hair. She uses this "disguise" while playing her own mother in "Sweet Lavender," now being filmed.

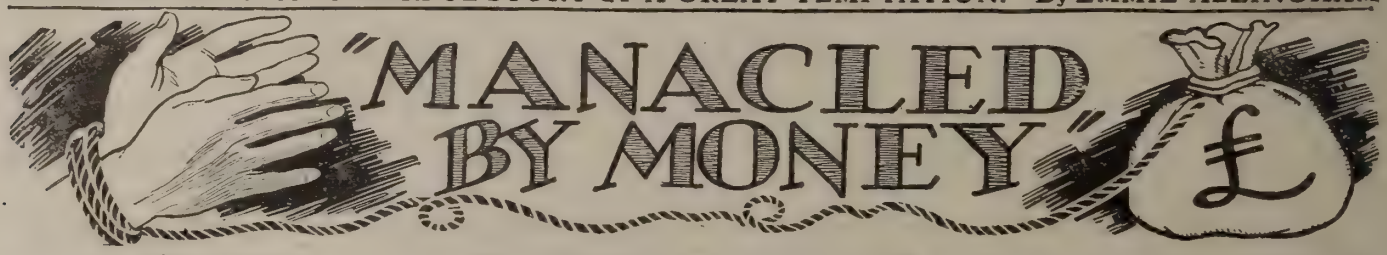


FRANKIE LEE has his own "camera," and takes CLAIRE ADAMS in a dramatic scene.



KATHLEEN CLIFFORD "snapped" at home before going for her morning gallop.

BEGIN TO-DAY! A POWERFUL STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION. By EMMIE ALLINGHAM



Diary Records.

"MARRY him! Marry Arthur Weston? Mother, darling, surely you are not serious."

Grace stared at Mrs. Ferguson incredulously, and then there suddenly swept over her the old dread which she had experienced for weeks after that memorable Christmas eve, when she had gone to Greystone, believing it to be empty.

Amy, the housemaid, had prophesied then that Mr. Weston would one day become her husband, and although she had scouted the idea, it had startled her all the same. That had happened so long ago that she had forgotten it until this moment, and now it all came back to her with a rush.

Mrs. Ferguson's lip was trembling. Grace knew how her mother's indomitable will had kept her up all through the terrible trouble of the last few weeks. It was appalling to think that she would have to give her cause to suffer more. In Mrs. Ferguson's imagination the marriage would mean that there would still be a man in the family to help and protect them.

But Grace did not intend to yield. If Fate had decreed that she should marry Arthur Weston, she would fight fate.

To give herself to a man whom she firmly believed to be both a thief and a murderer, could give no help to her family; of this she was quite assured.

"Mother, darling. I have never even liked Mr. Weston as you have," she said very steadily, "and these last few weeks I have grown to detest him. I believe he is a wicked man."

"Grace! Surely there is no need to talk like this," Mrs. Ferguson interrupted. "I should be the last to force you to do anything against your inclination, but Arthur Weston is our friend. I have always found him most kind and considerate. I should have been proud to have had him as my son. He is very sensitive and shy, but these are not bad qualities in a husband. He tells me he has a little money, enough to keep you in comfort. He even spoke of having some part of Greystone put in repair, but I think he would rather sell it."

"It is not his to sell," cried Grace indignantly.

"But it is, Grace," said her mother. "My dear, it was left him in his aunt's will. He had a perfect right to do with his own as he pleased."

Grace was silent. She had no reason for saying that Weston could not sell Greystone if he wished, but the words had rushed to her lips as the conviction came into her mind.

For some seconds there was a silence while mother and daughter looked at each other.

Grace was thinking of how much she could tell her mother of her suspicions without making her more indignant. She felt sure that Mrs. Ferguson in her present mood would hear nothing detrimental to their neighbour.

Mrs. Ferguson spoke again.

"I only want to do what is best for you all," she said, and her mouth quivered piteously. "Neither you nor the children know what it is to be really poor. Mr. Weston talked of saving their little pony and trap for them to-morrow, and buying back the Rector's chair. I can't bear to think of any stranger using it. It belonged to his father, and his father before him."

Again there was a silence, and then the mother, suddenly realising afresh the opportunity which she thought her daughter was throwing wilfully away, collapsed. Her tears could no longer be withheld, and to the girl's horror, she began to sob aloud.

Never to her knowledge had Grace ever seen her mother give way in such a manner before. All through her troubles she had kept, if not cheerful, at least calm. Grace knew that her mother mourned in silence, when she was alone, but it had not been allowed to interfere with all the sad duties with which she had had to contend.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ARTHUR WESTON is given by his aunt, Amy Rae, a bag containing twenty thousand pounds, and she also leaves Greystone Manor to him in trust for her son Harry.

HARRY RAE has a quarrel with Arthur Weston after Mrs. Rae's death. He cannot understand his mother making such a will, and he determines to go out to Australia.

REV. FERGUSON tries to make peace between Weston and Harry before the latter goes away, but is unsuccessful.

GRACE FERGUSON, the vicar's daughter, is a great chum of Harry's. After he has left she goes to Greystone Manor, and sees his father enter the study with Weston. Later she hears a shot.

CECIL RAE, Harry's father, is found dead in the woods next morning, and it is presumed that he has committed suicide.

The same day Arthur's little daughter, Jessica, is thrown from her pony and killed.

He dines at the Vicarage on Christmas Day and finds out that the vicar knows about the twenty thousand pounds. He tells Mr. Ferguson that it was stolen from him.

A year passes, and this Christmas Arthur Weston invites the Fergusons to Greystone.

Seven days later Mr. Ferguson is found dead in his chair. Arthur Weston has given him a poison that leaves no trace, and the doctor's verdict is heart failure. Grace, however, suspects Weston, and she writes to Harry.

The Fergusons find that they will be very poor, and Grace will have to go away to earn her own living. But one day Mrs. Ferguson comes to her daughter and tells her that there is a way out of their difficulties—Mr. Weston wants to marry Grace.

Grace flung her arms round the old woman' neck.

"Mother, darling," she cried passionately. "You must not worry, I am young and strong, and I can earn a living for us all I am sure. I could not marry Mr. Weston, though—no, not, to please you. I not only do not love him, but, as I have said before, I distrust him. I believe that there is a secret in his life, something which daddy knew about, and I know that Mr. Weston was glad when he died; I saw it on his face."

Mrs. Ferguson was shocked.

She stared at her daughter in undisguised amazement, and drew herself away from the girl's encircling arms.

"Why, what has come over you, Grace?" she cried in a troubled voice. "No one has sympathised so much with us in our misfortunes. I cannot understand your attitude. You appear as a stranger to me, just when I so much need your help. If only your father were here," she added helplessly.

Grace caught her breath.

Her mother's words hurt her profoundly.

"Mother, do you not think I ought to be true to myself—to my soul," she said in a tense voice.

"My dear, I suppose it is because you are so young that you are so selfish. Youth must think only of itself, I suppose, but there are your little brothers and sister to consider."

Grace turned fiercely.

"Then you—you think I ought to agree to a loveless marriage, with a man I distrust and detest, just for the sake of a child's pony and trap. Mother, dear, it is absurd. Even I know that. Suppose, when I have married him, he changes his mind? Suppose he then refuses to do anything for you and the children?"

"My dear, he is a gentleman," replied Mrs. Ferguson with simple dignity.

Grace flung herself out of the room. She wanted to get out into the air. To stay longer and continue the conversation was impossible.

Mrs. Ferguson waited until Grace had left the room. She was half hoping that she would return, but the door closed, and she was left alone.

With her eyes blinded once more by tears, she stooped to pick up the books which Grace in her impetuousness had let fall. One was her husband's diary.

She recognised it, and once again the full measure of her loss swept over her. Then, very reverently, she began to turn the pages.

Yes. It was all there; records of their happy, peaceful life together. The birth of their children, and all the sacred thoughts of a good man. She turned the pages slowly, misery depicted on every line of her countenance, and then she came towards the end.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—That was his last Christmas, when they had all been so happy.

Could it have been only some short six weeks ago?

Went to dine with Weston at Greystone Manor. It was very sad to see the old place in such a state of neglect. I wish to judge no man, but I fear that Weston is not honourable. Sometimes the doubt comes into my mind when I am with him. I wish it was not so. He has had much trouble, poor fellow, but he is suffering with a diseased mind. While we were in the library we had liqueurs, and very good cigars. At Christmas time, no doubt, one may be allowed a little licence, but when one has a debt to pay as he has, I thought the extravagance unnecessary. The liqueur was strange to me, and I have had a burning in my throat ever since, but I presume it will go off.

My host informed me that he would soon be putting the place into repair. I was glad, as I did not wish to remind him again that Harry will be of age in another eighteen months. I sometimes wonder if Weston will be willing to give up Greystone when the time comes, but it will be my duty to see that justice is done. I noticed that Weston threw a phial into the fire while he was talking. The thought passed in my mind that he might take drugs. But this is all surmise. I do not feel altogether myself to-night. Let me remember that command of our Lord's, "Judge not that ye be not judged."

Mrs. Ferguson was interested. She forgot the man she had left waiting downstairs, and her ungrateful daughter (as she now considered Grace) and read on:

DECEMBER 26.—There were the usual parish affairs which Mrs. Ferguson glanced through until she came to the part which interested her:

Weston dined with us to-night. I hope I wrong that young man. When we were alone he spoke, of his own accord, of putting Greystone to rights. He intends to have it in shipshape order by next Christmas. He says that he never really counted the notes which Mrs. Rae gave him in trust, and asked me if I knew how much they were worth. I had to confess that I did not. He expressed disappointment. When he was going he asked after my health. I hope I do not grow suspicious, but I mean to write a letter to be given to young Rae on his reaching his majority, or at my death should it happen beforehand.

DECEMBER 29.—Have seen Weston again. He can make himself very agreeable when he likes. Invited me over to Greystone to suggest some improvements. The men are to start work early in the New Year. I think he means well. His sensitive nature, no doubt, has a lot to do with his little peculiarities.

DECEMBER 30.—I wrote to Swayle, asking

(*Continued on page 8.*)



Pensive.



Sad.



Resignation.



Wistful.



Enquiry.

THE EXPRESSIONS OF ALICE JOYCE.

(Special to the "Picture Show.")

ALICE JOYCE.

The Star With the Sad, Sweet Smile.

ALICE JOYCE is at the top of the tree in the estimation of cinema producers and public. No more conscientious artiste has ever appeared on the films, and she is as versatile as she is thorough. She can play the part of a woman between thirty and forty as well as she can portray the character of a young girl.

A Difficult Part.

IN her last release in this country, "The Winchester Woman," she shows a wonderful conception of a character which is intensely interesting from start to finish, and must be exceedingly difficult for any artiste, whether on stage or screen to portray.

In two of her scenes, the first in which she fights for her honour against a dissolute blackmailer, and the other where she defends herself on a false charge of murder, she rises to really great heights.

Spirituelle Beauty.

ALICE JOYCE has all the natural qualifications for a screen heroine. Strikingly beautiful, she needs not the aids of elaborate coiffure or wonderful frocks. She possesses something which is far greater, spirituelle beauty of face, which at once claims the sympathy of those who see her.

Does not Like the Limelight.

ALICE JOYCE hates to be recognised in a crowd, and confesses that she is most uncomfortable under the limelight. Lately, when visiting New York, where "The Winchester Woman," now being shown over here, was creating a sensation at one of New York's largest picture houses, the management begged the star to appear in person. Alice confessed that she was much flattered by the request, but declared that she would rather die!

While on this visit, Alice visited the hotel in which she was once a telephone operator. She went to the hotel after spending a feverish afternoon, driving from shop to shop to get a pair of evening shoes to match a new gown. She recollected the days when she was a telephone operator in that New York hotel, struggling along on 30s. a week, she remembered the time she scraped and scraped to buy herself a pair of suede shoes; it took her ten weeks to save a pound, and the remembrance of those days made her weep.

A First Experience.

SHE tells of her first engagement on the screen, with the old Kalem Company. She was engaged for "The Engineer's Sweetheart," and was asked if she could ride, as it would be necessary for the film. She replied "yes," not adding any details. Her sole experience of "riding" had been five minutes on the back of a tired plough horse.

In pursuit of her new profession, she galloped on a spirited steed, fell off several times, and says that the bruises were large, livid, and past counting; her mother applied liniment and tears.

Her Screen Successes.

MISS JOYCE is one of Vitagraph's most valued stars. She not only possesses beauty, but she is a player of extraordinary ability and charm, as is demonstrated by the variety of roles, both tragic and comic, that she has interpreted during her long association with the screen.

Some of her famous successes are "The Vengeance of Durand," "The Cambric Mask," "The Strength of the Weak," "The Song of the Soul," "Between Friends," "Find the Woman," and her latest film now showing, "The Winchester Woman."

If you want to write to her, address your letter:—

ALICE JOYCE,
c/o Vitagraph Film Co.,
Hollywood,
California,
U.S.A.



Suspicion.



ALICE JOYCE.

"Manacled By Money." (Continued from page 6.)

him to call and see me. Met Weston as I was going to post. He took letter for me. Very humorous fellow at times. Chaffed me for getting seedy after the Christmas festivities. My memory is not as good as it was. I forgot to take the service at six. Jenkins came for me while the congregation waited. Have never done such a thing before. This has pulled me up, and I wrote directions for future use to Harry Rae. It can be kept in my desk, and when the boy comes it can be given him, if necessary. This will be no breach of faith to Weston, as I told him that evening what I had done.

The diary stopped here.

The widow drew a deep breath as she stood with the book in her hands.

So Grace had read this, and that accounted for her feeling against Weston. Mrs. Ferguson was a little surprised to discover that her husband had for a moment harboured such thoughts against their friend. They had known him for so many years. It was a pity that the Rector had written his thoughts down. Of course, he was ill, poor dear. He had been ailing for some time. He must have been a great deal worse than she had ever suspected. The reference to the notes and the whole gist of the reading matter, Mrs. Ferguson ignored, as some women do. She was only interested in the parts which bore a light on her daughter's strong attitude.

"He never breathed a word to me about not liking Arthur Weston," she told herself, "so it is hardly fair to go by what he wrote down to please himself. No one could take that seriously. Besides, he was ill at the time."

She placed the diary tenderly among the other books on a small table, and then went downstairs.

Mr. Weston had followed Miss Grace out into the garden, Amy informed her mistress, and Mrs. Ferguson's heart beat again with renewed hope. Perhaps Arthur would get her to alter her decision.

Arthur Weston's suggestion that he should marry Grace had come as a great relief. She knew Weston and liked him.

She knew that Grace had a very strong attachment for her old playmate Harry Rae, but now that realities crowded around her, her feelings regarding her daughter's future had taken a definite shape. Harry was but a boy, and he was away. It was doubtful whether he would ever make a career for himself, and, if he did, he might never return to England. Then, too, he had never thought seriously of Grace—not as the girl had of him. He was too young when he had left to think of sweethearting.

Meanwhile, Arthur Weston was walking beside Grace through the Greystone Woods. She had requested him to leave her, but Arthur had not obeyed. He had come to the decision to ask Grace to marry him the night before, when, alone in his room, he had reviewed the past and thought of the future.

Arthur Weston had discovered, as many another criminal has discovered before, that no sooner had he rid himself of one enemy by foul means, than another more formidable rose in his path.

Grace would have to be his next victim he had decided. But how was he to work it so that he could not be discovered?

The murder of Cecil Rae had passed off quite easily for him. No one, so far as he knew, had the slightest suspicion that the man had not taken his own life. The death of the rector, too, had been simple enough. If any suspicion did come to anyone's mind, all trace of the poison must have vanished from the body by this time.

Grace would not be so easy. First and foremost he must discover just what she knew about him. How often did she enter Greystone by the secret passage, the secret of which she guarded so closely? How often was she watching him when he thought he was alone. He had to be always finding a fresh hiding-place for his precious leather bag, for the contents of which he had risked so much.

That she knew of its existence he had quite made up his mind, just as he was quite certain that she often visited Greystone in secret.

It was his guilty conscience which caused him to read in her most casual words a hidden meaning, and the only way he saw open before him was to win her confidence and perhaps even affection.

At the present moment he was using all his powers of persuasion to get Grace on a friendly footing with him again.

Mrs. Ferguson, he knew, was on his side. If Arthur cared at all for any living person at all, it was Mrs. Ferguson. She trusted him so absolutely. She was always kindly and friendly. Even his callous soul was touched by her attitude towards him.

Grace became more at her ease as she discovered that her companion had no intention of being serious. His affected gaiety even had an effect on her, and when at last they returned to the rectory they appeared on the best of terms with each other.

Mrs. Ferguson glanced anxiously at the man as Grace left them together for a moment while she took off her hat and coat.

Arthur smiled and patted her hand reassuringly.

"Say nothing more to her. She is very shy, but I think I may hope," he said, with the boyish smile which so altered the expression of his face.

Mrs. Ferguson gave a sigh of relief.

"I am sure you will make her happy. You do love her?" she asked simply.

Arthur smiled again.

"Mrs. Ferguson, I adore her," he said.

The weeks went by. The Fergusons had gone to live in their cottage. Arthur Weston had earned the gratitude of the younger members of the family by saving the pony-and-trap, and Mrs. Ferguson had been presented with the coveted armchair. It had been a great wrench to Arthur to part with the necessary amount to purchase these things, but even he had to consider it was worth it when he discovered the difference it made in the attitude of the daughter of the house towards himself.

It is not easy to dislike a person who goes out of his way to be kind, and the Fergusons had so few real friends, that Arthur's apparent affection for them made all the difference to their lives.

He was nearly always at the cottage, and Mrs. Ferguson discovered fresh accomplishments in him every day.

Mrs. Ferguson was charmed. She consulted him on all her affairs, he was to her practically indispensable.

When Grace informed them one evening that she had taken a situation as nursery governess some miles away, there was consternation.

Mrs. Ferguson broke out into tears. Arthur, who was present, looked hurt, and the children plied her with questions.

It was a little later that Arthur, waiting his opportunity, found her alone.

"This idea of yours. Is it quite necessary, Grace?" he said kindly. "Do you think it is quite fair to your mother that you should go and leave her to manage here alone?"

Grace looked at him steadily.

"Yes, I want to go away," she said. "This village has too many painful recollections for me. I want to go away, and, if possible, forget."

Arthur did his best to look sympathetic.

Then suddenly he seized her hand.

"Grace," he said, in a low, tense tone, "I know that in your time you have distrusted me, that even now you think I am not a good man. I will not try to deceive you. There are spots in my life which I could very well be rid of. I will even confess to you that when I asked your mother if I could marry you, I did not do it altogether because I loved you, but these last few weeks have made a difference. I have seen you all under totally different circumstances, and I have a very great respect for your mother. I ask you to marry me. To let me take you away for a time if you wish, but I do not want you to go alone. You know a great deal about me."

He glanced at her sharply as he said this, but her downcast face told him nothing.

He frowned slightly. He had hoped that his burst of confidence would make her respond, but as she showed no sign he continued.

"I should have said you *think* you know a deal about me. Some of it is imagination, some is true. I want you to be frank with me, and tell me your suspicions. I promise you that if you will be perfectly frank, I will be the same with you. I should like to discuss the past with someone someone who understands."

He paused again significantly. "My servant Jakes has gone away for a time. He is a queer creature. I accused him of going to the rectory when you accused me. Do you remember?"

He paused, and Grace nodded her head but without raising her eyes.

"Perhaps you are interested in what he said," went on the man questioningly.

Grace suddenly stood upright, and looked her companion straight in the eyes.

"It would interest me very much to know what he said," she answered deliberately."

And then she turned away with a little cry.

"Oh, why do you try and talk seriously to me?" she said passionately. "Do you not understand that for my mother's sake, I do not want to know or hear any more about you than what I already believe? Can't you understand now what I feel towards you? I do suspect you of being a wicked man. Well, let it rest at that. I don't want to talk about it, I want to go away and try to forget it. Perhaps in time I may grow to feel that I have misjudged you. I would like to do that. But when Harry Rae comes back, see that justice is done. My father left a diary. It is now in Harry Rae's possession, I sent it to him. Now do you understand?"

Arthur Weston managed to mask his feelings, but his hands were tightly clenched until the nails dug into his flesh.

"Grace, I have asked you to marry me, and you refuse. You tell me you have suspicions concerning my honour. I demand to know what they are, what you really suspect me of?"

"There are quite a lot of things, Mr. Weston," she said miserably defiant.

Arthur Weston put on a kindly air of jocularity, as if the situation was too ridiculous to be taken in any way but lightly.

He was not prepared, though, for her next remark.

Grace had drawn herself up and looked him coldly in the eyes.

"I was at Greystone on the afternoon of Cecil Rae's death," she said very steadily.

Arthur, in spite of himself, uttered an exclamation.

He stared at her incredulously, his face livid.

"What do you mean?" he said thickly.

"I mean, Mr. Weston, that it would be as well for you not to ask me too many questions. As I have told you before I want to go away. I don't want to talk——"

Arthur had come close up to her, his face was distorted with fear.

"As you said have so much you must say more," he said, in a harsh whisper. "What have you to say about Cecil Rae? How did you see him at Greystone?"

"Because I happened to be there when the shot was fired," said Grace slowly.

The man before her caught at his throat. For the moment he looked as though he was choking. Then with a superhuman effort he recovered himself, and only his blazing eyes revealed the terror which was consuming him.

"To whom have you told this preposterous story?" he asked, speaking almost naturally.

Grace looked at him steadily.

"To no one. This is the first time I have ever mentioned it. I should not have done so now, but I want you to understand once and for all how utterly impossible it is for me to think of what you ask. Can't you understand how I must want to get away."

She threw out her arms passionately. "I don't want to think. I dare not think! I want to go away and try to forget."

Arthur placed his hand on her arm.

He saw that she was overwrought, but the danger to himself was foremost in his mind.

He knew that the only way in which he could serve his own end was by being gentle with her, by appealing to her, and so he tried to school himself to act a part while all the time he had made up his mind to get her out of his path at the very first opportunity.

"You have said too much, Grace, for me to let you go now without a proper understanding. I want you to be just towards me, and tell me just what you saw on that particular day, and also what you suspect. In return, I promise to tell you all the truth. I will even abide with your decision on what I had better do. Your mind is prejudiced against me, but Heaven knows you do not know all. I am tired of the whole business. I want to turn over a new leaf, and only you can help me, dear."

(*Another thrilling instalment next Monday.*)

FRAUDULENT SPIRITUALISTIC SEANCE UNMASKED



Showing how the tambourine and skull can be worked by a confederate, who rings the bell with his teeth.



The thought-reader gets the answer for the credulous seeker after knowledge by signs from confederates.



A clever copy of a well-known handwriting is one of the tricks of the trade as exposed in "The Great London Mystery."



This is worked by the confederate having a hook attached to the straps of his wrist-watch.



A photograph slipped into a crevice in the crystal is unnoticed in the darkness.



Charles Raymond as Ching Fu, the High Priest

David Devant, the Master Magician (seen on the right in top left-hand picture), takes part in the coming All-British serial, "The Great London Mystery," and on the screen unmasks a gang of fraudulent spiritualists who seek to rob the heroine by so-called messages from her dead father.

"Picture Show" Gossip

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS. STORIES FROM THE

The Call of the Blood.

I HAD a very interesting chat the other afternoon with Ivor Novello, who is playing a leading part in the Alliance Film Co.'s production, "Carnival." He told me that he had some exciting experiences in Sicily, when he was playing in "The Call of the Blood," with Phyllis Neilson Terry. "It is a really beautiful film," said Mr. Novello, "but I was nearly strangled. In the scene of the fight at Taormina I acted with one of the original Sicilian players. When he got hold of me by the throat, his Sicilian blood warmed up to the occasion. He threw me into the sea from about three hundred feet, and I bore the mark of his fingers for a fortnight.



IVOR NOVELLO.

Keep the Home Fires Burning.

"I HAVE lived in a musical atmosphere all my life," Ivor Novello confessed. By-the-bye, I suppose you know he is the son of that brilliant authority on voice production, Madame Clara Novello Davis. "Before I knew a note of music," Ivor Novello said, "when I was asked what I was doing at the piano, I answered: 'Making up new tunes.'"

Ivor Novello told me a curious story about his famous patriotic song, "Keep the Home Fires Burning." "I wanted to do quite an entirely different tune," said he. "I was playing first one tune and then another on the piano, and yet I was not satisfied. I turned to my mother and exclaimed suddenly: 'I think it ought to be like this,' and I commenced to hum, 'Keep . the Home Fires Burn . ing.' Guilbert Ford came along and finished the words, and I wrote the music that became so popular in about ten minutes. It is estimated that every officer and every man has at one time or another sung that song.

2,000 Letters!

"I HAVE had over two thousand letters from all sorts and conditions of people thanking me for 'Keep the Home Fires Burning,'" said Ivor Novello; "but it has its tragedy. Poor Guilbert Ford was killed in a London air raid!"

Mother and Son.

IVOR NOVELLO also wrote the music for "Theodore & Co.," "Arlette" and "Who's Hooper?" Madame Clara Novello Davis is a very beautiful woman, and she is adored by her son. She is now teaching New York to sing. "I went with my mother to see 'The Call of the Blood,'" Ivor Novello said. "When the fight scene was shown on the screen she burst into floods of tears. She caught hold of my hand and exclaimed:

"'You are there, darling—it's not true!'

"It took a long time to reassure her," Mr. Novello ended. "But she's wonderful, simply wonderful!"



MARJORIE HUME.

An Enthusiast.

ONE cannot be with Marjorie Hume for three minutes without finding out her secret—she is an enthusiast. She does not say, "I love my work," because it appears to be more or less the right thing to do! Watch her charming, mobile features, and her eyes light up when she tells you that she likes being at the studio better than anything else in the world, and that she is perfectly miserable away from it!

"There is something about a studio that really gets hold of one," she told me the other afternoon when I had tea with her in a charming room not a hundred miles away from the Marble Arch, a room crammed with beautiful, rare old china, and curios—to say nothing of two contented cats, who supped milk from a saucer, before a cheerful fire

The whole setting gave one a delightful "homey" sort of feeling.

Welsh Blood.

NOT only is Marjorie Hume one of our most brilliant cinema stars, but she is also an accomplished musician. Perhaps she owes something of the latter art to her "Welsh blood"? Tucked away in the Welsh mountains there is a spot which is just as much home to her as London!

The Star With Many Talents.

MARJORIE HUME has played in comedy, musical comedy, and in Revue. With Gladys Cooper and Dennis Eddie, she played in "My Lady's Dress," also in the revival of "Milestones," and "The Man Who Stayed at Home." She also played in "Autumn Manœuvres," and in the provinces she took Gina Palerme's part in "The Dancing Mistress," and Gertie Millar's part at the Hippodrome. Miss Hume understudied Unity Moore for nine months at Daly's Theatre, and she remained for five years. She deputised for Gabrielle Ray, Unity Moore, and Mabel Sealby. She took the latter's part in "The Maid of the Mountains," and I expect many of my readers will remember Marjorie Hume's beautiful voice and graceful acting in that great success at Daly's.

"After 'Maid of the Mountains,'" Marjorie Hume told me, "I played in 'Betty,' then later in 'The Happy Day.' I started 'walking on' in pictures, we used to go down to the studios for fun in those days! I walked on in 'The Greatest Performance.'"



PARDOE WOODMAN.

Ellen Terry's Eye for Talent!

"DURING the filming of 'The Greatest Performance,'" Marjorie Hume told me, "Ellen Terry took rather a fancy to me, and she singled me out to do bits with her. Then I played in a screen play with George Robey, a war film called, 'Doing His Bit.' For a year I was understudying and rehearsing, then I was offered the juvenile lead in Mary Cholmondly's book, 'Red Pottage.' I played the lead in 'His House in Order,' and 'La Poupee,' and a fortnight before these two films were trade-shown, they were burnt!

"I played in Stoll's production, 'The Keeper of the Door,' taking the part of the Mad Girl, which really gave me my chance," Marjorie Hume smiled, "for I go mad, try and kill somebody, and end up with a thrilling death-bed scene. From a film point of view, that play did me more good than anything," she declared. "After this I played in a film for the London Film Company. I did two films for Fred Paul, 'Lady Tetley's Decree,' and the 'Duchess of Seven Dials.' Then I played the lead in another Stoll film, 'The Swindler,' under the direction of Maurice Elvey.

Scarlet Kiss!

"FOR a time, after this," Marjorie Hume continued, "I did no film work, until I took a part in Fred Goodwin's racing picture, 'Scarlet Kiss.' It was after this that Mr. Milton Hoffman offered me a contract with the Famous Players-Lasky, if I would leave the stage, and I consented to this arrangement.

The New Studios!

"AT the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Islington, I played the lead in 'The Call of Youth,' and 'Keeping up Appearances.' I was a little disappointed that I



The homely domesticity of the work of this popular author, Silas K. Hocking, has been correctly caught in the pictured version.



The emotion and pathos of Silas K. Hocking's work is splendidly depicted on the film.

bout British Players

UDIOS. AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS



cene from "The Shadow Between," an all-British nded on the successful novel by Silas K. Hocking.



Teasing! Another scene from "The Shadow Between," an all-British film released through Granger's.



One of the charming exterior scenes in "The Shadow Between."

couldn't go to Nice in another Lasky film, but there was not a suitable part for me. Just when I was inclined to repine, because I hate being idle, I had a most wonderful offer from the Granger-Binger Company, Holland.

A Pauline Frederick Part.

"IT was to play three glorious, dramatic leads," Marjorie Hume said delightedly, "one being in the adaptation of Fergus Hume's novel, 'The Other Person,' and the other in 'Kitty Tailleur,' May Sinclair's book. Some of the exteriors will be done in the South of England. I must tell you," she added, "before I could accept the Granger-Binger offer, I had to run over to Islington to ask Major Bell's permission for the Famous Players-Lasky, and it was very kindly given, but of course in all printed matter connected with the film, the permission must be shown!

Artist, Musician.

"BESIDES doing film work," Marjorie Hume confessed, "I have done black and white work. I studied animal painting under Edith Magill, and when I was about eighteen, I sold quite a lot of my sketches. I also used to practise the piano four hours a day—but, of course, I cannot do that now," she laughed; "however, I keep up my music, just sufficiently to amuse myself and my friends."

A Phillips Oppenheim Scenario.

I HEARD from Pardoe Woodman the other morning; he is one of the lucky ones who has been basking in the sunshine at Nice.

He tells me he is playing the lead in a Famous Players'-Lasky Film. It is an original scenario "written specially for the Lasky folk, by Phillips Oppenheim."

The title is not yet decided upon. Before leaving for the south of France, Pardoe Woodman put in long hours on "Place of Honour" (Stoll film), in order to get finished in time.



DORIS LLOYD.

A Studios With an Atmosphere!

THE other morning, out of the fog and gloom of a London street not far from Holborn, I stepped into fairyland. It was a delightful studio, merry and gay with cretonne and flowers, where once upon a time Irving and Toole rehearsed their plays. It is now occupied by Miss Doris Lloyd, and her brilliantly clever sculpture sister, Milba.

Doris Lloyd told me that she understudied Miss Gladys Cooper in "Wedding Bells." She was also in "Tod's Experience," with Owen Nares.

For six years Doris Lloyd was in the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, and she played in well over a hundred parts, which included works by Shaw and Galsworthy—"Just the same sort of work as the Everyman Theatre is doing now," she said. "Nearly all the people who played at the Repertory Theatre are doing good work in West-End theatres.

A Dangerous Coast.

"MANY of the scenes in the film, 'The Shadow Between,' in which I played a lead, were done in Newquay, Cornwall. Unwillingly we chose a very dangerous part of the coast for some of the big scenes. It was not until we had done the wreck scene, and the breakers were so enormous that we were nearly all washed away, that we were told there were two deaths a year in that particular spot!

Luck, and a Wreck.

"IN one scene we wanted a wreck, and it actually occurred before our eyes! The picture shows the children picking up the wreckage as it was washed up on the beach. It was a French tramp steamer.

A Too-Zealous Servant.

"SOME of the scenes for 'The Shadow Between,' had been taken in the studio, London, before we went down to Cornwall. The hero's dress suit had been specially prepared, with size and glue, for the rescue scenes in the water. At the Newquay Hotel all his clothes were put out. The day he wanted to wear his prepared dress suit for the wreck, it had been carefully brushed, and a note of apology greeted him with the words:

"'Done the best I can with them!'



LEWIS DAYTON.

Tantagels and King Arthur's Round Table.

"THE last scenes were taken at the top of a cliff, which has romantic associations with Tantagels, and King Arthur and his round table. To reach this particular spot, we motored thirty or forty miles, and had to wait for the sun to set, expecting to be blown down the cliff every minute, and I was wearing a crepe de Chine dress and thin shoes."

A Screen Favourite.

THE other afternoon I met a great screen favourite, Lewis Dayton. I expect many of you have seen him in some of the newly released British films, although he only came back from America last March. He plays the lead in the "Shadow Between," and in "The Great Day," for the Famous Players-Lasky. In the "Mystery of Bernard Brown," Stoll's; "A Rank Outsider," Broadwest; and "The Way of a Man," Gaumont. Lewis Dayton has also done quite a lot of work for William Fox, the Universal Biograph.

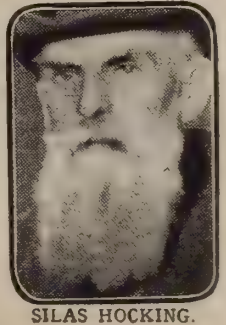
Silver Fox.

"I SPENT some time two hundred miles north of Alberta, Edmonton," Lewis Dayton told me, "trapping silver-tipped foxes. It was bitterly cold, the temperature being forty-eight and fifty degrees below zero." He also did ranching and cow-punching in British Columbia; so Lewis Dayton has had a very varied and strenuous career, perhaps that is one of the reasons that his screen acting is so real and virile.

"In my first picture I played with Mary Pickford and Blanche Sweet. W. D. Griffith was quite a small man in those days, and our producer."

The Rev. Silas Hocking.

THE famous author of "The Shadow Between," was an interested spectator at the trade show of the adaptation of his book for a film play, at the Shaftesbury Pavilion, Shaftesbury Avenue, the other morning. In answer to my question as to his feelings when first he saw the characters in his book brought to life on the screen, he says:



SILAS HOCKING.

"When you ask about my feelings, you bring me up with a very difficult question. For the first time one sees one's story through other people's eyes, and it is something of a shock. There is so much that has necessarily been left out, and it is another shock. Then one begins to wonder at the ingenuity of the patchwork, at the cleverness of the actors, at the amazing beauty of many of the pictures, and at the effective co-ordination of all the parts. I was tremendously interested, and the time passed like a dream."

EDITH NEPEAN.

A COMPLETE STORY OF A MASCULINE "ADVENTURESS" AND HIS LOVE STORY.

"ALIAS—MARY BROWN"

IN the library of a Fifth Avenue mansion, four men sat round a table. Three of the men were over middle age.

Their features differed, but they had one striking characteristic in common—they all looked like vultures.

Their eyes were narrow set, and they had noses like the beak of a bird of prey.

And Cyrus P. Hewlett, Nathaniel Gunter and Lew Carnac were human vultures.

And just as the vultures of the air swoop down on the dead body of man and beast, so had these vultures of Wall Street whirled down in their luxurious motor-cars to clutch with their talon-like fingers the money of James Browning—the man they had called friend.

The fourth at the table was a young man, little more than a boy.

With his fair, fresh face, with scarcely the down that precedes the beard of manhood on his cheeks, he looked strangely out of place in that gathering of vulture-faced men. He was Dick Browning, the only son of the dead man.

"You tell me, gentlemen, that my father left absolutely nothing," said the young man.

"Nothing at all!" said Carnac.

"Except debts," remarked Gunter.

"Debts which we have been generous enough not to mention," added Hewlett.

"To put it quite plainly, Mr. Browning," croaked Carnac, "the very chair you are sitting on belongs to us—the three principal creditors of your father."

"We bought the other creditors out," explained Gunter.

"In order to give your father a chance to re-build his fortune," added Hewlett.

"But surely, out of the millions my father had, you can let me have enough to keep my mother?" protested the boy. "She is lying upstairs dangerously ill. The doctor told me to-day that unless she can have the treatment to which she has been accustomed, she will die. I don't ask a penny for myself, and I give you my word that I will work to pay off any money you may allow for my mother."

"You seem to forget what we have already done, Mr. Browning," remarked Carnac, reproachfully.

"In not claiming the debts," said Gunter.

"Which makes the three of us losers already," added Hewlett, rising from the table.

The other vultures took the cue, and extended claw-like fingers to the boy. Dick Browning put his hands behind his back.

"I know you robbed my father as you are now robbing my mother," he said. "I also know that I can't prove it in the courts, but I tell you that the three of you will be sorry for what you have done to-day!"

He rang the bell for the butler, and told him to show the visitors out.

For days Dick Browning tried to raise money for his mother, what time he was not looking for work for himself. One night Dick sat in the library looking at a jewel-case which belonged to his mother. Only one or two of her own personal ornaments remained in the case, and Dick realised they would fetch but little money. As he handled the case, the bottom suddenly shifted, revealing a large diamond. Dick knew very little about stones, but he realised that this was a very valuable one. He could pawn it for sufficient money to get his mother all she required.

He rushed from the house to seek a pawnbroker's.

After wandering about, he found himself on the East side, and found a pawnbroker's shop which looked from the valuable jewellery in the window, as though it would be a good place to pawn the jewels.

As he was showing the case and the big diamond to the pawnbroker, a young man smoking a cigarette came up to him.

Dick saw that he belonged to that big army of the under-world, but there was something about his face that he liked.

"Don't pawn it, pal," whispered the young man; "I'll take you where you can sell it!"

It was perhaps a foolish thing to do, but Dick banked on the liking he had taken to the young man, and refusing the pawnbroker's offer, he followed him into the street.

"See 'ere, cully. My name's 'The Weasel,' an' I'm a crook. But I'm playing the level game with you," said the stranger. "That big stone's a real champion sparkler. I'll take it to old Ike, the fence, an' you'll get five hundred bucks for it. Old Ike will try to beat you to a lower price, but stick to five hundred. He'll think you're one of the Healy gang; that's the push I belong to."

As they walked along Dick told The Weasel all his troubles, and how he was trying to sell the jewels so that he could get his mother everything she needed.

"That 's the stuff to talk, pal," said The Weasel. "You get the money from Ike, and I'll shepherd you back into Broadway. None of the gangs will touch you while I'm around."

The Weasel was as good as his word.

It was due to his influence that old Ike parted with the five hundred dollars, and when Dick tried to force



[*Western Import.*

PAULINE STARKE as Betty.

some of the money on him, The Weasel would not take a cent.

"That's all for the mother," he said. "I wasn't always a crook. I shouldn't have been one, if my mother had lived. Beat it to her fast, pal."

Before Dick could thank him again, he had vanished.

Dick got a taxi, and returned home with hope glowing in his heart. But as he entered the hall, he saw the doctor coming down the staircase.

There was something in his face that brought two words from Dick.

"My mother?" he said.

The doctor put a hand on Dick's shoulder.

"She died ten minutes ago. Don't give way, Dick! The most I could have done was to prolong her life. She really died when those fiends that your father thought were his friends, ruined him. I begged them to leave your mother something out of the fortune of which they had robbed your dad, but they refused me as they refused you. Her last words were of you. She knew that you were out trying to get money for her."

Dick could only clasp the hand of the kindly doctor. The money had come too late to save his mother.

A Night of Adventure.

THE day after the funeral of his mother, Dick Browning went to a modest hotel.

He had to stay somewhere till he could get cheap lodgings.

The clerk informed him that there was not a room vacant except one which had been engaged, but the man had not turned up.

"You can take a chance with that one, but if the man turns up, you will have to clear out," said the clerk, adding: "I daresay I'll be able to give you a fix-up somewhere."

"I'll risk him not coming," said Dick.

He had scarcely got in his room when the telephone rang.

"Is that you, Dick?" said a voice.

"Yes," replied Dick, hardly conscious of the fact that the voice was that of a stranger.

"Right. Come to Room 229 as quickly as you can."

When Dick Browning entered Room 229 he saw about half a dozen men grouped round a table. They were a queer-looking lot—similar types to the men he had seen round the shop of Ike, the fence.

One of them, who was apparently the leader, a youngish man, better dressed than his companions, advanced towards Dick with a threatening gesture:

"What's the game? You're not Dick Harris!"

"My name is Dick Browning. You telephoned to my room," said Dick, quietly.

"Get him, boys!" cried the leader, and the whole gang rushed at Dick.

He put up a good fight, but he would speedily have been overpowered, but just as he was being forced down the door opened, and The Weasel rushed in.

"Call the gang off, Weston!" he shouted. "I know this guy, and I stand for him. He'll come in with us."

As the gang drew off, The Weasel whispered to Dick:

"Your only chance now is to join us. This is the Healey gang I told you about. I've been making some inquiries about you, and if it will help you to make up your mind I can tell you the next man we are after is Cyrus Hewlett, the man who helped to ruin your father."

"That's enough!" said Dick. "You can count me in. I said I'd get even with them; and this seems my only chance."

Dick found that Charley Weston was the nominal leader of the gang. Healey was the man who financed the gang; he never took any actual risks.

Before Dick parted with the crooks a plan had been fixed to rob Cyrus Hewlett, and Dick and The Weasel were the two that were to carry it out.

His sudden entry into the world of crooks somewhat bewildered Dick, and he decided he would have a quiet walk to think matters over, before turning in.

As he was going down a side street not far from the hotel, he heard a woman's cry for help.

Rushing to the spot, he found a young girl struggling with some roughs.

Dick at once set about the men and after putting up a faint-hearted fight, they scattered.

Then Dick looked at the girl.

She was very young, not more than eighteen, and despite her dishevelled appearance due to the struggle, Dick could see she was exceedingly pretty.

"Let me see you home," said Dick kindly.

The girl looked at him with tear-stained eyes, and then covered her face with her hands.

"I have no home!" she sobbed. "I ran away to-day!"

Little by little she told her story.

She was a niece of Lew Carnac.

Her name was Betty Carnac. Her uncle had consistently ill-treated her, and at last she had run away with a man named Charley Weston.

He had taken her to the same hotel where Dick was staying, and while he had been engaged in another room a woman named Mamie had come up to Betty and told her that Weston was a crook, and that he had a wife already. The woman Mamie had advised her to get away while she could, and as the girl was wandering around, she had been set upon by the foot-pads.

As the girl told her story, Dick listened in utter bewilderment.

It had indeed been a night of surprises.

His own dramatic entry into crookdom, to find the first victim to be robbed was one of the three men who had ruined his father, and then to rescue the niece of another of the three vultures.

"You must let me help you," he said. "My own case is something like yours—or it was till about an hour ago. You can trust me. I will look after you like a sister. I will get you a room to-night, and to-morrow we will find some suitable lodgings."

"I feel I can trust you," said Betty. "There is something in your face that tells me you will not deceive me."

"Miss Wilson Haul."

THE following day found Dick and Betty installed as brother and sister in some good lodgings which were moderately cheap.

Betty got a job painting photographs, but there would have been very little money in it had not Dick said he had found a man who would buy any amount, and by this means he was able to give Betty money.

In the meantime, the gang were preparing their plans to rob Cyrus Hewlett.

Charley Weston called a meeting, and when all were present, he outlined his scheme.

Hewlett, who was a diamond dealer, was sending his manager, a man named Kreisler, to Chicago with a parcel of valuable stones.

"My idea," said Weston, "is that Dick and the Weasel shall travel on the same train, and they should find a chance to get those sparklers before Kreisler reaches Chicago."

"You can count me right out of that, Weston," said Dick.

"What do you mean?" shouted Weston. "You're afraid to do the job, eh?"

"Not afraid, Weston, too clever to risk my liberty on such a crude scheme. Your mind is small, Weston. I'm afraid you will never be a great criminal. I have a plan that will not only get us the diamonds Kreisler is carrying, but also all the stones that Hewlett has in his safe. Listen. Kreisler will be met at the first stop with a wire supposed to come from Hewlett, telling him to get off the train and meet Miss Wilson, Hewlett's private secretary. I shall be Miss Wilson. I made a very good Juliet in private theatricals at college. Kreisler, not being afraid of a mere girl, will not hesitate to accompany me to a house where a customer is waiting to buy the stones, the tale being that Hewlett had found a better customer than the one in Chicago. I will drive with Kreisler to a place where the rest of you will be waiting. There we will not only rob him of all he is carrying, but we will force him to write a note to Hewlett, saying he learned a gang were after him, and that he is sending the stones back with Miss Wilson. Since I shall be actually bringing the stones safely back to Hewlett, he will not suspect me. I shall get him to open the safe on some pretext and

get all the stones—the ones I bring from Kreisler and those in the safe."

The simplicity of the scheme compelled even Weston's admiration, and it was decided to carry out Dick's idea.

The night arrived for Kreisler's departure from New York. The first part of the plan worked like clock-work.

Kreisler had no suspicion that anything was wrong till he found himself set upon by the gang and hustled into a cellar. The stones were taken from him and he wrote a note to Hewlett saying he was sending them back by a trusted friend, Miss Wilson.

Armed with this note and the stones, Dick set off for Hewlett's town mansion. He certainly looked the part of Miss Wilson. A little rouge and powder on his beardless face, and an elaborate wig with cunning curls, made him a handsome, dashing young lady.

Confident as Dick was in the effectiveness of his disguise, he felt a little inward tremour when he faced Cyrus Hewlett's hawk-like scrutiny. But the old rascal was only acting on his usual plan to suspect everybody. When he read the letter from Kreisler, and felt the precious stones in his hands, his face crinkled up with avaricious joy.

"You have rendered me a good service, my dear young lady. And so thieves were on the track of Kreisler, eh? But he proved too smart for them. They might have known that Cyrus Hewlett employs only smart men."

"Mr. Kreisler told me that you have some wonderful diamonds and opals," said Dick, casually. "I am often in a position to do good deals with society ladies who do not mind what they pay."

Hewlett's eyes glistened at the thought of future business.

"I have some of the finest stones in the country," my dear," he said. "I will show you some. Perhaps we may be able to do business together."

He went to the safe and took out a parcel of diamonds and another of opals.

It was a huge safe, higher than a man, and as Hewlett turned to close the door Dick saw his chance.

He gave the old scoundrel a push and sent him inside, closing the door and locking him in his own safe. Then, gathering up the stones, he put them away and scribbled a note for Hewlett's butler, telling him that his master was locked in his safe.

As the butler let Dick out, the young man turned to him and said:

"Oh, Mr. Hewlett told me to send you to him. Good night."

Half an hour later, Dick was showing the stolen stones to the gang.

"I think, gentlemen, we may say that my first attempt has been a success," said Dick. "Our next victim will be Mr. Nataniel Gunter."

The Next Victim.

NATANIEL GUNTER proved even an easier victim than Hewlett. Again disguised as a girl, Dick got a position as Gunter's secretary under the name of Mary Brown, and, having watched him when he locked up the safe, found out the combination. The only hitch in the scheme was when Dick, getting out of the house after robbing the safe, knocked over a big vase. Old Gunter came rushing down, but by the time he had turned up the lights Dick was well away.

Dick had determined that his career of crime should end with robbing Carnac, the last of the three vultures who had ruined his father. Three days before the date planned for the robbery of Carnac's house, Dick was with Betty in the little sitting-room of their apartments. Dick had loved the girl ever since the night he had rescued her from the roughs, but he was worried with the thought that, although Betty had shown in many ways that she liked him, it might be with the liking of a girl for an elder brother.

After a long silence in which he had been thinking in this strain, Dick suddenly turned to the girl. With the impetuousness of youth, he told Betty that he loved her, and asked her to marry him.

"I think I have loved you since the first time I saw you," whispered Betty, as she hid her face on his shoulder.

For a time neither spoke. They were deliriously happy in that silence which comes with the perfect understanding between young people in love.

"I can't explain now," said Dick at last, "but in three days' time I shall have finished my work in this city. Then we will go out West and start life together."

"West or east, Dick," said Betty. "I don't care where it is, so long as we are together."

The Last Victim.

IT was night. Dick Browning, closely muffled up with a peaked cap pulled over his eyes, was waiting in the grounds of Lew Carnac's mansion for the lights to go out so that he could enter the house.

He had asked the Weasel to take Betty in a car and wait for him.

He intended to hand over the entire proceeds of the robbery to the gang and quit them by sending it with the Weasel, and then quit the gang for ever.

In the car he had a bag containing his clothes and his disguise as a girl. In his pocket were tickets to a town in Wyoming, and it was his plan to drive to a station well outside New York and take the train.

He had left nothing to chance.

Every move had been carefully thought out.

Only the Weasel was in his confidence and he had perfect faith in him.

As he waited he heard a low, peculiar whistle. It was the signal of the gang. A few seconds the bushes parted and the Weasel appeared.

"You've got to beat while the going's good, Dick," he said. "Weston has always been jealous of you, and has telephoned to the cops saying you're here to rob Carnac. I got it straight from Mamie. I've changed the identification plate on the car. Betty is waiting where you told me. Get to her and beat it."

As the two men left Charley Weston came out of the bushes where he had been hiding. He ran to a street telephone, and called up the police.

"The man you want is in the car with a girl, but they have changed the number plate. You've got his description, so you can't miss him. He is taking the Belmont road."

"I think I've worked that smart," he chuckled to himself. "I've got the cops on Browning's trail, and left Carnac's house unguarded. Guess all I've got to do now is to get inside, open the safe and keep the loot. The gang, when they find Browning has been arrested making his getaway, will think he intended to rob them of their share. I get the loot, and that cursed swell that stopped me from getting Betty will spend a few years in Sing Sing prison while I lead the life of a gentleman."

But Weston had reckoned without the Weasel.

As soon as he had seen Dick and Betty safely away, the Weasel came back in time to see Weston leaving the telephone office. He in turn telephoned to the police, telling them that Weston had bluffed them, and that he himself was robbing Carnac's place.

"Send your fastest motor police, and you'll get him," he added.

Inside the house Charley Weston was stuffing his pockets with the contents of Lew Carnac's safe.

So absorbed was he in his task that he did not notice the door open and Carnac peep in. Weston turned to find the old man pointing a pistol at him with a quavering hand. In a flash the crook drew his own gun and fired. Lew Carnac dropped with a smothered moan.

The crook rushed outside the house only to find himself in the midst of six motor policemen. One of them went in the house while the others seized Weston.

In a few minutes the policeman who had gone inside the house came out.

"I reckon it's you for the electric chair, Weston," he said. "Carnac's as dead as a cold storage sheep, and it was your gun that killed him."

In the meantime Dick and Betty were tearing along the open country. The Weasel's warning was still worrying Dick. He knew the police would be waiting for him in every town he passed. True, he had changed the identification plates, but there would still be the description of himself to give him away. Suddenly he bethought himself of his girl's disguise.

"Hang on to the wheel, Betty," he said. "Don't ask me any questions now, I'll tell you everything later."

He dived into his bag, and in a few minutes he had made himself up as a girl. Betty gasped in wonderment but made no remark.

It was well that Dick had thought of this plan, for as they entered the next town they were held up by the police.

But when the officer in charge of the party saw two girls he gave a grunt of vexation, and said:

"Drive on. You're not the party I'm looking for."

As they got clear into the country, Dick told Betty the whole history of his association with the gang, and how the three vultures had robbed and ruined his father, and, indirectly, had been the cause of his mother's death.

"I don't blame you, dear, but I am glad you have finished with it," said Betty.

And when, a few days after their marriage, Betty received a letter from Carnac's solicitors saying she had inherited the whole of her uncle's money, the young bride turned to her husband.

"It seems to me, Dick, that the hand of providence is in this. Carnac robbed your father and ill-treated me, but it is through me that some of the money of which your father was robbed has come back to you."

(*Adapted from incidents in the Western Import film, featuring Pauline Starke as Betty.*)

WALLACE REID AND BEBE DANIELS—APACHE DANCERS.



These three photographs show WALLACE REID and BEBE DANIELS doing an Apache dance in "The Dancing Fool," a Paramount-Artcraft film.



THIS WEEK'S BEST JOKES.

(By Permission of Pathé Freres.)

THE TEACHER: "There is one animal which does not stand upon its legs all the time, and does not walk like other animals, but takes funny little skips. What is it?"
THE CLASS (with one yell): "Charlie Chaplin!"—*Answers.*

* * *

GLADYS: "That young bride worships her husband, doesn't she?"
PHYLLIS: "Well, she places burnt offerings before him three times a day."—*Auckland Weekly News.*

* * *

ERNEST: "Would you marry a woman who had sued a man for breach of promise?"
CLARENCE: "Well, it depends on how much the jury awarded her."—*Brisbane Weekly.*

* * *

FIRST MAN: "Sorry to hear your wife ran away with your chauffeur."
SECOND MAN: "Well, it wasn't much of a loss. His time was up at the end of the week, anyhow."—*Carikaturen, Christiania.*

* * *

CUSTOMER: "That's a bit too much you're asking for that Queen Anne chair."
DEALER: "But, sir, think how much the cost of labour has gone up since then!"—*L'Oeuose, Paris.*

* * *

SMALL BOY: "Take me to the pictures, muvver."
MOTHER: "Now then, haven't yer just had yer hair cut? You're always a-craving after amusement."—*Auckland Weekly News.*

* * *

TEACHER: "Johnny, where's your grammar?"
JOHNNY: "She's home in bed with a bad cold."—*Boston (U.S.A.) Globe.*

* * *

Sign in a Colorado Shop:
"Others have cheated you!
Why not give me a chance?"—*Schenectedy (U.S.A.) Union Star.*

* * *

FIRST MAN: "My wife waits for the least little thing on my part to make trouble."
SECOND MAN: "You're lucky. Mine's a self-starter."—*L'Asino, Turin.*

* * *

ROMEO: "What do you charge for a funeral notice?"
EDITOR: "Five shillings an inch."
ROMEO: "Heavens! The poor fellow was six foot tall!"—*Boys' Magazine.*

* * *

"Do you like bananas?" asked the lady.
"Madam," replied the dear old gentleman, a little deaf, "I do not. I prefer the old-fashioned nightshirt."—*Cleveland (U.S.A.) News.*

* * *

THE MAGISTRATE: "You are charged with simple theft."
PRISONER: "Simple? Simple? I'd like to see you do it!"—*Le Sourire.*

* * *

"You've heard of a place called 'New York,'
It is famous for baked beans and pork;
Its motto is breezy:
'*We* won the war easy.'
But like the pig in the beans,
It's all talk."

* * *

A lady living at Sandham,
Bestowed her affections at random;
Though she's turned sixty-nine
She's still going fine,
For her motto is Nil Desperandum.

* * *

PLAZIER: "The magistrate let me off that charge of exceeding the speed limit."
COWLER: "Oh! What yarn did you spin him?"
PLAZIER: "I told him that I had heard of a house to let, and he was all sympathy at once."—*Answers.*

TOD SLOAN.

ARTISTE ON SADDLE AND SCREEN.



TOD SLOAN, the one-time famous American jockey, whose forward seat and short stirrups revolutionised English race riding, and who was the most successful jockey of his day, is now trying to catch the judge's eye as a cinema actor.

"The Monkey Seat."

WHEN riding in England Tod rode winners in practically every principal English race. His crouching seat (derisively called the monkey-seat) was at first laughed to scorn by other riders and trainers, but before he left English tracks, every one of our jockeys had copied his style.

His First Film.

TOD has wisely decided that the best way to the winning post in the screen world is to tackle the job he knows best.

It is as a jockey in B. B. Hampton production, "The Killer," that he makes his debut before the camera. If Sloan can act a quarter as well as he rode, he will soon be scintillating in the stardom of the screen.

The Photos Explained.

ON the left you see Tod explaining how he will act a certain scene in the coming photo-play. Below a studio portrait of the clever little jockey and a snap of him on the way to the studio, carrying his riding colours in his handbag.





TOD SLOAN in "The Killer," a B. B. Hampton production.

ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

This story—the first of a series—concerns the romance of Charles Ray and Clara Grant, who now, as you know, is Mrs. Ray. As the author suggests, it reads almost like one of the plays in which its hero has so endeared himself to the hearts of all picturegoers. Could any story have a better recommendation?

By GRACE KINGSLEY

BECAUSE love has its roots down in elemental emotions which are impossible of analysis even by the lovers themselves, who ever learned the exact and true story of a love affair? Who can tell the obscure sources of mutual attraction that draw two people together and hold them—year after year? What foundations of character, of constancy, or irresistible affinity underlie the great love affairs of the world? Yet history records such love affairs—love, that most transient and ephemeral of emotions—that tenuous golden cobweb that so often is blown into shreds before the thousand sordid and contending winds of life.

Even in that world of rainbow-hued and brilliant artificiality, that life of sudden ardours fanned by the winds of artistic emotionalism, quickened by the exigencies of artistic demands—the world of make-believe, known as the acting world—there gleam some of the most beautiful, true, and tender romances the world has known. Not romances of a moment, but romances burning with a pure white light whose flame burns steadily against the gusts of emotionalism for ever surrounding them.

Such a romance is that of Charles Ray and his wife.

Of course nobody actually believes any more that there is a little god named Cupid, who, dressed neatly in a pair of wings, dashes about with a bow and arrow X-raying people's hearts, and shooting invisible darts into them, making the victims fall in love whether they want to or not. And yet, if anybody did believe that old story, it should be Charlie Ray and his pretty young wife, who used to be Clara Grant, you know. For Cupid certainly did make a neat job of it with them.

But dear me! Who ever learned the exact story of a real love affair, anyhow? Even the people involved can't tell how it all just happened. Certainly not shy folk like Charlie Ray and modest misses like Clara Grant. One can only sketch the truth.

You must fill in the glowing details for yourself. But you're not going to be a bit disappointed in Charlie Ray's romance. It's so exactly like him, as you know him, and is so exactly like one of his film stories that he could use it for a plot if he wanted to.

It wasn't as if pretty Clara Grant never had any other beaus. Goodness, no! She was fairly swamped with them back in the days when she lived with her widowed mother in Los Angeles. But somehow they seemed rather a stupid lot to Clara, those other young men; they had no particular ambition, most of them, except to get some sort of job, go to dances and on motor parties, and keep well dressed.

And Clara Grant was ambitious. She was ambitious to look as pretty as she could for one thing—and that was very pretty indeed—but that wasn't all by any means. Her ambition ran along artistic lines. She painted and sketched and played the piano very nicely, and she acted a little. Her mother was a modiste, and Clara helped her mother design the gowns that never, never were known to fail to suit the people for whom they were made.

And Charlie was fresh and handsome and modest and manly—and poor; just the sort that Cupid delights in picking out for a victim, just to see him blush and wriggle. Really Charlie wasn't especially attractive to girls in his high-school days; he was so quiet and backward.

I know a girl who went to high school with him, and she says none of the girls ever looked at Charlie then—and she added that some of them are awfully sorry now that they didn't. He was attending the business department of Polytechnic High School, and he hoped that some day, by being very industrious, he might get a job as a stenographer and bookkeeper. Of course he didn't feel at all sure



of it, but he hoped. And he plugged and plugged.

Then one day a fellow student told Charlie he was going to a certain dramatic school that night, and asked Charlie if he didn't want to go along.

Charlie looked up wearily from his typewriter, thought of the awful rows of figures and of the monotonous thud-thud of the machine, and decided he would go. Good gracious, just supposing he hadn't! Supposing he had decided to stay at home and study his shorthand like a good boy. But suddenly he felt a wild, thrilling desire to do something devilish.

So he went to the dramatic school, feeling like a fish out of water, of course, as he stood about in corners and watched those clever young people chatting and laughing and getting ready to rehearse.

Somebody came over and asked him if he wanted to join the night classes. He blushed and shuffled his feet, and said he didn't think he could do anything, though deep down in his heart he confesses now there sprang up in his heart at that very moment a daring desire to be an actor. Then somebody insisted, partly as a lark.

Just For a "Dare."

WHEN Charlie saw he was being kidded he squared his shoulders and looked the somebody in the eye and said, "All right, he would." And he did. And somehow he managed to make a hit in the very first part he played, too.

But right there he met with opposition. His father wanted him to be a business man, not an actor. However, Charlie persuaded him to let him attend dramatic school for three months, during vacation preceding his last year in high school, promising he'd give it up if he didn't land some sort of a dramatic job at the end of that time.

The end of the quarter drew near, and Charlie hadn't done anything. So he quit and went back to his typewriter and bookkeeping. That is, he went back ostensibly. But he kept on at dramatic school, too, on the quiet.

His father found out about it one day, and instead of raving and tearing up the earth, he behaved like a sensible man, went down to see the dramatic school teacher, and asked him if he thought Charlie would ever make good as an actor.

"Yes," the teacher said; "he thought that if Charlie kept on that he would some day be earning as high as fifty or sixty dollars a week—if he worked hard."

That satisfied Charlie's father, and he let him stay on. During this time Charlie was earning a little by playing in pictures, or in small parts at the theatres.

And right here is where the love interest begins to come in, because right here Clara Grant appears.

One afternoon the door opened, and in stepped a very pretty girl. Charlie sort of gasped when he saw her, and his Adam's apple worked up and down. He was in the midst of rehearsal, and he bit a word right in two.

She glanced up and saw him, too, and then he saw that she had rather mocking blue eyes and a laughing mouth. So he set his teeth tight together and went on playing his role. But out of the corners of his eyes he watched her, and he saw that she entered one of the dancing classes.

"I thought she was a little bit of loveliness right then," explained Charlie, with an embarrassed little grin, as he found himself talking about romance, "but I was awfully bashful in those days, and I simply wouldn't force my attentions on her. Besides, I was awfully poor," he went on quietly, "so I figured, what was the use of trying to get acquainted with such a radiant creature? But I admit I did want to know her very, very much."

He was in the dramatic class, and she was in the dancing class, and so he would just catch a glimpse of her coming and going. But it is proof of his depth of feeling and tenacity of purpose that he never did forget her, though he didn't see her again for four long years.

For it was about that time he left to go into an Arizona stock company, and after that into small-time vaudeville with Chester Conklin, Chester playing an Irish comedian, and Charlie a German comedian.

He was working and struggling so hard in those days that he didn't think about much else, girls least of all. But whenever he thought of the dramatic school there came into his mind the vision of a light-footed girl who danced and who had mocking blue eyes and a laughing mouth, and he wondered in a vague sort of way if he'd ever see her again.

(To be continued in next Monday's "Picture Show.")

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ANSWERS *Price* 2D.

FATTY THE FAMOUS GREETS THE "PICTURE SHOW"



"FATTY" ARBUCKLE.

I SAW Fatty Arbuckle the day after he landed in England. (I could hardly avoid seeing him, since he occupied about two-thirds of the Famous-Lasky office in Wardour Street, where this interview took place.) He was very genial, most obliging, and extended (through me) an extremely hearty greeting to each and every reader of the PICTURE SHOW, but—he didn't strike me as you might think he would.

The penalty of being a professional funny man is that one is expected always to be funny. At certain times in the day an undertaker may relinquish the dignity of his office without provoking universal comment, but a comedian—never! Why this is so I cannot tell you; the fact remains. Nevertheless, I am going to put it on record that in reality Mr. Roscoe Arbuckle from time to time *does* allow himself to forget that he is a prize laughter-raiser sufficiently to become a thoroughly normal human being, and on the occasion in question it was the man rather than the comedian I met. (I am rather proud of this, since *everyone* knows the comedian).

Modest.

NOT that Fatty wasn't humorous—he was, but it was that quiet, every-day sort of humour that is really the best of all. He struck me as a man of rather serious frame of mind, and even as one possessed of a certain shyness, which, in conjunction with the massive proportions and expansive boyish countenance, is not without charm. He is not at all effusive about himself or his work, never volunteers information unless it is desired, and in both personality and speech is entirely unassuming and deliberate.

"Makes You Feel Good."

"I CAME over here just on the spur of the moment," he told me in answer to my interrogation. "Had four weeks with nothing to do, so thought I would come across and get acquainted with the folk who handle my pictures this side, and with my friends over here in general. I had a fine crossing—not a bit sea-sick—and everyone, both here and in France (where I landed first) has been most kind. I received a fine reception in Paris, and last night, when I went to see 'Just Fancy' at the Vaudeville, I got another. It has all been very pleasing and gratifying, and a wonderful incentive. Such kindness makes you feel good. I shall go back in an entirely new spirit."

I murmured something to the effect that I should have thought Mr. Arbuckle had "felt good" already, in view of his success and comfortable accumulation of dollars.

"Well," he said in his deliberate way, "money isn't everything. And don't call me fortunate—I'm just lucky. A victim of circumstances, I guess. No credit to me." And then he added in unconscious contradiction, "Just hard work and application."

Fatty and the French Girls.

SEEING that Mr. Arbuckle desired no personal bouquets, I then invited him to throw some on his own account—to tell me what had most impressed him in Paris and London. With regard to the first part of my query it appeared that the beauty and vivacity of the French girls had not been without a certain effect.

"Very pretty girls: lots of 'pep' and spirit," commented Fatty gravely, "but it looks like they shoot 'em all at twenty-five over there! Never saw one who looked a day over that. Now," he explained confidentially, "*I* like women between thirty and thirty-five. They're the best companions. They understand a fellow just like another man would then. Somehow women don't seem to get really practical until they reach that age."

London then came in for discussion. Mr. Arbuckle, however, had not been in it quite long enough to form any very definite opinions concerning it, but according to what he said, everything he had seen and done from the moment of his arrival had pleased him very much, and made him anxious for further exploration.

"I've just one kick," he amended—"your coffee!" His eyes (blue-grey) turned heavenwards. "Next thing I do is to get a percolator. But," he added generously, "your mutton chops make up for the coffee. They're fine. Could eat 'em three times a day."

"I am glad your appetite is in no way impaired by our coffee, Mr. Arbuckle.

"No," was the reassuring reply. "I'm eating very well."

His Next Picture.

SEEING he was apt to dwell unduly on the beauty of our mutton chops, I deftly switched Mr. Arbuckle's attention on to his new picture for Paramount-Artcraft. Production will have started already by the time these words appear, for, he said, he intended commencing work the first of the year. This film, I learned, is to be called "Three Miles Out," three miles from the American shores being, as Fatty delicately explained, the distance at which a thirsty traveller may with impunity forget the existence of Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson.

"But don't you worry about our prohibition," he begged me, as if he feared I might be having sleepless nights on that score. "I can tell you there is more Scotch in New York than there is in Scotland."

In response to sundry other inquiries, Mr. Arbuckle told me that his chief hobby was motoring; that his famous dog, "Luke," was not with him because he required so much attention and petting—"like a woman"; and that, yes, he (Fatty) *did* long to return to the stage sometimes, but that no theatre could afford to pay his salary, since in pictures he made more money in one week than he could do in ten on the boards.

"And now," he said, "if that's all, I guess I'll go and get that percolator!"

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

FILMS OF THE WEEK

The "Picture Show's" Guide to Picture-goers.

"The Skywayman." LIEUT. OMER LOCKLEAR. (*Fox.*)

A SENSATIONAL picture in which "the dare-devil of the air" performs his famous stunts. Many thrills and brilliant photography are the outstanding points of this play, while Louise Lovely plays opposite the hero.

A crusader for science, the late Lieut. Locklear has appealed to the imagination as no other airman has done. He will live in history as the first flyer to go from one aeroplane to another in mid-air—a feat which first thrilled the world and then opened the eyes of scientists and experts to the new possibilities of aircraft. So highly were his experiments appreciated that the United States army gave him the free use of its flying fields.

"The Skywayman" is more than a thrilling picture. It contains a record of all that Locklear has done.

A race with an express train, a collision with a church steeple, and a dozen other daring exploits are brought out with startling realism.

"The Eyes of Youth." CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. (*F.B.O.*)

THE screen version of the well-known play. A splendid production with that great actress, Clara Kimball Young as Gina Ashling. The cast is practically all-star. The story shows how a woman is enabled to gaze through a crystal into the future five years hence. In this way she chooses her path through life.

"The Love Cheat." CREIGHTON HALE AND JUNE CAPRICE. (*Pathe.*)

A DELIGHTFUL comedy-drama with the two favourites in appealing roles. A young artist gets into high society under false pretences, which lead him into very hot water. However, in the end he marries the millionaire's daughter, June Caprice. Excellent.

"Joy." "LITTLE RENE." (*Gaumont.*)

THE star role is played by a very clever child actress in a very appealing manner. The play has many lovely scenes taken in Holland, while photography and acting is excellent. Scores of amusing and pathetic moments; there is not a dull scene. This play will delight young and old.

"Pegeen." BESSIE LOVE. (*Vitagraph.*)

LITTLE Bessie Love has a typical role in this masterly play. As a little village girl who fights for everybody's happiness she is delightful. Exciting fire scenes thrill the onlooker and Pegeen's many adventures will interest everybody.

"Everywoman." VIOLET HEMING. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

THE great Drury Lane success on the screen with practically an all-star cast. No expense has been spared in providing a magnificent setting. The story unfolds around the quest of every woman for love, but only after encountering wealth, passion, and flattery, does she succeed. A super production.

"The Best of Luck." ALL-STAR CAST. (*Jury's.*)

ANOTHER Drury Lane success, the melodrama of a thousand thrills, magnificently produced. The cast includes Kathryn Adams, Jack Holt and Fred Malatesta. Wonderful submarine scenes in the search for the Spanish galleon and surprises upon surprises. Absorbing entertainment.

"The Learnin' of Jim Benton." ROY STEWART. (*Western-Import.*)

A WESTERN drama with a universal appeal. The story of a cowboys' school, through which runs a delightful love theme. There is a strong dramatic climax. The hero, wrongly accused of murder, is saved from the scaffold at the last moment by the charming schoolmarm. Popular entertainment.

"Wanted—a Husband." BILLIE BURKE. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

BILLIE BURKE as a slovenly wall-paper designer! But she reforms, and having announced an imaginary British officer as her fiancée, she is compelled to produce one. Fast and furious fun results, but she gets her husband in the end. Rollicking entertainment.

"Peaceful Valley." CHARLES RAY. (*I.F.D.C.*)

A WONDERFULLY human story—a rural romance. A warm-hearted country boy is Ray's latest role. There is full measure of fun, with just a streak of tragedy. Should have a wide appeal. Excellent.

"The Garden of Resurrection." IVY DUKE and GUY NEWALL. (*Stoll.*)

A SPLENDID British film version of E. Temple Thurston's famous novel of the same name.

"Blackmail." CHARLES CAMPANA and BEATRICE QUARANTA. (*L.A.F.T.*)

A FINELY ACTED film with a very human story, with plenty of thrills.

A story with a wide appeal.

THE "PICTURE SHOW" CRITIC.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Health and Beauty Worries—The Value of Household Compounds—A Coarse-grained Skin—Affections of the Throat and Nose—The Picture Girl's Blouse.

EVERY day my post includes letters from girls asking for advice with regard to little ailments connected with their beauty. And almost all of them say "I have tried all kinds of preparations, but none of them appears to do me any good. Can you tell me what to do?" Few girls, apparently realise the value of simple compounds that cost little, and that are always in the house. You will often find that the simpler the remedy, the more easily the system responds to the treatment. One particular household commodity is most efficacious for the treatment of minor ills—that is ordinary common salt. It gives a natural answer to many of our little health and beauty worries, and bearing in mind the beauty queries sent to me, I'll tell you a few of its uses.

The Value of Salt.

A CELEBRATED cinema star recently found her skin becoming coarse grained. She could not account for it, and as the surface of the skin showed so distinctly upon the screen when she was photographed in a "close up," she began to get rather worried over it, and tried various preparations without success. Well, it happened at the time when she was about to take a rest by the sea. She became a daily bather in the sea, and was delighted to find her skin thoroughly improved and toned up by the salt water. Of course she took care to thoroughly cleanse her skin by warm baths at home, but the actual salt water effected a cure to her skin where expensive preparations had failed. When she returned to home and work she continued her salt water baths, adding ordinary salt to her bath every day. And her skin has never shown signs of coarseness since. Of course the salt chosen for the facial bath must be finely powdered.

For catarrhal affections of the throat and nose a salt douche or a regular snuffing up of a solution of salt and water is wonderfully beneficial. Snuff up the water, and spray the nose and throat every night and morning, and you will soon find relief from this distressing complaint.

The sore throat, too, is a tiresome and painful affection. A gargle of salt and water to which a little peroxide of hydrogen has been added is a simple but splendid cure.

For sprains the benefits of hot salt water are undeniable. Make a strong solution of salt and water and bathe the affected portion in it, wrapping the wrist or the sprained ankle in bandages of absorbent cotton soaked in salt water before you bind with the final linen bandage.

For the Toothache.

A PAD of salt that has been heated in the oven or in a pan will generally give relief for the toothache. Hold the pad against the face, and you will find that the heat will contribute to the easing of the pain. Try this when a little nerve makes itself known in a tooth. You will find great comfort from this very simple remedy, which is always near at hand.

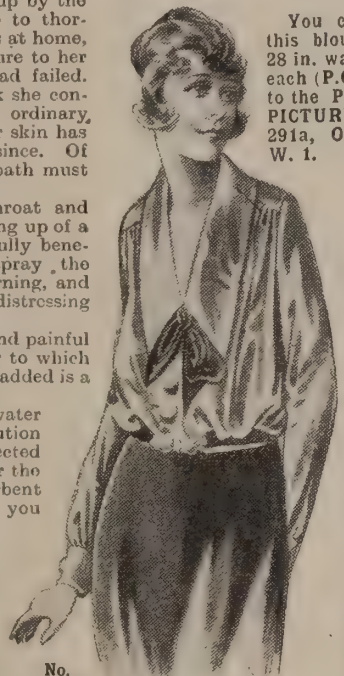
A weak solution of salt also benefits the eyes. Massaging the eyelids with salt water tones up the tissues and promotes a healthy condition of the eyes. Eyelids that show inflammation or irritation are greatly helped by a solution of salt and water applied by the eyecup. As there are few washes besides a boracic solution that you should attempt in a home treatment on your own responsibility you should bear in mind the efficiency of salt.

The benefits of salt are not to be overlooked, and every one should keep a bag at hand in the bathroom and resort to it when a simple remedy is required.

The Picture Girl's Blouse.

AS a change from her frocks of gabardine the Picture Girl loves to don a simple shirt blouse and plain skirt. Her newest blouse is charming, being fashioned from shantung.

The blouse is fitted with a shoulder yoke and full fronts, the sleeves being inlet flatly. A long pointed collar finishes the neck, and underneath this is slipped a soft satin ribbon that ties in a bow.



No. 28,678. A smart shirt blouse.

You can obtain patterns of this blouse in 22, 24, 26, and 28 in. waist sizes for one shilling each (P.O. to be made payable to the PICTURE SHOW), from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

A DRESSER.

FILM FAULTS.

This competition is closed, but we are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition. There are still thousands of postcards to be examined, and prizes will be awarded until these are all read.

I should like to draw your attention to the following fault in a film. In "The Appearance of Evil," featuring June Elvidge and Frank Mayo, an impossible scene occurs when June, as "Mrs. Marda Brown," shows the German officers a passport for herself and husband—indicating Frank Mayo as her husband. Yet all this time she is dressed in *widow's weeds*.—5s. awarded to Jenny Mitman, 246, Portobello Road, N. Kensington, W. 11.

When Nazimova, in the "Red Lantern," is captured, and taken to the Mikado's palace, they leave her cloak behind, but the next morning, when she is leaving her prison chamber, she picks up her cloak, and puts it on. How did it get there?—5s. awarded to E. E. Whisker, 13, Crown Mews, Middlesbrough.

In "The Lost City," Episode 7, Juanita Hansen is supposed to stab herself rather than marry the man who is her enemy. Just about to stab herself she pulls her blouse aside and the supposed wound and blood could plainly be seen before the knife reached her flesh.—5s. awarded to Mrs. E. Rich, 40, Esher Street, Upper Kennington Lane, London, S.E. 11.

Whooping Cough

Very Severe Attacks Cured Completely by Veno's Lightning Cough Cure.

Mrs. York, 2, King's Road, Rushden, Northants, says: "One of my little boys caught whooping cough, and soon was very ill indeed. The attacks were extremely severe, and generally ended in vomiting. My husband suggested Veno's. He had taken it himself, and knew its value. So I got some for the child, and soon there was an improvement. The attacks became less violent, and quickly he recovered. Since then Veno's has cured my other children of the same ailment."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure

is the world's supreme remedy for Coughs and Colds, Lung Troubles, Asthma, Bronchitis, Nasal Catarrh, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and Influenza. Specially recommended for Whooping Cough and other Bronchial Troubles in children. Prices: 11½d., 1s. 3d., and 3s., the 3s. size being the most economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors everywhere. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

Where Wives are Wanted

SEE THIS WEEK'S

HOME MIRROR

Price **2d.**

Hæmorrhoids

Operation Averted by Use of Germolene.

Germolene marks a New Era in Treatment of Piles.



Mr. G. Pursglove

Mr. George Pursglove, 32, Ward Street, New Cle[illegible], Grimsby, says: "Germolene has completely cured me of Piles, and I feel I must write and express my gratitude. For five years I was a martyr to this terrible complaint, and the pain I suffered was something inconceivable.

"I tried every preparation I could hear of in the hope of finding a cure, but without success, and I was almost in despair. I also obtained expert advice, and was told that only an operation could cure me. One day I picked up a paper in which some Germolene cures were described, and decided to give it a trial. This I did, and, to my surprise, obtained relief at the first application. I continued the treatment, and in a surprisingly short time I was entirely free from the trouble, and have remained so ever since.

Soothes at a Touch!

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema	**Piles**	**Ringworm**
Psoriasis	**Itching**	**Pimples**
Rashes	**Cuts and Burns**	**Chapped Hands**
Ulcers	**Skin Eruptions**	**Chilblains**

and Cut, Bruised, Itching, and Ulcerated Surfaces.

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Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

THE OBSERVANT EYE.

NONE of us is free from the weakness of making mistakes. It is proof that we are human, though it is a bad policy to make it an excuse for carelessness. The producer of motion-pictures, in common with all other folk, is apt to err, and though this fact in justice to him should be borne in mind, it is desirable all the same that the errors for which he is responsible should be pointed out.

It has been said that the public of to-day is critical of its film entertainments, and that is a good sign, since it reveals a keen desire to see the art of the photo-play brought as near perfection as is humanly possible. It may forgive the producer for now and then erring in the choice of subjects for filming, because it knows that he has at times to rely on his own taste and judgment. And if either do not happen to agree with that of the public, then it is obviously the duty of the latter to guide him. But the public, observing closely each film that is shown, detects faults which it knows could have been prevented by a closer attention to detail.

Our "Film Faults" competition, which recently closed, was an interesting revelation of this fact. And the public must certainly feel sorely puzzled to know how such errors can escape detection, if not at the time of production then at the private viewing of the whole picture, before it is sent out to the trade. True, it may be too late in the latter case to remedy such errors. But their discovery even then could be used to prevent a recurrence of similar faults in the future. Clearly, there is great need for somebody in the studio with an observant eye.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

"TOPSY" and "DINAH" (Kenilworth).—You two will have to be more brave about writing to me in the future. The full cast of "Intolerance" is too long to print, but quite recently you will find I gave several of the chief artistes and their parts. In "The Great Love," the late Robert Harron was Jim Young, Henry B. Walthall (Sir Roger Brighton), Gloria Hope (Jessie Lovewell), Lillian Gish (Susie Broadplains), Maxfield Stanley (John Broadplains), George Fawcett (Rev. J. Broadplains), Rosemary Theby (Mdlle. Corintee), and George Seigmann (Mr. Seymour, Brazil).

H. T. N. (Crewe).—I'll oblige you with anything except cash. "J'Accuse" was produced by Pathé, as you say. In it were: H. Remuald Joubé (John Diaz), M. Desjardins (Maria Lazare), M. Séverin-Mars (Francis Laurin), Mme. Mancini (Mrs. Diaz), La Petite Guys (Angèle), and Mlle. Marise Dauvray (Edith Laurin).

"WINNIE" (Doncaster).—William Farnum is married, and so also is Chrissie White. Gregory Scott, Guy Newall, and Cameron Carr are all single. About the others, I must confess myself uncertain.

M. B. (Halesowen).—I congratulate you on not looking any older than you are. But why encourage grey hairs by wanting to pursue the hopeless task of trying to get on the films? Don't do it.

"WINNIE" (Haverhill).—You are not over inquisitive by any means. Queenie Thomas was born on June 18th, 1900, and was married last year to George Newman. She was educated at a convent in Cardiff, and made her first appearance on the screen in a small part. She has dark brown hair and deep violet eyes.

"DIANA" (Burgess Hill).—Andre Beaulieu and Isobel Elsom took the leads in "The Way of an Eagle," and Peggy Carlisle and Basil Gill were in "The Keeper of the Door." Joan Morgan will be fifteen this year. Volume 3 of this paper began with the issue dated May 1st, 1919, and ended with the number for October 23rd, 1920.

"HARRY" (East London). So you have come to the conclusion that I am capable of bearing anything. Well, that sounds a bit ominous. Remember the year is still young, and I would like, if possible, to try and see it through. Yes, Milton Rosmer is married to Irene Rooke. Peggy Hyland is now settled in this country where she is acting for Samuelson. Is it Dallas Cairns you mean? If so, he is now a producer.

"LOYAL READER" (Plymouth).—Canary-coloured note-paper and lead pencil don't seem to go well together. Try ink. 'Twas Wanda Hawley who was in "The Heart of a Lion" with William Farnum. I hope that's the name you want. It's very difficult to try and trace a film from a description only, for without a title to guide me I am in the dark.

"INQUISITIVE" (Henley-in-Arden).—You are sorry you cannot think of his name, but you know for certain that he was taken off to a lunatic asylum in the end. Poor beggar! Was he an Answers Man by any chance? No, I don't think I could trace him. I'd rather not. Alice Brady played a dual role in "His Bridal Night," the parts being Tiny Playfair and Vi Playfair.

"VIVIENNE" (Calcutta).—Oh, yes, I remember you. I am always glad when old inquirers drop in again just to show they love me still. So Chaplin merely makes you smile, while Larry Semon throws you into convulsions. Larry doesn't give his age. His leading lady, you know, is Lucille Carlisle, and she, too, doesn't reveal the informations you want. I may know later.

"AMBITIOUS" (Hereford).—So you are looking forward to the time when you will be a film star? Well, there is no harm in that. It is better to look forward to a future full of hopes, than to look back on a past teeming with regrets. Many who thought they were born to shine before the camera, are sadder now. Taylor Holmes, who was born in Newark, New Jersey, is still playing. Evelyn Nesbit was born in Tarentum, Pa., and Russell Thaw is her son.

"ROB ROY" (Glasgow).—The only Russian film artiste of whom I have any particulars at present is Nazimova. Charles Ray was born in 1891 in Jacksonville, Illinois.

"LAURETTA" (Sheffield).—Gwynne Herbert was born in Sussex, and she may or may not be the one you refer to. Anyway, you can write to her by following the instructions below the heading PICTURE SHOW Personal.

"THE IMMORTAL QUINTET" (Southport).—My respects to you all. Sorry to disappoint you at our first meeting, but Helen Dubors hasn't obliged us with even the littlest detail about herself. Try again.

M. G. (Arbroath).—Let there be peace, child, between your sister and you. Of course, you were easily right, for it was Ethel Clayton who took the title role in "Maggie Pepper." Peggy Hyland was not in it.

"LA TOSCA" (Blackburn).—If your favourite hasn't left the screen, she certainly hasn't left word as to what she is doing. Edwin Stanley was opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Law of Compensation" and Winifred Kingston was the heroine in "The Spy."

"BILL SLIDER" (Saintfield).—You tell me you have read this paper for years and years! Why that's wonderful, for it hasn't completed its second year of publication as yet. But I am glad you have followed the example of your little grey-eyed sister by writing. Yes, Shannon Day is quite a stunning little actress, as you say, but she does not reveal her height. Alma Reubens is just 5 ft. 7 in., no taller than you, so take comfort.

M.W. (East London).—My heart goes out in sympathy to you and the thirteen others for whom you write, but as mentioned before on this page, space simply cannot be spared for favourites who have passed away. Besides, several photos of the late Olive Thomas have been published in this paper. Your other request I gladly note. Alex. Onslow was the hero in "Footlights and Shadows." Marshall Neilan was in "Madame Butterfly," Eugene O'Brien in "Poor Little Peppina" and David Powell in "Less Than the Dust."

M. P. (Brixton).—So you were solemnly warned that it would be no use your writing to me for you would not be answered. How horrible! No wonder it required all that effort on your part to risk it. Sessue Hayakawa will be thirty-two on June 10th, and he was born in Tokyo, Japan. He was for some time on the Japanese stage, then went to America, where he studied English, and eventually—I am unable to say exactly when—took to film acting. He has black hair and eyes, and his wife is Tsuru Aoki. Now, I am not so bad, am I?



Miss Anderson—one of our readers—in her "Picture Show" fancy dress.

"POSY."—Glad you decided to be brave, and write to me, but what happened to your courage when it came to giving me your address? Did you think I might come after you? So our pages of gossip about British players pleases you a lot? Isobel Elsom has appeared in "Milestones," "The Elder Miss Blossom," "The Edge o' Beyond," "Quinney's," and "A Member of Tattersalls." Poppy Wyndham in "The Great Coup," and "A Gentleman Rider." In "Alf's Button," Alma Taylor and Leslie Henson took the parts of Liz and Alf 'Iggins respectively, while Gerald Ames was Lt. Dennis Allen, Eileen Dennes (Isobel Fitz-Peter), Gwynne Herbert (Lady Fitz-Peter), John MacAndrews (Bill, Alf's mate), and James Carew (The Genie). Lionelle Howard in "The Forest on the Hill," took the part you mention.

T. G. (Pendleton).—Why did you mix up your "Film Faults" with your questions? Pauline Frederick is not married now. She was born on August 12th, 1886, and has no children.

"WILLIE" (Thornton Heath).—Herewith the published cast of "The Romany Rye." Jack Holt (Jack Hearne), Seena Owen (Laura), Wallace Beery (Bos), Pauline Stark (Ruth Heckett), Tully Marshall (Phillip Royston), and Lewis J. Cody (Joe Heckett).

"PEG" (Dublin).—What a tangle, to be sure! Let me straighten it out for you. It was Owen Moore who was first married to Mary Pickford, and Tom Moore was married to Alice Joyce. But both these Moore brothers are now single. Alice Joyce is at present Mrs. James Regan.

"DINAH" (Worthing).—Film artistes, indeed, have to do far more amazing things than merely walk or run when they are being filmed. Yes, what you saw in "Hidden Fires" was a dual role played by Mae Marsh. Clever fellow, the camera man!

F. H. S. (Southport).—The part of Tom Norton in "The Lightning Raider" was played by Henry G. Sell. Juanita Hansen has appeared in "The Brass Bullet" and "The Lost City"—both serials. George Cheseboro played in the last-named and in "Hands Up." Your last question is answered elsewhere on this page.

"GWENDOLINE" (Handsworth).—Everything about Pearl White. Well, let's start with her birth. That took place in Springfield on March 4th, 1889, and at the age of six she began her stage career. Later on she joined a circus and first appeared on the screen in Wild West pictures, afterwards starring with Pathé in serials. She has auburn hair, blue eyes, is 5 ft. 6 in. in height, wears a golden wig for protection against water and the strong studio lights, has two brothers, named Fred and George, a sister named Grace, a husband named Wallace McCutcheon, and two nephews. What's this? You say you also want to know everything about Henry G. Sell, Warner Oland, Henry Edwards, Grace Darling, Charles Hutchison, and thousands of others! (Here, Horace, just keep this young lady engaged while I slip away!)

"BROWN GIRL" (Sevenoaks).—You say you are the first to write to me from your town. Maybe, but I'll put it on record here, anyway. Corene Grant took the part of Mary Kennedy in "The Neglected Wife." Sorry, I haven't the information required in your second question. Milton Sills is the husband of Gladys Wynne.

"LEEDSITE" (Leeds).—So you feel more courageous now since your first letter was answered. Alan Forrest was the hero with Mary Miles Minter in "A Bachelor's Wife." Glad you read this page regularly.

"ELSIE" (Epsom).—My answer to your last question would be too late now, as the competition for "Film Faults" has closed. But the address of this paper would have done. Carl Stockdale (I am not quite certain whether that is his real name) was born in Worthington, Minnesota, in 1874. He played in "Intolerance," "A Night in New York," "Peggy Leads the Way," "The Greatest Question," "After Hours," etc. His exact height is 5 ft. 11 in., and he has brown hair and blue eyes.

G. S. S. (Holloway).—Didn't you know that Irene Castle had married a second time? Her husband now is Robert Treman. I hope your foot is all right again.

"ANETTA" (Caergwrle).—So your brother makes it a point every Monday of having the PICTURE SHOW with his dinner. No need to tell me which he devours most. Anne Luther was born in 1890 in Newark, New Jersey. Faire Binney was born in 1901 in New York, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Her sister, Constance, who is of the same age, has brown hair and blue eyes. In answer to your sister's question, Maggery Wilson and Charles Gunn played the leads in "Mountain Dew."

"ERIN" (Belfast).—The people who always make excuses never make anything else. I am glad you brought me your little worry, but don't be afraid that as soon as you buy an album for our art plates, the latter will stop. We shall do nothing so cruel. But was that all you wanted to know?

M. E. (Liverpool).—Seena Owen has played with W. S. Hart in "Breed of Men," also in "Intolerance," "Madame Bo-Peep," and "A Man and His Money." Her real name is Signe Auen, and she was born in Spokane, Washington. I daresay you know that she is the wife of George Walsh?

M. W. (Manchester).—So you would rather see your answer in printer's ink? Sorry I cannot discover the names of the juvenile artistes you want. The two Morans you mention are not related.

"INQUIRER" (Kingstown).—I don't know where you will be able to get the story of the film mentioned. Minna Grey, who took the title role, was in "The Elder Miss Blossom" besides Owen Nares and Isobel Elsom.

W. B. (Christchurch).—You have not got the film craze? You marvellous individual! New Zealand ought soon to be showing more British pictures, and then you will find they are quite good indeed. Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco and is not married now.

E. O. (Manchester).—When I got your list of questions and read your kind request that I might answer you at my leisure, I felt like having a day off. However, here I am all ready and smiling. Florence Deshon and Tom Powers in "The Auction Block," Florence Turner in "Bonnie Mary of Argyle," Marjorie Day and Fisher White in "Damaged Goods," Rupert Julian and Jane Novak in "The Fire Fingers," Gladys Hulette and Creighton Hale in "For Sale," George Wynn and Ivy Close in "The Flag Lieutenant," Basil Gill and Peggy Carlisle in "God's Good Man," Mary Miles Minter and Alan Forrest in "The Ghost of Rosy Taylor," M. Romuald Joube and Mlle. Matise Dauvray in "J'Accuse," Daphne Glenn in "The Life of a London Actress," Bert Lytell and Hazel Dawn in "The Lone Wolf," May Allison in "Social Hypocrites," Cecil Humphreys and Marjorie Hume in "The Swindler," David Powell and Marguérite Courtot in "The Teeth of the Tiger." So that's all you can remember? Bless your memory; I wish it was shorter.

R. J. C. (Colchester).—Glad you think so highly of our art plates, but we do not issue them in any other form than that in which they are given away. Harrison Ford was born in 1892, but Enid Bennett's age remains unknown. She is the wife of Fred Niblo.

E. D. (Brixton).—If I made a charge for every question asked me, I would have retired a millionaire long ago. So keep your money and grow rich. Hank Mann, who is also a director, was born in New York City. He has black hair and eyes.

"MURIEL" (Salop).—Alas! the young gentleman does not tell us any more for the present than that he is Nicholas Worster, who has not yet lived a dozen years in this world. Violet Hopson is his mother.

"URSULA" (East Ham).—The awkward part of your questions, you say, would be that you would never know when to stop asking them. You seem to be overflowing with curiosity. Juanita Hansen has fair hair and blue eyes. Yes, Kathlyn Williams was the star in "The Rosary." Her other films are: "Her Kingdom of Dreams," "Out of the Wreck," "The Whispering Chorus," "We Can't Have Everything," and "Redeeming Love." Mae Marsh was born on November 9th, 1895. She acted in "Intolerance."

"GEORGE" (Reading).—Most people live in hopes because they cannot live anywhere else. I read through your list of questions without a tremor. You want to know if Mae Marsh and Marguerite Marsh are sisters? That's so. Madge Titheradge was born in Melbourne, Australia, and is 5 ft. 3 in. in height. Clarine Seymour died on April 25th last. Mabel Ballini was born in Philadelphia and has light brown hair and brown eyes. Joseph Kilgour is a Canadian, he was born in Ayr, Ontario, and three of his films are: "Thou Art the Man," "The Writing on the Wall," and "The Easiest Way."

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

JAMES KNIGHT, care of Harma Film Co., 16, Limes Road, Croydon.

PEARL WHITE, care of Fox Film Co., 130, West 46th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

FRANCESCA BERTINI, care of London Independent Film Trading Co., 4, Denman Street, Piccadilly, W. 1.

NORMA and CONSTANCE TALMADGE, 318, East 48th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

(More addresses next week.)



The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE best of all the Tarzan Stories. Tarzan's son cannot resist the call of the wild, and runs away into the wilderness. This gripping story tells of his wonderful experiences and thrilling adventures in the haunts of the wild animals who inhabit the jungle.

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Second Prize	First Prize	Third Prize
£50	£100	£25

75 Prizes of £1 each.

THE above splendid prizes are offered to readers for the following simple contest.

On this page you will find the photographs of several well-known Cinema Artistes, each of which is more or less disguised by goggles.

Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet. This competition will last eight weeks, and when the last set of pictures appears we shall tell you when and how to send your efforts to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with "The Girls' Cinema," and "The Boys' Cinema," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.



1. .....



2. .....



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5. .....



6. .....



7. .....



8. .....

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N 22 1/1921.

PICTURE SHOW, January 29th, 1921. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

"CONFIDENCES."—WM. S. HART & HIS PET PINTO.

Beautiful Art Picture, 16 x 10, INSIDE.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. JAN. 29th, 1921.

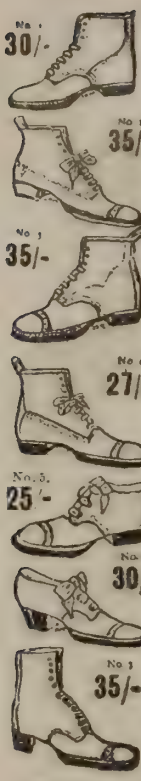
No. 92. Vol. 4.

GEORGE K. ARTHUR, AS KIPPS, THE HERO OF H. G. WELLS' FAMOUS NOVEL.



Kipps, the most famous of all characters created by H. G. Wells, the world-famous novelist, has been made into a photo-play by the Stoll Film Company. H. G. Wells says that Kipps as represented by George K. Arthur is just as he imagined him in the novel.

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1/6

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"This had gone on for months when I made up my mind to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets. In a surprisingly short time food ceased to cause pain, my nerves became steady, the indigestion passed away altogether, and now I am quite well and fit again."

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TAKE TWO TABLETS at bedtime and note how well you sleep, sometimes and you will know the joy of health and vigour. EQUALLY SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN.



(*Navana.*

Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 55.—DAISY BURRELL.

IF you live in Sheffield you will recognise above the dainty Cinderella in your pantomime, for Miss Daisy Burrell has deserted the screen for a while to appear on the stage. Miss Burrell is a great favourite, and has thousands of admirers all over the world. She confesses also to a great admiration for the PICTURE SHOW.

—♦♦—

A Treat in Store.

HAVE you yet seen "The Call of the Road"? the wonderful British picture that became world-known in a day when it was privately shown to the trade. In fact, so enthusiastic were the audience that the author was called before the screen. This film is being shown all over Great Britain, and I am pleased to tell you that the Editor of the PICTURE SHOW has been able to secure the story of the film in serial form, which will begin in these pages the week after next. Everyone is talking about this splendid British story. Don't miss reading it.

—♦♦—

A Story to Interest You.

ANOTHER famous film story also begins this week in the "Girls' Cinema." It is entitled "The Climbers," and tells of a girl who has two lovers—and chooses the wrong one. No more terrible fate can happen to a woman than marriage to the wrong man. This story tells how mercenary ambitions can bring about much unhappiness and worse—dishonour. If you like a real human story, don't miss "The Climbers," the story of the Vitagraph photo-play in which Corinne Griffith makes so appealing a heroine, which begins in to-morrow's issue of the "Girls' Cinema."

—♦♦—

For Real Adventure and Sport Loving Boys.

"THE SON OF TARZAN," Captain Ash's true story of his life as cowboy and outlaw hunter, the new series of football stories, and the further adventures of The Terry Twins, of whom the author quotes:

"In face and feature, form and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks kept taking me for him,
And each for one another."

are delighting the readers of the "Boys' Cinema." If you know of any boy who has not yet read this real adventure and sport loving boys' paper, get him to buy this week's copy. You will be doing him a good turn, and it is still near enough to good resolution day to want to do good turns.

—♦♦—

A Much Photographed Star.

EILEEN PERCY'S photograph has adorned the covers of more magazines than, perhaps, any other screen actress of her years. She began posing in 1913 and continued till 1917, when she appeared in the "Blue Bird," Macterlink's famous story, in the role of Tytyl.

Her greatest ambition is to play heavy emotional roles on the screen. Up to the present her work has been confined to ingenue roles. Her latest portrait adorns this page.

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

Edward Hickman's Fad.

HOWARD HICKMAN who, as you know, is the husband of Bessie Barriscale, does not affect any of the outre fashions of cinemaland.

Bessie tells us, however, that he has one fad; he insists on having his initials and family crest on his shirts, which are silk or otherwise, as the weather and the nature of his work require.

These initials and monogram, which are worn on the front and sleeve, are the work of the Philippine natives, who made manila work famous. It is embroidery work in silk or linen of the finest and most expensive kind.

—♦♦—

Wesley's Christmas Party.

WESLEY BARRY gave a Christmas reception and ball the other day; invitations were given to the entire movie colony by the freckle-faced boy film star.

Dressed as Santa Claus, Wesley received his guests at the door. The public were invited to take part in the festivities for the benefit of the Cripple Guild.

—♦♦—

Illness in Movie Land.

MANY movie celebrities are now suffering from appendicitis, among whom are Tom Santschi, the star of Western dramas, Syd Chaplin, brother of the famous comedian, Dagmar Godowsky, playing the lead in Universal pictures, Lois Wilson, leading woman for Paramount pictures, George Tucker, and Alan Holubar, who is Dorothy Phillip's husband. I am glad to say, however, that the victims are now all recovering.

—♦♦—

Mme. Olga Petrova to Return.

OF Mme. Olga Petrova, whom you see below, it has been said that as well as bringing a gracious personality and the highest dramatic gifts to the screen, she "acts with her brains." Indeed, she is so insistent on the necessity for elevating the character of the photo-play, that it is nearly two years since she last took part in a new production, and in the meantime she has refused innumerable offers owing to plays which had been proposed to her falling short of the dramatic and artistic standards she has set herself.

On the speaking stage, Madame Petrova is accepted throughout the United States as the leading emotional actress of America, and her career is in many ways one of the most romantic in the annals of the theatre. She is of mixed English and Polish parentage, and the larger part of her life has been spent in England, although it is since her settling in America some seven years ago that her fame and success have become international.

Mme. Olga Petrova was recently in England on a private visit, and it is quite on the cards that she may be back among us before many months with a view to a great new film production under the ægis of an all-British firm.



MME. OLGA PETROVA with J. A. Hammerton, the Editor of "The Harmsworth Encyclopedia," taken on board the Lapland bound for New York.



The latest portrait of pretty EILEEN PERCY.



LAURENCE GRANT, now appearing in Metro productions.

—♦♦—

From Blonde to Brunette.

AT the age of three, surprising as it may seem, Theda Bara was a blonde of the fairest type, with long, fair ringlets covering her small head, and large, violet eyes.

Her mother tells how, when a youngster, Theda had a positive genius for disappearing. One day, after leaving her alone for a few seconds in her bedroom, she returned to find Theda gone. She rushed out of the house and down the street, and there, in the distance, she saw what appeared to be a dwarf, with a huge hat upon her head, which completely submerged her. And dragging behind were yards and yards of train.

"My best costume! That was my daughter's first appearance in public in costume!" laughs her mother.

As the years went on, Theda's hair grew darker and darker until it reached the state of jetness which it now is.

—♦♦—

Doug's Leading Lady.

AS you know, Douglas Fairbanks has hitherto changed his leading lady frequently, but I hear that he has now signed Marguerite de la Motte for a year.

—♦♦—

Bessie's New Western Story.

BESSIE LOVE is now playing in a Western photo-play with many unique features. For instance, the story is without a villain, a saloon or dance hall, and there is no shooting. Yet I hear it is full of situations that call for thrills. Most of the scenes have been taken in Arizona.

—♦♦—

Niece of a Famous General.

MARCELLE PERSHING, who, as you may know, is a niece of the famous general, has signed a contract to appear in comedy with Ford Stirling, Chester Conklin, and others; and is also to appear in the feminine lead in one of Art Acord's western productions.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3)

How Doraldina Received Her Name.

DO you know how Madame Doraldina, the originator of the Hula Hula dance, and probably the most famous dancer of America, came into possession of her name? Years ago she journeyed to Madrid to see a famous dancing instructor.

At a railway station en route, a baggage-man produced a piece of paper, and indicated that she was to write her name thereon. "Dora L. Dina" wrote the girl.

Some hours later the trunk arrived at her hotel, with a great red label affixed to every piece of baggage. "Doraldina" was the name the railway employee had written.

When the dancing student showed the card to her instructor, as an evidence of the many trials of the traveller, he smiled at first, then uttered an exclamation of triumph.

"Just the thing for you!" he said. "With that as your professional name, you cannot but succeed. The name alone will attract the public."

—♦♦—

Can You Wonder?

GEORGE FISHER wants to take a hero part. In a coming film with William Russell, "Brute McGuire," he is again cast for the villain, and he and "Big Bill" have a regular all-round fight, from which George, on account of the script, emerges beaten, owing to Bill's sledge-hammer blows. Just for once, he says, he would love to be a hero, so that he could give the villain a good hiding.

—♦♦—

A Unique Holiday.

LOUISE FAZENDA, the well-known comedienne, is having a unique holiday. She has left for a tour of all the principal cities of America, where she will be the guest of honour at various luncheons, banquets, receptions, and dances. I hear New York Motion Picture Colony are planning an elaborate reception for her, and Lafayette, Indiana, the birthplace of the little comedienne, has declared the day of her visit a holiday, and a Fazenda fair will be staged in her honour.

—♦♦—

Good News From Fritzi Brunette.

FRITZI BRUNETTE, I am pleased to say, tells me that she is now convalescing after a severe attack of influenza, and will shortly begin work on a new photo-play.

—♦♦—

When the Devil Was Cold.

WITH all due respect to the climate of California, Philo McCullough confesses that after sundown it becomes decidedly and refreshingly cool, and the thermometer sinks down until the rising sun starts it on the upward course again.

This confession follows an account of Mr. McCullough's experience the other night when taking a part in a Fox picture. He was requested to dress in the costume of Mephistopheles for a masked ball scene. It was an outdoor scene on the deck of a boat, and in order to get the right lighting effect, the scenes had to be taken at night.

At 2 a.m. Philo says that he declared in a chattering voice that long before dawn the "devil" would be frozen past any thawing.

—♦♦—

Hawaii Pictures, Music, and Dances.

ONE of the most entertaining shows in London, which is now being held at the Philharmonic Hall, and which will shortly travel to all the principal halls in Great Britain, is "Happy Hawaii."

By coloured photographs and thrilling moving pictures of volcanoes in eruption, surf riding, and the visit of our own Prince of Wales to the islands in April last, Mildred Leo Clemens, a cousin of Mary Twain, tells us about these beautiful islands in the South Pacific.

A band of Hawaiian dancers and singers in native dress sing their native songs, play their primitive music, and dance their native dances.



GWYN STRATFORD, the heroine in the Stoll version of Nat Gould's famous novel "A Rank Outsider," is a Canadian by birth, and is, among other things, an excellent swimmer and horsewoman.

Try to see this interesting entertainment when it comes to your town.

—♦♦—

How Dorothy Keeps Fit.

DOROTHY DALTON, who is recognised as one of the most physically perfect actresses, has this to say about keeping fit under such a strain.

"All actresses who work simultaneously on stage and screen have certain definite health rules they have adopted from experience.

"I have always taken the greatest care of myself, and have taken part in as many outdoor sports as possible. So I suppose I naturally had an unusually strong constitution to begin with. However, when I accepted the heavy role of Aphrodite, which I knew would entail eight performances a week, I realised that it would mean giving up social activities, and buckle down to nothing but work and rest.

"Practically the only exercise I could ever get was walking, and I assert that even ten minutes of honest-to-goodness walking will do more than several hours of languid rambling. Some walking enthusiasts claim that, if properly done, a man needs no other form of exercise. Perhaps they are right, but I am too fond of other forms of exercise to agree."

—♦♦—

More Marguerite Clark Films.

MARGUERITE CLARKE is producing with her own company now, and is hard at work on the screen version of the well-known stage play, "Scrambled Wives."

Fay Filmer.



HENRY EDWARDS snapped at a London coffee stall while appearing for scenes in "The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss."

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

Jack Pickford Wants to Direct.

JACK PICKFORD has expressed himself as being unwilling to return to the screen for some time. The death of his young wife was a shock in spite of the many accusations of indifference levelled in his direction by the Olive Thomas admirers. He is eager to direct a picture, and has spent a great deal of time with Marshall Neilan, the youthful Irish genius who used to direct his sister Mary. It is said he may be given a chance to try his skill at the directorial end one of these days.

—♦♦—

Bringing Back the Orient.

ELSIE FERGUSON, than whom there is no one with more exquisite taste, has brought back enough curios and antiques to fill a room. She gathered all these Chinese jade, Ming, and bits of rare ivory and brass on her trip to the Orient. Her home is one of the most beautiful houses I have ever seen, and will have to have an addition built to hold all these treasures she has carried home with her. Elsie's house looks as though some one who loves his home lives there—there are plenty of books and magazines scattered about, and a genuine air of occupancy that somehow is missing in many American houses.

—♦♦—

Switching the Plot.

IF you think it is easy to act in a motion picture with a French director and an entire French company, ask Fanny Ward. She had her troubles. True, there was an interpreter, and she does speak a little French, but not enough to cause any anxiety in Paris. The interpreter grew bored with his job, and only reported when there was nothing else to occupy his time.

When the picture was about half finished, Jack Dean, Fanny's husband, came to her one day, and said dramatically:

"Something is wrong! They have changed the plot! It doesn't look right!"

Fanny, who had a dim suspicion that she was being too vampish for an ingenue, was in a panic. She brought two English-speaking friends to the studio, and found to her horror her worst fears were confirmed. The villain grew weary of his thankless role, and switched parts. Fanny was supposed to be lured into his room and to fall into his toils, instead of this little scene the tables were turned, and she was the sinner instead of the victim. In other words she did the lurking.

Then there was a scene acted, that will not soon be forgotten, according to Fanny herself, who told me the story when I was in Paris. In her best French, generously interposed with a sprinkling of strong English, she told the director what she thought of the whole blankety-blank plot. The director pretended to be aggrieved at her accusations, but the villain came forth and admitted the truth.

"How dared you!" gasped Fanny.

"Well," he explained, "my public likes me, and I did not like to play a character so devoid of moral sense."

"What about me?" shrieked Fanny.

"I didn't think you would care," was his naive answer.

After having exhausted her vocabulary and her temper, Fanny's well-known sense of humour asserted itself, and she laughed until she cried. Thinking he had a crazy woman to deal with, the French actor wrung his hands, and said:

"Oh, those Americans, those Americans!"

—♦♦—

One on Marguerite Clark.

"OH, look! There goes Marguerite Clark," said a girl watching the tiny actress disappear into a milliner store the other day.

"No, it isn't she," was the answer.

"Well, if it isn't, it is someone trying to look exactly like her," was the reply.

Miss Clark made no sign of having heard the remark; but she heard it all right—at least, she says she did.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



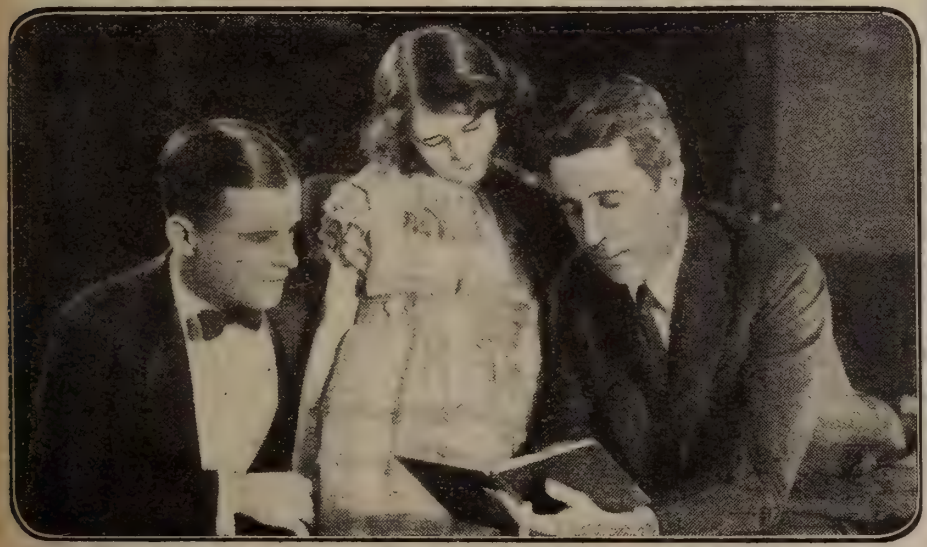
NAOMI CHILDERS and LYDIA YEAMANS TITUS in "musical mood."



A scene between the dean and the organist in "The Channings"—a Butcher's film.



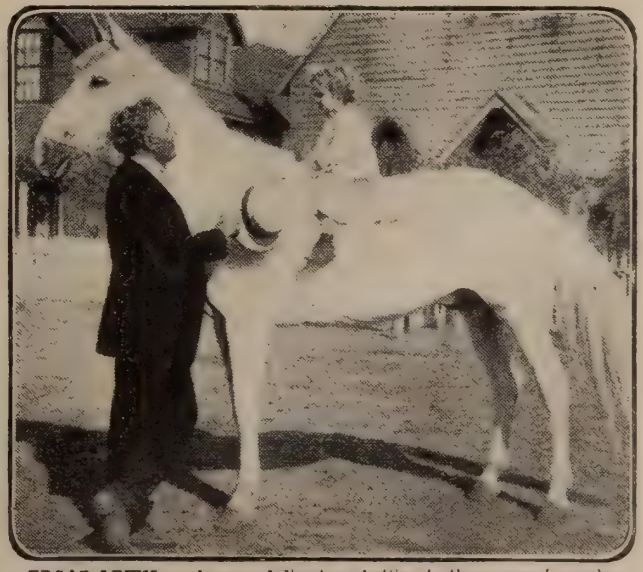
VIOLA DANA finds that pumping up tyres is very hot work.



CHET WITHEY, director of "Romance," and ARTHUR RANKIN, with little JUNE TERRY, who is the grandniece and godchild of Ellen Terry.

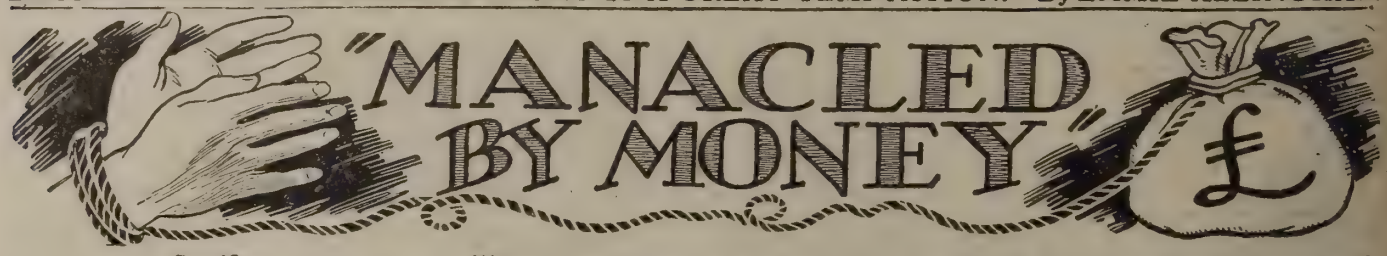


MAY ALLISON and BULL MONTANA in a scene from "Peggy Does Her Darndest." Bull does not seem to mind May's frown.



EDGAR LEWIS, producer and director, chatting to the youngest member of his company.

BEGIN TO-DAY! A POWERFUL STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION. By EMMIE ALLINGHAM



Sacrifice.

MANY a woman has been conquered by the insidious appeal of a man for her sympathy and help. Her natural instincts are instantly aroused.

Arthur Weston knew this when he appealed to Grace Ferguson, and he waited anxiously for the girl's reply.

And Grace was young. She knew little or nothing of the world outside of Greystone. She firmly believed everything that was said to her, providing that she had not already found the person out in a deliberate lie. Even then, she was always willing to give them the benefit of the doubt, if possible.

Arthur Weston had spoken with such an air of conviction, that the girl looked at him with a sudden renewed hope.

Perhaps the nightmare of the last few weeks was, after all, but the result of her own imaginings. If Arthur Weston said that he could explain, without doubt he could, there was so much that she did not rightly understand. If he would only tell her the truth.

True, she had written to Harry, but a letter to Australia took so long in going, and so long before she could receive an answer.

Meanwhile life had to be lived, and what with her mother's urgings, and her own suspicions regarding Weston, Grace was in an unenviable state of mind.

"Tell me," she said eagerly. "I want to know. Oh, if only you knew how unhappy I am. I hate to think evil of the people I know."

"Suppose you tell me everything, then I shall be better able to explain," he persisted gently.

The girl hesitated for a moment. Some instinct told her to keep her own counsel, but the desire to know the truth was too firmly impressed in her nature for her to do anything but to respond.

"I did not know that you were at Greystone. It was the day Harry went away," she said at last. "I saw a light through the shutters and went in to investigate. Mr. Rae must have followed me in, because I saw him. He went into the library to you, and I heard you both quarrelling. I do not know what it was all about because when I found that it was you in the house, I knew that you had a right there, as it belonged to you, and so I went out, but I had scarcely got outside when I heard a shot."

Grace paused and her clear eyes searched the face of the man beside her.

"Well, what then?" he asked hoarsely.

"I went home, and when I heard that Cecil Rae had shot himself in the woods I thought that he had, perhaps, shot you first, but when father came home I knew he hadn't. Father told us that you had heard nothing, and that you had not been out for some days, and that made me wonder. You never said that you had been to Greystone or even seen Mr. Rae."

"And who did you tell this to?"

Arthur spoke in a tense whisper, his head thrust forward.

Involuntary the girl shrank back.

"I told no one. You had a lot of trouble after that," she replied, simply.

Arthur drew a deep breath.

"The reason I did not tell anyone that Cecil Rae and I met at Greystone is simple enough," he said. "It had nothing to do with his death. He did threaten to shoot himself, but I naturally knocked the weapon out of his hand, that was when it went off and you heard it, I suppose. He must have taken it away with him after I left him."

"Where?" asked Grace, as Arthur paused.

He glanced again at her sharply. It flashed through his mind that she might have seen more than she said, and if she did he meant to force her knowledge from her if he could.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ARTHUR WESTON is given by his aunt, Amy Rae, a bag containing twenty thousand pounds, and she also leaves Greystone Manor to him in trust for her son Harry.

HARRY RAE goes to Australia after his mother's death.

GRACE FERGUSON, the vicar's daughter, is a great chum of Harry's.

CECIL RAE, Harry's father, is found dead in the woods one morning, and it is presumed that he has committed suicide.

REV. FERGUSON is found dead in his chair about a year later. Arthur Weston has given him a poison that leaves no trace, but the doctor's verdict is heart failure. Grace, however, suspects Weston, and she writes to Harry.

The Fergusons find that they will be very poor and Grace will have to go away to earn her own living. But one day Mrs. Ferguson comes to her daughter and tells her that there is a way out of her difficulties—Mr. Weston wants to marry Grace.

"I left him at Greystone, just outside," he said.

Grace made no comment.

"You do not believe me," he said swiftly.

She looked up at him then.

"Yes, I do, Mr. Weston."

In spite of himself, the man's eyes fell before hers.

"Well, that settles that in your mind, I hope," was his next remark.

Grace nodded.

"What is the next thing you have against me?" he asked with an attempt to smile. He was thinking how simple it was to hoodwink a girl.

Grace was suffering from some intense emotion.

"When my father died you were glad," she said at last.

"Nonsense. Whatever put such an idea in your head?"

"You did. I saw the expression on your face. My father knew something about you. Something connected with Harry. My father had written in his diary a record of a conversation he had with Mrs. Rae before she died. It was not very clear, but it was something to do with you and Harry. It was because in the end my father did not trust you that he wrote that letter which was to be given to Harry in the event of his death. The letter which was stolen by you, or your servant!"

"You still persist in your conviction that there was a letter?"

"Yes. That is a foolish question to ask me, Mr. Weston."

The man walked a few paces in silence.

"Suppose I told you that if my servant took the letter it was not at my instigation, that I knew nothing of it. Would you believe me?" he said at last.

Grace did not answer for a few minutes.

"I think I should like to have a conversation with Jakes, as you call him," she said.

Arthur shot another quick glance at her, but her face told him nothing.

"Jakes is a queer character. He dislikes all women."

"That may be, but if he broke into the Rectory, and you say it was not on your account, then surely he should give an explanation. I do not know if it was you or your man. You are somewhat alike in figure, and I did not see the face of the thief, but it was either you or he; of that I am quite certain."

An evil light began to glow in the man's eyes.

"How often do you trespass at Greystone, Miss Ferguson?" he asked.

Grace was silent.

"You cannot pretend that you never wander about the house without being invited," added Weston.

"You do not understand, Mr. Weston. I shall always feel that the Manor is Harry's home. He would not mind me visiting it sometimes."

"Yes, to spy on me," shouted Arthur, suddenly and violently.

They had neared the coppice which divided the woods from Greystone Park. Grace came to a standstill.

"I shall not go any farther, Mr. Weston, but I should like to say that I have no wish to spy on you. I did come once to try to recover the letter, but that is the only time I have entered Greystone since Christmas, when you yourself invited us."

Arthur, staring at her while she was speaking, was convinced in spite of himself that she was speaking the truth.

Once more he tried to undo the bad impression he felt that he was creating.

"Grace! Miss Ferguson!" he said. "Please forgive me. I need your help. You have been frank to me, and now I mean to be frank with you. My servant, Jakes, has a hold on me. He did me a great service when I was away abroad. His affection for me is the only real thing now in my life. No one cares for me. I have lost everything—everything which makes life worth while. I did hope to win your love, but that you deny me. But if you could, Grace" he came a step nearer to her —" if you could I would give Greystone back to Harry Rae. By law it belongs to me. It was left me by will, and no one on earth could take it from me unless I gave it up of my own accord. I am in no hurry for you to marry me, you can take your time. Next year, the year after, or even the year after that. It would be all the same to me, knowing as I should that you were a woman of honour, and would not go back on your word."

He waited with an hypocritical expression of yearning on his face.

Grace stood staring before her, she was thinking of Harry. It was actually in her power to give Greystone to Harry. A little sob caught in her throat.

"You mean that. You would make Greystone over to Harry? When?" she asked.

"The day that you marry me, Grace," he said promptly.

"You will have a deed drawn up by a lawyer to that effect," she asked.

He nodded. Then he caught her in his arms.

"You love him so much that you would do this for him?" he said. "And I love you so well that I will give up Greystone."

He did not attempt to kiss her. He knew too well to do that.

"I must think about it," she said feebly.

"But why? Why not settle it now, at once? Think how it will please your mother, if you go back and tell her. She is a good woman, Grace, and she has been so brave."

"Yes."

The bright, wholesome colour had faded from the girl's cheeks.

"You will not hurry me. You will wait. I don't want to marry for years and years."

"Don't worry. I only want to know that someday you will belong to me, dear."

He added the dear as an afterthought.

"And you will give Greystone to Harry?"

"I have said so."

Grace drew a deep breath. She could think of nothing but the pleasure of writing to Harry to tell him the splendid news. He need not stay away any longer then suddenly she remembered the price.

"There is no other way? I mean you will not give Greystone to Harry unless we marry?"

(*Continued on page 8.*)



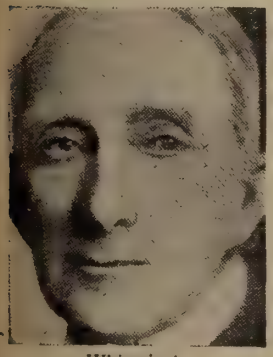
Content.



Thoughtful.



Repose.



Whimsical.



Suspicion.

THE EXPRESSIONS OF ALEC B. FRANCIS

(Special to the "Picture Show.")

ALEC B. FRANCIS

The British Artiste With the Face of a Philospher

ALEC B. FRANCIS is a Londoner, who first made a success as an actor on the London stage, where for more than a year he appeared with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in "The Soloists," and followed with two more big successes remembered by the older generation, "The Barrister," and "The Guardsman."

This according to Mr. Francis, "turned his head." He was so elated that he asked a ridiculously big salary, and his punishment was swift. The manager decided to punish him for thinking himself indispensable, by dispensing with him entirely.

A Man of Moods.

MR. FRANCIS is a man of moods, to him this seemed the end of all things. Instead of waiting for things to right themselves, he went straight from the theatre to the recruiting office, and enlisted in a regiment bound for British East India.

This seems a foolhardy thing to do, yet Mr. Francis now says it was the best step he ever took, for he has seen and grown to love India and South Africa, and so much was the wander-lust with him, that, on his return to England, instead of continuing the success he made on returning to the stage in "The Empire Builders," after the run of the piece he set sail for Canada in search of a fortune.

A Jack-of-All-Trades.

THE fortune did not materialise, however, in spite of Mr. Francis's numerous occupations, for, speaking of this time, he says he did every kind of work possible, from running a ranch to nursing in a hospital.

From Canada he wandered over the world, until at last his first love, the stage, called him; but it was the New York stage. From that day he has never returned to England. Perhaps one of the reasons that Mr. Francis decided to stay in America was that on his first tour there, he met Romance.

A dainty little lady was playing lead in his company, and the play was "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Before the tour was ended, Mr. Francis and the leading lady were married.

His First Screen Appearance.

MR. FRANCIS first appeared on the screen in Vitagraph photo-plays in 1911; and he has now played with some of the screen's most famous stars, including Clara Kimball Young, Florence Reed, Geraldine Farrar, and Norma Talmadge, and in such photo-plays as "The Cinderella Man," "The Auction Block," "The Hungry Heart," etc. His latest and biggest work was in Basil King's "Earthbound," produced by Goldwyn, in which, you remember he takes the part of Doctor Galloway. Of his interpretation of this exacting role, Basil King said, "I had hoped for a *real* Doctor Galloway—a man with all the potentialities of the true minister of the gospel, and man of dignity and kindly philosphy, and of wisdom, and I believe he was given to 'Earthbound,' in the person of Alec Francis."

His Home and Hobbies.

MR. FRANCIS is now a confirmed Californian, having just signed another long Goldwyn contract, and is settled down in a cosy bungalow, near which is a fine golf course, a tennis court, and where he has everything around him which he loves, music, garden, flowers, pets, motor, and a few miles to the west the pleasantly situated Goldwyn studio where he works.



Th e Quesioner.



Determined.



ALEC FRANCIS.

If you wish to write to him, address your letter—

ALEC B. FRANCIS,
c/o Goldwyn Film Co.,
Culver City,
Los Angeles,
California,
U.S.A

"Manacled By Money."

(*Continued from page 6.*)

"I am afraid not. I am not a saint, Grace. I must have some reward for my generosity."

He was smiling down at her. It amused him to think that she was taking it all so seriously.

"If only I get her promise. I shall find some way of getting rid of her," he was thinking. "It must be in an accident. I must think out the details. I can easily assume the part of a heartbroken lover, and once she is out of my way with her tongue silenced for ever, there will be only the boy to deal with, if ever he should come back. And if he does I shall be ready for him."

Harry Returns.

THE news of the engagement spread quickly through the village.

Mrs. Taylor took the half-day off from charing, and "I told you so" was repeated triumphantly in almost every cottage in Greystone.

"She has been setting her cap at him for years," Mrs. Taylor informed anyone who would listen to her, and the post-mistress was the only person who did not agree with her.

In the homes of their neighbours the Fergusons were also criticised. The mothers of marriageable daughters shrugged their shoulders, and some ventured to remark that Mrs. Ferguson was a clever woman. The way that she had managed to keep Arthur Weston away from all his old friends amounted to genius.

Grace, who had been neglected by the people in the parish since they had had to leave the Rectory, found herself again a centre of attraction. She received invitations, and Arthur also was invited.

To the girl's surprise Arthur accepted. Indeed, he was always seen about with his fiancée. He brought to light a number of suits he had had when he lived in the village. He had always been a careful man with his belongings, and he began to look like his old self again.

When questioned about Greystone by his neighbours, he spoke quite frankly of soon being able to put it in order, but he never encouraged visitors to call on him, and if anyone did, it was to be told by the old man who continued in charge of the place that his master was not at home.

One lady, more openly curious than the others, had asked pointedly to be invited in so that she could rest, but old Jakes had merely pointed to a garden seat. The visitor had waxed indignant, and threatened to inform his master of his rudeness, but even this made no impression. The man had shaken his head and disappeared round the side of the house. He never by any chance opened the front door.

Grace was often besieged with questions about her fiancé's way of living, but she always turned the subject.

As to Grace herself, she always kept herself well occupied so that she had no time to think. That was the one thing that she had decided after telling her mother of her engagement.

She refused to let her mind either dwell on the past or the future.

There was no letter from Harry as the weeks went by. She had written to tell him the good news, but a letter took so long.

One evening Arthur called at the cottage. He had been at a neighbouring horse fair, and he was in the best of spirits.

"I've bought a horse to-day, Grace," he said. "I thought you might like to ride her. She is a fine-looking thing, has a bit of a temper, but just the mare I should think for you. If you come up to Greystone to-morrow you might try her."

It was the first time since their engagement that Arthur had suggested that Grace should visit the old place, and the colour sprang to her face.

Arthur Weston had been everything that she could wish these last few months. Gentle, kind, considerate, and not too affectionate. In spite of herself, Grace had to confess that she liked him. It was flattering for her to see how other women desired his companionship. Sometimes when she saw him talking to their neighbours when they were visiting, Grace could not help wondering why he had chosen her, when evidently he could have had any of the other ladies of his acquaintance for the asking.

Sometimes when this thought occurred to her, she had an overwhelming desire that one or other might take his fancy, and so leave her free.

He could scarcely change his mind about Greystone if he broke off their engagement. She had asked him on more than one occasion to call on the lawyer and have the deed drawn up, but, without actually refusing, there was always some engagement which prevented him paying the promised visit.

It was a bright, clear morning when she awoke on the following day. She had one or two duties to perform, as since they had come to live in a cottage Mrs. Ferguson had dispensed with a regular maid, and Mrs. Taylor came for an hour in the morning.

But by eleven o'clock she was able to go to her room, to put on her riding costume. It was many a day since she had worn it, and she half wondered if it would fit.

Mrs. Ferguson was busy in the little kitchen preparing the lunch. Grace, in the room above, suddenly heard her utter an exclamation, and then came the sound of a man's deep voice.

Grace, in the act of putting on her bowler hat, paused with her hands uplifted, her heart seemed to stand still.

That merry laugh. Surely her ears were deceiving her. Despite the years that had passed, she remembered it. Did not she sometimes hear it in her dreams?

There it was again, and then her mother's voice was lifted in glad surprise.

Grace finished her toilet mechanically, scarcely knowing what she was doing, and then she went down the narrow little stairs.

There was a visitor in the sitting-room. Again she heard the dear, familiar, boyish laugh.

The next instant she was in the room, and her hand was being clasped by Harry Rae.

"I came home just as soon as I received your letter," he was saying, while his deep grey eyes searched her face.

The girl dropped her eyes, while the colour flamed her cheeks.

"Grace is just going to Greystone, Harry. Mr. Weston has bought a horse for her to ride," said Mrs. Ferguson, in her gentle voice. "You will be surprised, Harry, to hear that Grace is engaged," she continued.

"Mother, dear. There is plenty of time to talk of our affairs," laughed the girl nervously. She wished that Harry would not look at her so steadily.

The young man released her hand.

"So Grace has grown up with a vengeance, has she?" he exclaimed teasingly. "She is engaged. Do I know the lucky man?"

"Grace is marrying Mr. Weston," said Mrs. Ferguson complacently.

"Marrying Arthur Weston?"

Harry repeated the words incredulously.

Grace placed a hand impulsively on his arm.

"Come and walk part of the way with me," she said hurriedly, "and then I can tell you all about it."

Mrs. Ferguson looked troubled. The return of Harry Rae at such a time was most unfortunate, she considered. The boy was young—still a boy, not yet twenty-one, but Grace had cared for him.

The mother looked at her daughter's glowing face, and shining eyes, and the dread of the future swept over her again.

"Are you staying in the neighbourhood, Harry?" she asked. "Because, if you are, you can see Grace another time. I should like you to stay here now and talk to me."

"I came with the idea of staying with you," replied Harry, his face flushing. "You know that you are the only friends I have."

"Our place is so small," began Mrs. Ferguson, and then she suddenly stopped. She remembered that Harry was the cousin of Weston. She decided then and there that she would tell Weston at the first opportunity. No doubt he would give hospitality to Harry.

Mrs. Ferguson wondered a little impatiently why he had come. She had entirely forgotten about the pages in her husband's diary which referred to Harry. She had one of those minds which never care to dwell on anything which they do not understand.

Meanwhile the two young people were taking stock of one another.

Harry was taller and altogether bigger. His face was bronzed and a small crisp moustache shaded his upper lip. Grace, too, had grown, but she was slighter than when he had gone away. There were dark rings round her eyes, and she had put up her hair.

This was a new Grace, like and yet so unlike the girl whom he had left behind. And she was going to marry Weston, the man she had written him about in such strong terms! the man she had practically accused of committing crimes!

He was staggered, bewildered, but he could not take the idea seriously. He had given up his job out there in Australia, and come home, because something in her letter had suggested she needed him. He could not believe that she had brought him all this way simply on a fool's errand.

"Mr. Weston will give Harry a room," said Grace answering her mother's remark. "He can come along with me now, and then we can arrange it."

Mrs. Ferguson nodded.

She felt herself quite incapable of dealing with the situation which had suddenly arisen.

She watched the two young people as they went down the narrow path, and a great depression fell upon her. Harry Rae, whom she certainly under ordinary circumstances liked, had come at a most inopportune moment, and she could only pray that he would not spoil her daughter's future.

Neither of the young people spoke until they reached the lane which led down to the village.

Then Harry turned his head and looked down at the girl beside him.

How small she was, and dainty! Somehow he had never pictured her quite like this.

She returned his gaze frankly. She had now quite recovered from the first excitement of seeing him. A strange feeling which she could only describe to herself as safeness, had taken hold of her heart. That part of her that had been going out to him all the years of his absence had now returned to her. He was here beside her. Handsome, young and strong. She asked nothing more of life just then.

She asked him questions about his journey, and then talked of trivial matters. The questions she knew he wanted to ask her, she prevented him from saying. She would not have time to explain before they got to Greystone. Afterwards, that night, to-morrow, there would be plenty of time to talk seriously. And Harry, walking beside her, realised something of all this. He trusted her. He knew that she was not some frivolous butterfly person, but a woman child with a heart of gold. Whatever she did he was certain it would be right.

Through Greystone Woods they walked side by side, the boy looking eagerly for the old familiar landmarks. Nothing had changed. Even the old oak that had fallen in the great storm when Harry was twelve still lay as it had fallen, and Grace called to rememberance how they had clambered over it, and hidden beside it, in the frolics long ago.

As they neared the house, they saw Arthur Weston. He was standing on the steps of the entrance, and as they appeared he came forward to meet them. There was a question on his face. He did not recognise his cousin, and there was irritation in his manner as he greeted them.

"You do not recognise Harry?" said the girl quietly. "This is your cousin, Arthur, Harry Rae."

Arthur Weston glanced suspiciously from one to the other.

"Harry Rae!" he ejaculated incredulously.

"Yes. Have I changed so much, Mr. Weston? I came down here this morning to see my friends. Mrs. Ferguson tells me she has not room for me at her house. I wondered if you would put me up here."

Arthur seemed to be deliberating. From under his brows he glanced furtively from one to the other.

"She sent for him," was the thought in his mind. "Well, so be it. I will deal with them both and get it over."

Aloud he said:

"I shall be delighted to entertain you while you are here, but I have no conveniences at Greystone, the place is practically unfurnished. You must stay in the village. We will arrange with Mrs. Taylor to put you up."

He spoke in a hearty way and smiled, as he spoke. Then he placed his hand on the girl's shoulder.

"The man has just brought the mare. She looks a beauty," he said. "I have told him to saddle her and bring her round."

"I will go and have a look at her," cried Grace, thinking the men might get more friendly if they were alone.

"Grace is mad to ride. She is a fearless horsewoman," said Arthur as the girl sped lightly away.

(*To be continued.*)

JAMES W. MORRISON

Once "Jimmy," now "James."



SEVERAL years ago Jimmy Morrison—he was always known to everybody as "Jimmy"—appeared in Vitagraph films. He played many varied parts which called for real talent as each one differed greatly from the previous role.

In one film he played a middle-aged Chinaman in an opium den. Shortly after this he appeared in another Vitagraph film as a bewhiskered grandfather of about eighty, and his parts that followed were all widely different from each other.

"Jimmy" No Longer.

BUT Jimmy is Jimmy no longer, but James W. Morrison, leading man. Many people in the film world to-day have decided to specialise, but it is not every man who makes such an ideal hero as James Morrison. He is of the handsome clean-cut type that we always picture for our heroes. He is very young looking, being still in his twenties in spite of the years he has spent in the studio.

Films in Which He Has Appeared.

SOME of the films in which he has played are "Sowing the Wind," opposite Anita Stewart; "The Midnight Bride," and "Black Beauty," opposite Jean Paige.







With GLADYS LESLIE in "The Midnight Bride," a Vitagraph film.



JEAN PAIGE and JAMES MORRISON in "Black Beauty."



JEAN PAIGE and JIMMY MORRISON playing with Vitagraph studio toys between scenes of "Black Beauty."



Another scene from the Vitagraph film, "Black Beauty."

"Picture Show" Gossip

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS. STORIES FROM

Pretty Peggy Hyland.

YOU all know how charming Peggy Hyland looks on the screen, therefore I don't expect that you will be one bit surprised to hear that she is even more charming in real life. There isn't the slightest trace of affectation about her.

"I am very keen on films," she told me, the other evening, as she nestled back in a big lounge chair. She was wearing the daintiest of little feathery brown toques, a gorgeous fur coat, and the smartest of smart little blue coat frocks—in short, it was all deliciously Peggy Hylandish!



PEGGY HYLAND.

Afraid of Being Late!

"I'M so fond of the screen that I hate being late at the studio," she declared. "My greatest joy is to have a good day's work. I have a great respect for the camera. Spontaneous movement is one of the great features of film-acting. I was in America for five years, where I learnt a great deal. I had one English producer, Charles Brabin, who makes wonderfully artistic pictures."

A Sleigh Escapade.

ONE day Peggy Hyland nearly had a terrible smash in a sleigh. "The sleigh was too light for the horses," she told me; "the traces snapped and fell on the animals, they took fright and away they went. The small sleigh was so light, that it constantly ran on to the traces; it was just like a piece of matchboard swaying behind the terrified horses. It is hard to say what might have happened, had not a mounted policeman seen our plight. He started after us, and as we swerved around a corner he caught us up, slowed down, and stopped the runaways."

Film Clothes.

PEGGY HYLAND is now doing films for Samuelson's, and for that firm she has played in "John Halifax, Gentleman" and "Infelice"; also in "The Honeypot" and "Love Maggy." She designs and chooses her own clothes, "because," she explained, "quite a beautiful gown often doesn't look anything on the screen. In a shop a dress may appear enchanting, but it is quite a failure on the stage. I have had lots of success with my clothes," she confessed. "I think it's more amusing to play the unhappy rich, in preference to the unhappy poor. Clothes are a great help!" And with this last remark I think most of us will agree.

Dawkins!

NOT long ago I had a chat with Mr. Percy Standing (son of Mr. Herbert, and brother of Mr. Wyndham Standing, whose wonderful acting in "Earthbound" has caused such a sensation.) Percy Standing plays the part of "Dawkins," a scheming company promoter in the Donald Crisp production of Edward Knoblock's "Appearance," for the Famous Players-Lasky British Productions.



PERCY STANDING.

The Bad We Do In Pictures!

"THE bad we do in pictures lives," Percy Standing laughingly remarked. "The good is often interred in the cutting-room." He has had ten years' screen work in America.

When I asked Mr. Standing what parts he had played, he answered, with his humorous smile: "Everything from Chinese Mandarin to a tame rabbit with asthma! My brother Guy," he added, "who was knighted after the war, saw Wyndham in 'Earthbound,' and he told me he would like to come back to films, if they were all as good as that one." In America, Percy Standing acted with Pauline Frederick and Ethel Barrymore. "I must have done quite a hundred pictures. I acted with Alice Joyce for nearly a year with the Vitagraph. And my opinion of screen work? I look upon it as a craft with a certain amount of art, a craft in which, if everybody pulls together, and there is a fine story, there is a good picture."

Artistes—and Plots.

"I DON'T believe in building the artistes round stories, but the stories round the artistes," Mr. Jeffrey Bernerd, the managing director of Stoll's, remarked the other day. At the moment, now that the British Film Industry is going ahead by leaps and bounds, Jeffrey Bernerd must be quite one of the busiest men in London—and the Stoll Studios at Cricklewood are like a new world.

Many of you have, no doubt, heard of the discussion that rages about block booking. Mr. Jeffrey Bernerd is convinced that this system is beneficial to the public, and he thinks if it were stopped fewer pictures would be produced.

Saving Money.

JEFFREY BERNERD believes that when a dozen plays are booked, money is saved and that the picture-goer benefits by the output.

"The exhibitor is agitating to do away with the advance booking of pictures," Jeffrey Bernerd went on to explain. "They do not wish to book until they have seen the picture, and they would then book from week to week; but if this is accomplished they will realise only too well what they have lost."



JEFFREY BERNERD.

Needless to say Jeffrey Bernerd is a great believer in the progress of British Films—films possessing the true British atmosphere must always attract. I wonder what the readers of PICTURE SHOW think on this subject.

A Parisian Sunshade.

ON this page you will see Miss Evelyn Boucher, who plays the lead in Stoll's production of "The Flame." She is vivacious and petite, a brunette, with dark hair and vivid colouring. Like most pretty women, she confesses to a weakness for pretty things, and needless to say, pretty clothes in particular.

As some of the scenes for "The Flame" were laid in Paris, she decided to buy a parasol of the fluffy, frilly persuasion, as required in the film, in the Gay City, which, as you know, is so famous for all kinds of dainty feminine frocks and frills.

But Evelyn Boucher searched in vain for the type of parasol she desired, and eventually she was obliged to content herself with a Parisian creation that was devoid of fussiness.

Directly she got back to dear old London, glancing carelessly into a shop window, the first thing her eyes rested upon was the parasol with which Paris could not supply her—the real sunshade of her dreams!

Pictures in Florence!

SCENES of "The Flame" were also laid in Florence, and one evening Evelyn Boucher and some friends decided to take a 'bus-man's holiday and go to see "the pictures." They walked miles and miles, but could find no trace of the cinema, and when they at length reached it, it was closed.

A cab came along, and they hailed it, asking the driver to "drive round." Eventually they discovered that they were being driven into the country, and fire-flys, like sparks of light, fluttered around them. At last they began to grow nervous, and they tried to explain to "Cabby" that they wanted to go home, but in vain! He was not satisfied until he had





Entreaty and arguments alike fail to alter her determination as Fane. DORA DE WINTON, and EVELYN BOUCHER in Stoll photo play of Olive Wadsley's film.



A tense situation. Toni pits her wits



MILTON ROSMER.
(Ideal.)





CONFIDENCES. WM. S. HART loves all animals, and here he is seen whispering to a friend mule.

The OLD-FASHIONED WAY

"She is a maiden, therefore to be wooed; She is a maiden, therefore to be won," runs the old song. It is the same to-day, but fashions change—even in wooing. Here we see the old-fashioned way.



(*Paramount Artcraft.*)



BRYANT WASHBURN—in "What Happened to Jones."



Beneath her casement window. VICTOR MACLAGLEN and PHYLLIS SHANNAW—in "The Call of the Road." (*Granger.*)



First thoughts of love. JOAN MORGAN and DERRICK ZOYAR—in "Little Dorrit." (*Butcher.*)



"The First Kiss." TOM MIX—in "The Feud." (*Fox.*)



"The Proposal." FRANK MAYO and BEATRICE BURNHAM—in "Hitchin' Posts."

About British Players

STUDIOS. AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.



EVELYN BOUCHER as Toni in "The Flame" bears a critical scrutiny from the village schoolmistress.



FRED THATCHER "The Flame," the

crowd.

A pathetic scene in "The Flame."

shown them a wonderful panorama of the district, "which quite recompensed us for our disappointment over the pictures," Evelyn Boucher smiled.

A Rose at Full Gallop.

WHEN Roland Myles was playing in "The Flame," he had to pick up a rose from the ground on horseback, at full gallop.

"I was riding a big horse, and I succeeded in picking up the rose all right. At the second attempt, however, I ricked my knee," he continued, "and I had to take my right foot out of the stirrup. I flopped over to take the flower, said a few prayers, and picked up the rose again."

The Hotel 'Bus.

THE villa scenes in "The Flame" were taken just outside Florence. The villa belonged to the Count Imperalli; who took the greatest interest in the production.

"We had an exciting time in the hotel 'bus," Ronald Myles went on, in his gay, happy-go-lucky manner. "We were driving back down-hill, with a gradient of one in six or seven, at the speed of thirty miles an hour, the bolt slipped out of the socket of the steering gear, and the driver just pulled up as we were about to crash into a wall.

"The cause of the breakdown had to be remedied and the only means the driver had was a bootlace, which he arranged in a mysterious fashion to keep the bolt in the socket; however, that did not deter him going faster than ever afterwards."



EVELYN BOUCHER.

The Producer of "The Flame."

MR. MARTIN THORNTON told me the other afternoon, that he thoroughly enjoyed producing "The Flame," because there was no artificial fake about the scenery; it was real country. He aims at producing real emotion in his artistes, real tears, real smiles! He thinks that by a sort of hypnotic influence and by word parallel, the producer gets the best effects.

Women's Emotions.

"THE depth of the emotion depends on the story of the subject that is being portrayed," says Martin Thornton; "and the spectator is carried away by the emotions of the actor, if he is a real artiste. But if the situation is artificial, no amount of acting will touch the spectator. If a situation is not real—it is ludicrous. A woman has a natural tendency to become emotional, and she is able to work herself up to a crisis with greater ease than a man. In a strong situation a man often has a tendency to become self-conscious."

Clever, Isn't It?

ONE of the cleverest photographic effects I have yet seen on the screen has been achieved in "The Flame."

If you notice the top right hand picture in the centre here, you will see Evelyn Boucher with the village schoolmistress. Do you know how this really good-looking lady came by her large mouth and chin? Not by the aid of grease paint or any other disguise, but simply by holding a magnifying glass before her face as you will see she is doing in the picture.

"The Flame."

"THE Flame" is a Stoll British production, adapted from Olive Wadsley's novel. It is an intensely human story, and under the capable direction of F. Martin Thornton, it becomes an enthralling drama of love, with tense emotional situations.

Toni (as a child, Iris Lunan) and her brother Fane (as a child, Sidney Wood), through the intemperate habits of their father, Captain Wynford Saumarez, are children of the slums. At his death he confides these waifs of humanity to his brother Sir Charles Saumarez (Arthur Cullen), and his embittered wife Lady Henrietta (Dora de Winton). The boy is Sir Charles's heir. Fane's education is undertaken by Lady Henrietta. Toni, who has won the heart of Sir Charles, enters a French convent.



ROLAND MYLES.

Toni Returns From the Convent.

LONG years brought no happiness to Lord Robert Wycke (Lady Henrietta's brother) (Reginald Fox), whose wife is in an asylum. His great friend is Jean, Comte de Salunes (Mons. Win Lenders).

When later Toni (Evelyn Boucher) returns from the convent, she receives a cold welcome from Lady Henrietta. Sir Charles is dangerously ill at a nursing home; later he dies.

Lord Robert comes to the rescue, and is kind to Toni. Fane (Fred A. Thatcher) has now come into the baronetcy. He sends Toni to a finishing school, and she is nearly expelled, but Lord Robert appears on the scene. Toni loves him; but he resists her charm, and tells her the tragedy of his marriage, and they part; but later she determines to follow Robert, because of unhappiness in her surroundings.

Happiness.

IN Paris, Robert joins Jean de Salunes, and he introduces him to Boris Ritsky (Roland Myles).

During a conference between the three men Toni arrives, but Robert is about to leave for Russia—she consents to remain with Jean's housekeeper until his return.

After many trials and tribulations, the death of Lady Robert Wycke—and a long parting—Toni's dreams of happiness are realised.

Summer Scenes In Winter.

I MET Edna Flugrath the other day, and she told me that one of the greatest drawbacks in film making is having to defy the calendar, taking winter scenes in the middle of summer, and summer scenes in the middle of winter.

One of her worst experiences was when making a summer picture in the middle of winter some years ago in America. The outdoor scenes were taken in the middle of January on a little island, and it was so cold that all the men wore leather coats lined with fleece, except when actually before the camera.

"And there was poor little me in a thin blouse and skirt," she said.

Awkward for Kipps.

DURING the filming of "Kipps," she told me that the funniest incident was when the summer scenes were being taken, and young George K. Arthur, who, as you know, plays Kipps, slipped in the mud in white flannels, and had to hold his little moustache on when the wind threatened to blow it away.



MARTIN THORNTON.

British School Story Filmed.

"THE Fifth Form of St. Dominic's," the famous school story, is the title of a new British picture that is now in active preparation. The greatest care is being taken to choose locations in perfect keeping with the story, and Messrs. Grangers tell me that it is more than probable that one of the scholastic institutions that has helped to make our country's history will be used a sa background.

EDITH NEPEAN.

"The Lonely Woman"

Splendid Complete Story Telling of a Woman's Wonderful Faith and an Outcast's Gratitude.



BELLE BENNETT as "The Lonely Woman." (*Western Import.*)

AS the 3.10 freight train swung into the wayside station of the little village of Trimville, a man swung off a car in which he had been stealing a ride, and, dropping lightly on his feet in a way which suggested long practice in this form of illegal travelling, cut down the lane running by the side of the track and made for the village.

He was a typical hobo, or tramp.

A beard of about a week's growth covered a face which, though retaining the outline of handsome features, was marked by dissipation.

It would have been difficult to guess his age. Fit and well, he might have looked thirty, but with his unkempt appearance he looked over forty. With his hands in his pockets and his head bent down, he slunk into the town.

Just as he was about to leave the side of the railway, a poor, half-starved dog of a mongrel breed came running towards him in terror. He had a tin can tied to his tail, and he was being hunted by a gang of boys.

In Jim Ransom's mental and physical make-up there was a lot of bad, but there was one section of him that was pure white. He respected women, loved all children and animals, especially dogs and horses.

And the dog must have known this, for he came to him without fear.

Jim patted the dog, untied the tin from his tail, and shook his fist at the boys.

They retaliated by throwing stones at him—from a safe distance—and calling him a dirty hobo.

Jim didn't hear them. He was too much interested in the dog.

"Reckon you and me are about as well matched as two spots on the same card," he said. "You've no home, and I haven't. What about making a partnership? Share and share alike through wet and fine."

Like all real animal lovers, Jim Ransom spoke to the dog as though he were speaking to a human being.

The dog couldn't speak, but he understood, and he wagged his tail to say, "It's a bet."

"Reckon I'll call you Tice," said Jim. "Come on, old man, we've got to find a shelter for the night."

It was characteristic of Jim Ransom that he did not look behind to see if the dog was following. He knew. No dog had ever left Jim Ransom.

Dodging the main street of the village, he moved towards the outskirts, and presently pulled up outside a small barn that stood in the grounds of a little farm house just off the road.

"This will do us, Tice," said Ransom, viewing the place with the eye of the experienced hobo.

He moved in swiftly, and after a look round proceeded to unpack a sack he carried on his back.

It contained some bread, meat, salt and pepper, tea, coffee, and sugar, and two pans and a small kettle. Taking the kettle and a pan, he went to a well in the garden and filled them with water. As he passed he looked at the house. It was unoccupied. A card advertised that it was to be let furnished.

"All the better for us," he muttered.

On his way back he gathered some sticks. His first act on entering the barn was to place the pan of water before the dog, and as the animal began to lap it up, Jim fished about his bag till he found a bone with a decent amount of meat on it.

Then he began to prepare his own meal. He built a fire, made some coffee, and cutting off a chunk of the cold meat, salted it, and placed it on a hunk of bread. Having finished his meal, he brought out a pipe and tobacco, and a flask of whisky. When the flask was half empty he put it back in his pocket.

"We must leave some for the night, Tice, old boy," he said cheerfully.

Then he patted the dog and gave him a lump of sugar.

"That's a special treat to ratify the partnership," he said whimsically. "You mustn't expect sugar every day."

Tice gave another wag of his tail, which meant, "I understand." Then he gave himself a luxurious stretch before curling himself up before the fire. Tice had found a new master and a home.

The tramp sat on his sack, elbows on knees, staring into the fire.

Whether in the glowing embers he was seeing pictures of the past, or visions of the future, one cannot say, but in either case they brought no happiness or relief. There was a settled gloom in the eyes of the hobo, the look of a man who has burned his boats behind him—who has only bitter memories of the past and no hope for the future.

The Other Stranger.

BY the 12.30 passenger train that same day there came another stranger to Trimville. She was a woman of about twenty-eight, with a beautiful but rather sorrowful face. In her kindly, brown eyes there shone the soul of a good woman.

As her trim figure passed down the street, many inquisitive eyes viewed her from behind the curtains of the best room, a habit common to the dames of Trimville.

The stranger went straight to the house of Deacon Peevy.

The Deacon was one of the most important men in Trimville. He had grabbed every office under the local governing body that he could—provided there was pay to it—and he also carried on a business as estate agent and collector of his own and other people's rents.

A hard featured man of about fifty years of age, with a colourless skin and a fishy eye, Peevy was the perfect type of the unctuous hypocrite who used religion to help his business.

"I called about this advertisement," said the lady, holding out a cutting. "Is the house still to let?"

"Yes," said the Deacon. "May I see your references?"

"My reference is three months' rent in advance, if the house suits me," said the lady. "I should like to see it, please."

"Certainly," said the Deacon. Of all languages, money talked the plainest to him, and he decided that a tenant willing to pay in advance was the one he wanted.

He grabbed his hat and came to the door. Then he escorted the lady to the house on the outskirts of the village. It was the one to which the barn occupied by Jim Ransom and his dog belonged.

The lady, who gave the name of Martha Sellers, looked over the house, said she would take it, and paid the three months' rent in advance.

Deacon Peevy tried hard to get to know what the stranger was, and what made her come to live in Trimville, but to all his questions she gave polite but non-informative answers.

When the Deacon got out of sight he pulled out his book and looked at the name she had given him.

"Martha Sellers," he muttered to himself. "Why, I didn't even get out of her whether she was a miss or a missis. There's something strange about that woman, and I mean to watch her. But first of all I'll see if these notes she gave me are genuine."

When it became known in Trimville that the mysterious lady who so many had watched down the street had taken one of Peevy's houses, the Deacon was besieged by gossips who wanted to know all about his new tenant.

But for once Peevy, the man who made it his business to know everything about everybody, was beaten. He could only tell them that she had paid her rent in advance, and that she appeared to have money. He felt bitterly disappointed because he had not been able to find out anything about Martha Sellers, and he therefore determined to put the villagers against her.

"Mind you, folk, it ain't for me, a Christian and a Deacon, to say bad things about anybody, but when I tell you that she just gave me the name of Martha Sellers, never saying whether she was maid, wife, or widow—well, as a prominent citizen of Trimville, I feel it my duty to keep an eye on her, and Hiram Peevy never failed in his duty yet."

And with that the gossips departed, feeling sure that if anybody could spy out anything about the mysterious stranger, Deacon Peevy was the man.

In the meantime, Martha Sellers and Jim Ransom had become acquainted.

The mysterious woman had a dog named Spot, and Spot, in his investigations of his new home, found Jim and Tice. Jim Ransom was not too pleased at the discovery, and when Martha Sellers, who had followed her dog, saw him standing at the door of the barn, he faced her with a sullen stare.

"I suppose you'll want me to clear out?" he said aggressively.

"No, you're welcome to stay there if it's the best place you can find," said Martha quietly. "But if you want my opinion, I think a strong young man like you ought to be able to get work. If you like to do something for me in the garden, I will pay you. But not in money. I will give you food."

"You think I would spend the money in drink?" said Ransom.

"I'm afraid so. I should say you had too much to drink last night."

There was no hint of preaching in the woman's words, and there was real sympathy in her kindly, brown eyes, which the tramp was quick to detect.

"Thank you," said Ransom. "You're a real Christian; not one of the preaching sort. I'll do any odd jobs you want me to do, and I'll start now. But it must be understood that I don't promise to reform. One thing I will promise, though—I won't worry you, and I won't come round to work unless I'm sober."

Martha Sellers nodded, and, pointing out the work she wished to be done, went into the house. Some time later she came out with a good lunch for the man and a feed for Tice.

Jim Ransom thanked her, but had she known it, the tramp thought more of her kindness to his dog than of what she had done for him.

Days passed in this way, and Martha Sellers had no reason to regret letting Jim Ransom stay on at the barn.

He went down town and got drunk almost every day, but he took care that she should not see him when he was in that state, and he was always ready for work in the morning.

True to his word that he meant to find out things, Deacon Peevy came round to see Martha and tried to curry favour with her by warning her against employing Ransom. But Martha turned on him furiously.

"I can't understand how you can call yourself a Christian, and yet object to a man who is down in the world trying to make good. I have done nothing for him except to give him work. You are one of those who want to keep a man down, not help him to rise."

The baffled Deacon returned to the village, and since he had been unsuccessful in his spying mission he started a report in the village that Martha Sellers employed Jim Ransom because she was afraid that if she got one of the villagers to work for her he might discover her secret.

But a week later Hiram Peevy saw a chance to get at the supposed secret of "The Lonely Woman," as the villagers had now begun to call Martha Sellers.

The period for taking the census had come round, and amongst the Deacon's many jobs was that of census taker.

Armed with his book, he once more went to the house.

After explaining his duty, he gave Martha a cunning look.

"You needn't be afraid of telling me everything," he said. "I won't put any more in the book than I'm obliged to, and you can rely on me keeping my tongue still about anything else."

"I have nothing to hide," said Martha shortly, "but I object to people prying into my business as you have tried to do. I will answer the questions that the law demands and no more. I am twenty-eight, married, and live in New York. I think that is all you are entitled to know."

"That's where you're wrong, Mrs. Sellers. The law wants to know where you get your money from," said Peevy.

"And I say the law does not, and I don't intend to tell you," retorted Martha.

"I can have you arrested for refusing to answer my questions," blustered the deacon. "Have a care how you rile me!"

He shook his book threateningly in Martha's face. The next moment two muscular hands were round his throat, choking the life out of him. Jim Ransom had come up unobserved.

"You miserable worm!" he shouted, as he shook the deacon savagely. "I'll rid this humbug town of one of its citizens."

The deacon was beginning to go black in the face when Martha Sellers managed to pull Jim Ransom from him. As soon as he was free Peevy ran for all

(*Continued on page 18.*)

RUSSELL SIMPSON

A Character Actor Who Is An Expert In the Art of Make-Up

RUSSELL SIMPSON, who plays the title role in the Goldwyn picture, "Black Pawl," is a wonderful character actor. His make-ups are really marvellous, as can be seen by the photographs on this page.

He is of athletic build, just over six feet in height, and his physical fitness is probably due to his great love of everything connected with a life in the open. He is just happy when he can get out into the wilds for big game hunting, or angling for trout in the cold mountain streams. On these expeditions, Mr. Simpson usually takes several books with him to read before turning in at night, and these books are usually from the pen of authors who deal with life in the open.

Strong Roles.

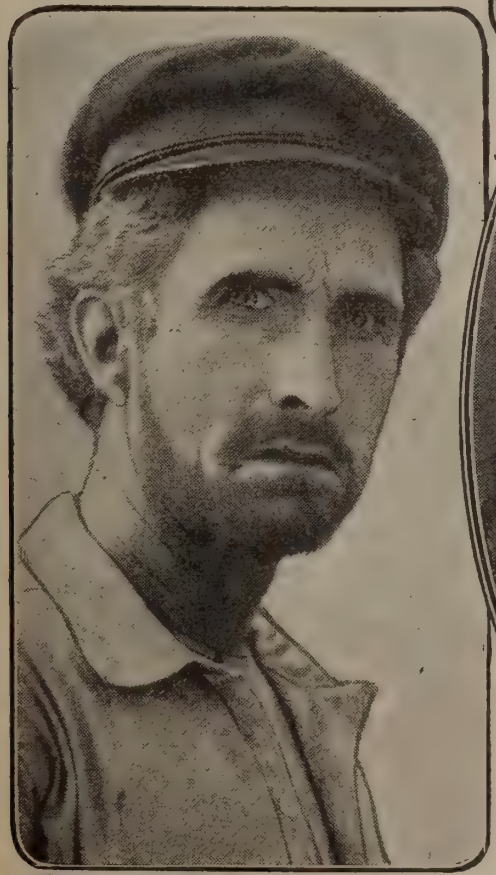
RUSSELL SIMPSON has shown his ability to play big, strong roles by his work in such pictures as "The Barrier," "The Brand," "Out of the Dust," "The Branding Iron," "The Strange Boarder," and "The Penalty."



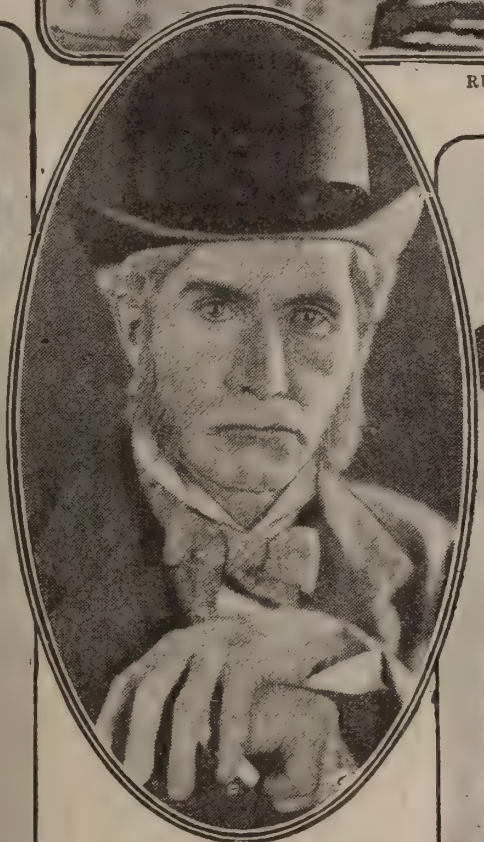
A studio portrait of RUSSELL SIMPSON, the talented Goldwyn player, as he really is.



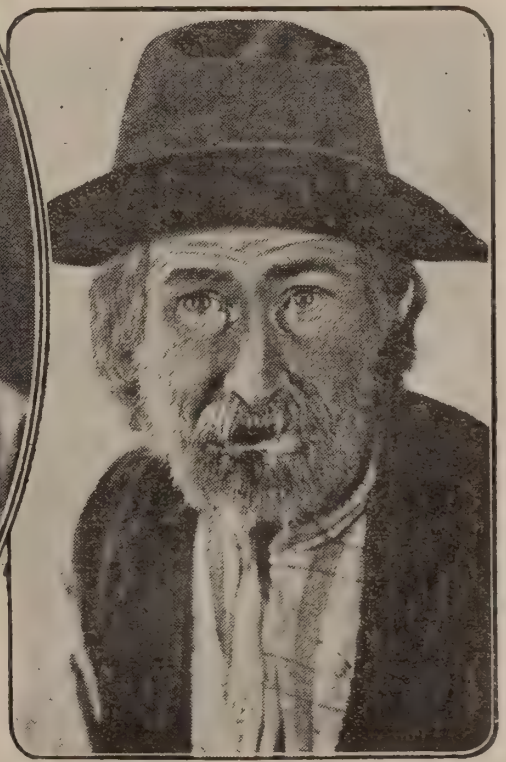
RUSSELL SIMPSON as he appeared in "The Branding Iron," a Goldwyn production.



RUSSELL SIMPSON as "Black Pawl" in the Goldwyn film of the same name.



As Tammas Biggar in "Bunty Pulls the Strings."



A photograph illustrating the marvellous make-up of RUSSELL SIMPSON.

"THE LONELY WOMAN." (Continued from page 16.)

he was worth, but when he got into the road he stood and shook his fist.

"You'll be sorry for this, the pair of you. I'll have you out of Trimville for this."

Then, as Ransom made a move to go for him, he set off running as fast as his spindle legs could carry him.

"I'm sorry this happened," said Martha Sellers. "Deacon Peevy is a vindictive old man, and he will make trouble in the village."

"If it hadn't been for you he'd have made trouble for the last time," said Ransom savagely, as he walked back to the barn.

The Deacon's Vengeance.

TWO days later, when Martha was in the village making some purchases at the store, she heard that an order had come from police headquarters that all dogs whose owners had not got a licence had to be destroyed.

As soon as she got back she found Ransom and told him the news.

"I haven't got a dollar," said Ransom slowly.

Martha hesitated.

"You can soon earn a dollar if you don't drink," she said. "If you repair that fence and get all the wood in, I will pay you a dollar. And if you earn any more please don't spend it in drink, for my sake."

"For your sake I will try," said Ransom, as he went out to the wood pile.

Dick Ransom did not touch a drink for two days, and when Martha paid him the dollar he went down to the village to get a licence for his dog. But once in sight of the local public house the old craving for a drink returned.

"What's the good of trying to reform?" he argued. "I'm only getting that good woman into trouble with the villagers because she has befriended me. The best thing I can do is to get a couple of drinks and slide out with Tice. Once I get on the road, I'll see that no sheriff shoots him."

But once inside the public house Jim Ransom's resolution about the two drinks did not last long. When he had had half a dozen drinks he forgot all about the danger to Tice. The dog, in fact, had gone outside to wait for him. His money gone at last, Ransom reeled out of the bar. As he got into the street Tice ran up to him. It was unfortunate that just at that moment the sheriff appeared. He caught sight of the dog, and demanded the licence. Since Jim could not produce one he pulled out his gun.

"Stand back!" he shouted. "That dog's got to die!"

Jim Ransom, shouting incoherent threats, rushed at the sheriff and grappled with him. As the two men struggled Martha Sellers rushed out of the post-office and called to the sheriff:

"Don't shoot the dog. I will pay the licence!"

Somebody separated the two men, and the sheriff not with very good grace, accepted the dollar that Martha offered him. Martha then persuaded Jim to go back to the barn.

It was only when she had seen him on his way that she remembered the letter she had just got from the post-office. As she turned she saw Deacon Peevy surrounded by the village gossips. Peevy had picked up the letter, and he brought it to her with a malicious grin on his face.

Martha felt the blood rush to her face. The vindictive old man had discovered her secret.

As he handed her the letter he leered at her triumphantly.

"I see it is from Sing-Sing prison," he said. "No wonder you didn't want folks to know anything about your past. From your husband, I take it?"

Martha made no reply as she hurried away, but her cheeks flamed scarlet as she heard the sneering remarks of the gossips as she passed.

Deacon Peevy was right.

The letter was from her husband in prison, but Martha knew that he had been unjustly convicted.

Had the cackling gossips seen the tears drop on the letter that she wrote to her husband that night, even their cruel hearts might have been moved to pity for the lonely woman.

For the next few days Jim Ransom went about his work with a sullen air.

He cursed himself for having given way to drink, and risking the life of his dog, and he felt he could not meet the eyes of the woman who had once more befriended him when every man's hand was against him.

In the meantime Deacon Peevy was stirring up animosity in the village against Martha and Ransom. Nothing would now satisfy him but that they should both be driven from the village, and gradually he got public opinion on his side.

He only waited for some little act on the part of either that would enable him to frame a charge which would induce the mayor to make an order that they must leave the town.

Just over a week after the incident of the dropped letter, Martha was again in the village.

She had come down in the hope that she could see Ransom, to tell him of a job she had heard about.

As she entered the main street there came to her ears a confused clamour of voices and cries of "Stop 'em!" Down the street came two runaway horses attached to a wagon. There was no driver, but a little child was swaying from side to side in the vehicle, which threatened at every moment to turn over.

(Continued on page 21.)

VERA GORDON

An Artiste Who Excels In Mother Parts.

A SYMPATHETIC expression of a mother role always makes a widespread appeal.

The most recent example of an actress who has made a wonderful success in a mother's role was Vera Gordon in the Cosmopolitan production "Humoresque." Her great success in this film—which, by the way, marked her screen debut—was due to the fact that she gave a characterisation which was so sympathetic and real that scores of critics sang her praises unanimously.



Other "Mother" Parts.

VERA GORDON was born in Russia, and the favourite game of her childhood was "playing theatres," and when she was only thirteen years of age she commenced her professional career. It is strange that her first part was as a mother; she was a big girl for her age, and she was cast for this part in a folk play. Later she toured many cities in Russia and then went to Canada. Her first English part was also as a mother in a vaudeville sketch entitled "The Shattered Idol." Besides "Humoresque," Vera Gordon played in a Goldwyn film called "The North Wind's Malice."



VERA GORDON in a scene from the Goldwyn film, "The North Wind's Malice."



VERA GORDON, a studio portrait.



The sympathy and compassion of mother love.

ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

This story—the first of a series—concerns the romance of Charles Ray and Clara Grant, who now, as you know, is Mrs. Ray. As the author suggests, it reads almost like one of the plays in which its hero has so endeared himself to the hearts of all picturegoers. Could any story have a better recommendation?

By GRACE KINGSLEY

READ THIS FIRST.

CHARLES RAY was attending the business department of a Polytechnic High School, when one day a fellow-student told him he was going to a dramatic school that evening, and asked him to go too.

Charlie was tired of rows of figures, and decided to go. At the school there sprang into his heart a desire to be an actor, and he there and then commenced lessons.

There was a very pretty girl who attended the dancing class at the school, and Charlie wanted to know her very much, but because he was poor he would not force his attentions on her. He did not see her again for four years, because he joined a stock company; but he often thought of the little dancer, and wondered if he would ever see her again.

When They Meet Again.

"AND when I met her again it was after I had gone into pictures," Charlie told me. Funny thing fate is," Charlie went on. "I went one night to a party at Constance Johnston's, just by a chance meeting with William D. Taylor, the director, on the street, who asked me if I didn't want to go. I said, 'Sure,' and invited him to ride in my little Overland car—yes, I had a little car by that time; father helped me to buy it. It seems—I found this out afterwards—that Clara hadn't intended going to the party. She had been working all day and was tired. But our hostess, Miss Johnston, who was very fond of Clara, called her up on the telephone and asked her please to come over and dance with the surplus of men. Clara had gone to bed, but finally Miss Johnston persuaded her; she got up and dressed and came over, and as she lived only two blocks away they let her come alone. Which was another little stitch of fate, as you can see. Because afterwards it enabled me to take her home. I just ditched dear old Taylor and took Miss Grant home grandly in my car. And it was moonlight!"

But that was later in the evening. The funny part of it was their meeting, which you will admit all happened exactly like a scene in a Charlie Ray picture.

It happened when Miss Grant came down the stairway after removing her wraps, when Charlie came suddenly round a corner from the room where they were dancing, and they ran smack into each other! Miss Grant was going to be just a little bit mad—and then she looked up into Charlie's earnest eyes and face red with embarrassment, and her face broke into smiles of glad recognition. And, my! but didn't Charlie recognise her, and didn't he blush! He hastily apologised, and then they looked at each other a minute.

Just then the dance music struck up.

"W-w-won't you dance with me, Miss Grant?" asked Charlie, partly because he could think of nothing else to say. They found they danced very well together, and Charlie's stage experience helped him to overcome his shyness with the girl of the mocking eyes and the laughing mouth, so they danced together a good many times, and then he took her home, and, as I said before, it was moonlight, which always does help.



Charles Ray's beautiful home in Los Angeles.

Afterwards they went out to parties and theatres together a great deal. But Charlie remained very poor for two long years.

"You don't feel you can take all a girl's time when you have nothing to offer," said Charlie with reminiscent wistfulness.

"Don't you think Clara Grant cared for you all the while?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know. Girls are awfully smart that way, you know," answered Charlie in a boyishly awe-struck tone. "But," and he smiled whimsically, "even if Clara didn't know it, I was engaged to her all the while, whether she was engaged to me or not!"

The two were friends for two whole years. Of course Charlie was worried all the time for fear some other boy would take Clara away from him. In fact, once they were estranged because some man—a real "villain," I'll say, told Charlie that Clara was engaged to be married to him. So Charlie stopped calling, and of course Clara just wouldn't send for Charlie, and there they were! But they met accidentally one day on a country road, and Clara asked Charlie to call in quite formal fashion, and Charlie said, "All right." So it was all made up again. But still Charlie's conscience wouldn't let him propose. "Not," he told himself with his teeth shut tight together, "until he was earning one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week."

But they spent long, happy Sunday afternoons together, taking rides and long walks in the suburbs of Los Angeles, looking wistfully up at handsome homes and dreaming happy dreams. Often there were theatre parties, when Charlie was working, and then there were jolly little table d'hote dinners together at French and Italian restaurants, where you got positively everything for seventy-five cents, self-made music on a player-piano included, and where you could feel very adventurous and a little wicked, sipping the red wine and looking about at the bobbed-haired women and the long-haired men.

"Lots of times I've sacrificed a couple of necktics I really needed," said the ingenuous young man, "to be able to take her to the theatre and have an ice-cream soda afterwards."

(*To be concluded in next Monday's "Picture Show."*)

FILMS OF THE WEEK

The "Picture Show's" Guide to Picturegoers

"The Feud." TOM MIX. (*Fox.*)

A DRAMATIC story of a feud between two families, who lived in the bluegrass district of the Wild West in the days of crinolines. Romance and adventure is carried from one generation to another. Two people are parted through this feud, but their children become happily united.

"When a Man Loves." EARLE WILLIAMS. (*Vitagraph.*)

THE story of an Englishman who finds his love in beautiful Japan. The scheming of a husband-hunter almost parts him from the woman he loves, but all things come right in the end. Margaret Loomis plays the role of the Japanese girl with much distinction.

"A Little Brother of the Rich." KATHRYN ADAMS, FRANK MAYO, and J. BARNEY SHERRY. (*Phillips.*)

DRAMATIC and compelling is this story of an ambitious young man and a theatrical star. It is very human, and is remarkable for its lifelike characterisations.

"The Hard Rock Breed." MARGERY WILSON. (*Western-Import.*)

"WHAT'S bred in the bone"—a story of hard workers and hard fighters in the great West. A young man, never having worked before, endeavours to make good. He succeeds, but makes many enemies, who try to kill him by firing dynamite.

"A Daughter of Two Worlds." NORMA TALMADGE. (*Walturdaw.*)

AS a daughter of the underworld, the talented actress gives a remarkable performance. She becomes victimised in a forgery case, is hidden in a boarding school, where she lives for four years. At the end of this time her past dramatically confronts her. Deeply interesting is the star's study of this character.

"Lorna Doone." BERTIE GORDON and DENNIS WYNDHAM. (*Butcher's.*)

R. D. BLACKMORE'S famous novel on the screen. The adventures of John Ridd and the doings of the terrible Doones provide drama of the first water. All lovers of the book will rejoice to see their favourite characters on the screen.

"The Spitfire of Seville." HEDDA NOVA. (*Gaumont.*)

THE wild ways and passions of a band of outlaws near Seville form the motive of this story. Hate and revenge, swift and sure—intensely dramatic episodes follow in quick succession. Hedda Nova plays the part of Carmelita, a beautiful outlaw.

"Mary Ellen Comes to Town." DOROTHY GISH. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

THE irrepressible Dorothy Gish as a country girl, who leaves her sleepy village and seeks adventures in New York. She intends to be an actress, but has to accept a job as cabaret singer. At this haunt she falls in with crooks, and here the fun begins. As "the funniest girl on the screen," in this picture Dorothy Gish fully lives up to her reputation.

"The Brat." NAZIMOVA. (*Jury's.*)

NAZIMOVA, the incomparable, is quite a different role to any she has yet played. As a shabby little chorus girl she is rescued by a novelist from a trumped-up charge at the police court. He adopts her, and from now onwards develops the plot. Many great acting scenes lead up to a powerful climax.

"His Wife's Friend." DOROTHY DALTON. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

MYSTERY, love, and adventure play their parts in this screen-play. The story of a young wife married to a much older man, whose life is spent in solving chess problems. His mysterious death and the intrigues of a Chinese spy form an amazing tangle. A vital society story with many impressive scenes.

DONALD CRISP

Discusses His Part in "Broken Blossoms" as Baffling Burrows and Tells Why He Chooses to Direct Rather Than Act



DONALD CRISP.

TO see Donald Crisp "on the job" is something of a revelation. Seated in his low chair in line with the camera, hemmed in by assistants, electricians, Kleig lights and Cooper-Hewitts, his players and his "set" before him, this fine (almost handsome), genial man, with his quiet voice and restrained gestures, seems a far cry from the brutalised "Battling Burrows," who in "Broken Blossoms," gave to the screen one of the greatest, and at the same time most terrible characterisations ever depicted in the world of shadows.

"Yes, Burrows was a horrible character," Mr. Crisp admitted the other day, when I had the pleasure of meeting him at the London studio of the Famous-Lasky British Producers. "I should not like to portray such a role again. As a matter of fact, I only did so then to accommodate Mr. Griffith, who had been totally unable to find the man he wanted for the part, and who did me the honour of begging me to take it. Besides, I owed Mr. Griffith—and still owe him—a big debt, having worked with him since the Majestic Reliance days, and directed under his valuable supervision over eight years ago. But all the same, the role was repellent to me, as well as to the public, and I have never worked harder in my life than at that time, for I was directing Bryant Washburn through the day, and working at the Griffith studio at night. And yet," added Mr. Crisp reflectively, "there was a certain pleasure in returning to my old love, the acting end of the business."

Would Rather Act.

"THEN you would rather act than direct?"

"Oh, yes; much rather, though I have been directing for many years now."

"Then why——" I began.

"Money!" returned the director with a smile. "You can make much more directing than acting, you know. But I would always prefer to be before the megaphone than behind it. I always lose, drown myself in a part, so that I am alive to nothing else, but when one is directing one's energy is scattered in a thousand different ways, which considerably adds to one's responsibilities, and makes the strain of work much heavier. At the end of the day I feel 'all in,' I can tell you."

Advocates Freedom for Actor.

THAT Mr. Crisp's experience as an actor is of inestimable advantage to him as a director is at once apparent to anyone who has watched him at work. Every part in every scene is acted by him before the actor or actress concerned is permitted to portray it. It is at these times that one sighs a little for the grease-paint which has been supplanted by the megaphone, for surely never was there a more eloquent face. A curl of the lip, a glance of the eye, a flicker of an eyelash, and all is expressed. It would be difficult to imagine any player being unable to work in harmony with such a directorial force.

Further evidence of the value of his experience before the camera is displayed in Mr. Crisp's sympathetic attitude towards each of his players. Despite his personal rehearsal of every "bit" in his productions, he is entirely in favour of the freedom of the actor, to the end that the player's individuality may have perfect access to the public. "Get across," in other words.

"Mere puppets, imitators of the director, are no longer to be tolerated," he avers. "To be sure, the director is in the best position to judge an effect. But he talks the matter over with the actor, rather than gives positive orders. Some actors, of course, have no initiative, and must be told exactly what to do. It is then that the director is obliged to restrict the freedom of the player. Such cases, however, are very rare—fortunately."

A Challenge.

MR. CRISP remarked upon the difficulty of recruiting players for the screen over here, because, he said, legitimate artistes would persist in regarding pictures as a "side-line," whereas in the States almost any actor was willing to leave the theatre—at least for a time—to act in films.

"And think of the advertisement attached to film acting!" he remarked. "What stage actor can boast of a nightly audience of two or three million people, and, daily being seen, admired and loved the world over. Add to this the excellent salaries we offer—in many cases more than the player asks—the costumes we furnish, and the first-class accommodation we provide, and you may well ask yourself why on earth we should have difficulty in finding over here the artistes we want.

"I must say I deplore the supercilious attitude adopted towards the screen by some of your stage players, especially by those who, despite their antipathy to films, have not refused their tempting allurements on occasion. They say they do not like films. Well, you may state that I challenge them to come forward and tell me *why*."

His New Picture.

WHEN I met Mr. Crisp he was engaged upon "Appearances," a somewhat free adaptation of Edward Knoblock's play, featuring David Powell and Mary Glynne. I saw some of the sets for this picture, and was struck by the minute attention to detail which they displayed, even to some really exquisite fingerplates on a door. Mr. Crisp told me that production had been delayed by the weather, which he had found "awful;" but by a wonderful air-washing apparatus shortly to be installed at the studio (costing, by the way, £20,000), he hoped soon to work under more satisfactory atmospheric conditions.

A Londoner.

A WORD in conclusion. Mr. Crisp is English. A Londoner, having been born at Kensington. Kensington has cause to be proud.

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

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FILM FAULTS.

This competition is closed, but we are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition. There are still thousands of postcards to be examined, and prizes will be awarded until these are all read.

Harry Sims, the rich man in "The Twelve Pound Look," was seated in his office. Standing by his desk was a poor man, whose wife was starving. After a while, the poor man, who had been pleading in vain with Harry Sims for money, turned to leave the office as he took up his hat from the table. Instead of it being an old cap it was a *high silk hat*.—5s. awarded to Miss Lily Neave, 28, Salisbury Avenue, Colchester, Essex.

When William Farnum rides down the mountain side in the "Last of the Duanes" he is riding a *black* horse, going up the other side it is a white horse. How does he change?—Miss Harrington, c/o. Market Hall, Brynmawr, Brecon.

"THE LONELY WOMAN." (*Continued from page 18.*)

It all happened in a flash.

Martha saw her dog Spot run out, to be followed the next second by Ransom's dog.

Then came Jim Ransom, rushing straight at the heads of the horses.

A motor-car was tearing along in the opposite direction, and as Ransom caught the reins of the horses, only to be flung aside, he fell under the wheels of the motor-car.

Martha gave a cry of horror as she rushed to the spot. Some of the villagers were just pulling Ransom out as she got there. He was not killed, but he was very badly injured and unconscious.

"Where are you going to take him?" said one.

"There's no place for him but the poor house," said another.

Martha Sellers pushed her way to the front.

"He sha'n't go there," she said. "It would be terrible. Think how he tried to save that child's life! Take him to my house."

One would have thought that Christian act of charity would have appealed even to the shrunken souls of the gossips of Trimville, but their minds were too narrow to understand any genuine act of self-sacrifice.

"You see how it is," whispered Deacon Peevy. "She's afraid to let him go to the poor house because she thinks in his delirium he may betray her secret."

A nodding of heads showed that the deacon's view was the popular one.

For days Jim Ransom lay at the point of death, and it was only the careful nursing of Martha Sellers that saved his life. For the greater part of his illness he was delirious, rambling about his past.

One night, as Martha was watching over him, he said something that made the face of the watching woman turn pale. In his delirium Ransom made a confession that he had committed the crime for which her husband was in prison.

When Ransom recovered Martha made up her mind that she would tax him with the confession.

The first thing he asked about was his dog.

"Both Tice and Spot were killed," said Martha.

She led him to the garden, and showed him a double grave she had dug herself.

When they returned to the house Martha was considering how best she could broach the question of Ransom's confession, when there was a knock at the door.

It was the mayor.

Deacon Peevy had succeeded in working up the agitation against Martha and Ransom to the extent that a town's meeting had been held, and they had passed a resolution that the two strangers should be ordered to leave the town.

The mayor was not in sympathy with the resolution, but he was compelled to carry it out.

He expressed his regret that he had to perform such a painful duty, as he acquainted Martha with the decision of the town's meeting, explaining that the residents had learned that her husband was in prison.

"I do not deny it," said Martha. "My real name is Mrs. Johnson Blair, but though my husband is in prison he was not guilty of the crime of which he was accused."

At the mention of the name of Johnson Blair, Jim Ransom started to his feet.

"That's true, Mr. Mayor. I committed the robbery for which Johnson Blair was sent to Sing-Sing. I have some of the stuff buried in the barn."

He turned to Martha.

"The day of decision has come to me at last. It will send me to prison, but I have never been so happy before."

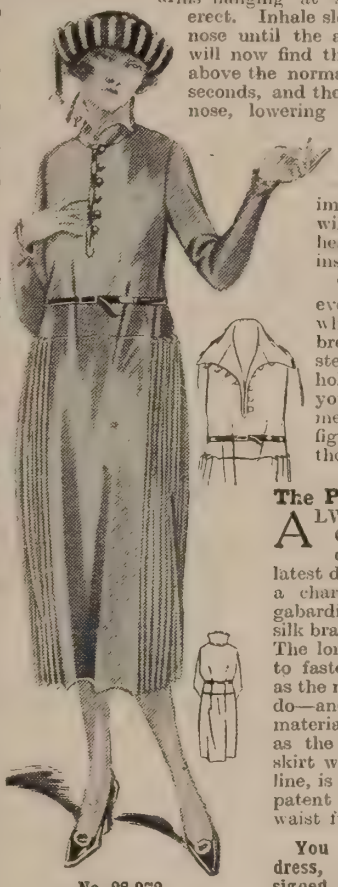
Jim Ransom returned to the village as a prisoner, and when the mayor met Peevy and the chief organisers of the agitation against Martha, he told the hypocritical deacon just what he thought of him, and though the language he used was far from polite, every word was true.

(*Adapted from incidents from the photo-play by permission of Western Import.*)

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

The Symmetrical Figure—How to Acquire It—The Power of Fresh Air—And Deep Breathing—The Picture Girl's Smart Frock

IT is the order of the day to be moderately slim. At the same time, it is not either pretty or becoming to be slim to flatness. Apparently most girls realise this, for so many write to me and ask me how they can develop their figure. True it is that frocks are perfectly straight in cut, and that they tend to hide any figure one may possess. Still, they also emphasise the flat chested. Wasp waists and big busts are a thing of the past. And a very good thing, too, for the former meant a great amount of uncomfortable and unhealthy corseting, while the latter meant a vast amount of discomfort. Still, there is a happy medium, and if frocks and coats are to hang becomingly, the contour of the figure must be symmetrical. All of which goes to say that a well-developed bust means a great deal. Certainly you cannot have a symmetrical figure without a right bust proportion, but you can possess both if you follow the instructions I am giving here for the benefit of all who have written to me.



No. 28,972.

To Improve the Figure.

FIRST of all, don't resort to internal remedies; except, of course, in the choice of correct foods. Don't let yourself into the belief that you can enlarge your bust in ten days or a month by taking a remedy. To be successful the remedy must be far less hasty. Slow but sure is the reliable motto for figure development.

Remember that hard pressure tends to flatten the figure, therefore any massage undertaken must be gentle. Cocoa butter is most beneficial for massage. And be careful that your corsets are not worn so high as to press against the figure. Sensible girls nowadays adopt the sports corset with its band of deep elastic along the top.

Food also must be taken into consideration. Be sure to eat fat-making foods, plenty of real butter and fat meat; drink milk and take cream as often as possible. Sleep a good deal, and get lots of fresh air. To inhale fresh air in deep breaths is invaluable. In fact, there would be little work for doctors if the true value of deep breathing of fresh air were realised and religiously practised. Nothing helps you to relax, both in action and in rest, like deep breaths of good fresh air. Jumpy nerves are one of the drawbacks of the underdeveloped girl. You can prove this by a glance at the fat girl. Seldom do you find a stout girl who is not altogether happy-go-lucky and perfectly cheerful. You can learn a lesson from her on the fat-producing value of cheerfulness. And, after all, there is no cheaper way in the world of acquiring this developing factor than by taking into your lungs all the fresh air they can hold.

The Value of Deep Breathing.

PRACTISE deep breathing before your open window every morning, immediately upon getting up. Stand as erect as possible, with arms hanging at sides, and head and neck erect. Inhale slowly and deeply through the nose until the abdomen is distended. You will now find that the chest is raised far above the normal position. Hold for a few seconds, and then exhale slowly through the nose, lowering the chest and contracting the abdomen again. Five minutes of this deep breathing practised each night and morning, will do much to improve the figure. And you will also feel the benefit in health, for fresh air breathing instils new life into the body.

Take a good long walk whenever you can manage it, and when indulging in the tramp, breathe deeply. Take good, steady breaths, preferably holding your neck well back into your collar while so doing. The method of acquiring a good figure is simple and slow, but the chief point is that it is sure.

The Picture Girl's Frock.

ALWAYS up-to-date, the Picture Girl has recently acquired a coat frock portraying all the latest details of smart fashion. It is a charming affair of Navy-blue gabardine, decorated with black silk braid and oxydised ball buttons. The long-waisted frock is arranged to fasten up high to the throat—as the majority of Spring frocks will do—and is faced back with the material, so that it can be worn open, as the small sketch shows. The skirt which is joined on at the hip line, is pleated at the sides, while a patent leather belt draws in the waist fulness.

You can obtain patterns of this dress, that has been specially designed by the Editress of "Home Fashions," for one shilling from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W.1, P.O. to be made payable to the PICTURE SHOW.

A DRESSER

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

This Week's Best Jokes

By permission of Messrs. Pathé Freres

LEADING ECONOMIST'S WIFE: "Sonny, run over to the chemist, and get yourself another bottle of castor oil."

SONNY (anxiously): "But, mother, can we afford it?"—(*Answers.*)

* * *

TEACHER: "And what is the highest form of animal life?"

LITTLE PETER (like a flash): "The Giraffe."—(*Boston, U.S.A., Globe.*)

* * *

FIRST MAN: "Do you believe in heredity?"

SECOND MAN: "Of course I do. Why, I've got one of the brightest boys you ever saw!"—(*New York American.*)

THE YOUNG MOTHER (to the butcher): "Oh, will you weigh my baby?"

THE BUTCHER: "With pleasure, madam. Thirteen and a half pounds, madam, with the bones."—(*Pearson's Weekly.*)

* * *

A Cape Town girls' school had a debate on the subject, "What is the best companion for a spinster, a cat or a canary?"

"Well, a cat's got whiskers," said one damsel brightly.—(*Cape Argus.*)

* * *

MISTRESS: "Mary, why didn't you bring on the finger-bowls? Didn't the lady you last worked for have them?"

MAID: "No, mum. Her friends always washed before they came to dinner."—(*Tit Bits.*)

* * *

PROUD MOTHER: "Mr. Smith, did you see anything of my daughter at the dance?"

MR. SMITH: "Madam, I should say I did."—(*Judge, New York.*)

* * *

PRIVATE (just demobilised) TO CAPTAIN: "Understand, I take back every bally salute I've ever given you."—(*Blighty.*)

* * *

REJECTED SUITOR: "Your laugh shows me that you have no heart."

THE GIRL: "Heavens! Did I open my mouth as wide as that?"—(*Le Sourire.*)

* * *

The price of cabbage has dropped 41 per cent. But, as usual, the cigar dealer says the consumer will not feel the effect for some time.—(*San Diego, Cal., Tribune.*)

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

OVER-PRODUCTION.

THE other day a significant report was published in the daily press to the effect that, owing to over-production, the leading film concerns in America had decided on a drastic reduction in the number of studio employees. At Los Angeles, it was stated, the staffs had been considerably reduced. Several actors and actresses (presumably "small part" artistes) were to be discarded, and films which had cost about seven million pounds to produce were now unsaleable, and had, therefore, to be stored.

The cause of this slump is not altogether surprising. For a considerable time the many film studios in the States have been turning out so many films each year that in numerous instances the exhibitor has been induced to buy far more than he need have done. Many of these productions, too, had to be booked so far ahead that some of them which were made during the war in America, containing scenes now quite out-of date, have only recently been released in this country; while a few more similar pictures have yet to be shown, unless they are scrapped. It cannot be said, either, that all of these hastily-turned-out productions have been of the best. Time after time these pictures—sex problems, weak dramas, and absurd comedies—have been used to make up theatre programmes, and the audience has gone away disappointed and unimpressed. For a good picture must have a story that can grip, and which will be talked about by those who have seen it.

Then came the slogan from a few producers of "fewer and better pictures," followed by rumours that the enormous salaries paid to certain stars would no longer be possible. Undoubtedly over-production in this case was not proving a good thing, for the only cheapness the picture theatre patron got was in the quality of the entertainment. It is time, therefore, for a slowing down in the race for production between one producer and another. The public would be willing to wait if it knew that by doing so it would ultimately be shown nothing but the best.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

"NANCY" (Woking).—When a woman says "I must be going now," you can depend on it she means to stay another half hour at least. I guessed, therefore, you had something else to tell me when you said you were going to conclude. Well, I like you, anyway, for having a keen sense of humour. Oh, yes, Doris Pawn is American, and the Norfolk she was born in happens to be in Nebraska, U.S.A. You know, I never learnt so much geography at school as I have since you folk started asking me questions. Mae Marsh and E. K. Lincoln played in "The Beloved Traitor."

"PERGET" (Mossend).—Yes, "In the Balance" is an old film. It was released in 1918, and the star in it was Grace Darmond, while opposite her was Earle Williams. The only film she appeared in last year was "A Diplomatic Mission."

"INQUISITIVE" (Bedlington).—Alma Taylor is single. Isobel Elsom was born in Cambridge on March 16th, 1894.

"MARY" (Thornton Heath), "WINNIFRED" (Maidenhead), "RAFFLES" (Gloucester), C. S. C. (East Grinstead), "PHYLLIS" (Northampton), and M. P. (Forest Hill), and "POPPY" (St. John's Wood).—Ay, this is another "Lucky Dip." Can you all pick out your answers? Henry Edwards and Chrissie White are not related to each other. The latter was born in London. Gloria Hope in "A Burglar by Proxy," David Powell in "Less Than the Dust." Priscilla Dean was born in New York. Forrest Stanley in "Rescuing Angel." Marguerite Clark was born in 1887. Harold Lockwood died in 1918.

"DOREEN" (Bloemfontein).—So you have ceased to worry about me because I am far too mysterious, in fact, positively uncanny! Dear me, that's too bad. You seem to know all about Warren Kerrigan as it is, so what more can I tell you? Yes, let's have a look at the more attractive notepaper you promise to send me next time. Kenneth Harlan was born in New York on July 26th, 1895. And now, "tot weder siens," or, in plain English, as you inform me, till we meet again.

"TOM" (Penarth).—Harry Pollard was born in Melbourne, Australia, and Conrad Nagel in Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A. Yes, Elsie Janis is not married. Two films in which she has appeared are "A Regular Girl" and "The Imp." Oh, yes, you can drop in again; I am always at home on this page.

MRS. J. S. (Greenock).—You have been having an argument then? Not another domestic quarrel, I hope? Elmo Lincoln's real name is Otto Elmo Linkenhelt. May peace be restored.

"COLISEUMITE" (Harrow).—In "An Eastern Maid," Fanny Ward was Innocent, John Miltern, Wyndham, and Armand Kalisz was Doucet. The cast of "The Miracle of Love" is as follows: Lucy Cotton (Duchess of Harwich), Blanche Davenport (Dowager Duchess of Cheshire), Lila Blow (Lady Emily), Jackie Saunders (Cornelia Kelly), Wyndham Standing (Clive Hubert), Ivo Watson (Duke of Harwich), Percy Standing (George, Duke of Cheshire), and Edward Earle (Howard McClintock). The following were the players in "An Innocent Adventuress": Vivian Martin, Lloyd Hughes, Edythe Chapman, Tom B. Bates, Hal Clements, and Spottiswoode Aitken. In "Through the Wrong Door," the chief artistes were: Madge Kennedy, John Bowers, and Herbert Standing.

"FRANCETTE" (Paris).—You mean the film "Stella Maris," do you not? Yes, Mary Pickford played a dual role in it, and the hero, whom you ask me about, was Conway Tearle. He was born in New York in 1880, has dark hair and eyes, and is married to Adele Rowland. He is Godfrey Tearle's half-brother. Some other films of his are: "Nancy Lee," "The Reason Why," "Virtuous Wives," and "Mind the Paint Girl." His height is 5 ft. 11 in.

"VAL" (Gravesend).—Big Bill Farnum would not mind getting a little note from you, I am sure. He was born in Boston, Mass., on July 4th, 1876, and is 5 ft. 10½ in. in height. His wife is Olive White, and his colouring, brown hair and blue eyes. "Bootle's Baby" was put to rest long ago, and it would not be possible for me to have it shown again.

"ODETTE" (Willenhall).—Do you know that every "also" in your letter kept me wondering what next was coming? Let's begin, anyway, with Lillian Hall. Though born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1897, she was educated in this country, and has golden hair and dark blue eyes, which helps to make her look "perfectly sweet," as you say. And Hazel Dawn, too, was educated over here. She began her screen career with Famous-Lasky. Born in Ogden City, Utah, U.S.A., she has blond hair and hazel eyes, and measures just 5 ft. 4¼ in. in height. Also you want to know what I advise a girl to do when she has a passion for screen work. Why, get rid of the passion.

"CAREYITE" (Wallasley).—Yes, it was Harry Edwards. Harry Carey was married quite recently to Olive Golden. Harry has blond hair, is 6 ft. in height, and was born in New York. He has played in "Riders of Vengeance," "The Rider of the Law," "Marked Men," and "Overland Red."

"NORAH" (Whitchurch).—In "Barabbas," the part of Robert Derrick was played by Edward Mathe, while E. Hermann portrayed the character of Jack Varney. They don't give the particulars you want. Herschell Mayall as Abe Strohman was opposite Bessie Barriscale in "Maid o' the Storm."

"BUBBLES" (Walthamstow).—You do not know what I have got used to in the question line. Why, yours were as mild as milk. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1899, and has reddish-brown hair and blue eyes. A few of her pictures are: "Society for Sale," "Everywoman's Husband," "Shifting Sands," and "Her Decision." Sessue Hayakawa may have overlooked your little note among the vast number of others he has had. Why not gently jog his memory?

"ARCHIE" (Eltham).—So you mean to make a hobby of collecting film stars' biographies. How exciting! Let's see what I can do for you. We'll start with the ladies first. Marguerite Courtot was born on August 20, 1897, in Summit, New Jersey. Peggy Shanor was born in West Virginia in 1896, and Mary Anderson in Brooklyn on June 28, 1897. Robert E. Milash was born on April 18, 1885, in New York City.

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

PEARL WHITE, care of Fox Film Co., 130, West 46th St., New York City, U.S.A.

PAULINE FREDERICK, care of Robertson-Cole Co., 1600, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Douglas Fairbanks Corpn., Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

STEWART ROME, care of Broadwest Film Co., 175, Wardour St., London, W.1.

(More addresses next week.)

WHEN communicating with Advertisers, please mention the Picture Show.

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If you feel unable to enjoy life
If your appetite is poor
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Without exercising, starving, sweating or dangerous drugs you can banish all your excess fat in a very short time. You can get rid of that superfluous weight which hampers all your movements, and can regain your former agility and good health. You can have that free and buoyant feeling which it is impossible to have when all the organs of the body are hindered in their functions by too much fat. You can regain that slight youthful appearance which is so desirable. To prove that my remedy is capable of doing all these things, I am offering a free sample to any lady or gentleman who is too fat, or growing too fat, free of charge or obligation. Send postcard, giving your name and full address, to **MRS. A. MASON** (Dept. P.S 1.21), 13, Red Lion Square, LONDON, W.C.1.

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THE above splendid prizes are offered to readers for the following simple contest.

On this page you will find the second set of photographs of several well-known Cinema Artistes, each of which is more or less disguised by goggles.

Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet. This competition will last eight weeks, and when the last set of pictures appears we shall tell you when and how to send your efforts to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with "The Girls' Cinema." and "The Boys' Cinema." and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.



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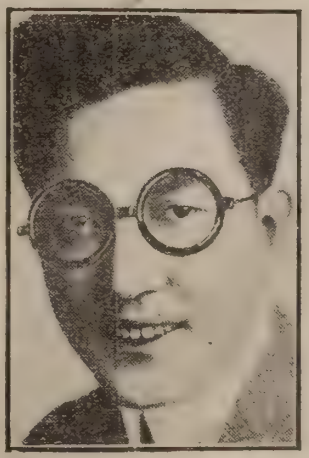
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Picture Show

No. 93. Vol. 4.

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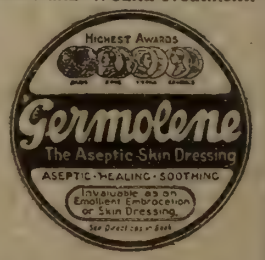
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CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



HENRY CLIVE, noted actor-illustrator, is here shown painting a portrait of MIRIAM COOPER. Clive declares that Miss Cooper has a perfect Grecian profile, and is using her as a model for many of his magazine covers.



GEORGE BUNNY, son of the late John Bunny, taking his first instructions from Mark Goldaine, his director, at the First National studios.



"Mama" Wong Arc is the self-appointed guardian of Sessue Hayakawa's Robertson-Cole productions. She sees that every detail of his pictures is authentic.



A charming portrait of CLAIRE ADAMS with two small pets. It must be difficult for her to know "t'other from which."

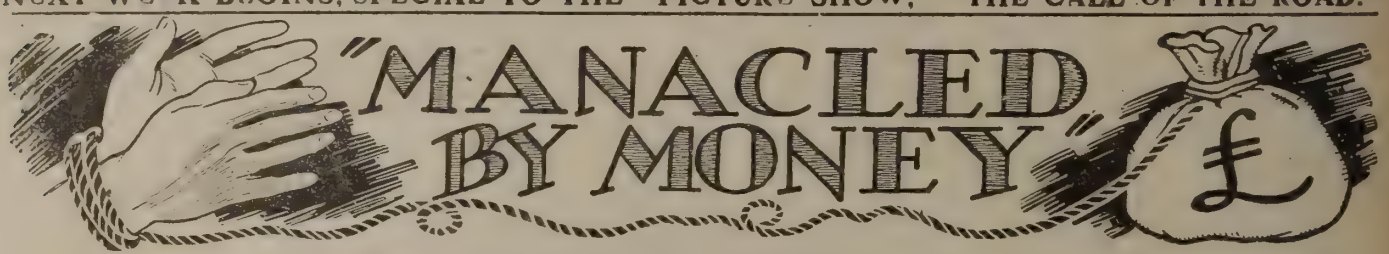


ALICE LAKE, Metro star, in a scene from her latest picture, "Mother Love." The baby is quite happy with its new mother.



HELENE CHADWICK, Goldwyn actress, thoroughly enjoyed the taking of this scene for the film "Mr. and Miserable Jones," which was directed by E. Mason Hopper. It was a very hot day, and the sea was delightfully cool.

NEXT WEEK BEGINS, SPECIAL TO THE "PICTURE SHOW," "THE CALL OF THE ROAD."



The concluding chapters of this thrilling serial by **Emmie Allingham.**

Unmasked.

HOW the accident happened, was a three days' talk in Greystone village. The horse was a new one bought at the fair. That she had broken more necks than one, her record showed, and how Grace Ferguson escaped with only a broken arm was the mercy of Providence, as Mrs. Taylor remarked. Mrs. Ferguson put down the accident to Harry Rae's untimely arrival, she even said as much to Arthur Weston when he brought his fiancée home.

Arthur was upset at the occurrence.

"Shows how much he cares for her," commented the village, and stories were told of how Arthur Weston had said that the horse should be given away, before he would allow Grace to ride it again, but the horse stayed in the stables at Greystone, and Weston made no effort to part with it.

It was a week before Harry Rae had an opportunity to talk alone with Grace. Arthur Weston showed quite a flattering desire for his company. Indeed, the only person who resented his presence was the old servant Jakes. At times when Harry appeared the man was openly hostile to him, and would shake his fist (from a safe distance, certainly), at the young intruder. Arthur Weston laughingly apologised on one occasion for his servant's brusque manners. Harry did not reply—he only looked keenly at his cousin, which, for some reason or other, gave that gentleman some discomfiture.

That evening he was able to find Grace alone. Mrs. Ferguson was visiting in the village, and the children were in bed. Arthur Weston had not yet arrived. Grace was seated by the fire when Harry came in. She gave him her uninjured hand, and the soft light of pleasure, which shone in her expressive eyes, made him certain of his welcome.

"This is the first opportunity I have had to speak to you," he said, as he seated himself opposite her, and held out his hands to the blaze.

"Yes," she responded, "and goodness only knows when someone will come in and disturb us."

"Do you notice that, too," he asked quickly.

Grace nodded. "How could one help it?" she said laughing a little.

Harry left his seat and knelt down on the rug beside her.

"You have never told me yet why you and my cousin are engaged," he remarked, his eyes fixed on the fire.

"Mother was very keen," said Grace quietly. Somehow it seemed quite natural to her to tell Harry exactly what was in her mind. "And I don't dislike him," she added. "I called him to account about all the things I suspected him of, and he was quite decent. He explained them all very satisfactorily. He even admitted that Greystone was left him in trust for you, and he has promised to make it over to you when you come of age."

"He has!" Harry gave a surprised whistle. Then his clear eyes fixed themselves on the girl before him. "He promised that, did he? What for?"

Grace leaned back in her chair and averted her face, she was afraid those clear, grey eyes might read her secrets.

"Only because he wants to be decent," she said at last. "He did think of keeping it, but he told me he thought better of it. He said he would go to a lawyer and make out a deed of gift in your favour."

"Oh! And has he done so?"

"I don't know," answered the girl hesitatingly, "but I will speak to him about it. He will, I am sure he will," she added emphatically.

Harry took hold of the little uninjured hand, which lay in the girl's lap.

"What a trusting little soul you are, Grace!" he said, half amusedly, half sadly. "I feel a brute to dispel your illusions, but my dear," he bent nearer to her, "Arthur Weston is a thorough wrong 'un," he said quietly. "What is the secret he keeps so carefully at Greystone? Why does he never have visitors? I will tell you!"

Harry glanced cautiously round the room, and then he bent close to the girl again.

"He has a leather bag," he said shortly. "I remember it. I have seen my mother with it. It contains papers; papers which he guards closer than his soul. He loves them, or appears to, but I can't make out what they can be. Anyway, he sleeps with the bag and its contents under his pillow, and he alters the hiding-place of that bag half a dozen times a day. I've watched him, from our secret panel, but I have never gone into the room, or been near enough to see what it actually contains, but that bag holds the secret which bars people from entering Greystone," he paused a moment, and then went on eagerly. "Shall I tell you something else? Have you ever noticed that servant of his? I can't understand how you are all deceived. I heard about Jakes in the village, but I had a strong suspicion the first time I set eyes on him. Don't you understand? There is no Jakes! He is a myth. Jakes and his master are one. No one has ever seen them apart." In his excitement Harry had slightly raised his voice. Grace was staring at him startled, incredulous.

"No Jakes?" she echoed blankly.

It was at this moment that they both became aware, that they were not alone. Someone had entered the room, and was standing just inside. It was Arthur Weston!

The Explanation.

FOR some seconds there was a tense silence. Arthur was the first to speak.

"I must apologise," he said, while a smile twisted his white lips. "I intrude, I'm afraid."

"Not at all," replied Harry, rising from the hearthrug and taking possession once more of his chair. "All the same, though, I think we should rather like to know how long you have been there."

"I have only just come in. Why? Were you talking about me?" asked Arthur, speaking naturally with a strong effort.

Harry gave an embarrassed little laugh.

"Well, we were really," he admitted. "You are surely not going to say that you did not hear what we were talking about?"

Arthur came and stood on the hearthrug between the two young people, and glanced down from one to the other.

"I never listen to conversations which are not intended for my ears," he said with an ironical bow in the girl's direction. "You two are old friends, and, if you will excuse the word, you are romantic. Your imagination is wonderful. You weave mystery where there is none. If you care to accompany me back to Greystone to-night, I will explain to both of you any mystery which you would like cleared up."

"Why at Greystone? Why not here?" cried Harry sharply.

Arthur Weston patted the boy on his shoulder with a fatherly hand.

The man's self control was enormous, he was playing his last card, and he knew it. At the last moment he was obliged to alter all his plans. Grace he could have managed successfully, if she had been alone, but the unexpected return of Harry Rae, before Grace was safely out of the way, had upset all his calculations. He would have to act swiftly, desperately.

"We can talk better at Greystone. I have papers and documents which I shall have to refer to, besides it is a long story, and it will be as well that we are not disturbed."

Harry sprang up from his chair.

"I am quite ready! What do you say, Grace?" he cried.

Grace glanced swiftly from one man to another. Arthur was smiling, but she had seen that expression on his face before, and she distrusted it.

"Why not to-morrow? In the day-time?" she said hesitatingly.

"Oh, no. Let us go now and have it over!" cried Harry. "I should not sleep a wink if I went to bed without having heard what Arthur has to say. I always did think there was something queer about my mother's will, you know," he added frankly, turning to the elder man.

Arthur bowed, he dared not trust himself to speak. He turned his head away sharply so that they could not see the hatred he could not repress any longer, and which he knew burned in his eyes.

He went into the tiny hall, and returned with the girl's hat and coat.

Arthur never forgot these little attentions, it was through these that he was generally so popular with women.

A few minutes later and they left the cottage, and took the path through Greystone Wood.

They walked silently, each possessed by their own thoughts.

Grace was wondering and hoping that the two men would not quarrel. She feared Harry's impetuous temper, and she dreaded to think he might raise the evil which she instinctively felt lay dormant in the other man's heart.

If only she had known the real evil of the man, Grace Ferguson would never have walked so innocently into the trap his diabolical mind was even then busily weaving for her destruction.

Arthur took them round to the servants' entrance and let them in with his key. A fire burned in the kitchen, but with the aid of a lighted candle he led them up the staircase towards the bigger and more important rooms.

The young people followed him readily enough. They knew every turn and twist of the place. It was not until he led them up past the bedrooms that they glanced wonderingly at each other.

"What are you taking us up into the attics for?" asked Harry suddenly.

"I have something to show you," responded Arthur promptly.

It occurred to Grace, that, perhaps, it was Jakes who was ill. Jakes, whom Harry had said did not exist. Without doubt. If Arthur had overheard him, it was natural that he would want to disprove the statement.

At the door of the smallest of the three attics Arthur paused. He gave a quick glance at his companions, and then he opened the door.

Holding the candle above his head, he motioned them to enter.

The room was quite small, and practically without furniture. It had been built as a box-room, and had no window to it.

A few pieces of broken furniture which had been discarded years ago from the other rooms, and a couple of old trunks, were all it contained.

Arthur closed the door carefully behind him and motioned the visitors to be seated on the trunks.

They gave amused glances at each other as they were about to comply. If they had wanted mystery, surely Arthur Weston was doing his best to satisfy them.

"Now we can talk," said Arthur with unconcealed satisfaction. And he smiled.

"Yes but what a place!" cried Harry. "What have you brought us up here for, anyway?"

"That you will know all in good time," said Arthur. "Wait a moment: I must just fetch my papers."

He opened the door and went out.

"Here, leave us the light!" shouted Harry, but his cousin apparently did not hear.

(Continued on page 8.)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF CORINNE GRIFFITH

(Special to the "Picture Show.")



Her smile.

CORINNE GRIFFITH

The Beautiful Vitagraph Star Who is Sorry She Has Bobbed Her Hair



In repose.

CORINNE GRIFFITH had her chance to appear on the screen when she was proclaimed Queen of Beauty at a garden fete, and while she was still a school girl. She accepted, in spite of the protests of a horrified family, who now, by the way, are very proud of her.

She says that success on the screen is really a matter of good lighting and good photography, for she didn't know the first thing about acting when she was put into pictures. The best she could do was to try not to look dazed, but she confesses that she really was.

Wanted to be a Dancer.

CORINNE was convent bred, for when she was quite a kiddie she was sent to the Sacred Heart convent, in New Orleans. Her ambition was to become a dancer, but a few months after she was crowned Queen of Beauty she was making a success on the screen, with the Vitagraph Company, and before a year was out she was playing leading parts opposite Earle Williams.

Corinne's Great Part.

FOLLOWING this she won recognition through playing the heroine in the screen adaptation of the famous O. Henry stories, and in "The Climbers," the film which is now being shown all over the United Kingdom, Corinne achieved emotional heights.

At the studios she is a great favourite, chiefly because she is honest and sincere, her personality radiates these qualities, and she works hard to please. That is her secret of success. Away from the studio, she is only to be seen in public at the theatre, shopping or motoring. Known as one of the best dressed women on the screen she designs many of her own gowns, and is fond of visiting the shops to get ideas.

Her One Regret.

CORINNE has one big regret —that she bobbed her hair. Once upon a time, Corinne was the unappreciative possessor of a head of long, luxuriant hair. She snipped it with the scissors, and now Corinne is sorry. She found when she went to her favourite photographer for a series of new photographs, that after one look at her shorn locks, he refused to pose her until it had grown again. Now, away from the studio, Corinne wears little close-fitting hats, and never removes them unless she is compelled to.



CORINNE GRIFFITH.

She confesses that the first day after she had bobbed her hair she revelled in the luxury of her shorn tresses, but when she arrived at the studio after a joyous week-end, she found she was cast for the part of a dignified society lady, and had to push her new short hair, a great thick mop, under a tight wig, and in consequence suffered innumerable headaches.

Now Corinne is waiting for a summer holiday, when she declares she will go abroad and will let nature take its course.

By the way, this holiday planned by Corinne has Paris and London among the places she means to visit.

Versatility is the keynote of Corinne Griffith's acting, as those of you who have already seen her in "The Climbers" will acknowledge her emotional success. When you see her in "Bab's Candidate" you will find a comedienne who carries you laughing through a delightful film story

A Graceful Dancer.

MISS GRIFFITH is a thorough athlete, a graceful dancer, and an intelligent actress, traits that have stood her in good stead in her different character studies. When she was called upon to play "The Garter Girl," the screen adaptation of the famous story, "The Memento," by O. Henry, as Rosalie Ray, the top lined music-hall dancer, Miss Griffith was not satisfied to fake a few steps and generally prance about. She felt that before she essayed the part, she must be able to dance. So she went to Theodore Kosloff and took dancing lessons. After several weeks of hard work he pronounced her ready to step into the shoes, or rather the slippers, of Rosalie Ray, terpsichorean queen.

The Real Corinne.

MISS GRIFFITH'S nationality is Irish and Italian; she possesses an Italian coat-of-arms. There is no Irish one, but Miss Griffith's blue eyes proclaim her Irish antecedents. They are of a wonderful misty blue, with thick, black lashes; she has a sensitive mouth, and hair that crinkles round her neck.

If you want to write to her, address your letter—
CORINNE GRIFFITH,
Vitagraph Studios,
1708, Talmadge Street,
Los Angeles,
California, U.S.A.



Good-bye.



Pensive.



Supplication.



Dignity.



Fear.

"Manacled By Money."

(Continued from page 6)

Harry rose to his feet, as the door shut with a slam, and they were in darkness.

Grace gave a nervous little laugh.

"He will no doubt be back in a minute," she said.

Harry had reached the wall. He was trying to find the door.

"Silly idiot!" he cried angrily. "What is he playing at, anyway?"

Was it fancy, or did a mocking laugh sound without?

Harry at last found the door and tried to wrench it open, but the knob came off in his hand. He tried to fix it back in its place, but although he fumbled he could not find the spot where it belonged.

"What is it, Harry? Is anything wrong?" Grace asked the question anxiously.

Harry turned at the sound of her voice.

"No, I suppose it is all right, but the silly idiot has shut the door, and I can't find how to open it."

"Let me try." The girl endeavoured to find her way towards him, but stumbled and fell over a three-legged chair in her path. Involuntarily she put out her injured hand. Then, with a groan, she fell.

The boy hurried toward her, guided by her voice. He bent over her, and then he lifted his voice and shouted for a light.

No answer came out of the inky blackness around him.

"Whatever can the fellow be thinking of?" he cried impatiently. "He can't keep us locked up here. What can be his game, anyway?"

Grace nestled closer in the strong arms which encircled her.

"He must come back soon," she said. "He can't possibly think that he can keep us here, can he? My mother will be suspicious, if she finds I do not come home."

Harry bit his lip.

He had almost uttered the terrible suspicion which had now entered his head.

Arthur Weston, if he was a big enough villain, could account for their absence in his own diabolical way. Suppose he was to keep them there and give out that they had run away together. Who would be able to give him the lie, if they were not heard of again? The attic doors were of oak, seasoned and hard as a rock. No one could hear them, should they cry out. No one ever visited the house. They were as rats in a trap. Quite suddenly Harry found himself brought up against a grim reality—the evil to which a human being is capable of descending. The conviction grew on him that Arthur Weston had lured them there because he had overheard their conversation. It was true. The man was bad, and capable of committing any crime.

Grace stirred in his arms.

"Suppose he does not come and let us out, Harry?" she whispered in a frightened voice.

He tried to comfort her, but his own heart sank within him. Most of all did he blame himself. He should have been on his guard. Fancy walking so innocently into the trap! He, at any rate, should have known better!

"You are not really frightened, are you, Grace? We shall be able to see when it is daylight, and then I will get you out, if I have to tear the walls down!" he said, between his set teeth.

Grace gave a little sigh of complete happiness. What did she care for the wickedness of Arthur Weston while she had Harry by her side?

He was so strong. She did not doubt for a moment that he could not break down the whole of Greystone itself, if he wanted to.

"Do you think he will give you Greystone, Harry?" she asked, after a silence, in which the man was straining every nerve to hear if there was any sound to indicate that Weston was returning.

Harry was about to answer when his attention was arrested by a light.

It shone from under the door. Weston was evidently returning, after all. He had given them a fright. Harry drew a deep breath of relief. He was thinking, however, far more of the girl beside him, than of himself.

He had always cared for Grace, he told himself. And there in the darkness he made a vow to himself that come what may, one day he would ask her to marry him. She did not care for Weston. Of this he was quite certain. That evening, too, she had given him a strong suspicion of why she had promised, but dearly as Harry loved the old place, he loved the girl beside him more. Not for a hundred Greystones would he allow her to make such a sacrifice. It came over him to tell her so, when Grace suddenly clutched him by the arm.

"Look, Harry!" she whispered hoarsely. "What is that?"

A narrow tongue of flame was issuing from under the door. It grew larger even as they watched it.

"Greystone is on fire!" The words broke from the girl in a shriek.

Harry tried to pacify her. Then he rushed to the door, and tried once more to force it open, but it stood firm.

Belching flame and smoke was now creeping through the cracks. The young man rushed to the opposite wall. He began to beat on it with his hands; then he suddenly drew them back in horror. The wall on this side also was hot; the room was surrounded with fire.

A Terrible Revenge.

DOWN below Arthur Weston was waiting to know that his work had been done well. His precious bag was fastened in his overcoat. He had been through its contents earlier in the evening. That was why he had arrived later than usual at the cottage. He had not thought of using such drastic methods, but the young people had forced his hand. It had occurred to him on his holiday abroad that on his return he would impersonate a servant. It would be handy if ever his crimes were brought home to him. Then, when he discovered that the Rev. Ferguson knew his secret, and that Harry would one day come and perhaps claim his own, it occurred to him that at a fitting time Jakes might disappear. He would pick a quarrel with Harry. They should come to words in a public place, and then the man should disappear. Harry should be charged, and with his assistance Harry should suffer for the supposed crime.

The words he had heard Harry use that evening upset the whole scheme. He was glad that he had not let it go too far. The boy was no fool. He had detected the disguise, although, so far as Weston knew, everybody else had been deceived.

He would have to get rid of him and Grace at once, if he wished to retain that which he held to be his own. The money had been entrusted to him. He had a perfect right to it. He would have spent it without a qualm, could he have brought himself to part with those crisp slips of paper which stood for so much wealth.

How he loved them! How his fingers trembled as he touched them, and there was a strange, warm glow in his heart which love for any of his fellow-creatures had never fired within him.

His idea had been to lure his victims to Greystone, but the box room occurred to him only when they had arrived. There was a secret passage connected with the lower rooms. It was only in the attics that he could be certain of keeping them prisoners. And then, as Harry called to him to bring back the light, he had thought of the fire. If their charred remains were discovered, he could easily explain them away. They were lovers. A cruel smile played around his thin lips as he stood listening at the faint crackling of the wood in the rooms above, and the banging of his cousin's brawny fists.

They were even now growing fainter. Soon they would cease; the smoke would force him to relax his efforts.

The girl's shriek for help broke out above the sudden roaring of the flames.

Arthur Weston decided it was time for him to leave. He gained the entrance, and glided out into the night. Scarcely had he reached the narrow path which led to the front of the house when a dark shadow came clattering and snorting from the stables. The mare, smelling the fire, had broken loose and half-mad with terror was rushing towards the scene. She neither heeded nor seemed to see the man in her path. A sheet of flame at that moment burst out from the centre of the building, and its lurid glow illumined the sky.

Arthur saw the rope from the halter dangling from the mare's neck as she was about to dash by. Some idea of her giving the alarm crossed his mind, and acting on the impulse, he caught hold of the rope.

The mare, brought to a standstill, with every nerve in her body tingling with fear, lunged out with her foreleg. Arthur, totally unprepared, and not having the sense to let go the rope, was forced down to his knees. The mare, half-mad with fright, plunged and lunged.

Suddenly finding herself free she started off again, leaving behind her a writhing figure on the ground. When, a few minutes later, the villagers arrived, they were horrified to see two figures clinging to one of the ramparts which ornamented the Manor, and Arthur Weston lying dead on the gravel path below.

Jim Cole, the village blacksmith, climbed up to the prisoners with a rope, and the crowd watched breathlessly as, with Grace Ferguson in his arms, he descended. Harry, although nearly exhausted, was able to follow him. The crowd cheered when at last they arrived safely on the ground.

The truth was never known in the village, but the contents of the bag found on the dead man became Harry's property by right as next of kin, as did what was left of Greystone.

Wedding Bells.

IT was a year later, on Harry's twenty-first birthday, that he and Grace met in the little village church and were made man and wife.

"She meant to get Greystone somehow," said Mrs. Taylor knowingly to her friend the postmistress, and that good lady nodded her head.

But this did not prevent the two gossips from giving a rousing cheer as the bride and bridegroom came out of the church.

Grace lifted her eyes adoringly to the young man beside her.

"I am so happy I feel I want to cry!" she said tremulously.

Her husband squeezed the little hand he held.

"The time for tears has passed, my dear. If you dare suggest such a thing I shall kiss you here and now before the whole village."

Grace put up her disengaged hand hastily.

"No, please, Harry!" she said, anxiously.

He laughed at her tenderly, and raised the hand he was holding to his lips.

"I shall kiss you when and how and just as much as I like. You forget you have been promising all sorts of things this morning," he said boyishly.

Grace gave a tremulous little smile.

"No, dear. I don't. I remember everything! Oh, Harry, isn't it just wonderful we shall be together always?"

"Yes, dear always," echoed Harry, almost reverently.

And then they gazed silently into each other's eyes for a moment, and as they were now in the seclusion of the carriage, his arm went around her, and their lips met.

THE END.

(Don't forget that the fine story "The Call of the Road" begins next week.)



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THEODORE ROBERTS

A Famous Character Actor.



THEODORE ROBERTS began his stage career in 1880 and he played in countless productions and took many varied parts. Then several years ago he entered pictures and signed a long term contract with Lasky.

His most sensational screen success was "In Old Wives For New," while other films in which he has appeared are "The Barrier," "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Admirable Crichton," "Everywoman."



Thoroughness in Make-Up.

MR. ROBERTS believes in giving the most careful study to the make-up necessary to a character part. He says he has let his hair get long and unkempt, allowed his board to grow, grown a moustache, and then shaved off for his next picture, and even shaved his eyebrows.

Hobbies.

THEODORE ROBERTS has many hobbies. He raises Airedales, and is very fond of pigeons and tame seagulls. In his house in Los Angeles he has an aviary with a little miniature lake in which the birds can swim. Then he goes in for painting, drawing, and is also a sculptor. Considering that Mr. Roberts is a cinema actor, one wonders when he finds time to indulge in his various hobbies.



THEODORE ROBERTS'S aviary in his Los Angeles home.



THEODORE ROBERTS, with LOIS WILSON on one side and BRYANT WASHBURN on the other, in a scene from "Lone Insurance."



THEODORE ROBERTS in a costume part with WANDA HAWLEY.



A Favourite Villain—First Among British Artistes.

FIVE thousand eight hundred and forty-four readers of PICTURE SHOW voted that Cameron Carr was their favourite villain.

If you want to see him at his best, watch his movements when he plays heavy lead, in a drama like "A Rank Outsider." His dark eyes and mobile, expressive features transmit a real, creepy sort of feeling that there is real mischief brewing!



CAMERON CARR.

Cameron Carr has had a varied and interesting career. He tells me that during his twenty years on the stage he has taken part in several musical comedies in the West End of London and in the provinces, having played in "The King of Cadonia" at the Prince of Wales Theatre; also in the original production of "Three Weeks," at the Adelphi Theatre, by Elinor Glyn. He has also played in Shakespeare, drama and revues at the London Pavilion, Oxford Music Hall, The Empire, and Palace Theatre.

Cameron Carr's Film Career.

"MY first picture," Cameron Carr told me not long ago, "was 'The Beryl Coronet,' which was a Sherlock Holmes story. This was ten years ago. After that I appeared in 'The Message from Mars,' followed by 'The Mother of Dartmoor' (London Film Co.), and, amongst others, 'Big Money,' and 'Nature's Gentleman,' for the Harma Co. Three years ago I joined the Broadwest, and since then I have appeared in numerous pictures, some of them being 'A Fortune at Stake,' 'A Turf Conspiracy,' 'The Woman Wins,' 'A Soul's Crucifixion,' 'In the Gloaming,' 'Under Suspicion,' 'A Dead Certainty,' 'Her Son,' 'The Romance of a Movie Star,' 'Trent's Last Case,' and 'A Rank Outsider.' At present," says Cameron Carr, "I am playing a very fine and interesting part—a Scotland Yard detective in the 'Lowdwater Mystery.'"

Best Beloved Villain.

CAMERON CARR works very hard at his profession, and he tells me that screen acting is a strenuous art. At the same time it is a very absorbing one, and there always seems to be something fresh to learn. The part of a villain is particularly trying: as a rule the actor has the antagonism instead of the sympathy of his audience. But in the case of Cameron Carr, as results have shown, villain or no villain, he holds a very big place in the hearts of thousands of admirers, which shows the power of a magnetic personality!

An Attractive Lover.

IF you have seen "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," I am sure you have admired the grace and debonair style of Peter Upcher, but although so attractive, he is heartless and cruel to his first love—so realistically portrayed by Mary Odette. Peter Uncher's love-scenes with Odette are full of passionate ardour, and when she finds his dead body beneath the trees near his father's old mansion, the crisis is full of real, appealing drama.



PETER UPCHER.

A Youthful Actor.

PETER UPCHER started with Benson, when he was fifteen and a half. Pelissier saw him later, and gave him a contract for the "Follies," from 1910 to 1911. Then he had a year's contract with Tree. He played in "Trilby," "Oliver Twist," and in "Oh, I Say!" at the Criterion, so that he has had plenty of experience, which suited his versatile temperament admirably.

"Picture Show" Gossip

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS. STORIES FROM T

On the second day of the war, as Peter Upcher already belonged to the 1st City of London Field Ambulance, he went off to Malta, and later to the Balkans, Serbia, and Macedonia. Latterly he was in Bulgaria. "I used to run all the divisional pantomimes," he told me, when we were talking about careers the other afternoon at the Automobile Club. "I wrote a play whilst I was serving, called 'Magic Elixir.' When I came back I gave a long recital with the Queen's Hall Orchestra of all my active service compositions, which included 'Song of Love and Friendship,' 'Rest,' and 'In Fountain Court.'"

Jack Meadowes and "The Arcadians."

AFTER this Peter Upcher played his old part of Jack Meadowes, in "The Arcadians." When Louis Bradfield died, he took up his part in "To-To," at twenty-four hours' notice.

Peter Upcher is working hard at films. He played the lead in "The Definite Object," and the heavy lead with Gertrude McCoy in "The Wife Whom God Forgot," and for Stoll, Van Noord in "The Yellow Claw."

A Lover of "Midget."

PETER UPCHER is devoted to his horse, who, by the bye, is equally devoted to her master. One day she followed him into a shop, and incidentally gnawed up a hat! She won the Norfolk point-to-point races, and first prize for jumping at Ranelagh. "I also use 'Midget' when I require a horse for film work," said Peter Upcher, "and so it was 'Midget' I rode in 'Mr. Gilfil's Love Story,' when I had to swim my horse across the river to rescue Mary Odette off the branch of a tree, and bring her back on my saddle. I accomplished the rescue in a quickly running river with great difficulty. In coming back, when we had reached the middle of the river, and were wondering if we should ever get to the other side, I heard the producer calling excitedly, 'Kiss each other, you idiots!'"



ETTA HARDY.

Peter Upcher is now playing in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" at the Kingsway Theatre.

A Clever Child Actress.

YOU will notice a photograph of little Etta Hardy on this page. She played the part of "Francois" in Maurice Elvey's production of "The Scarlet Pimpernel." This was her first picture, and she put up a very creditable performance, especially in the Cell Scene, where she had to play with some live rats! She was also quite prominent in the big scene of the play, in which Chauvelin attempts to make the "Elusive Pimpernel" sign his confession.

Pete in "The Manxman."

"I MUST confess to being more interested in stage work than film work," Frank Petley remarked the other afternoon. "I played Jim Carson in 'The White Man' for five years, and Pete in 'The Manxman,' but I think my favourite part was the one I played last with Iris Hoey—Sang Kee in 'East is West.'"

I expect many PICTURE SHOW readers remember Frank Petley's stolid, mask-like indifference in this play, his expressionless features, and then, just at the last, for a brief moment how he thrilled one, with the revealing glimpse of slumbering passion, that was held in complete check by the Oriental—who was also a man!

A Gift of Humour—and Holman Clark.

FRANK PETLEY possesses that most priceless of all gifts—humour! It is quite impossible to be in his company without becoming infected with his light-hearted gaiety.



CAMERON CARR and JOHN GLIDDON in a scene from "A Rank Outsider." CAMERON



CAMERON CARR and JOHN GLI gambling scene from "The Rani the new Broadwest film.



"S TO LOVERS' WITH ME!"

CHARLES RAY, having brought CLARA HORTON a box of chocolates, feels more than unusually shy, and reflects that though silence may be golden, he would give all he has for the silvern gift of speech.

PLAYTIME off the SCREEN

The Screen Star knows the value of keeping young in heart. They are never too tired to play with the younger members of the household or the studios, as you see in these photos.



BIG BILL, with NELLIE GREY and little RICHARD HEADRICK, play with alphabet blocks.



KATHLEEN KIRKHAM with her little niece.



ENA BEAUMONT and HAYFORD HOBBS with NORMAN MILLS, the seven-year-old would-be cowboy. (F.B.O. Production.)



NELL SHIPMAN is not allowed to punish her brother for "riding behind." His collie dog sees to that.



MILDRED DAVIS spends her spare time from the studio playing with her young brother.

About British Players

STUDIOS. AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.



LEWIS DAYTON and GWEN STRATFORD.

s Captain Ferndale.



CAMERON CARR and LEWIS DAYTON.

I watched him the other afternoon doing some strong, emotional scenes with Holman Clark, at Stoll's Cricklewood Studio. It was a Harold Shaw production. Music was used during the tense situations; it was a wonderful piece of acting, and yet Holman Clark was not satisfied with himself, for he turned to the producer and exclaimed:

"Let us do that again!"

I wonder how many PICTURE SHOW readers realise when they are at the Pictures that the artistes depicting the various situations give their minds, their bodies, and their deepest emotions to the work of perfecting a good production, and this is why so often we cry, or laugh? Our favourite stars are giving us themselves, the very best that is in them.

"My Lord Conceit."

FRANK PETLEY has taken part in Martin Thornton's productions for the last twelve years, the latest being "My Lord Conceit." He has also played in the "Power of Right," "The Flame," and "The Silver Greyhound."

A Girl With a Voice!

I AM told that Constance Worth of the Harma Films is doing excellent work. She is also very keen, which means that she is enthusiastic, and this emotion reflects itself on the screen. She is fair, dainty, and extremely pretty. She has an affection for large hats, and looked quite charming in one made of black charmeuse, and lined with turquoise blue, the other morning. The blue under-brim matched her eyes, and it is just as well to realise that when the tone of one's hat "goes" with one's eyes, the effect is always becoming. Many PICTURE SHOW readers would also have admired her very simply made black charmeuse gown—it was embroidered with small steel beads. This is a very frivolous paragraph, is it not? But I will tell you more about Constance Worth's work in a week or so; she is at present engaged in a film called "The Education of Nicky," with Bernard Dudley, Marjorie Villis and James Knight.



FRANK PETLEY.

Ivy Duke.

I HEARD from Ivy Duke the other morning; she is in the South of France, film making. But she tells me the weather has been decidedly chilly, even on the shores of the blue Mediterranean. She took crowds of pretty "film clothes" away with her; they were all made in London. Amongst her treasures was a gorgeous carnation pink velvet cloak, trimmed with ostrich feathers. She also had the sweetest of evening gowns, almost entirely composed of exquisite bead embroideries. Ivy Duke's dogs are remaining at home, patiently waiting the return of their mistress.

Clothes and the Woman.

IVY DUKE considers that clothes express the type of a character almost as much as the emotions, providing, of course, that the artiste does not rely too much on those outward and visible signs of poverty or riches, as the case may be. Therefore, before Ivy Duke left London for the South of France, she had to make a very careful study of the frocks and frills she would wear for the part she was to play, in her new screen play. In one film she is playing the daughter of a duchess, therefore suitability of clothes was the very first consideration. But although everything was the last word in elegance, it was the elegance of simplicity, the note that Ivy Duke always accentuates in her own gowns.

No detail was overlooked. There was a bridal frock of such filmy beauty that it made one think it must have been created by fairy fingers, and the simplest but most perfectly cut fur-trimmed coat and skirt for country wear, which possessed the hall-mark of good style and smartness.

Lewis Dayton.

THE other afternoon I had a Dutch postcard from Lewis Dayton, who plays Guy Selby in "A Rank Outsider." He is busy with films in Holland. Hard work has no fears for him, he says: "The screen demands the best in a man." The outdoor scenes in "A Rank Outsider" are exceptionally fine, and as Lewis Dayton is very fond of horses, he enjoyed every moment of the racing items.



CONSTANCE WORTH.

Sherlock Holmes at Cricklewood.

THE other day I was taken over the Cricklewood Studios, and shown the realistic sets that are arranged for Maurice Elvey's latest production, "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes."

No detail has been overlooked, photographs of the woodwork windows and doors of a house in Baker Street were taken, before the designs were handed over to the master carpenter—and even Dr. Jim's ashes, from his pipe, were left upon the table to give the real touch of reality!

Mary Glynne.

AT Nice Mary Glynne is working hard on the Famous Players-Lasky film, "The Mystery Road." The spring flowers are all in bloom now, and as Pardoe Woodman says in his last letter, it is delightful to be able to bask in sunshine without a great coat, in a summer suit, at this time of year.

"A Rank Outsider."

THIS Broadwest production is taken from Nat Gould's famous dramatic novel, Captain Ferndale (Cameron Carr) is a plausible adventurer who exists mainly on his wits. A violent quarrel at a card-party enables Ferndale to obtain a hold over Ralph Winchmore (John Gliddon). In the heat of the moment Ralph strikes a man. Ferndale exaggerates the man's injuries, and induces Ralph to fly to Australia. Ferndale forges and cashes a friend's cheque made out to Ralph, and incriminating circumstances spread the belief that the latter is the forger.

A Race-Horse Disappears.

A RACE-HORSE has disappeared near Sydney. Ralph, now an exile, is employed by a private enquiry agent, who sends him to England, whither he thinks the horse has been smuggled.

Meanwhile, Ferndale has struck up an acquaintance with a sporting English squire, Guy Selby (Lewis Dayton). Guy becomes engaged to Myra Winchmore, sister of Ralph, the exile in Australia. Selby buys a promising colt without a pedigree, which Myra christens "Mystery."

The Suspicion.

FERNDALE tells Myra that he knows all about her brother. Myra marries Selby. Selby has not the slightest knowledge of Ferndale's character, and entrusts the management of his stables to his friend. But during his honeymoon, Selby hears stories, and hastens home, and on the suspicions formed by his trainer, breaks off his friendship with Ferndale.



IVY DUKE.

Ralph Vindicated.

RALPH WINCHMORE returns, and satisfies himself of Ferndale's guilt in the forgery episode; and later tracks him down as a forger and blackmailer. Ralph is vindicated, and he renews his life in England with his sister Myra, and Guy.

EDITH NEPEAN.

"Mrs. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM"

A Story of a jealous wife showing "what a tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive."



WANDA HAWLEY and BRYANT WASHBURN as Mr. and Mrs. Temple. (*Paramount.*)

THE Temples had been married exactly two years and four days when they had their first quarrel. It began in a tea-shop. Clara Temple looked up from her plate to find an exceedingly dashing woman of the type known as "Vampire" making eyes at her husband.

It is true that Jack Temple had not given the woman any encouragement, nor did he return her glance, but Mrs. Temple evidently took no chances. When you have a husband who is known as the handsomest man in town, it is simply asking for it to let him remain in the vicinity of a vamp. Mrs. Temple was pretty—as pretty as her husband was handsome, and was confident of holding her own with any woman, but all the same she hurried Jack out of the restaurant, giving the vamp a glance that would have frozen red-hot lava.

"Who is that creature?" asked Mrs. Temple, when they reached the street.

"Never saw her in my life before," replied Jack truthfully. "Rather pretty, don't you think?"

"Pretty! I think she looks like a hungry pelican," retorted his wife.

Jack decided that the conversation was not going to be pleasant, and took refuge in silence. But Mrs. Temple was not to be balked by such a simple device.

"Why don't you say something?" she said, when they had walked about a hundred yards. "You're annoyed because I took you out of the restaurant, away from that awful woman! You can't deny it!" added Mrs. Temple, with true feminine disregard for facts.

"You seem to forget, dear, that you took me in the restaurant, and I can assure you it is the first time I have seen it or the woman," gently expostulated Jack.

"There, that's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Temple. "You boast that every woman falls in love with you the first time she sees you. Do you think that is a nice thing to say to your wife?"

"But, my dear——" protested Jack.

"Don't 'dear' me, after your terrible behaviour," said Mrs. Temple, with that supreme disregard for truth or logic which is woman's chief weapon in an argument. "If you weren't angry with me for taking you away from the woman in the restaurant, why are you so grumpy? You glowered at me—absolutely glowered at me, as we walked along!"

Jack Temple strove in vain to stem the torrent of his wife's talk, but every attempt to defend himself from a charge which was absolutely without foundation only led to Clara making other charges, and it was with great relief that he at last found himself pulled up opposite the select hair-dressing establishment that his wife patronised. As a general rule Jack hated the idea of Giovanna Bruno handling his wife's golden tresses, but when Clara entered the shop with her usual intimation that she would not be more than five minutes (when her best previous record was one hour and ten minutes) Jack felt he would like to step inside and treat Bruno to a drink as a man and a brother.

"Now, don't run away," was Clara's parting injunction. "We shall be late for lunch as it is."

Jack stared at the wax heads in the window for a few minutes, and then decided he had better work out some scheme to take Clara off the vamp story. He had never experienced her in this mood before. She had always been as sweet in temper as she was in looks.

"I wonder if I really did give that woman any encouragement?" he muttered to himself, but though he gallantly tried to take the blame, he knew he was not guilty.

"I know what I'll do!" he said to himself. "I'll get Clara some flowers. That will please her."

He rushed off and got some choice blooms, and was hurrying back to the hairdresser's, though he well knew Clara would not be ready, when he ran into his old friend, Frank Fuller.

As Frank is going to play a rather prominent part in this story we had better give a thumbnail sketch of him.

Frank Fuller was young, but very fat, and, like most fat people, he was the essence of good nature. He had married a woman much older than himself, who was so rich that she would not let Frank work.

Mrs. Fuller was jealous of her husband, and after a peep into the office from where she had taken him, in which she happened to find Frank dictating a letter to a very pretty typist, she decided that whenever Frank left home she would be right by his side.

She allowed Frank two nights at his club—after having ascertained that no ladies were permitted on the premises, and she safeguarded this little favour by insisting that Mr. Smith, a friend and a member of the same club, should lunch with them on the following day, so that she could compare their accounts of what had happened in order that there should be no possible chance of Frank making the club an excuse for a night out at some other place.

When Jack struck Frank the latter was waiting for his wife, who was buying a hat. Jack felt in need of a sympathetic soul to whom he could confide his trouble about Clara. So sympathetic did Frank become that when they had finished talking, Jack Temple realised that for the first time in his married life he would probably be too late to meet Clara as she came out of the hairdresser's shop.

His fears were justified. Clara had left exactly five minutes when he called. He engaged a taxi, and, carefully carrying the flowers that he fondly hoped would make peace between them, he set off for home.

In the meantime, Clara, whose temper had not been improved by finding that Jack was not waiting for her, after she came out of the hairdresser's, received another jar when she arrived home.

Wigson, the butler, met her in the hall with an expression of strong disapproval on his face. Wigson was one of those superior butlers who domineer not only over the other servants but over mistress and master; but, since he had been in the best English families, had the dignity of an archbishop, and was coveted by all Clara's married women friends, she stood his bullying, and allowed him to do pretty well what he liked.

"Really, Mrs. Temple," said Wigson, raising a fat hand deprecatingly, "we are getting worse. It is over an hour past luncheon time. Punctuality is what I have always been accustomed to. At the Duchess of Planetree's——"

"Bother the Duchess of Planetree's!" exclaimed Clara. "Has Mr. Temple arrived?"

"Not that I am aware of," said Wigson solemnly. "He may possibly have come in by the side door. Mr. Temple, if I may say so, does such extraordinary things, even in a house, which to me is very extraordinary. I remember——"

"If you don't mind, I will wait for your reminiscences till you write them," almost screamed Clara, as she rushed into the drawing-room, flinging herself on a couch, and kicking her heels in hysterical rage.

She was in this state when Jack arrived with the flowers.

"My darling, I'm so sorry!" he began.

Clara answered with a succession of kicks which showed more of her transparent stockings than Jack thought it advisable for Wigson (who had followed him into the room) to see. He quietened the kicker on the couch, and as she turned her face to look at him, he held out the flowers.

But it was not the flowers that Clara saw. With a little shriek she pointed to some white substance on the shoulder of Jack's coat.

"Powder!" she screamed. "And off that woman's face, I'll swear!"

Jack remembered that, in passing under a ladder, a workman had dropped some whitening on his coat, and he strove to explain.

"Don't speak to me!" exclaimed Clara. "How could you do it. No wonder you were not waiting for me when I came out of Bruno's! You must have gone straight back to her."

She turned to the couch, and indulged in another bout of hysterical kicking, and as Jack sought to soothe her, one of the heels of her high French shoes caught him a nasty hit right on the funny bone.

This did not help Jack to control the temper he was fast losing.

"Will you listen to reason?" he pleaded, raising his voice.

"That's it! Bully me now, you brute!" came the smothered reply from the couch.

"But I tell you——" pleaded Jack.

"I don't want to hear anything. You (sob) know (sob) it's (sob, sob, sob) face powder."

In vain Jack tried to explain, but he was only met by more charges, and at last he banged the flowers to pieces on the table, and, throwing the remnants across the room, rushed out, hurling a defiant:

"You'll be sorry for this! Whatever I do now, remember you drove me to it!" as he banged the door.

Clara's kicks and sobs ceased like magic as she heard the door slam.

A startled expression came into her face.

"Suppose he does go to find that woman? What a fool I've been! If only——"

She stared blankly at the crushed flowers, and gave herself up to another bout of kicking and sobbing.

Jack Temple had not the slightest idea where he was going as he rushed out of the house, but had his worried brain been able to reason at all, he would have bet himself a million to one that it was not to the vampire woman, but under the spell of that malign fate that had dogged him all day, she was almost the first person he saw when he got to town. She was coming straight towards him, with a welcoming smile on her face.

Jack had a wild thought of calling for a policeman, but a second's reflection made him decide to seek safety in flight. He rushed into a draper's emporium having a hazy idea that he would dodge the woman in the crowd inside the shop, and then get out by another door.

As he turned up a flight of stairs he did not notice the sign on the side: "To the roof. Private"; and it was only when, after a long climb, he found himself on the top of a skyscraper, that he realised what he had done. But his chagrin at this discovery was nothing compared to the horror he felt when, on turning to go down the stairs again, he saw the vampire woman approaching.

"Fancy meeting you here!" she said, with a pleasant smile.

"Fancy!" echoed Temple. "Precious little fancy about it. You followed me up here. May I ask you as a favour to stay here while I get into the street?"

He raised his hat, and made for the door leading to the stairs. To his consternation he found it was locked on the other side.

The vamp watched him with an amused smile on her face.

"I suppose the porter locked it after me," she said. "I heard someone following me up the stairs, and they were closing the stores as I came in."

Jack could not control himself sufficiently to speak. He moved to the wall which ran round the roof, and gazed down into the street. There was no means of getting off the roof except by the stairs. The afternoon was fast turning into evening. In a little time it would be dusk. He shouted in an endeavour to attract the attention of somebody in the street, but at that great height it was impossible for his voice to carry to those below.

He turned, to find the vamp standing beside him.

"How romantic!" she murmured. "All alone with you. It's like being on the roof of the world!"

"I wish to goodness you'd talk sense, madam!" snapped Jack. "Don't you realise that unless a miracle happens we shall be on this roof all night?"

"Then I hope a miracle won't happen!" she said, looking up at him archly. "With you as my knight to guard me, I fear nothing. I am sure you are the soul of chivalry."

"You'll be thinking more about rheumatics than romance after a night up here," remarked Jack. "A night! Good heavens! I must get down somehow! What can I say? How can I explain?"

"I shouldn't worry about it if I were you," said the woman. "There are many men who would give years of their lives to find themselves in such a romantic situation."

"I do wish you would stop using that word 'romance'!" broke in Jack irritably. "It may mean romance to you, but it spells ruin to me."

He took off his coat and began to wave it in the air, hoping to attract the attention of some policeman on point duty, but though he waved till his arms ached, it did not make anyone notice him.

Once more the vamp sidled up to him and laid a hand on his sleeve.

"Kiss me," she whispered.

"Are you mad?" he gasped.

"No, only madly in love," she replied. "I am beautiful and yet I have to plead with you to kiss me. Most men would have been begging me to kiss them before this. You are most ungallant."

"Look here," said Jack, trying to force himself to speak calmly. "Do try to understand the situation. I am married and there is no other

woman in the world for me except my wife. If you had any womanly pity you would be sympathising with me in this terrible dilemma instead of babbling about romance and asking me to kiss you. If it comes out that I have been up here alone with you I shall be ruined."

"A kiss is such a little thing," pleaded the vamp.

She really was beautiful in her tigerish way, and Jack, who was only human, had to turn away his head.

"If you won't give me one kiss—just one, I swear I will throw myself from the roof!" cried the woman, rushing to the wall, and climbing on it as she spoke.

Jack ran after her and pulled her down, but he did not kiss her.

It was now almost dark and Jack realised that he was trapped till morning. As the night wore on the vamp became very tired and dropped off to sleep.

Jack covered her with his jacket and sought solace in a cigarette. Eventually he dropped off into a doze, but his fitful sleep was disturbed by dreams in which he stood before his wife trying in vain to explain his all-night absence.

The Biter Bit.

IN the meantime, Clara Temple was having quite as bad a time as her husband. When midnight came and he had not returned, she felt that the worst had happened. Either he was dead or he had left her for ever.

"What a silly fool I have been," she muttered, as she paced about the room. "I have brought all this on myself by not trusting him. And supposing he has gone to her and she attracts him? She is very beautiful. Nobody could blame him if he fell after the temptation I have put in his way."

At last, worn out by pacing about the room, she got some rugs and threw herself on the couch, having first given orders to Wigson to wait up for his master and let her know the instant he returned.

That order settled a problem Wigson had been debating all day. He wrote out an advertisement offering his services to any first-class family that desired a butler with unimpeachable references, and dropped the letter in the pillar-box before making up a bed for himself in the hall.

It was five-thirty in the morning when Jack Temple returned. He had been released by the day watchman of the drapery stores and had succeeded in dodging the vamp, but his troubles were by no means over. He had slipped down in a muddy road on a banana skin, covering himself with dirt as completely as if he had rolled in the road, his hat had blown off, and a milkman had driven over it, and as he stood before his wife he looked a first-prize scarecrow.

"Well?" asked Clara.

It was only one word but Mrs. Temple put more meaning into it than many a preacher could have got into a long sermon.

"It's all right, dear. I spent the night with an old friend of mine, Brown—John Brown."

"Oh!"

If ever utter disbelief was expressed in a single word Clara Temple conveyed it.

"Yes, John Brown, of Elm Avenue, Pickleton," went on Jack, cursing himself that he had not had the wit to think of a better excuse, or at least a more uncommon name for his supposed friend. Then, with a great effort, he forced a pained look to his face.

"Surely you believe me, dear," he said.

"I think you had better get a bath and get into a clean suit," replied his wife, without attempting to answer his question.

Jack, unable to think of anything else to say went upstairs. The day had not dawned well for him. As he tubbed and dressed he began to frame a plan of campaign to back up the tarriddle about John Brown. He knew there was a suburb called Pickleton, but he doubted whether there was an Elm Avenue or a John Brown. Why hadn't he said he stayed at his club. He could have squared the steward to back him up.

As he strode moodily into the hall he saw Wigson opening the door, and standing on the steps was his friend, Frank Fuller.

Unable to repress a cry of joy, Jack ran forward and grasped Frank's hand before the butler could ask him for his name. Leading him into the drive he told Frank all about the happenings of the night and the excuse he had made.

"And there is only one thing that can save me, Frank. You must run home and come back as Mr. John Brown, of Elm Avenue, Pickleton. The wife will believe you, Frank, for you have an honest face, and all will be well."

Frank Fuller tried to point out his unfittedness for the part, but Jack would take no excuses, and at last he consented.

In the meantime, Clara Temple had sent the following telegram to John Brown, Elm Avenue, Pickleton, which read: "I implore you to come to see me. My happiness is at stake.

By one of those amazing coincidences, there was a John Brown living in Elm Avenue, Pickleton, and he was none other than Giovanni Bruno, the hairdresser who had taken the name of Brown because the house agents had an objection to letting to foreigners. The telegram was opened by his wife, an Italian, and therefore possessing her share of the jealousy common to the Latin race.

She re-sealed the telegram carefully and smiled. It was a hard, bitter smile, and could Bruno have seen it he would have shivered. Mrs. Bruno made her arrangements. They were simple but complete. She meant to see this woman, Clara Temple, whose "happiness depended on seeing her husband," and then, having dealt with her, she would wait for Bruno to call. Mrs. Bruno felt confident she would shatter Clara Temple's dream of Romance, and also knock all the Romeo stuff out of her husband.

While Mrs. Bruno was hurrying to the Temples, Frank Fuller had arrived.

He played his part as John Brown well, ably assisted by Jack.

After Frank had told his story and apologised for keeping Jack, Mrs. Temple said:

"But why didn't you send me a wire?"

"My dear Mrs. Temple, you don't know Pickleton," said Frank, nobly stepping into the breach. "Why, the nearest telegraph office is at the next town."

"Now, that's real clever of Frank," thought Jack, as he waved his hand as much as to say: "My darling, you might have known I should have done that if it had been possible."

But Clara's next question sent a shiver through the spines of the pair.

"Surely you could have 'phoned?"

Both men hesitated for a second, and then Frank once more stepped into the breach.

"For that I must take the blame," he said blandly. "Jack wanted to 'phone, but I persuaded him not to, for, as I said: 'By this time Mrs. Temple will have sobbed herself to sleep, and it would be wicked to wake her.'"

"So you did, Frank. You meant well, old boy," added Jack feelingly.

"You seem to have done your very best, Mr. Brown," said Clara, holding out her hand, with a smile.

"Brown *is* one of the best," said Jack fervently.

All might have been well, but at this moment Wigson put his head inside the door, and in a loud, clear voice said:

"Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown is here."

Mrs. Bruno (who had given the name of Brown to get in) was a large-sized woman of the peasant class. There was no subtlety about her. She believed in the frontal attack.

Advancing to Mrs. Temple, she said, in a cold voice which was in direct contrast to the burning hate in her eyes:

"You steela my husband."

Clara was terrified. She realised that her telegram to Brown had been seen by a terrible woman—his wife.

She cast a frightened, appealing glance at her husband, and this time it was Jack who acted.

"Brown, see to your wife. Explain all to her," he said, as cool as an iceberg.

As Frank hustled Mrs. Bruno out, Jack turned to Clara.

"You see, now, what awful trouble you have caused by your unreasoning jealousy," he said coldly.

(*Continued on page* 21.)

THIS NEW SERIES BEGINS THIS WEEK.

Beauty for Everyone

Read these helpful articles and be convinced that every woman, can, if she wishes, be beautiful

By RUTH ROLAND

No. 1.—CARE OF THE EYES

THE "windows of the soul"—our eyes—are of all our possessions the most valuable, and are invariably excellent barometers of our health and vitality. The colour is not so important, although I confess a weakness for dark eyes myself, but their shape, and, most of all, their expression. Love, hate, jealousy, happiness, and all the human passions, both good and evil, are revealed in the eyes.

I find a good standard eye-wash, usually a solution of boric acid, absolutely essential at least twice daily for bathing all dust and impurities from the inner eye. Occasionally, when the eyes are inflamed, a compress made of medicated gauze with scraped raw potato, bound over the eyes during the night, or for a few hours, will make them as good as new.

Lashes may be lengthened and improved by the application of a little white vaseline, taking great care not to get a particle of it in the eye itself.

A dear, elderly friend of mine, who is able to do the most exquisite embroidery, although past her seventieth year, has never worn glasses. Her explanation is that several times daily, or whenever she thinks of it, she gently massages the eye-ball round and round. As the years advance, our eyeballs flatten, and that, it seems, is why some folks have to resort to artificial aids to sight.



RUTH ROLAND.

Eyebrows.

AS to the "pulling out" of eyebrows, which has for some time past seemed a fad with certain girls and women, it seems to me, especially when overdone and the brows made a thin, almost invisible line, to render the expression unnatural and silly in the extreme. Sometimes brows are so heavy and bushy as to need a moderate thinning. As a rule, however, the brows, if well brushed and occasionally nourished with a little pure olive oil or vaseline, correspond with the colouring of the hair, and are in harmony with the facial expression. One should be careful always to brush all powder from them, as overlooking this makes for a badly groomed appearance.

The Effect of Massage.

UNDER-EYE massage is usually employed to remove laughing lines, a fault that is not easily corrected, because there is so little muscular tissue below the thin skin. Persistent and daily massage, using the finger-tips of the index-fingers only, will, however, give excellent results. An astringent lotion of witch hazel or diluted tincture of benzoin may also be patted on the lines after the gentle massage. Circular massage around the eyes is also good, as the muscles around both the eyes and the mouth are circular, and the massage movements should conform to their shape—often a spiral movement upward and downward is used in describing the circle of these muscles to advantage. A good skin food applied will likewise assist in the smoothing out of the tiny lines or wrinkles.

Colour of the Eyes.

THE colour of the eyes plays a most important part in choosing one's gowns. My eyes are dark blue, so in almost every frock I possess, whether for street or evening wear, there is a touch of a certain shade of Old Blue to intensify and accentuate the blue of my orbs. Were they brown, I should use brown and golden hues. A little study of one's eyes and their possibilities for beauty is most desirable, and a real aid in choosing becoming clothes.

DAVID OF THE WINNING SMILE

A Chat With David Powell



DAVID POWELL.

THE first thing one notices about David Powell is his smile. One realises almost unconsciously that he is tall, good-looking, and generally attractive: the thing that hits one in the eye, as it were, is his smile. Not because it is obtrusive—it isn't—but because it is his chief characteristic, an expression of the man himself. It may be a brilliant, flashing affair, such as frequently punctuates his conversation, or it may be the most wistful, whimsical thing in the world, as often happens when he lapses into his natural reticence, but it is always—David Powell. Of the two, I think the latter mood is the more characteristic, for his is by no means an exuberant personality. He strikes one as a little shy, somewhat elusive, and extremely sensitive. His attitude towards life is, I should imagine, a smile, but a smile half-sad, half-glad, and wholly sympathetic, as if he were moved to tenderness by the pathos, frailty and fitful sunshine of the world.

Welsh, But Born in Scotland.

MR. POWELL is the first British actor of note to be transferred from the Famous Players-Lasky American studios to that Corporation's British studios at Islington, and it was there in that vast hive of ceaseless activity that I caught him—I said he was elusive—between a "wait."

"So you are back again!" was my obvious and banal remark, as we found a quiet corner behind a huge "set."

"Yes," he rejoined heartily, "and believe me it is good to be home again. Many years in the States have naturally endeared America to me, but I think one's heart must always turn homewards—ultimately."

"To your beloved Wales?"

"Well—yes, of course, Wales means a lot to me, but I was not *born* there, as many people imagine. My parents were Welsh, but my birthplace was Glasgow."

"While your dramatic experience is principally English and American," I supplemented.

He nodded, adding, with a smile:

"You see, really I am quite a blend of nationalities!"

A Comprehensive Career.

DAVID POWELL'S career on stage and screen is comprehensive. It began, he told me, on the British boards with Sir Herbert Tree, and continued with such celebrities as Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Miss Ellen Terry, and Vedrenne and Barker.

With Ellen Terry he made his first trip to the States, first appearing with her in "The Good Hope," and then in other Frohman productions. His second visit was made with Forbes-Robertson, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." He remained in the great actor's company for three seasons, and then—the movies got him!

For some years now Mr. Powell has been playing lead with several American companies, his greatest successes, however, having been achieved under the banner of the corporation for which he is now working, in such pictures as "Idols of Clay," "The Right to Love," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Counterfeit," "The Teeth of the Tiger," "The Make-Believe Wife," and "On With the Dance," which, by the way, ranks as one of the screen masterpieces of the year. At present he is under contract to appear in two of the F.P.L. British productions—an adaptation of Edward Knoblock's "Appearances," and "The Mystery Road," which has been written expressly for the screen by E. Phillips Oppenheim. He was engaged upon the first when I met him.

A Theme Picture.

"IT is one of the most interesting films I have ever done," he confided to me. "A 'theme' picture, which shows in a graphic, and also in a symbolical manner, how the desire for, and the struggle to maintain, 'appearances' can wreck the lives of the young and ambitious. Don't know whether you are at all familiar with it—I play Herbert Seaton, the young architect."

"And your other film, 'The Mystery Road.' Can you tell me anything about that?"

"Well, I'm afraid that for the present it must remain like its title, a mystery," replied Mr. Powell apologetically; "but it is the type of story by which Mr. Oppenheim has endeared himself to his countless readers. Mr. Paul Powell—yes, a coincidence, isn't it?—is directing it. In fact, it was Mr. Powell who brought me over, but he is 'sharing' me with Mr. Donald Crisp, who is directing 'Appearances,' because Mr. Crisp could not get quite the man he wanted. Crisp is a very fine director, by the way, and so sympathetic in his methods. Funny to think a man who could play 'Battling Burrows' has a sympathetic personality, eh? But if you noticed him directing just now I expect you observed how quiet and patient he was—no shouting or gesticulations—and yet all the time he was drawing out of his players just the effects he wanted. He is a great chap, and so is Mr. Powell; it's a pleasure to work for either of them."

Dislikes Personalities.

SO far the interview had progressed smoothly, but when I endeavoured to switch the conversation from David Powell's work to David Powell himself, the interest, so far as he was concerned, languished. One simply cannot "draw" him at all on matters of sentiment, and even on the subject of hobbies he is curiously retiring.

"I can never understand how people can possibly be interested in an actor beyond the limits of his work," he remarked, with alarming modesty.

"Oh, but they are," I assured him, not to be put off. "For instance, my readers would love to know your pet recreations—*please*, Mr. Powell."

He smiled at me—wanly.

"Oh, well, then—fishing, pottering about my home and with my dog, and reading. Preferably in bed."

At this juncture came a call from Mr. Crisp, and David, together with the interview, vanished.

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

FILMS OF THE WEEK

The "Picture Show's" Guide to Picturegoers

"The Thunderbolt." KATHERINE MACDONALD AND THOMAS MEIGHAN. (*Walturdaw.*)

THE story of the strangest marriage on record, this is a high-class drama with a strong domestic appeal. A girl, in order to save her father from disgrace, marries a man she does not love. He marries her as part of his scheme of revenge for the past. His plan is made clear when he tells her she shall be the last of her family. The happenings which follow introduce some remarkable scenes, notably a most realistic thunderstorm, during which the play reaches a terrific climax. Acting, production and photography are excellent.

"Nothing But the Truth." TAYLOR HOLMES. (*Film Booking Offices.*)

ALL who see this play are assured of a hearty laugh. It is a picturisation of the successful stage-play, and features that laughter-maker, Taylor Holmes and a notable cast. The tale of a great bet which stipulated that the hero should tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth for a week. Screamingly funny are the situations in which the hero finds himself. Great fun for young and old—everybody will want to see this play.

"The False Road." ENID BENNETT. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

DAINTY Enid Bennett plays the part of a girl who is a member of a band of crooks, and whose sweetheart also a crook just out from prison, determines to go straight. When she is sent by the band to rob the bank where her sweetheart works, naturally complications arise. He turns crook again in order to trace the missing money, and how he succeeds is told in many thrilling scenes on the screen. Strong heart appeal and splendid acting give distinction to this play.

"The Beggar Prince." SESSUE HAYAKAWA. (*Jury's.*)

A BEGGAR is rich in the love of a fisher-maiden—a prince is unhappy with all his glory. The prince steals the beggar's sweetheart but Niki usurps the prince's throne, rescues his maiden, relieves the down-trodden people, and teaches the prince how a prince should rule. This story is as fantastic as "The Arabian Nights," it is humorous, full of adventure and love. The great little Jap is at his best and plays a most difficult dual role while the supporting cast is excellent.

"The Tower of Jewels." CORINNE GRIFFITH. (*Vitagraph.*)

WELL produced and acted crook plays always obtain a welcome from the public, and "The Tower of Jewels," is no exception to the rule. With such a popular star and capable cast it stands out with the best. The story is a good one, true-to-life, and full of suspense and action while Romance is mingled throughout. Will prove of absorbing interest to the average picturegoer.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram." BRYANT WASHBURN. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

COMEDY-DRAMA in which flirtatious husband and jealous wives all innocent-look thoroughly guilty. The play goes with a swing from start to finish, riotous situations abound, and the outcome is a thoroughly merry mixup. How the tangle is unravelled is told on the screen with great gusto by the star, supported by a practically all-star cast. Cannot fail to entertain all comers.

"The Amateur Gentleman." LANGHOLME BURTON AND CECIL HUMPHREYS. (*Stoll.*)

JEFFERY FARNOL'S famous romance told on the screen. The doings of gentlemen of fashion over a century ago are depicted with much spirit and charm. A young man, left a large sum of money, sets out to London to become a gentleman. His adventures start almost as soon as he takes the road and all film lovers will delight in the many picturesque and romantic scenes in which these adventures lead him. A well told British production with an eminent cast of players.

"The Man Above the Law." JACK RICHARDSON. (*Western Import.*)

AN appealing drama full of interest. A man, outside the law, married a squaw and when he later meets a white woman whom he saves from death by the Indians, he is tempted to abandon his wife and child and return to his own people. How he resists temptation is admirably told by the star and a well-known cast. Claire McDowell gives a wonderful rendering of the squaw's part, and a clever child actress, May Giracia, has a touching role.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Beautiful Beaded Bags—How to Make One—A Novel Decoration—The Picture Girl's Shirt Blouse

THE newest bead bags are far too beautiful not to have been envied by every woman. They add such a touch of smartness to the plainest costume, and are at the same time a pleasure to the owner. Their expensive price, which runs into many guineas, however, puts them out of the range of the girl with a tiny dress allowance. Still, it is possible for any girl to become possessed of the most charming beaded bag for about fifteen shillings—if she likes to spend a few hours upon its making. Perhaps the work may strike you as being tedious, but I can assure you it is not so. As a matter of fact, there is a wonderful fascination about it, that quickly gets hold of you, and makes you desire to get on with the work quickly—even if it is only to witness the result of your labours.

Crochet Beaded Bags.

THE prettiest beaded bags are worked very finely in crochet, so that the entire bag is covered with beads, although they are quite effective when the work is more open, and a silken lining shows through.

Of course, a great deal depends upon the colouring of the bag. Heaps of delightful colour schemes can be evolved, while it will be found quite effective to just string all coloured beads in haphazard fashion. This will give a charming Oriental effect.

If, however, you prefer to combine merely two or three colours, then you will find it both beconing and simple to make the bag with stripes of the lighter beads running through a background of beads of a darker shade. One charming bag I have seen was made with a foundation of dark royal blue beads, with stripes of white china beads running through it, while another combined the most alluring rose-pink and grey beads. The decoration, which was as uncommon as it was effective, was made from bobbles of the beads, made in the following fashion. Two ball button moulds were placed together, flat sides facing. This made a complete ball, which was covered with beads in rows of alternate colours. Secure a thread to the ball, thread enough beads to extend round from hole to hole, slip the thread through the ball, thread with the other colour beads, and slip thread through ball again, and so on until the bobbles are entirely covered.

How to Make the Bag.

THE bag must be actually made from Star Sylko, and as the foundation is really entirely of double crochet, the bag will be most hard wearing and strong. Use a No. 2 crochet hook.

By the way, buy the beads by the ounce. You will find this much less expensive than if you bought them by the small hank. Thread up a goodly number of the beads, and then crochet a small circle of chain, and into this work double crochet until it is full right up, and pushing a bead along after every stitch. Continue working round and round with double crochet, increasing all the way along until you have made a substantial little foundation circle for the lower part of your bag.

There is no necessity for me to give you complicated directions for the rest of the bag, which is merely worked in double crochet, a bead pushed along between each stitch, until the whole has assumed the shape of an ordinary Dorothy bag.

When you get to the top part of the bag, make a frill to turn down over the bag in the following manner. Push up one bead, then do one chain, and repeat until there are four chain, and four beads, then miss three of the foundation beads at the top of bag, one double crochet into the fourth; repeat these loops all round the top of the bag, and then continue round and round in the same manner, until a frill of about three inches of these loops is continued.

Make about half a dozen of the beaded balls as previously explained, and attach these at intervals round the frill. Make a larger one for the lower part of the bag, finishing it off at the lower part with a tassel of the beads.

The handles are made from three long lengths of the beads threaded upon the Sylko, and then plaited together, and attached at either side of the top part of the bag, or threaded through imitation tortoiseshell or bone rings that have been previously attached.



No. 29,300.
A smart shirt blouse specially designed by the Editress of HOME FASHIONS.

The Picture Girl's Shirt Blouse.

THERE is a distinct smartness about the newest blouses, which are cut high to the throat, and show a row of tiny buttons right down the centre front, placed very tightly together. The Picture Girl has chosen a heavy-weight washing silk for her latest shirt blouse, which is particularly smart. The centre front panel and basque are cut in one, while the basque at the back is added. Shoulder straps take the front fulness, the neck being finished with a close fitting collar, and the sleeves set flat into the armholes.

PAPER PATTERNS of this blouse can be obtained in 34, 36, 38, and 40 inch bust sizes for one shilling each—P.O. made payable to the PICTURE SHOW—from the PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1. A DRESSER.



In the Cinema.

Allenburys'
Glycerine & Black Currants
PASTILLES

A soft demulcent fruit pastille, dissolving smoothly in the mouth, soothes the throat in a close smoky atmosphere. The 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are prepared according to the old French recipe: they contain the choicest fruit juice and pure Glycerine. The smoker appreciates them; they are acidulous and something more than cloying sweetmeats. Non-smokers in a tobacco-laden atmosphere lose the annoying tickling of the throat which sometimes troubles them when the blue haze settles over the company.

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In Distinctive 2 oz and 4 oz Tins, of all Chemists.

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Every day is a "birthday" for the child whose mother makes plenty of delicious, nourishing cakes and puddings with Bird's Egg Substitute.

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"One spoonful—one cake!"

In Packets and Tins with excellent and reliable recipes.

P.S.4

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

THE WEEK'S BEST JOKES

By permission of Messrs. Pathe Freres

BOARDING-HOUSE LANDLADY: "Tea, coffee, or cocoa, Mr. Hibbs?"

Mr. HIBBS (tactlessly): "Anything you like to call it, ma'am."—*Answers.*

* * *

A storm knocked out the telephone service for six hours the other day, but nobody noticed it.—*Detroit, U.S.A., News.*

* * *

OLD BACHELOR: "Woman is a delusion."

YOUNG MINX: "And man is always hugging some delusion or other, isn't he?"—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

"Quarter of a pound of marge, please, and mother said will you please stamp a cow on it 'cause we've got visitors coming to tea."—*Toronto Globe.*

* * *

HE: "Will you be my——"

SHE: "Oh, George, this is so sudden! Give me a little time."

HE (continued): "Partner for the next dance?"

SHE (continuing): "To get my breath back. I haven't quite recovered from the last jazz yet."—*Cologne Post.*

* * *

TEACHER (loudly, swishing his cane): "Now, where is the Baltic? WHERE IS THE BALTIC?"

SMALL BOY (frightened): "Please, sir, I ain't got it, but I saw Jimmy Briggs stuffin' somefink up his coat."—*Winnipeg Tribune.*

* * *

"In the old days a woman used to threaten to go back to her mother."

"And now?"

"She threatens to go back to her job."—*London Mail.*

* * *

QUESTION: "How can I make a shilling go as far as it did before the war?"

ANSWER: "Post it."—*Karikaturen, Christiania.*

* * *

"Your wife complains that you don't speak to her for a week at a time."

"Well, I don't like to interrupt her."—*L'Asino, Turin.*

* * *

LOST: An umbrella by a gentleman with bent ribs.—*Washington Times.*

* * *

The present day stocking is shocking,
With its openwork ankle and clocking:
But it's noticed that Man,
Whenever he can,
Takes stock of the stock in the stocking.

FILM FAULTS.

This competition is closed, but we are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition. There are still many postcards to be examined, and prizes will be awarded until they are all read.

Larry Semon, in a Vitagraph film, is seen sitting on a pavement grating with his bowler hat on. He is blown sky high a second later. His hat is seen to fall distinctly off his head, but he lands in the building below with it on.—5s. awarded to Miss M. Prior, 9, South Grove, Walthamstow, E.17.

When Mary Pickford was wrecked on the lonely island in "Hearts Adrift" she had no clothes for herself, and she made a dress out of a ship's sail, but still when the baby was born it had a shawl on.—5s. awarded to Miss D. Cox, 21, Queen St., Frodingham, Scunthorpe, Lincs.

Why is the antique sideboard in Henry Edwards' apartments in London exactly the same as the one in his parents' home in Venice in the film "The City of Beautiful Nonsense"?—5s. awarded to L. Britton, 144, Booth Street, Handsworth, Birmingham.

In "An Eastern Maid," starring Fanny Ward, the heroine goes to sleep in a big armchair, but when she awakes she is seen lying on a sofa in another part of the room.—5s. awarded to Miss D. Satchwell, care of Mrs. Cole, Birmingham House, 25, Ashley Road, Upper Parkstone, Bournemouth.

IF YOU SUFFER

from nervous, worried feelings, lack of energy, self-confidence, will-power, mind concentration, or feel awkward in the presence of others, send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment.—GODFRY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 536, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.



BOOTS ON

Also Raincoats, Suits, Ladies' Winter Coats, Overcoats, Cutlery, Melodeons, Watches and Jewellery on Easy Terms. 30/- worth, 5/- monthly, &c. Write for Free Catalogue and Order Form. Foreign applications invited.

MASTERS, LTD., 94, Hope Stores, Rye. (Est. 1609).

EASY TERMS

BECOME BIG NOW In business as in social life, the plums go to the man whose appearance leaves a favourable impression—that is, the man who has height, and the physique to match it. If you are under 40 it is very easy to increase your height and improve your health, figure and carriage by means of the Girvan Scientific Treatment, the reliable method which has enjoyed public confidence for nine years, and which carries a £100 guarantee of genuineness. Students report from two to five inches increase. Send a postcard for particulars to Enquiry Dept. C.T., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.4.

THE DEAF HEAR

THE NEW PATENT **SOUND DISCS**

completely overcome DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long standing. Are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable. Worn months without removal. Explanatory Pamphlet Free.

THE A.J. WALES CO., 171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.

'The Standard of Quality'

PHILLIPS

RUBBER HEELS and TIPS



'MILITARY'



'PRESIDENT'

£250 IN PRIZES Goggles Competition

Set No.3. "PICTURE SHOW" COMPETITION.

Second Prize £50

First Prize £100

Third Prize £25

75 Prizes of £1 each.

THE above splendid prizes are offered to readers for the following simple contest.

On this page you will find the third set of photographs of several well-known Cinema Artistes, each of which is more or less disguised by goggles.

Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet. This competition will last eight weeks, and when the last set of pictures appears we shall tell you when and how to send your efforts to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Girls' Cinema," and the "Boys' Cinema," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.



17 .....



18. .....



19 .....



20 .....



21. .....



22. .....



23 .....



24 .....



THE HOUSEWIFE SMILES—

because Monkey Brand brings brightness easily & economically.

TO keep her home as bright and clean "as a new pin" means a lot of work, as every housewife knows. Thanks to Monkey Brand it isn't *hard* work; there's none of the weary drudgery that leaves her too jaded and tired to enjoy the home pleasures.

Monkey Brand is the universal polishing bar. Use it for cleaning and polishing Metals, Marble, Cutlery, Cooking Utensils, Floors, Tables, Woodwork, Enamelware, Stonework, Linoleum.

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

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N.Y
6 2 1921.

PICTURE SHOW, February 12th, 1921. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

"THE CALL OF THE ROAD," SPLENDID STORY NOW SHOWING ON THE FILMS Begins Inside.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. FEB. 12th, 1921.

No. 94. Vol. 4.

SAFE IN DOUG.'S HANDS

Mary Pickford looks "down on the world" but only to make a pretty pose specially for the readers of the "Picture Show."



Mary and Doug. are still honeymooning, as you may see above and by the other pictures inside. These happy snapshots were taken on their last holiday from the studios.

GIRLS' CINEMA Out To-Morrow ☐ TUESDAY ☐

WONDERFUL LIQUID TONIC THAT MAKES YOUR HAIR GROW BEAUTIFUL.

"Like a Rare and Stimulating Wine to the Hair Roots."

Every reader to enjoy Free "Harlene Hair-Drill," including Gratis Harlene-for-the-Hair, "Uzon" Brilliantine and "Cremex" Shampoo.

MUNIFICENT PUBLIC OFFER BY WORLD'S FOREMOST HAIR EXPERT.

The foremost Hair Specialist of the age wants everybody to realise that they can save their hair now and commence to grow it in the loveliest luxury and profusion free of charge, by means of a wonderful liquid tonic that acts almost like magic.

This sensational announcement is made by Mr. Edwards as part of his great national Campaign against Hair Poverty, Baldness, and Lack Lustre. "This year," says Mr. Edwards, "will see the greatest business and social competition the country has known." No one who wishes to get on by personality and charm can afford to neglect their hair and to look old or ill-groomed. Beautiful hair is almost everything in a woman's appearance.



The Postman will bring your Free Gift.

FREE GIFT

Men, too, can look years younger by possessing crisp, healthy hair. Moreover, with a clean and healthy scalp you FEEL more energetic, more confident, more impressive. That is why I have decided to present absolutely free a full Week's Toilet Outfit for this purpose, including a bottle of "Harlene"—the wonderful hair-grower about which everybody is talking—as well as a supply of other toilet requisites to every reader who sends the Coupon published below.

WHAT THE POSTMAN WILL BRING YOU.

Resolve to have beautiful, enviable hair—hair that clusters caressingly in adorable waves and curls—the DISTINCTIVE hair that only "Harlene" can endure and maintain in its natural glory. Sit down then—now—and write out your name and address on a sheet or slip of paper. Cut out and pin to the Coupon below with 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, and then post to Mr. Edwards at the address printed on the coupon. By return of post you will receive:

1.—**A trial bottle of "Harlene," the ideal liquid food and natural growth-promoting tonic for the hair.**

2.—**A packet of the unrivalled "Cremex" shampoo—the finest, purest, and most soothing hair and scalp cleanser which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."**

3.—**A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."**

4.—**A copy of the newly published "Hair-Drill" Manual—the most authoritative and clearly written treatise on the toilet ever produced.**

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets, 3d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage by Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

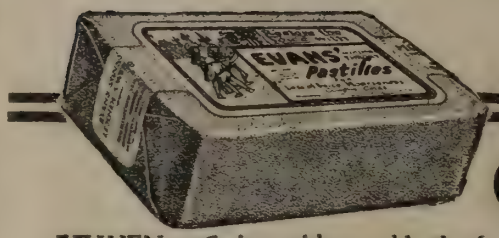
"HARLENE" FREE GIFT COUPON

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel to my address. Picture Show, 12/2/21.

NOTE TO READERS.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")



Colds

WHEN suffering with a cold, the breathing difficult, the throat sore, tremendous relief is obtained by dissolving in the mouth an occasional Evans' Pastille.

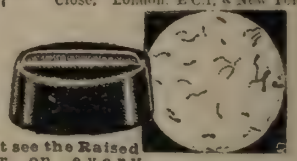
Evans' Pastilles moisten the dry catarrhal throat, and by strengthening the natural resistance and nullifying the action of disease bacilli which attack by way of the mouth and throat, they prevent serious development of the cold.

EVANS' *Pastilles*



An effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, &c.

1/3 per Tin from Chemists, or post free from the makers, Evans Sons, Lescher & Webb, Ltd., 56, Hanover St., Liverpool, 60, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, & New York.



But see the Raised Bar on every Pastille. Evans' Pastilles are different from any other pastille on the market. They possess unique virtues, and the Raised Bar, a patented mark, is your guarantee against substitution.

The Streptococcus Brevis, which causes Sore Throat.

Illustrated from a photo-micrograph taken at our Runcorn laboratories.

P6

Baby Wasted to a Little Frame

So Weak and Pain-worn. But Soon Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



Baby Shadlock

MRS. FLORRIE SHADLOCK, Mill Lane, Morton, Gainsborough, says:—"Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my child's life. She cut her first teeth at thirteen months, but from that time she lost health and became a weak, puny little thing, with no appetite, and getting thinner every day. Her bowels were affected, sometimes dreadfully loose, and again just the reverse, and she wasted so fast that soon she was just a little frame. She hadn't even strength to sit up, but had to lie all day or be carried about. She was in great pain, too, and moaned continuously. All the treatment I had for her did no good.

"However, reading about Dr. Cassell's Tablets I tried them on baby, and I bless the day I did. In a little while I could see improvement, so I continued with the tablets, and the result is that Elsie is now quite cured, and a bonny little girl of three."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices: 1/3 & 3/-.

The 3/- size being the more economical. Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

The Universal Home Remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown
Nerve Failure
Neuritis
Neurasthenia
Sleeplessness
Anæmia
Kidney Trouble
Indigestion
Wasting Diseases
Palpitation
Vital Exhaustion
Nervousness

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester.

TAKE TWO TABLETS. at bedtime and note how well you sleep; continue, and you will know the joy of health and vigour. EQUALLY SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN



Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 57.—RAYMOND HITCHCOCK.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK is here seen smiling over something in his favourite screen paper, the PICTURE SHOW. Raymond has the reputation of being the cleverest character actor on the screen; his make-up is really marvellous. The old man or the young swashbuckler—any part is easy to him.

—♦♦—

The Return of Marie.

OUR centre page this week, of beautiful Marie Doro, I think you will agree with me is a perfect picture. Since Marie came over here to appear in "Twelve Ten," we have missed her on the screen, but I hear another of her films will be over very shortly now.

—♦♦—

From Mary and Doug.

MARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks are still honeymooning, as you can see for yourself in the photographs sent you through the PICTURE SHOW, and printed in this issue. In his last letter Doug says they are looking forward to their return visit here this year, and Mary says she knows she will revel in the part of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The latter film, by the way, will be directed by Jack Pickford, who is to accompany Doug and Mary over here. According to present plans they will leave the beginning of February for France, when, after completing "The Three Musketeers," with Doug as d'Artagnan, they will sail for England.

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

—♦♦—

Our Splendid New Serial.

THE promised story, "The Call of the Road," begins in this issue. This charming romance of a hundred years ago will, I know, delight and interest you. The story has made a charming photo-play, creating a precedent in the picture world when Mr. A. E. Coleby, the author of film and story, was called before the curtain (or should I say screen) when this film was first shown.

The story is absolutely authentic as to the customs and manners of the day. You have heard a lot about the "good old times"; now you can read about them for yourself, and see the characters living before you on the screen.

—♦♦—

A Confession.

JACK MULHALL confesses that he loves the flapper. Do you want to know why? If so, on your way to business or shopping to-morrow buy a copy of the "Girls' Cinema." He has written a page article on this subject.

—♦♦—

He is Going to Be.

NOT so very long ago, that arch scoundrel of stage and screen, Cecil Humphreys, in pursuance of his desire to become a hero, was heard to declare that he would "be hanged if he would play a villain part again."

Looking in at the Stoll Studio the other day, I found him again in the role of villain, as Rupert Devereau in the film version of E. Philip Oppenheim's novel, "False Evidence," and, strangely enough, in it he is hanged.

—♦♦—

Good News.

BERTRAM BURLEIGH has just returned from a tour of the American studios. He tells us there are more British productions showing or about to be shown in American cinemas than ever before. He says if we have as many successes in 1921 as in 1920 we shall be well on the way to leading the cinema industry.

—♦♦—

Did He Break a Mirror?

"SEVEN YEARS' BAD LUCK" sounds a good title for a comedy. It is written by Max Linder, directed by him, and acted by him. You will remember Max was absent from the screen for five years, during which time he wore the uniform of a French soldier. We shall welcome him back in this comedy.

—♦♦—

A Wonderful Chinese Drama.

SAID to be the greatest Chinese drama that has ever been put on the screen is the new Robertson-Cole super-special, "The First Born," starring Sessue Hayakawa. Experts who are familiar with Oriental scenery have declared that the Chinese fishing village, constructed especially for atmosphere in this picture drama, is a perfect reproduction of those found along the rivers of the land of Confucius.

Far away from the Hayakawa studio in Hollywood, on the banks of the quiet river in Northern California, the fishing village was built especially for the picture. It is so accurate in detail as to convince almost any Oriental that the scenes had actually been taken in China. Quaint Chinese houses were built, amid wild rice and bamboo. The funny little wharves on "stilts" are there. The strangely woven fish baskets and the racks for net drying, lend colour to the scene.

—♦♦—

All About Mama Wong Arc.

MAMA WONG ARC, whose photograph appeared in these pages a few weeks since, was taken to America as a Chinese slave, and is now among the wealthiest women in Los Angeles.

When a Chinese picture is to be made, the first step towards making it authentic is to secure the services of Mama Wong Arc. But it is not always easy to secure her, for hers is a life of strange activity. What her business is, no one knows but herself. In the Chinese quarter she reigns with all the power of a mandarin. Outside of that quarter, she is a mysterious little woman who only talks when she wants to.

—♦♦—

At the Shrine of Sessue.

HER friends are limited within the bounds of China town, with one exception. She is a faithful worshipper at the shrine of Sessue Hayakawa.

When he is about to star in a new production, there is no business that can keep her away from the studio, and if there is something that is not quite authentic, she demands to have it altered. She insists on dressing the hair of the ladies of the company in true Oriental style; when the scenes are being taken she is usually to be found standing near the director.



SUCH IS LIFE ON THE SCREEN.—On the left you see EUGENE O'BRIEN in the power of the villain of the piece, and nothing will make you believe when you see "The Wonderful Chance" that he could ever forgive the villainy of this scoundrel of the screen. Yet a few hours afterwards in 'GENE'S own flat this snapshot was taken of them.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (*Continued from page 3.*)



LURA ANSON, whom we are shortly to see as Thomas Meighan's leading woman in "Easy Street."

Once a business manager made the mistake of offering her money for her services. "This my business," was her sharp answer. "You no like it, you get out!" And since that day she has never looked nor spoken to him.

She may be the head of a notorious narcotic syndicate, she may be the proprietress of a gaming-house, though this has never been proved to the satisfaction of the police, but there is one thing that is certain, she is the best authority on on the sort of productions made by Sessue Hayakawa.

—♦♦—

Doubles in Real Life.

REFERRING to double characters, of which we see so many now on the screen, and of which both characters are generally portrayed by the hero or heroine, as in "Anna the Adventuress," "The Birth of a Soul," "The Mystery of the Double Cross," "The Midnight Stage," and "The Vengeance of Durand," many people have written saying that it is impossible for two persons to resemble each other so strongly. It is to these readers that I give this little bit of information.

Queen Victoria had a double, in the person of an old woman, who was employed in a London church as a cleaner. The Duke of Clarence bore a strong resemblance to the late Czar of Russia, as also did King George himself. Sir William Harcourt had two extraordinary doubles.

It is the belief of the Hindoos that every man and woman has a counterpart. These few instances are of people well known and high up in the world, but in everyday life we often come across striking resemblances.

—♦♦—

Why He Was So Like Him.

TALKING of doubles, a good story is now going the round of the Pathé studio. Ernest C. Ward, the director, on his way to the studio one morning, met a young man. He ran after him in the street, caught hold of his arm, and said: "You are just the type I am after—the identical one!"

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished young man.

"I need a man to double for Roy Stewart," replied the director. "You are the very image of him. I'll pay you anything you like if you'll come along to the studio with me."

The young man allowed himself to be taken to the studio, and the director took him straight to his office.

"What is the name?" he asked, as he bent over the salary sheet.

"Roy Stewart," replied the young man.

—♦♦—

British Marys and Normas.

DENISON CLIFT, whose portrait appears on this page, is a well-known American writer and producer. Now he is producing over here. Speaking to him the other day, he said that the most noticeable condition he has observed here is the utter lack of real cinema artistes trained directly for the screen. This condition is indeed unfortunate for the British film world, says Mr. Clift, "but its correction opens up marvellous opportunities for progressive producers here.

—♦♦—

The Difference.

"IN Los Angeles, where 80 per cent. of our American pictures are made, we have 10,000 artists altogether who devote themselves exclusively to the making of pictures.

"The casting director of every big studio has the photograph and full personal description of every star, near-star, and extra person, all classified, so that, with ease and efficiency a picture can be completely cast in two days.

"Here you must draw on the stage for your artists. That is all very well, but often the stage artist will not photograph well, and the two techniques are distinct.

—♦♦—

Why Not Find New Talent.

"WHY not look about and discover the 'mute, inglorious Miltons' of the cinema? Your girls and women have beauty, charm, and personality; without argument many possess the necessary photographic qualities, and have the innate talent.

"There is pride and exultation in the discovery of new talent in any art, and while I am in England I shall try to discover one or two personalities that possess, however untrained, those rare qualities of beauty, charm, and personality that lead to glorious careers."



DENISON CLIFT now producing "The Diamond Necklace" at the Ideal Studios. Mr. Clift is one of the few directors who writes his own scenarios, directs the production, and edits and titles the film for final exhibition.

—♦♦—

"Kinephased."

IT has become quite the fashion nowadays to have "expressions" taken at the photographer's. The photos used of Pardoe Woodman and Leal Douglas in our Expressions page recently were from the new "Kinephase" series, taken by the Adamecy Studios, Berners Street, London.

—♦♦—

A Word in Season.

NOW is the time when every woman's thoughts are turning to new jumpers and blouses.

Have you seen the Free Patterns which are given away in "Woman's Weekly," I wonder? They are extremely pretty designs. One is an attractive little jumper made with a round neck and three-quarter sleeves; the other a little round-necked blouse. Just the easy sort of design you could run up in an afternoon.

And there are other patterns to follow, they tell me. A smart skirt, a dress, and an overall. They're such good patterns you would be wise to secure them for yourself.

Fay Filmer.



MARGARET CULLINGTON, as we shall see her as Maggie in the coming comedy, "Bringing Up Father."

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

Eugene Is Recognised.

THERE are times when being a motion-picture star has its disadvantages. Eugene O'Brien came home from the south where he had been on location, and discovered he could not find any place on the entire train free from motion-picture fans. Everywhere he went he was pursued by some female, determined to have a little conversation with him. I happened to meet the incoming train, bringing my brother home. I ran into Gene, closely followed by three women who flocked after him, hoping some of their relatives or friends would think they had travelled all the way from the south with their hero.

Gene saw me and gave one scream.

"So glad you came to meet me," he said. "Everything all right at home?"

"Everything fine," I assured him, getting his idea.

"His wife?" questioned one sad-looking girl.

"Can't be, he isn't married. Perhaps it is his sister?"

He didn't give them time to find out, but swept me along with a rapidity that only gave me a chance to grab my brother by the other arm.

"Where are they—all gone?" he gasped when he reached his motor.

They were. Not even the rustle of a feminine skirt was anywhere in sight.

—♦♦—

Nazimova Likes to Boss.

NAZIMOVA is the sort of woman who believes in every woman being her own director, her own scenario writer, and her own actress. No one ever dares contradict her, and least of all her husband Charles Bryant. With the consequence some of the choicest stories the Metro Company has purchased for her have suffered cruelly. Charles Bryant, who admits he is a fine business man, but perhaps not so good a husband, thinks madame should have her own way, and with that thought has encouraged her to go blindly ahead without advice or help. She is about to do "Camille" now.

"We can only hope," said a man in the Metro Company, "Madame Navimova will not consider the death scene of Camille unimportant to the story, and choose to let her live."

—♦♦—

Tommy's Love Affair.

ALL those who talk so loudly of Tommy Meighan's devotion to his Frances, should listen to this bit of scandal. In the same hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan—she who was Frances Ring—live is a young person who adores Tommy, and to whom Tommy gives a frank and open devotion. Every evening when he comes home to dress for dinner he creeps up to her room, and spends a half-hour with her in the privacy of her boudoir.

"I cannot tarry long to-night, darling," he tells her, "because Frances is waiting."

"Oh, dear," she says, "your wife is always in the way. Cannot you do something?"

This young siren who would willingly break up the home of the Meighans is Dorothy Dickson Heisen, aged five. She is the daughter of Dorothy Dickson and Carl Heisen, the dancers. The kiddies all adore the curly-haired lovable young Irishman who has a way with him. Frances Ring Meighan says sometimes the grown kiddies share this adoration. Wonder what she meant.

—♦♦—

Going to See the Boxing Match.

IN America women are not supposed to have any interest in pugilism, boxing, or any of that class of sports. Therefore, it was a bit of a shock not long since to have Ethel Clayton, Anna Q. Nilsson, Seena Owen, May Murray, and several motion-picture directors walk into Madison Square Garden and take front seats. The attraction was a boxing match, and the girls applauded several scientific attacks of their favourite. There was much buzzing after it was over on the part of the sports who were in the crowd. They were far more interested in watching the stars than in the ring.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, better known as "Fatty," copies the pose of photographs that we find in old family albums. His coat is too up-to-date to make the picture realistic.



MIRIAM COOPER and her dog, "Mayflower," showing how life saving is done. The dog was trained by Miss Cooper in co-operation with the Red Cross. During the war he was attached to a field hospital and was wounded in action, for all of which he received a medal.



JACK DEMPSEY, the world's heavy-weight boxing champion, having his hands bandaged previous to a fight in a scene from the new Pathe serial, "Dare-devil Jack," which is now being shown at many picture-houses in the country.



A "behind the scenes" photograph in a cinema studio, showing the camera-man at work on a scene from "The Cinema Murder," a Paramount-Artcraft picture, in which MARION DAVIES and NIGEL BARRIE played the chief parts.



Miss EMILY SQUIER, one of Los Angeles' foremost writers, "interviews" a Universal lion player. The lion looks as though he is thinking very deeply about the questions Miss Squier has put to him!

BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TO-DAY.



The CALL OF THE ROAD



The Splendid New Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM



VICTOR MacLAGLEN as Alfred, and PHILIP WILLIAMS as Sir Martin Trevor.

Two Gentlemen of the Road.

"ENGLAND is the fairest country in the world, and this is the fairest spot in England. Mark you, lad, I've travelled, and I know!"

The speaker was an old man of not very reputable appearance. His garments were torn and travel-stained, and a battered old hat was perched jauntily on his head. He wore a black patch over his right eye, and his old face was lined and bronzed by exposure to all weathers. But there was a humorous wrinkle about his sensitive mouth and a merry twinkle in his one good eye.

He was seated by the side of the road in a charming Kentish lane, and on his knees he nursed an old fiddle.

From where he sat, he could see over a wide expanse of country. Trim hop-gardens, with their neat festoons of bloom, growing crops, rich pasture land, patches of many-tinted woodland stretched away before him down to where a tiny village nestled in the hollow, and beyond were the Kentish hills behind which the sun was just beginning to sink in a blaze of golden sky.

It was a lovely English scene, and even the old fiddler's high praise was scarcely as extravagant as it sounded.

His words were addressed to a boy of about twelve, who was lying on his stomach a yard or two away, idly chewing a bit of grass.

"'Tis pretty enough," said the boy. "But a crust of bread and a chunk o' fat bacon would be more to my liking just now, I'm thinking."

"Boy, you have no soul!" exclaimed the old man, as he gazed at the boy with a whimsical smile in which there was more affection than reproof.

"Maybe," answered the lad. "But a stomach I have, and my stomach says to me, 'Secundus, thou art not treating me fairly!'"

"But look, boy—look at yonder sunset! Did the greatest artist in the world ever paint such a picture? Doesn't such beauty as that raise your mind to higher things? Doesn't it make you think?"

"Ay; it makes me think of a dish of ham and eggs. But what's the use of thinking?"

"You're right, lad; 'tis time we ate. 'Tis true, we have no money, but we have our wits and our divine art." He tapped the old violin affectionately as he put it carefully into a bag which he carried for the purpose. "Betwixt the two, maybe we'll contrive a meal before this day is out."

"In truth, I hope it may be so. To my mind, there's naught like the comfortable feeling that comes of a good feed. The trouble is, it soon passes and one hungers again."

"Ay, lad; all joys are brief—brief as the splendour of yon sunset sky. But be of good cheer. Other joys are to follow—good food, good company, and the tripping of merry feet to the music of my fiddle. Here we are at Sissinghurst. 'Tis a village that has treated us well before. I have good hopes. Old Mother Morgandall will hardly refuse a bowl of broth to two hungry artistes. She has a good heart and a cheerful countenance, has Mother Morgandall. Mark you, lad, they go together!"

He picked up his fiddle. The boy swung a bag containing their few chattels over his shoulder, and together they tramped down the hill towards the village.

"Heaven grant they treat us well!" said the boy, as he tightened his belt.

"Ay, ay," replied the old man cheerfully. "They'll treat us well. This is Master Alfred's country, him that gave us our names—the two Paganinis. 'Twas said in jest, but the name has stuck, and now we'll be Paganini Primus and Paganini Secundus to the end of the chapter, I reckon.

"I reckon so. A fine, upstanding gentleman is Master Alfred."

"Ay, though wild, they say, with much strength in his limbs and little sense in his head. There's a reason for that. But there, 'tis an old tale!"

He said no more, but trudged on in silence, his good-humoured face becoming suddenly grave.

He brightened up as they entered the quaint, picturesque village street. The old vagabond had an eye for beauty, and his idea of earthly happiness was to sojourn for the night in an old-world village such as this, and then, in the morning, take to the open road again. He now gazed almost lovingly about him, noting everything of interest.

As for Paganini Secundus, his gaze was steadily fixed on one object only. This was the creaking sign of The Old Punch Bowl, the village inn.

The inn was a low, rambling, red-tiled building of great age, and it had an old-fashioned porch jutting out on to the road.

As the travellers drew near, they perceived in front of the inn two farm-hands on their horses, drinking from earthenware mugs, while a woman standing in the porch, and nearly filling it with her generous bulk, looked up at them.

Mistress Morgandall was both stout and comely, with a broad, good-humoured face and a pair of shrewd eyes.

One of the farm-hands pointed down the road with his empty mug, and directed her attention to her new guests.

"Thou wilt be having a gallivanting and a jigging this night, I'm thinking," said the man, with a grin.

Mother Morgandall surveyed the weary pair as they approached the inn door, and maybe she noted the eager, hungry look in the boy's eyes.

The old man, however, stepped in front of his young companion, and, advancing, took off his hat and made a sweeping bow.

"Greeting, Mistress Morgandall!" he said. "It is good to see again the most famous hostelry and the most generous hostess in all England!"

"That means, my man, that thou hast no money in thy purse to pay thy reckoning, I'm thinking!" said the lady sharply.

"'Tis true: thou hast divined it, replied the old fiddler, not in the least disconcerted. "And yet, such is our need and such is the sharpness of the night air, that we would crave permission to enter and rest awhile, warm ourselves, and maybe feast——"

"Feast, you rascal! With no money in thy purse! Feast!"

"On thy beauty, gracious lady!" explained the fiddler: and in his uncovered eye there was a look so droll and whimsical that the good hostess capitulated at once.

Resting her hands on her hips, she began to laugh, and she laughed so heartily that her whole fat body shook like a jelly.

"Get you in, you saucy scamp!" she said, as she wiped her eyes. And then, turning, she called to someone within: "Merlinda—Salome, look lively, there! Two bowls of broth for two famished souls!"

Paganini Secundus waited for no second bidding, but dived in through the doorway like a rabbit into its hole. The old fiddler was about to follow more leisurely and with greater dignity, when his attention was attracted by the clatter of horse's hoofs on the road. Glancing back over his shoulder, he perceived a horseman approaching in a cloud of dust. He appeared to be in a great hurry, for he was riding hard.

It was Mother Morgandall who first recognised the newcomer.

"'Tis Master Alfred's man," she said.

"Ay, 'tis Tony Ronald," muttered the fiddler. "Would that all who serve the young master were half as honest as he!"

"The servants of Master Alfred are honest enough!" retorted the woman sharply. "'Tis the gentry he calls his friends as are dragging him to ruin."

At that moment the rider came abreast of them and pulled up his horse.

"A mug of ale, for the love of Heaven, good mother!" he exclaimed. "I have ridden far, and my mouth is as dry and dusty as the road itself!"

Mother Morgandall fetched the ale herself, while the man sat heavily in his saddle and wiped the dust and sweat from his face.

The wise hostess of The Old Punch Bowl waited until he had emptied the tankard before she spoke.

"You have travelled far?" she said at length.

"From the coast."

"With news, I reckon, since you ride so hard?"

The man nodded gloomily.

"Master Silas has landed in England with the Lady Rowena. They are on the road now. They slept the night at Maidstone, but in the morning they'll be at the Hall. I ride to warn Master Alfred of his uncle's approach."

"'Tis time the old man came to stop the doings at the Hall! 'Tis dice and dice and cards and wine, both day and night! A mad young fool is thy master, and he'll come to a beggar's end!"

"But withal he is a man with a heart of gold!" declared Tony stoutly. "They call him the 'Lamb,' and simple, mayhap, he is; but he has the strength of a lion!"

"Oh, ay; strong of limb and weak of head!" said the hostess contemptuously. "You can't make lions' claws out of lambs' tails. He may have strength, but he'll never have brains to use his strength to any purpose. He is a wastrel, is Master Alfred Truscott, wasting his substance on a pack of bigger rogues than himself!"

"My master is no rogue!" shouted Tony indignantly.

"Tell that to Master Silas!" retorted the woman: and then, with a shrug of her big shoulders, she turned away and entered the inn.

Tony Ronald and the fiddler looked after her, and then looked at one another.

"She isn't fair to the lad!" declared Tony, as he gathered up his reins.

The fiddler stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"She says but what the whole countryside is saying," he replied. "But go, warn thy master and keep loyal to him as long as you can. The hour is coming, methinks when he'll need every true friend he has."

So saying, he walked slowly and thoughtfully into the inn and disappeared, while Tony Ronald, after wasting a moment or two in gloomy thought, dug his heel viciously in the flank of his mare and rode away in a cloud of dust.

When the Eyes of the Lamb Were Opened.

THE oak room at Truscott Hall was a noble apartment, richly furnished and having about it that air of solid worth and refinement which wealth alone can never procure.

Here, in days past, famous men and beautiful

(Continued on page 8.)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF MILTON SILLS

MILTON SILLS,

The Star Who Studies Psychology and Philosophy.



MILTON SILLS.

MILTON SILLS who is giving us such a wonderful performance at present in "Eyes of Youth," in his younger days came very near to being a college professor.

It was his own ambition, and he very nearly realised it, even to obtaining a position in the University of Chicago at the magnificent salary of 520 dollars a year, with the bright prospect of becoming a professor of philosophy and psychology.

But psychology interested him more than philosophy; he wanted to enact the dreams he had, he began to yearn for action.

His First Part.

ONE day a friend offered him a small part in a stage production. He accepted, and that was the last time the college saw him. It was a chance to travel, to see different kinds of people, to study them, to practise philosophy, to listen to ideas and opinions different from his own, to make the dreams realities. So he began his stage career.

He says now that screen work is even more to his liking, for, on the stage, the actor comes to rely a great deal upon his lines, the continued repetition of which tends to make him repeat them parrot fashion, and he loses the enthusiasm of his first few performances.

Expression Alone.

BUT on the screen, he tells us, there is little possibility of this occurring. There are no lines to be heard, no voice to register. It is through expression alone that the screen message is conveyed. Screen interpretation is applied philosophy and psychology.

A little while ago, when he returned to the stage for a time, he proved the correctness of his belief that screen work improves the actor's power of portrayal. He says he got twice as much out of that part as he would have got previous to his screen experience.

In All Star Productions.

MILTON SILLS' first screen appearance was lead with Clara Kimball Young's production, "Deep Purple." He also played with this famous artiste in "The Claw" and "The Savage Woman." Also with Geraldine Farrar in "The Wild Cat," with Ethel Clayton in "More Deadly than the Male," and Viola Dana in "Satan's Junior," in which for the fourth time we saw him in a humorous role and with Mildred Harris in "The Inferior Sex." Another big picture, which he considers one of his greatest successes, was in "The Honour System" with Miriam Cooper. He has featured in two big all-star cast pictures, the first was with Katherine Macdonald in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," the screen version of Hall Caine's famous novel, and the second with Clara Kimball Young in "Eyes of Youth."

Other films we are shortly to see him in are with Enid Bennett in "The Gay Miss Fortesque," "The Street Called Straight," a Goldwyn film version of Basil King's famous novel.

His Career in a Nutshell.

MILTON SILLS was born in 1882, so he will be thirty years of age this year. He is six foot in height, has fair hair and grey eyes. He had eight years' experience of the stage before entering the screen world, and is married to Gladys Wynne.

Mischief Loving.

AT home Mr. Sills is just a big out-of-doors boy. He loves to ride and hunt, and is a great lover of country life. He confesses that what he likes best of all, however, is to drive as fast as he can in his car, exceeding the speed limit, whenever he possibly can.

Whenever Milton Sills is not acting before the camera, you will always find him with a big pipe in his mouth. He and his pipe are inseparable.

He is also a keen musician and whiles away many a wait at the studios by playing the piano.

If you want to write him, address your letter—

MILTON SILLS,
c/o Metro Pictures Corporation,
Hollywood, California.



Thoughtful.



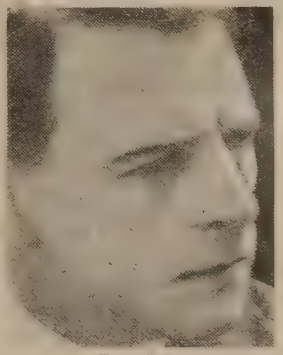
Suspicious.



Pensive.



Mischief brewing.



Enquiry.



His profile.

"THE CALL OF THE ROAD." (*Continued from page 6.*)

women had often gathered to enjoy the hospitality of old Silas Truscott.

To-night a far different company was assembled. Half-a-dozen men were present, and although not exactly unknown in their day, they were for the most part notorious rather than famous.

They had dined well, and earlier in the evening there had been much singing, laughter, and boisterous horse-play, but now the room was very quiet.

Cards had been introduced, and this was a company with whom card-playing was a very serious business.

The majority of the company were gathered round the table intently watching the turn of every card.

Only one man stood apart. Resting his head against the mantel, he stood with his back to the company, and yet he had the air of listening intently to every casual word which dropped from the lips of the players.

He was a young man of uncommon height, with a powerful, athletic figure. Once he looked quickly round towards the card-table. His face was handsome, and there was an expression of gentleness and simplicity in his big grey eyes.

This was Master Alfred Truscott, the Lamb, the giver of the feast and the temporary master of Truscott Hall.

In that quick glance his gaze was fixed more particularly on two of the players.

The first and most notable of these was a very handsome man of forty or thereabouts. His clean-cut features, his pale complexion and his bold, black eyes combined to give him an air of distinction. And distinguished in his way Sir Martin Trevor undoubtedly was. It was his habit to take the lead in any company in which he found himself, and few there were who cared to dispute his right. He was an accomplished duellist, and a gambler with whom card-playing had long ceased to be a game of chance. He had never been detected in any dishonourable act, but his remarkable good-fortune in all games of hazard was the subject of whispered comment in many circles.

The other player on whom the Lamb's eyes rested was a mere boy, with a weak, womanish face now distorted by a look of such tense anxiety as to render it almost painful to gaze upon.

Quite suddenly his expression changed, and he sprang to his feet, at the same time flinging the cards he held away from him.

"'Tis sufficient for me!" he said, half-hysterically. "I will not lose my all!"

The other men, amused, looked at the speaker from under their half-closed eyelids, and leaned back in their chairs. All save Sir Martin Trevor who, rising languidly, strolled across the room to a sideboard and carefully poured himself out a glass of wine.

Then, with the glass in his hand, he turned and looked back towards the table, a smile of mockery in his dark eyes.

'You all, Master Ulleswater?" he drawled with studied offensiveness. "Is that so much? Methinks 'twould hardly fill a cat's cradle."

The pale face of the lad flamed at the taunt, and regardless of consequences he blurted out an angry retort:

"Maybe but it was gotten honest!"

There was a stir among all present, and then a tense stillness.

Sir Martin Trevor did not turn a hair.

Still holding the glass of wine, he walked towards young Ulleswater. His handsome lips were curved in a faint smile, and only the glitter in his dark eyes betrayed his anger.

With a gesture that was deliberate and yet almost casual, he tossed the contents of the glass into the boy's face.

"Does Mr. Jackanapes imply——?" he said, and then paused, as awaiting an answer.

Everyone sprang to his feet. There was an eager interest in the eyes of all, and perhaps here and there a little pity. There could be only one end to this. The drama so suddenly staged would now rush swiftly to its inevitable conclusion when a lad on the threshold of life would die by sword or bullet in the grey dawn, and Sir Martin Trevor would add one more victim to his list.

'He implies naught! This business goes no farther!"

The words, sharp and clear, were uttered in a tone of authority, and at the same moment Alfred Truscott sprang forward.

He looked a very giant among them as he strode into their midst and stepped between Sir Martin and the lad.

"'Tis enough!' he said. "'Twas but the wrath of a fledgling—the idle word of a boy. It is my request, Sir Martin, that the quarrel ends here."

Young Ulleswater, however, by this time was mad with rage, and the restraining hand of his friend only added to his fury.

Tearing himself free, he leaped at Sir Martin. All prudence, all discretion were flung to the winds. His one desire at that moment was to dash his clenched fist into that mocking, sneering face.

But just before the blow could fall a hand of steel closed on his wrist, and he was swung round as though he had been a child.

Panting, he looked up, and found Alfred glaring down at him.

"Fool!" exclaimed the big man. "'Tis death you seek, to fight with such as he!"

Sir Martin, who was now surrounded by his friends, laughed mockingly.

"Faith!' 'Tis good advice!" he jeered. "He would be my tenth!"

The grip tightened on young Ulleswater's wrist, and the next moment the lad found himself being led forcibly towards the door.

"Come, Dick, get you gone!" said Alfred in a low voice. "I am sorry to have brought you into this. It seems my folly brings trouble not only to myself, but to better men than I. But you shall suffer no more through me. This night you ride for home, and in future, lad, choose better company."

They passed out of the room together, and as the door closed upon them, Sir Martin Trevor dropped into a chair and laughed aloud.

"The Lamb is growing tender-hearted, Geoffrey," he said, turning to a man who stood at his elbow.

Geoffrey Ralston was a younger man than Sir Martin, and his bosom friend. He was not only a rogue, but he looked it. Cunning and treachery were stamped upon his face and lurked in his shifty eyes.

"'Twould seem so," he answered. "In truth he has spoiled a pretty adventure. But you were right, Sir Martin, to let the matter pass. There is no need to quarrel with the Lamb—just yet."

There was a general laugh at this.

But Sir Martin Trevor yawned.

"I grow weary of the Lamb!' he said.

"He still has wool!" murmured Ralston, as he thoughtfully stroked his chin.

"Then the sooner he is shorn, the better,' exclaimed Trevor, with a laugh. "A little more of his dull company and I shall die of ennui. Methinks——"

He stopped abruptly as the door opened again and Alfred re-entered. He came forward smiling.

"My thanks to you, Sir Martin, for your forbearance. The lad is my friend."

"Say no more about it,' replied the other, genially. "Bad losers should not play; that's all that need be said. Can we do aught to take the taste of the affair from our mouths? What say you to one more hand?"

For a second the Lamb hesitated, but the spirit of the gambler was in his blood.

"Why not" he said, with a laugh. 'Fortune owes me something. Mayhap I'll find her in the mood to pay her debts. Look to yourself, Trevor, I am going to risk my all on the chance of winning back what I've lost."

"Bravo! That's the spirit of the true sportsman. It's a pleasure to match with so game a fighter!" cried Sir Martin, rather more boisterously than was necessary.

The others crowded round as the two men faced one another at the card-table.

And so the game began.

The Lamb was a keen player. The bits of painted pasteboard fascinated him, and with the cards in his hand he forgot everything but the game.

He soon became absorbed, and for a time the luck favoured him with extraordinary consistency. He could not do wrong, and the pile of his winnings grew.

"Gad, Trevor," he cried, with a boyish, good-humoured laugh, "if you had not had such a good innings yesterday, I should have it in my heart to be sorry for you."

The ghost of a smile flickered over the other's pale, handsome face.

"'Tis the way of the cards. They are bewitched. Nights I've played when I could not lose, and nights when I could not win. The man who wins in the end is the one who has the courage to go on.'

"In truth, 'twould seem so, but 'twas lucky for me Dame Fortune delayed no longer before deciding to smile on me. Here's your revenge, Sir Martin.'

From this point, however, the luck changed, and as the night wore on the Lamb lost steadily.

All his winnings dwindled away, and then much more besides.

"Better stop for the night, 'tis close on dawn?' suggested Geoffrey Ralston suddenly.

The Lamb glanced up sharply, a look of angry protest in his eyes.

Sir Martin Trevor shrugged his shoulders.

"'Tis as Truscott pleases," he said with a yawn. 'I confess I grow weary.'

Alfred frowned and tapped with the tips of his fingers on the table.

"I am the loser, Sir Martin, and I think——" he began when the baronet interposed.

'Quite so—quite so—we go on. Forgive me. But stay, it is somewhat late. What say you to the dice? 'Tis quicker' and you may win a fortune with a throw.

The Lamb's eyes lit up at the suggestion, and rising to his feet, he eagerly swept the cards from the table to the floor.

'Good!' he cried recklessly. "I'll throw you once, and so we'll end the game."

"One throw? To what amount?"

"I owe a thousand guineas—we throw to make it two or nothing."

Sir Martin nodded, smiling.

"Agreed!' he replied. "'Tis a hazard with some spice in it."

The dice were procured and carefully examined.

"You to throw first," said Sir Martin, handing the cup to the Lamb.

'Tis all one to me, replied the latter as he took it and then without a second's hesitation he threw.

The three dice pattered on the table, and the whole company leaned eagerly forward.

Alfred Truscott stared blankly at the numbers showing, and his face turned a shade paler.

A two and two fours!

Did ever Fortune play a man so mean a trick?

"'Tis a poor throw," was all he said.

'I have seen much worse,' replied Sir Martin, laughing.

At the same time he approached the Lamb and patted him on the shoulder in a friendly way.

"Courage, man. I once saw a total of eight win a big stake and you make ten."

While he was speaking Geoffrey Ralston gathered up the dice and the cup. In so doing he changed the dice, replacing those which had been used by others which he held ready in his hand. The thing was done so neatly and with such a swift and sleight of hand dexterity, that no one noticed it.

"It is your turn to throw, Sir Martin," said Alfred quietly.

The baronet picked up the dicebox, shook it lightly, and then for a second or two toyed with it gracefully at the same time smiling at the Lamb.

Finally he threw and stepped back.

There was a solitary laugh from someone, but beyond that only a curious stillness.

Some of the men exchanged glances, and Geoffrey Ralston raised his hands in a gesture of pretended surprise.

Alfred Truscott saw nothing but the numbers on the dice.

A five, a six, and a two.

Sir Martin Trevor was the first to speak. Coming forward, he rested both hands on the edge of the table and leaned over it.

"A pip or two the better. What think you?" he said with his bland smile.

But Alfred Truscott made no answer, nor did he raise his head. His eyes were still fixed on the dice.

Geoffrey Ralston stepped forward and carelessly put out his hand, but he was just about three seconds too late.

With a spring like a panther Truscott flung himself half across the table and snatched up the dice.

Then he leaped back, and stood facing them all, a grim look in his grey eyes.

He stood weighing the dice in his hand while

(*Continued on page 23.*)

STILL HONEYMOONING

The Latest Photographs of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—"Snapped" Exclusively For the "Picture Show"







Away from the film world DOUG. and MARY enjoy a quiet morning seated on a big rock by the seashore.



Two kindly fishermen give MARY PICKFORD a lift in their basket. Above is a photograph of Mary and Director Frances Marion having a hasty lunch.



MARY lends a helping hand to DOUG. as he endeavous to climb the face of the cliff.

Ideal "Dell" Hero.

SYDNEY SEAWARD has been having a strenuous time lately. Only a few weeks ago he went off to France with Maurice Elvey, to take part in the exteriors of "A Gentleman of France," a Stoll film production. Sydney Seaward is a fine, dashing type of man who might easily be called an ideal "Dell" hero. But in France he did not portray the idol of popular romance. On this occasion he played the villain—De Bruhul.



SYDNEY SEAWARD.

Fine Old Chateaux.

SYDNEY SEAWARD is fond of ancient buildings and antiques, so that he revelled in the fine old chateaux of France.

"But unfortunately," he told me, "we were unable to get any horses, and as they were necessary for our riding scenes, Mr. Elvey decided to push on to Nice, where we remained about ten days and the weather was perfect!"

A Realistic Scene.

BUT all is not gold that glitters in the life of a cinema star, as no doubt many PICTURE SHOW readers have realised by this time. It is not always sunshine and blue skies—often enough, quite suddenly, real, adventurous episodes turn up, which the artiste has to face like a man! Not a few have risked their lives in trying to get realistic screen results.

"In 'Tidal Wave,'" said Sydney Seaward, "I think the most interesting thing that happened was when Miss Poppy Wyndham, who played the heroine, was actually washed off the rocks into the sea!

Boiling Surf!

"WE were at a little place called Kynance Cove, near the Lizard, Cornwall. I was playing Rufus to Poppy Wyndham's Columbine, and I had to rescue her from a big rock. Well, we duly went through the rescue, and then Sinclair Hill, our producer, asked us if we would mind doing it again. As we were both thoroughly wet, we agreed.

"I carried Miss Wyndham out through the surf and placed her on the rock, and was just getting into my position when an enormous wave washed her right off into the boiling surf. Luckily I was only a few yards away, and so was able to haul her out. The tide was coming up very fast at the time—and Miss Wyndham could not swim, so it might have turned out badly, although I don't think she would have drowned. I don't wish to appear as a hero," Sydney Seaward laughed, "but I thought the story would interest PICTURE SHOW readers."

A Little Genius.

HERE is little Iris Lunan, aged seven. She has a great career in front of her, and already she has shown a touch of real genius in her work in several of Stoll's productions. She is the type of child who takes the lead when playing with other children. She recites and amuses them, but is not one bit precocious.



IRIS LUNAN.

Before she does a picture, Martin Thornton, Stoll's famous producer, talks to her about her part.

"Now, what do you think about it?" says he.

She answers brightly:

"I can do it!"

She understands the situation at once.

Pardoe Woodman.

PARDOE WOODMAN is another of those lucky mortals favoured by the gods. He sent me a picture-postcard from Nice that made me terribly envious.

"Picture Show" Gossip

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS. STORIES FROM T

"I am still here with Lasky Players, filming 'The Mystery Road,' by Philips Oppenheim," he writes.

There seems to be an invasion of Nice by film stars and producers this season. Pardoe Woodman is a very conscientious worker, and he certainly well deserves his popularity. He took the part of Frank Knight in "The Tidal Wave." He played with José Collins in "Nobody's Child," and found her very charming to act with. It must mean so much to an artiste to be able to play with a woman like José Collins, who is herself a real artiste, from the crown of her head to the tips of her toes.

Pardoe Woodman is another old Bensonian; so many successful stars declare their gratitude to Benson. Pardoe Woodman was also with Granville Barker in "The Dynasts," and with Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, for whom he has the greatest regard, he played in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," and at one period, he tells me, he understudied Godfrey Tearle.

The School for Scandal.

AFTER Pardoe Woodman left the army, he appeared in Fagan's production of "The School for Scandal," and then he was tempted to worship at the shrine of the all-conquering screen.

He played an emotional character-part in "The Mystery of Bernard Brown," a role after his own heart. Not long ago I saw him looking his very best in the mess uniform of a famous regiment, which showed off his slim figure to perfection. He was playing the lead in a big ball-room scene, and he was so perfectly natural that there was an air of absolute reality about his movements.



OLIVE SLOANE.

"I believe in using facial movements and gesture as little as possible," he told me not long ago, "but in repose, all the time."

This is no doubt the secret of his natural acting, the reason why he makes everything appear so true to life when he is seen on the screen.

The Rush for Diamonds!

WHEN I saw Olive Sloane the other evening at the Alliance Studio, St. Margaret's, she had just come back from a day in the country doing exteriors. She has played in numerous musical comedies, amongst the latest being "Joyland" and "To-night's the Night." Then, on her marriage, she left the stage and went to Africa, where she had some exciting experiences.

"I was present at the great Teaping Rush," she told me. "It was a very difficult place to reach, as it was a terribly rocky country.

A Woman Dressed as a Man.

"THE Government proclaims 'ground open,'" Olive Sloane went on, "and everybody goes off to dig for diamonds. They carry pegs with them, so that on the day of 'the rush,' when a tape is held across the land, at the firing of a revolver all dash over the ground, each intent to peg out the best claim. In the desperation of the moment several people were killed on the rocks, and one man fell on a peg and was fatally injured. A woman dressed as a man was the first to reach the best claim. One has to sleep out in the open, and the wind comes along and takes everything with it."

The Call of Africa.

OLIVE SLOANE says that in Africa the people seem to tie themselves down to native pictures. They have small open-air studios. On the other hand, they have magnificent offices and buildings.

"I liked the horse-racing immensely, and I must confess," she added, "Africa creates a longing to go back there!"





POPPY WYNDHAM an SYDNEY SEAWAR in "The Tidal Wave." On the left PARDOE WOODMAN.



A charming country scene from the Stoll film From left to right we see PARDOE WOODM

ROD LA ROCQUE

ROD LA ROCQUE owes his first appearance as a screen hero to the sudden illness of Bryant Washburn. Previous to this he had been playing villain roles. Now he has played hero to almost every well-known star on the screen, including Mabel Normand, Mae Marsh, Constance Binney, Corinne Griffith, Madge Kennedy, and Marguerite Clarke.

Rod makes an ideal lover; perhaps this is because Rod has never been in love. He explains this by saying that he has a great many friends, and he doesn't have time.







A touching love scene with CONSTANCE BINNEY.

With CORINNE GRIFFITH—in "The Garter Girl."

With CONSTANCE BINNEY—in "The Stolen Kiss."

With DOROTHY DICKSON: A visit to her dressing-room.





(Photo: Jean de Strzlecki, N.Y.)

MARIE DORO.

The Course of True Love never did run Smoothly

The above adage is as true to-day as in the old days when it was written. Here we see some lovers' quarrels on the screen.

A little misunderstanding between MADGE TITHERADGE and OWEN NARES—in "Gamblers All." *(Samuelson Granger.)*



VIVIAN MARTIN loses her temper with her screen sweetheart—in "An Innocent Adventuress." *(Artcraft.)*





ENID BENNETT gives her screen husband a bit of her mind—in "When Do We Eat." *(Paramount.)*



DOROTHY GISH is not to be won over by a caress—in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town." *(Paramount Artcraft.)*



ELLIOTT DEXTER thinks he can end his quarrel with ETHEL CLAYTON—in "Maggie Pepper." *(Paramount.)*

About British Players

STUDIOS. AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.



POPPY WYNDHAM as Columbine in "The Tidal Wave"—a Stoll film.



Ethel M. Dell's story, "The Tidal Wave." Y WYNDHAM, and SYDNEY SEAWARD.

Ruby Miller and Sunshine.

ON this page you will see a photograph of Miss Ruby Miller. She is enjoying the sunshine at Nice, whilst playing in the latest Famous Players-Lasky British Productions.

Rabbits and Old China.

I HAD tea the other afternoon with Colette Brettel, in a charming old-world room not a hundred miles away from the Crystal Palace, and as a means of obtaining inspiration for my notes on British Films and Artistes, for readers of the PICTURE SHOW, Colette insisted on my sitting in a chair that had belonged to Dickens!

Colette Brettel is very fair and dainty. Her hair is like a glittering web of sunshine, and her smile, and delicate pink-and-white complexion, are enchanting.

Do you want to know what she was wearing? The simplest little black frock in the world with a Magyar bodice, trimmed round the low neck and short sleeves with lace. And the skirt was accordian pleated. Colette has four loves—and three of her secrets I will give you straight away.

First there is her admiration for her brilliantly clever sculptor mother—who, by the bye, had just been planting a plum-tree in the garden when I arrived. Secondly, Colette loves old china, and she and her mother have a wonderful collection of the blue variety. And thirdly, Colette has five rabbits whom she looks after entirely herself. They are so tame that she calls each one by a pet name. They respond at once, and often they chase after her into the dining-room!

Colette's Greater Love.

WHAT is Colette Brettel's passion? Picture making! She played for a time in "Bran Pie," but all the while she simply longed to do film work. Then one very wet day, just before a matinée, her chance came. She was asked to go and see a producer in Wardour Street, and was engaged straight away, after going through a test, to play in a screen play.



RUBY MILLER.

More Real Than the Stage.

COLETTE thinks that the screen is so much more real than the stage, and that is one of her reasons for preferring film work to the theatre.

"Besides, one can be home in the evening," she smiled, "which is heaps nicer!"

She played in "Wuthering Heights," with Milton Rosmer. Later, she went off to Holland, to play in a Binger-Granger screen play, "Blood Money."

"Everybody was so frightfully kind to me there," she declared. "In fact, when I was with the Binger-Granger Company, it was the happiest time of my life."

A Jazz Band at Elstree.

THE other day I went off to Elstree, and I found very gay doings at the Ideal Studio. Mr. Wynne was producing a scene out of "Belphegor the Mountebank," and a Bal Masque was in progress. No expense is spared in these up-to-date days. Every effort is made to obtain the best possible results. The revellers in all kinds of fancy costumes, with confetti showered upon them, and streamers encircling them, to the accompaniment of a band from town, danced with hilarious enthusiasm and spirit. When they were worked up to fever heat, the whistle was blown, and the scene was filmed.

Sinclair Hill.

BEFORE Mr. Sinclair Hill produced "Tidal Wave" for Stoll Picture Productions, he had obtained much experience in Italy. He tells me that he was educated at St. Paul's, and on leaving school he looked round for an artistic occupation, and he believed that he saw it in the film world. Sinclair Hill went to an old established firm of Continental film importers. Here he learnt the financial value of a picture. In 1912 he went back to Italy—which he already knew on account of his business connections—and he joined the Italia Company, as the firm wanted a foreign correspondent and an English advisor. But Sinclair Hill is not only a producer; he is an accomplished scenario writer, and has himself acted for films.



COLETTE BRETTEL.

A Great Artiste—Haidee Wright.

THE other afternoon I came along in a car from Elstree to Leicester Square with Haidee Wright. Surely she is easily one of the most wonderful women in London, for although she had been working all day at the Ideal Studios in a screen version of "The Old Country," under the direction of Mr. E. V. Bramble, she was going on to the Royalty Theatre to play Gertrude, her original part in the revival of "Milestones."

Pathos and Tears.

I ASKED Haidee Wright her attitude of mind before she went to the theatre each evening, or before a matinee.

"I always feel a little sad, sad and nervous," the great actress answered. "If I don't *feel* sad when I am playing Gertrude, I know I am not doing my best—and I should like to know how many tears I shed in 'The Unknown.'"

"Tidal Wave."

BY Ethel M. Dell, one of Stoll's eminent British Authors series. The exterior scenes were photographed amid the rugged grandeur of the Cornish coast. It was adapted and produced by Sinclair Hill. The cast includes Judd Green (Adam), Sydney Seaward (Rufus), Annie Esmond (Aunt Liza), Pardoe Woodman (Frank Knight), Poppie Wyndham (Columbine).

It is a story of a girl reared in the slums who, on the death of her father, comes to live with her aunt at the Ship Inn, on the desolate grandeur of a rocky, sea-swept coast. Columbine is met at the station by her cousin Rufus, and is welcomed by her Aunt Liza, and distrusted by her Uncle Adam, because her mother was Spanish.

The Eternal Triangle.

ONE day Rufus takes Columbine to the rocks, and on their way they meet Frank Knight, an artist. Columbine's beauty stirs his artistic senses.

Rufus shows Columbine a bell-buoy. When the bell rings it means the Tidal Wave. Once it comes up, the way to the cliff path is cut off in less than thirty seconds.

Later follows the old story of the eternal triangle.

Columbine is flattered by the artist's attentions; Rufus madly in love, and jealousy afield. Then one day Knight and Columbine are caught by the tide on the rocks. She is saved by Rufus, but Knight is left to his fate. Taunted by Columbine that he is a coward not to save Knight, wet and tired with his great exertion, again Rufus goes to the rocks; alive with the roaring sea. Knight, trapped and helpless, shivering at his fate, is saved by Rufus. Knight leaves the village without one word of farewell to Columbine. And thus in the end she finds the one true man, the man who risked his life to save hers.



SINCLAIR HILL.

"Rufus! Rufus!" she called. "Let me forget I ever loved anyone but you!"

ETTA NORMAN.

The FEUD

Splendid Complete Story of the romantic days of the Wild West.

(Special to the "Picture Show.")



TOM MIX as Smith and EVA NOVAK as Betty. [*Fox.*

IN a wild bit of country in the Far West a young girl was driving in a number of wooden posts.

In the language of the gold seekers, she was "staking a claim," like everybody else in the little frontier settlement had done.

After years of peaceful agricultural prosperity, the little community had been stirred out of its calmness by the news that a wandering prospector had discovered gold.

At that magic word, which has brought men from all parts of the world to suffer untold hardships and often death, the settlers left their ploughs and harrows, anxious to get to the promised El Dorado before gold-seekers came from other parts, and hoping by a lucky stroke to make more money in a day than they could by tilling the land all their lives.

Betty Summers Brown, the girl who was driving in the stakes, had not only always been in the West.

Her parents were of fine old Southern stock, but financial reasons had compelled them to seek a new fortune in the wilds.

But they had scarcely begun to retrieve their fortunes when they both died, leaving Betty with a few loyal servants to carry on alone.

Betty had enjoyed the life and did not mind the hardships. Her only trouble was that on a neighbouring selection were two of the Lynch family, with whom her family on her mother's side (the Summers) had pursued a relentless feud for generations.

As the girl stood up to rest from her labours she presented a picture that would have fired the blood of any man.

Tall and willowy, with a perfect oval face set in a frame of silken hair the colour of ripe corn, red pouting lips and blue eyes, she was indeed beautiful. And there was a grace and dignity about her that would have told the observer that she would have looked even better in a ballroom.

Suddenly her eyes darkened with anger as she looked down the rough trail.

"There's Bill Brady," she muttered. "I suppose the Lynch brothers have sent him to spy out my claim."

The newcomer was a man between thirty and forty years of age, hard faced and rough looking. He was a partner with Bob and Dan Lynch, and having taken a bitter dislike to Betty because she had deservedly snubbed him, he had made the feud his own, and never lost an opportunity of worrying the girl.

"You can just pull up those stakes," he said with a leer. "That little plot of land is mine. I staked it out yesterday."

"You know you lie, Bill Brady," said the girl quietly. "There was no stake here before I drove in mine."

"No stakes of mine here now, I can see," sneered the man. "Not likely, when you have pulled them out to put yours in. But that game won't work here. If you were a man I'd shoot you for attempting to jump my claim, as it is I order you to clear out."

"If you were a man you wouldn't come bullying a girl and trying to rob her," retorted Betty spiritedly. "But you're not a man, only a cowardly bully that fawns at the table of the Lynch brothers, glad of any scrap they throw you. Now you know what I think about you get off my claim. I might want to grow something here if I don't find gold, and nature would surely refuse to give up her treasure at any place that had been polluted by your presence."

"You shut your mouth or I'll close it in a way you won't like," said Brady with an ugly scowl. "Clear while you've got the chance."

With a disdainful glance the girl turned her back on him and began to drive in another stake.

With a bound Brady was at her side and began to kick the stake out of the ground.

Betty came at him brandishing the hammer, but the bully easily avoided the blow, and jumping in, he seized her round the waist.

"You shall pay for that with a kiss," he hissed, as he strove to draw her face towards him.

But Betty was strong, and she put all her strength forward as she struggled to escape from the arms of her captor.

Suddenly she felt the man fly from her, and looking up, she saw he had been torn away by a young man, who was shaking her late assailant like a rat.

"You skunk!" said the young man. "What sort of a reptile do you call yourself attacking a girl. I'd a good mind to put a bullet through you, but good lead is too valuable to waste on you."

"Well, I'll waste some of mine," snarled Brady as he backed away and drew his gun.

Just how it happened Betty could never tell.

The young man seemed to move like a streak of lightning.

He knocked Brady's gun from his hand, and the next second he was giving him a hiding which was as artistic as it was effective. Brady tried in vain to stop the shower of blows which the stranger put all over him, and he decided to quit by sinking to the ground.

"She jumped my claim," he whined, as he held his arm before his face as if expecting another blow.

"You're a liar," said the stranger. "Without going into the merits of the case I know you're a liar. Your face tells the world you're a liar. Besides I happened to ride past here early this morning, and there was never a stake in the ground. Now jump your ugly carcase out of this before I make you a target for a little bit of gun play. And if you want to know who's trimmed you, my name is John Smith, and I'm always to be found around here."

Brady did not stand on the order of going, but ran away as swiftly as his legs could carry him.

The Introduction.

THE young man took off his big sombrero and bowed to Betty.

"Guess it was lucky I happened along just then," he said. "Who is the skunk?"

"It's Bill Brady. You were right when you said he was a liar about the claim. I had to tell him what I thought about him once because he insulted me, and since then he has given me no peace. My name is Betty Summers Brown."

"Wish I'd have known that before," said Smith thoughtfully.

"No, I don't mean your name, Miss Brown" he added quickly. "I meant that that coyote had insulted you. I guess he wouldn't have got off so lightly. However, I don't suppose he'll worry you any more. Now if you will allow me I'll knock these stakes in for you, and then I guess I'll be getting along."

As he went to his task Betty looked up at her rescuer.

He was a tall, well-built young man whose well-knit figure gave little indication of the great strength she had just seen displayed. His good-looking face was tanned with the tan that comes of living in the open, and Betty decided he had never seen city life. Best of all she liked his eyes, which were honest and tender, though there had been a very different look in them when he was chastising Bill Brady.

"Yes," thought Betty. "Decidedly he is a man."

When he had finished his task Smith held out his hand with a boyish smile.

"Reckon I'll be moving now, Miss Brown. Maybe you're coming my way. I'm making for the settlement."

"Not just yet," said Betty. "I'm camping in that tent there." She pointed to a miner's tent. "Two of my servants from the farm are bringing up provisions. They should be here any minute now."

"Guess I'll hang around till I sight them," said Smith. "That fellow Brady might take it into his head to try to leave his card again."

"It's very good of you——" began Betty hesitatingly.

"Oh, you needn't worry that you're putting me to any trouble," said the young man with a smile. "It's just a precaution. I don't suppose for a minute that Brady will really come back, but there's no use in taking chances. Besides, there may be others of his breed around."

Betty was quick to see the sense of his remarks.

Her encounter with Brady had unnerved her, though she did not know the meaning of physical fear, but she felt she would sooner have died than have been kissed by such a brute. And again, she felt quite safe while John Smith was with her. She knew with a woman's sure instinct that he was the soul of chivalry and that she could trust him.

"I shall be pleased for you to stay if I am not keeping you away from your own business. Which reminds me that I have not yet thanked you for saving me from that ruffian. You only came just in time."

"Please don't mention it," said Smith. "And don't think me rude if I say this place is hardly one for a girl. There will be some rough characters around of the Brady Brand when the rush sets in."

"I know," agreed the girl. "I'm used to the frontier, and before the gold rush I was never insulted. But I have my old coloured nurse with me and a strong man-servant. Besides, I don't intend to stay on the claim. It is going to be worked for me, and I shall go back to my farm when I have got it started."

"A very wise decision," said Smith. "I think these must be your servants coming along now."

He pointed to where a coloured woman and a sturdy man were coming up the trail with a pack mule.

"Yes, that's old Mammy Chloe and Jackson," said Betty, rising. "Allow me to thank you again."

"I was happy to be along just when I was needed," said Smith, taking off his wide-brimmed hat. "I'll call in as I pass along the trail to-morrow."

He whistled for his horse, and swinging himself into the saddle with the ease of a born horseman, galloped down the trail.

The Terrible Truth.

SMITH was as good as his word. He called at the claim the following day and gave Betty some valuable advice about registering and other things, then rode away with an assurance that he would always be knocking around if she wanted any help.

That was the beginning of a strong friendship between Betty and John Smith, a friendship that quickly ripened into love—if, indeed, their mutual liking had not been love from the start.

In less than two months from their first meeting they were married, and when John Smith went into Betty's farm, which they had decided to make their home till they saw how the mine panned out, he was the happiest man in the whole settlement.

As for Betty, she felt that life had only just begun for her.

John was so happy, kind, and thoughtful. He anticipated her slightest wish.

As far as money was concerned they were almost the richest people in the settlement. John had a prosperous ranch and a carrying business that brought him in a considerable profit, and with his money he made many improvements on the farm that Betty had been unable to afford.

One day Betty told her husband that she had invited her grandmother to visit her. John was delighted.

"I shall have to share her with you, Betty," he said jokingly. "I never knew my father and mother, or in fact any relative." He broke off suddenly, as if the subject was a painful one to him; and Betty asked no questions.

It was a happy day for Betty when Grandma Summers arrived.

Mrs. Summers was a distinguished-looking lady, carrying herself erect despite her seventy odd years.

"No need to ask if you're happy, Betty," said Mrs. Summers. "That look in your eyes could only have come through love. And where is this wonderful husband of yours?"

"He won't be long, grandma. He was very much annoyed that he could not meet you, but he had an urgent message from the ranch, and he was obliged to go. He said he would ride his hardest to get back to meet you. Yes, I am happy," she went on with a glad smile. "I think I'm the happiest woman in the settlement, or in the world for that matter. There's only one thing that worries me. Two of those Lynches are here. We hate each other just as much as ever our parents hated. It was through a partner of the brothers Lynch that I had the

only trouble I have experienced since we came West." Betty then told her grandma how Bill Brady insulted her, and how John had rescued her.

"Quite a romantic meeting," smiled the old lady.

"Yes," replied Betty. "I suppose I ought to be thankful to the Lynch brothers for getting an introduction to my husband, but how I hate them. It's in my blood I suppose I was reared on hatred to that family."

"I wish that feud was dead and buried," sighed the old lady. "It broke your mother's heart, Betty. It's a sad story, and I won't spoil your happiness by telling you now."

There was a clatter of hoofs, and Betty ran to the door.

"Here he is, grandma," she cried as John Smith stepped in.

But there was no response from Mrs. Summers. Her face had changed to a dull grey, and as she supported herself against the table she looked like a woman who had seen a ghost.

"Jere Lynch!" she gasped.

John looked from one to the other in a bewildered way.

"What does it all mean, Betty?" he asked.

"Sit down, please," said Mrs. Summers. "I wish I could have held my tongue, but the likeness is too remarkable. It brings back the tragedy of the last feud-killing. What did you say your name was? John Smith? Did you never have another name?"

John Smith shook his head.

"No. My parents were killed in an Indian massacre. I was the only one left alive when the soldiers arrived too late. The wagons—everything was burned to cinders, including the bodies of my parents and the rest of the emigrant train. The soldiers took me to the fort and brought me up. They gave me the name of John Smith I never knew any other."

"You are Jere Lynch's son," said the old lady

"A Lynch! I've married a Lynch!"

The words came in a scream from Betty. Her hands were clutching her throat and there was a look of horror on her face that terrified her husband.

He rushed towards her, but she shrank from him.

"Don't touch me! Don't touch me!" she moaned.

There was a tense silence for a few moments, and then Betty got up slowly.

"Go on, grandma. Tell us all."

"You know enough, Betty. I am certain your husband is the son of Jere Lynch, but what of it. This wretched feud has ruined both families for generations. Let it stop now. An old nigger woman prophesied that it would end in a marriage between a Summers and a Lynch. I see the hand of Providence in your marriage with John. Let the feud be buried."

"I can't. I'm a Summers!" cried Betty, raising herself to her full height. "Go on, tell me all. There may be some mistake."

The old lady shook her head, and went to her satchel which she had placed on a chair. From it she took a photograph which she handed to John in silence. He gave one look at it, and then placed it on the table. There was no mistaking the likeness. It was the double of himself. Only the dress varied.

"Yes. I guess I'm a Lynch all right," he said slowly.

"Perhaps you had better know everything," said Mrs. Summers. "When you have heard my story, Betty, you will see there were faults on both sides. There was a feud between the families before I was born, but it had smouldered without any killing till your mother was a girl of nineteen. Then she met Jere Lynch, your husband's father. For the first time a Lynch and a Summers wished to end the feud. They had found something greater than hate—love. They met secretly in the cabin of an old negro nurse of your mother's, Betty. It was this old woman that prophesied that a marriage between the two families would end the feud, but first there would be many killings and much suffering. How terribly true that was. Your grandfather my husband, found out that your mother was in love with Jere Lynch. He went to Jere's house and challenged him outside the door. Our son Ben at once went and challenged Jere to a duel. Jere refused to fight because he loved your mother, and wanted the feud to stop. But my son refused to be pacified, and as they were talking Jere's father came along, and calling his son a coward, he fought my son. They fought with pistols, and my son killed Jere's father. Seeing his father dead at his feet broke Jere's resolution. He accepted Ben's challenge and killed him on the same dwelling ground where his father lay dead. Then he rushed away, and calling at the old negro woman's cabin, he told your mother what had happened and how the quarrel had been forced on by our family, saying he was going out West and asking her to wait for him. I forgot to tell you that on the very day these two fatal duels had occurred, the lovers had planned to elope and get married. Your mother promised to wait for Jere, asking him to write as soon as he got settled. Jere did so, but as he could not address his letter to her home, he enclosed it in one to his sister. She was perhaps the most fanatical of all in her hatred to our family, and she tore up the letter, at the same time telling your mother that Jere had married. Not hearing from him, your mother, after many weary months of waiting, married a man named Cal Brown, your father, who had long been in love with her. I can see now, that Jere Lynch, must have acted in pretty much the same way. Not receiving a letter from your mother, he believed that she had

(Continued on page 18.)

A NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES

Beauty for Everyone

Read these helpful articles and be convinced that every woman, can, if she wishes, be beautiful

By **RUTH ROLAND**

No. 2.—CARE OF THE HAIR

As Pope has it:

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

IT does seem too bad that healthy, abundant, and beautiful hair should be so rarely seen. The first essential is cleanliness.

I do not deem it advisable to shampoo the hair oftener than once a week; however, each individual must be their own guide in this, as some scalps contain far more oil than others. Many scalps are too dry and require additional nourishment. For this purpose, there is nothing better than pure vaseline, well heated and thoroughly massaged into the scalp. It goes without saying that soft water—real rain-water, if possible—is best.

The Importance of Rinsing.

ONLY the purest soaps should be used, and they must be thoroughly melted before application. One secret of a really good shampoo is in the rinsing. After the scalp and hair are really clean, they should be rinsed and re-rinsed until not the tiniest particle of suds remains.

The ends of the hair should always be clipped. I have never permitted my hair to be singed.

Massage.

BOTH massage with the finger tips until the blood is brought to the surface and the scalp glows and tingles, as well as electrical massage is good for hair health, and the regular brushing—at least 150 strokes with a good bristle brush every night before retiring—makes one's hair bright and shining.

I do not believe in curling the hair with irons, as it renders the hair lifeless and gives it a tendency to break off.

Dress Your Hair to Suit Your Face.

ONE should not follow the latest style in hair arrangement, if it does not suit their type of face. The shape of the face should be studied and different arrangements tried out until the most becoming one is found, then stick to that one; for any coiffure is attractive if becoming, and the hair is clean and alive. Curled hair may suit best the oval face, while the round countenance looks prettier with the hair plain.

The Correct Comb.

NEVER use wire brushes nor metal combs. The comb should be of hard rubber with teeth well shaped and rounded at their sides and these teeth should be uniform throughout, not a comb half coarse and half fine.

Bobbed Hair.

PERSONALLY, I do not like bobbed hair—even though it is sometimes piquant and fascinating to certain faces, but one tires of it as they never do of long tresses, and if one decides to let it grow again, the in-between stages are so unbecoming.

I do not like the use of false hair, but when from some reason it is necessary, its use should be in extreme moderation, as it overheats the scalp and injures the natural growth.

Dyeing or bleaching the hair is in bad taste and never to be recommended. A little lemon in the rinsing water will brighten light hair, and for the snowy white hair, a bit of blueing is excellent.

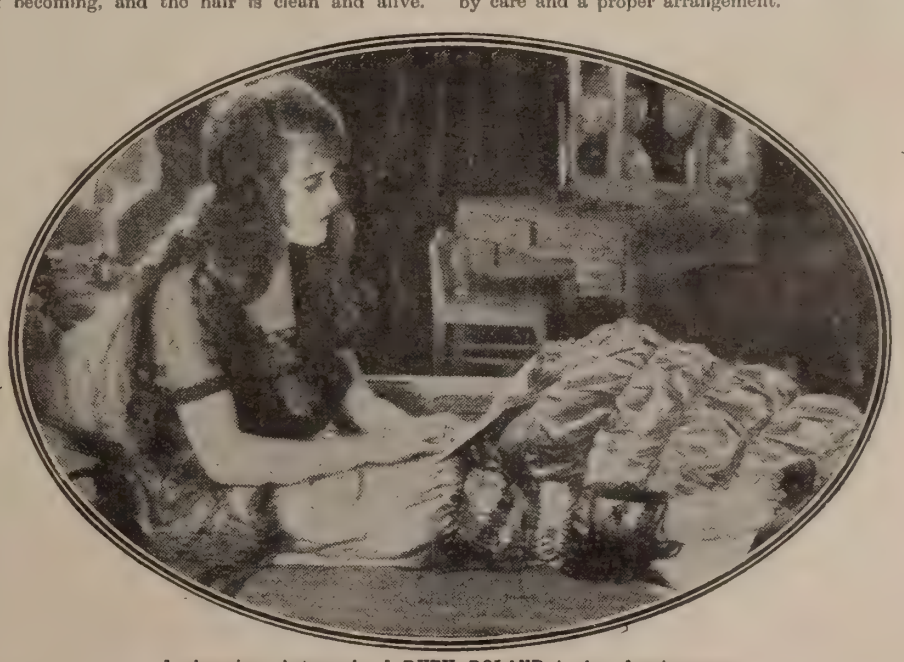
Health and the Hair.

THE condition of the hair is a good barometer of one's physical well-being. When we are nervous or in ill-health, the hair lacks lustre and falls out rapidly, so it is most important, if one wishes beautiful hair—and who does not?—that they carefully watch their health as well as the care and condition of the hair and scalp.

Dry Your Hair In the Sun.

AFTER shampooing, it is advisable to dry the hair in the sun and air, and occasionally when out in the open air, go bare-headed for a while and the hair and scalp—like grateful plants—will be all the better for the oxygen and moisture.

My own hair is dark auburn, but, as I said before, no matter what the colour, any hair may be made attractive, and a real beauty asset by care and a proper arrangement.



A charming photograph of RUTH ROLAND in her dressing-room.

"THE FEUD."

(Continued from page 17.)

forgotten him, and in time married someone else—who was the mother of your husband. There you have all the sad story. Betty dear, I am an old woman nearing my end. Let me pray you as one who has suffered so much from this relentless feud to let it die."

"Yes, Betty. Isn't our love more than this senseless family hate?"

The man came towards his wife, but again she shrank from him.

"Don't touch me!" she cried. "I am a Summers. I can't undo the fact that I am married to you, but I will never live with you again."

"Is that your last word, Betty?"

"Yes."

Without another word her husband took up his hat and went out into the night.

The Stranger at the Home.

MONTHS passed, and there was no sign of reconciliation between the two. John had taken up his abode with the other Lynches, for Betty's hate had put some spirit of the feud into his heart, yet he waited, hoping for the day when she would send for him, for his love only grew stronger though he was parted from her.

One afternoon a rider halted at the Lynches homestead and asked for John.

"I thought I'd just tell you in passing that there's a stranger at your old home, and your wife seems to think an awful lot of him."

John sprang to his feet, and reached for his gun.

"Drop that, Smith," said the rider. "It's the gospel truth I'm giving you, and I thought you ought to know."

"If it isn't the truth you won't live to see many more sunsets," said John grimly. "She's still my wife though we're parted."

"You'll find it the solemn truth. Go and see for yourself," said the stranger, as he rode away.

John turned to Bob and Dan Lynch. "You heard what he said, boys. I'm going to see."

He looked over his guns, and mounting his horse galloped to his old home.

"Guess we'd better follow him," said Dan. "You never know what tricks a Summers will play."

As John knocked at the door of his old home, a curious feeling came over him. His determination was engulfed in a wave of tenderness, but stifling his weakness he shut his lips and walked in. Old Mrs. Summers came to meet him, but before she could speak, Betty came into the room. Husband and wife stared at each other for a few moments, and then John spoke.

"I hear there is a stranger in the house—a man. Where is he?"

"In my bedroom," said Betty quietly, making room for him to pass.

With black murder in his heart, John passed up to the bedroom. As he stared round the old familiar room he saw it was empty. "The cur's got away!" he muttered as he went to the window.

Just then there came a little cry from the side of the bed, and turning swiftly John saw a little cot, and in it the man—a baby—his son.

Big tears rolled down his cheeks as he picked up the little one.

When he looked up again Betty was standing at the door, and in her eyes he read that for her the feud was ended. Once again it had been killed by love—this time the love of a mother for her child.

Betty took the baby from him, and placed it in its cot, and the next second she was in his arms.

As John hugged his wife to him, he heard the voices of Bob and Dan Lynch asking where he was and the quiet answer of Mrs. Summers telling them he was upstairs. John smiled to himself.

"Come right up, boys, I've got the man," he shouted.

As they rushed into the bedroom, John held up his son.

"This is young Summers Lynch, boys. That ends the feud."

"I guess it does," said Dan.

(Adapted from incidents in the Fox photo-play by permission, featuring TOM MIX as John, and EVA NOVAK as Betty.)

The Big Three

The PICTURE SHOW
Every MONDAY
The GIRLS' CINEMA
Every TUESDAY
The BOYS' CINEMA
Every WEDNESDAY

The Latest Pictures, Paragraphs, Stories, and News of the Cinema World.

FILMS OF THE WEEK

The "Picture Show's" Guide to Picturegoers

"A Manhattan Knight." GEORGE WALSH. (*Fox.*)

THE greatest athlete on the screen in a typical role. The story is brisk and cheerful and gives the star many opportunities for the thrilling fights in which he glories.

"Wit Wins." FLORENCE BILLINGS. (*Gaumont.*)

MYSTERY stories are always inviting. All who see "Wit Wins" will find themselves held to the end. This story shows how a girl, apparently a crook, brought off a wonderful coup against a millionaire financier.

"A Girl Named Mary." MARGUERITE CLARK. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

DELIGHTFUL Marguerite Clark is supported in this film by a splendid cast, including that fine actress, Kathleen Williams. This is the story of a woman who seeks her lost daughter for fifteen years, and finds her in the little typist.

"The Winchester Woman." ALICE JOYCE. (*Vitagraph.*)

THIS story is most true to life. Alice Joyce takes the role of a woman who is charged but acquitted of killing her husband. To avoid the scandal she moves to a distant town, but here her past follows her. She is torn between allowing herself to be exposed, and saving the daughter of the man she loves from ruin.

"Trent's Last Case." PAULINE PETERS and GREGORY SCOTT. (*Broadwest.*)

GOOD detective films are always welcome, and this story must be placed among the best. The mystery is not solved until the last scenes, and onlookers will be kept wondering as to what that solution will be.

"The Right to Lie." DOLORES CASSINELLI. (*Pathe.*)

BY an accident a father finds his unknown child and brings her up in his house as his ward. But his wife, who is ignorant of the child's identity is jealous, and the daughter, now grown up, is set up in a studio by her father. Scandal ensues and follows the heroine through many years. After her marriage it again threatens to wreck her life. To save her husband's life, she stoops to tell a lie to the world, but in the end all is made clear, and happiness reigns.

"The Pursuit of Pamela." EDNA FLUGRATH and DOUGLAS MUNRO.

THE well-known stage success adapted for the screen. Popular Edna Flugrath has an exacting role as Pamela who, brought up in an atmosphere of restraint, welcomes freedom, which she innocently believes will be hers as the wife of a rich old man. An hour after the marriage, she resolves to run away, and here the pursuit begins. Her guardian and husband follow, and she is only saved at the last by a faithful Chinaman. Excellent British production.

"The Wonder Man." GEORGES CARPENTIER. (*Ideal.*)

AN exceptional picture with the boxing idol as the hero. Carpentier's first appearance on the screen, in which he proves himself an excellent actor and also gives a wonderful exhibition of his prowess in the ring.

"Anna the Adventuress." ALMA TAYLOR and GERALD AMES. (*Hepworth.*)

ANOTHER British production which will be hard to beat. The talented actress plays a dual role with great distinction.

"Rustling a Bride." LILA LEE. (*Paramount.*)

THE youthful star as a typical Western girl. A photograph, enclosed in a letter from her cowboy sweetheart, is the cause of all the trouble.

"Heart's Desire." ANITA STEWART. (*Jury's.*)

CHARMING Anita Stewart as a young girl with a great love for babies, who escapes from a convent in Italy during a storm. She goes to America, dressed as a boy. Her adventures there will thrill and hold the interest of all her many admirers.

"The Husband Hunter." MADGE TITHERADGE and C. M. HALLARD. (*Ideal.*)

EGYPT is the background of most of the scenes in this story. It is a British production of outstanding merit, and the stars play their parts with much dramatic power. A missing ring, hidden in the desert, provides adventures for a party of English people.

"Only a Mill Girl." HARRY FOXWELL. (*Ideal.*)

ADAPTED from the great mill drama. The desire to obtain the plans of a shuttle invention and the love of two men—master and man—for a mill girl, are the themes about which the plot is woven.

"The Lure of Crooning Water." IVY DUKE and GUY NEWALL. (*Stoll.*)

A FIRST-CLASS British film. Ivy Duke's best work up to date. An actress is advised to rest, and goes to a farm to recuperate. The young farmer becomes infatuated, and leaves wife and children to follow her to London. Here he learns the truth about her character, and returns to the farm completely cured. Excellent from every standpoint.

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

This Week's Best Jokes

By permission of Messrs. Pathé Freres

It is said that skirts are to be shorter yet. They will end in being nothing—well, really—a hem.—(*London Opinion.*)

* * *

A man who has never been fooled by a woman probably wasn't worth the effort.—(*Judge, New York.*)

* * *

GUY: "Why did you break off your engagement with Mildred?"

GERALD: "Well, her parro was always saying, 'Oh, Jack, don't.'"

GUY: "But what difference did that make?"

GERALD: "Only that my name isn't Jack."—(*Tit-Bits.*)

* * *

"These days a man can hardly get married unless he can show the girl two licences."

"Two licences?"

"Yes, marriage and motor car."—(*Winnipeg Tribune.*)

1ST MAN: "Banks made a bad mistake during the election when he began kissing all the babies."

2ND MAN: "I should say he did. His opponent, Miss Peachblossom, took the hint and started in on the fathers."—(*Yonkers, U.S.A., Statesman.*)

* * *

SHE (whispering): "But is your love true?"

HE (passionately): "As true as the delicate flush on your dear cheek."

SHE (quickly and aloud): "Oh—er—isn't the—er—doesn't the band play nicely?"—(*Detroit, U.S.A., Free Press.*)

* * *

THE CALLER: "Good morning, sir. I'm collecting for the Poets' Hospital. Will you contribute?"

THE EDITOR: "With pleasure. Call to-night with your ambulance, and I'll have a poet ready."—(*L'Asino, Turin.*)

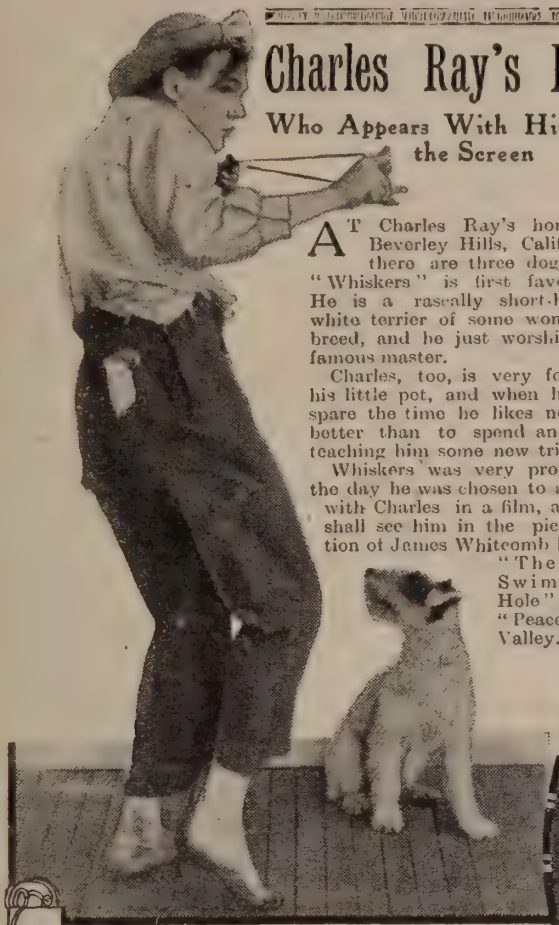
Charles Ray's Dog

Who Appears With Him on the Screen

AT Charles Ray's home in Beverley Hills, California, there are three dogs, but "Whiskers" is first favourite. He is a rascally short-haired, white terrier of some wonderful breed, and he just worships his famous master.

Charles, too, is very fond of his little pet, and when he can spare the time he likes nothing better than to spend an hour teaching him some new tricks.

Whiskers was very proud on the day he was chosen to appear with Charles in a film, and we shall see him in the picturisation of James Whitcomb Riley's "The Old Swimming Hole" and in "Peaceful Valley."



"Whiskers" is very interested in watching his master, and wondering what he is going to do next.



"Whiskers" is a very polite little dog, and will always beg nicely for anything he wants.

CHARLES RAY teases "Whiskers" by holding up another pet.





The enemies take stock of one another before a battle royal.



CHARLES RAY and "Whiskers," as they will appear in "The Old Swimming Hole."

I will tell you Free how to Reduce Your Weight



I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and, strong as I was, I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman, and have plenty of work to do. While my earthly self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in this direction brought sorrow and consternation, because I knew that I must give up business or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely, because I felt that my company was no longer desired, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point of my life.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain effort to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration and succeeded, for 36 lbs. of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practise tiresome exercises, nor starvation diet, nor wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method, and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as I could wish.

You could reduce your weight the same as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclose two penny stamps to pay postage.

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SHOW YOUR FRIENDS

The "Picture Show."

GEORGE FITZMAURICE

A Chat With the Famous Star-Director



GEORGE FITZMAURICE.

IN George Fitzmaurice, producer of such Paramount film successes as "The Avalanche," "A Society Exile," "The Witness for the Defence," and latterly; "On With the Dance" (which created a furore in America), "The Right to Love," and "Idols of Clay," I had the honour of meeting a man who merits, in every sense, that too often ill bestowed title—*artist*.

That every one of Mr. Fitzmaurice's productions bears the hallmark of beauty is not surprising, in view of the fact that not only was he born in the greatest art centre of the world, Paris, but was himself an artist, being a graduate of the famous Julien School, one of the most renowned studios in the Gay City. It is to his early training as a painter that his wonderful handling of light, shade and grouping, and his general artistic sense, may be traced; while his travels in various parts of the globe—in Japan, China, Egypt, India, and America (where he has lived for the past twelve years) are responsible for his cosmopolitan outlook.

Unrivalled Scenery.

ASKED whether his visit to England was one of business or pleasure, Mr. Fitzmaurice admitted that it was a mixture of both.

"I have been charmed by everything I have seen," he said with the French accent which makes one forget his Irish parentage, "particularly with the exquisite beauty of your countryside, which has impressed me more, I think, than anything else. There is more grandeur in American scenery, perhaps, but for charm and delicate loveliness, yours is unrivalled. There is a distinctive character, too—an atmosphere, an impressive sense of antiquity—about some of your buildings which America, as a young country, totally lacks.

The Spirit of Good Comradeship.

"ANOTHER thing which has greatly impressed me is the spirit of good comradeship which obtains in the British film world, and which specially touched me when I paid a recent visit to the London studios of the Famous-Lasky British Producers. This spirit has made me particularly desirous of producing a picture over here, and I intend doing so before very long.

Already Commenced Work on a Film.

"I CANNOT give you any particulars about it at the moment," added Mr. Fitzmaurice, seeing my look of interrogation, "but can only tell you that I have already commenced work with one of your prominent authors on the story, and that when actual production commences, I shall avail myself of your unique opportunities for beautiful outdoor locations to the fullest degree. Most of the interiors will, of course, be shot at the Islington studio, which, as I have said, I have already inspected. The lighting arrangements and general equipment there are entirely satisfactory—indeed I have never seen better, although they are not on so large a scale as some, and I have not the slightest doubt that the studio will yield facilities for work which in every way will be as good as any I have met with in the States.

Importance of Studio Equipment.

"THE importance of good studio equipment cannot be over-estimated," the director went on, "without it, it is impossible, however capable your star, or however worthy your own intentions, to make a *finished* photoplay. I must confess that I am rather a stickler for finish, and that is why, although I do not specialise in big subjects, I depend so much on the equipment of my studio. Bad camera work, for instance, is unforgivable in these days when artistic photography has reached so high a plane of excellence. It almost takes precedence of the story. Anyway, I expect you have noticed on several occasions how far indifferent photography is capable of ruining an otherwise excellent story, and the work of a capable cast."

An Ideal Partnership.

MENTION of screen stories naturally brought the name of Mr. Fitzmaurice's wife, Ouida Bergere, the Paramount scenarioist, into the conversation, and the director paid a glowing and affectionate tribute to his domestic and film partner.

"My wife writes the scenarios of all my films," he said. "We work together on every production, and I owe more to her contribution to our team work than I can say. We each look at things from individual angles, and thus each contributes something to the general result.

A Romance.

"YOU know," he added almost boyishly, "our love story was a regular movie romance! I first met Ouida in the Pathé office, where I started as a scenario writer. I was an editor at that time, however, and she brought me one of her stories for consideration."

Mr. Fitzmaurice chuckled at the remembrance. He did not tell me whether he accepted the story, but I bet he did. In addition to being very talented, Miss Bergere is decidedly easy to look at. Which is not so irrelevant as it may seem.

Value of the Star.

SOME of the most famous feminine stars on the screen have come under the direction of this Irishman from Paris, including Doraldina, the celebrated dancer, Irene Vernon Castle, Fannie Ward, Elsie Ferguson, and Mae Murray, the last-named being the heroine of his three latest and, perhaps, greatest successes. Mr. Fitzmaurice is among those who consider a star—and by that he means a player of genuine ability—a decided asset to a really big drama, because, as he has said more than once, "the star is an instrument upon which the intelligent director plays. As an organ of interpretation, the value of such an actor or actress is infinite."

But despite his attitude towards stars, and the fact that he himself has attained stellar dignities as a director, George Fitzmaurice places—and always has placed—one thing before stardom or anything else—the cause of true art.

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

FILM FAULTS.

This competition is closed, but we are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition.

In the film "In Old Kentucky" (Jury's), featuring Anita Stewart and Mahlon Hamilton, the stable was burned to the ground, and a few days later it was seen again exactly as before the fire, and everything in it was in exactly the same place as before.—5s. awarded to Miss Nina Inglis, Rock House, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

In the first episode of the "Fatal Fortune," one of the villainous-looking tramps (who looked as though he had been on the tramp for six years, judging by his face), happened to put his hand on the privet hedge. I'm sure such a hand as that wouldn't have disgraced any lady in evening dress.—5s. awarded to Phyllis Cramp, Holmhurst, Church Street, Mexbro', Yorkshire.

In the film, "A Social Pirate," the heroine (June Elvidge) is supposed to look at herself in a mirror, but looking at the reflection and then at the heroine herself, the positions are quite different. Is such a thing possible in a *real* mirror?—5s. awarded to Miss Alice Peal, 2, St. Luke's Mount, Beeston Hill, Leeds.

ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The Second of This Delightful Series, Telling of the Meeting and Marriage of Bryant Washburn and Mabel Chidester

By GRACE KINGSLEY

"GEE!" exclaimed Bryant Washburn, that bright June morning, his eyes sparkling just as they should under the circumstances. "Gee!"—just like that—"what a pretty girl!"

He was talking about Mabel Chidester, and, though the remark may not sound very romantic, still when anybody, especially a very good-looking young picture star exclaims in just that way, "Gee, what a pretty girl!" why, she certainly *is* a pretty girl, and you may be sure of it.

I know as well as you do that that Adam-and-Eve, love-at-first-sight idea is old stuff. Absolutely nobody uses it any more, not even people with established reputations that could get away with it, like John Galsworthy and Nina Wilcox Putnam, and as for high-school sophomores and members of dramatic classes, they simply scorn it with a white-hot scorn.

So I must apologise for Bryant Washburn and Mabel Chidester, because love at first sight was actually what happened to them, and I can't deny it, no matter how early Victorian it may sound. They were early Victorian in other ways, too—believed in home and in babies, for instance. Though, of course, just at the moment Mabel Chidester wouldn't have mentioned them for worlds.

Their Honeymoon Trip.

THEY have only recently been on their honeymoon trip to Europe, the Bryant Washburns, never having had time to take one before.

"We'll have a perfectly lovely time on our honeymoon," quoth Bryant, before they left, "if only my bride doesn't worry about the children."

For the youngsters were to be left with Mr. and Mrs. Chidester, out at the Washburn home in Hollywood, and if you only knew them, those Chidesters, you'd know that everything about the children—behaviour, manners, winter flannels, and onions on the chest for a cold, would be carefully attended to.

But, goodness, this story isn't getting on anything like as fast as the affair of Bryant Washburn and Mabel Chidester did.

Brown Eyes and Blue Eyes.

NOW you can say all you like about fate, but it's a funny thing that just at the moment that Bryant was making that "Gee, what a pretty girl!" remark, Mabel looked up to encounter a pair of handsome masculine brown eyes looking square into her own blue ones; and though she blushed and quickly looked another way, it wasn't until after something important had happened. Of course, you know what that was, after what I've said. Mabel was talking to somebody, and thereafter every time she chanced to glance up, which was middling often, one might say, she'd see those brown eyes either just seeking hers or just roving away.

Where was all this happening? I knew you were going to ask that, and I've been putting off telling you as long as I could, so that you could conjure up your own background, a sylvan glade or a shady country lane, or some such romantic spot. But stern truth compels me to admit it really happened in the ratty old Essanay studio in Chicago, with a bunch of queer-looking extras gathered about on the set, and a bunch of tough property boys swearing in the distance.

Of course, Bryant was working at the studio, but just how pretty Mabel Chidester happened to be in a picture studio at all can be explained only on the ground that she had taken out the "only child" concessions in the family, and so did pretty much what she liked, because her parents were stern Presbyterian New England stock, good church folks—Mr. Chidester being a deacon or elder or whatever it is the Presbyterian Church has—and didn't greatly approve of theatricals in any form.

But, anyway, there she was, very pretty and young—just turned seventeen—clad in a pink organdie, with her golden-brown hair shining out from under a pink hat, shading her blue eyes and her pink and white skin, not to mention the tip-tilted nose.

An Introduction.

BROWN eyes, glancing over and happening at last to catch blue ones, asked quite plainly: "Want me to come over there?"

And blue eyes flashed back: "See if I care!"

So brown eyes manœuvred; oh, well, you know how it is done yourself, and got an introduction.

And then brown eyes all of a sudden found himself up a stump—didn't know what to say. Despite all his celluloid love affairs, real emotion put an awful crimp in his style.

"It's a pretty good day, isn't it?" he began. Which, come to think of it, may be news in Chicago.

"For what?" smiled Mabel Chidester. And Bryant grinned back.

"Are you working to-day?" asked blue eyes, of course, not really caring much whether he was or not. What she was thinking was that she was glad she had on her pink organdie—men always like pink organdie, she had found out. Also she was thinking, "My goodness, isn't he handsome? I do wish—but, of course, he never will—being a star and everything!"

He might well have answered, "Oh, no, I'm playing cards. Can't you see?"

What he actually said didn't make any difference anyhow. It was what he was thinking that mattered. And that was, "She looks as if she were a nice girl and had lots of sense; and—gee, she's prettier than I thought she was from over there!"

(To be continued next week.)



A delightful home study of BRYANT WASHBURN and his wife and two kiddies, FRANKLIN BRYANT and DWIGHT LUDLOW MOODY.

"Shots" from Broadwest

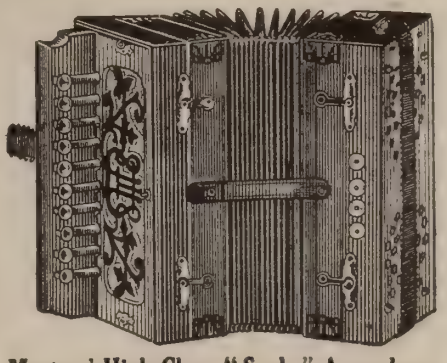
BY the time these notes are in print, the latest BROADWEST film will have been released. It is entitled "Trent's Last Case," and Gregory Scott plays the part of Trent, who is a journalist. Adapted from the novel of the same name, "Trent's Last Case" is regarded as a classic in detective fiction. The story has lost nothing by its transposition to the screen, and is very engrossing. If you do not know how important news reaches the public you should not miss this BROADWEST film—for every detail of newspaper production is shown from the time the news reaches the Editor's office, until the public reads the news in the evening papers.

Three big films have been completed at the BROADWEST Studios during the past month. "Her Penalty," in which Stewart Rome stars, "The Loudwater Mystery," featuring Gregory Scott and Cameron Carr, and 'In Full Cry." When the last named film is released, Mr. Walter West has a big surprise for his public, in the shape of a new and hitherto little known player. I hope to tell you more about Mr. West's discovery next month.

Some time ago Mr. West offered £500 to anyone who could supply him with an original story suitable for production by the BROADWEST Company. Thousands of stories were received, but so far only one has been selected. The story is written by Mr. Benedict James, who achieved no small amount of fame by his stage play, "The Little Brother." Mr. West hopes to find one or two other stories amongst the ten he selected for final consideration.

Mr. Andrew Soutar has also written a story specially for the BROADWEST Company, the film version of which Mr. West will direct personally. Further details concerning this production will be available in a few weeks' time. B.B.

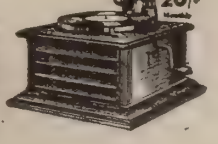
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Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

THE COSTUME PLAY.

THE idea that the public did not look with favour upon costume film plays was a fallacy which long enjoyed a certain amount of support. Many producers, as a result, contented themselves with tilling the field of modernity and neglected the fresher material which might have been theirs belonging to bygone periods.

Yet the costume play has never really been unpopular merely because the fashions it portrayed happened to be those of the past. On the contrary, it is one of the features which gives it an additional touch of interest. For history in the reading may be dull, and the average person may care little for printed descriptions of how Dame Fashion ruled in the time of the Stuarts, the France of the 16th century, or the Italian Renaissance. But let it be picturised on the screen, and the colour and interest which the imagination must fail to give, is at once made vivid and living before our eyes. The essential point, of course, is that there must be a good story to tell. The mere casting together of well-known stars, backed by a lavishness in production, is not sufficient. For if the plot and its unwinding be not strong enough to hold us captive till the end, the characters will move merely like so many puppets across the sheet. This is precisely what has happened to make so many costume plays lose in favour.

To-day we are witnessing a revival of this type of picture, and it is good to note that British producers are turning their attention to it. This country is rich in historical romance, and its ancient castles, stately mansions, and picturesque spots, still fruitful with memories of olden times, are assets too valuable for the motion picture to neglect. The only point to be careful of is that the costume play is not overdone, for even the public will tire of too much of a good thing in time. THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

A.E.F.J. (Woolwich).—You are right. The correct title of the film is "The Master Mystery." I expect you treasure the autographed photo of Houdini given you by the great man himself.

"PAL" (Bloemfontein).—Tom Hardy in "The Sea Rider" was Webster Campbell, and Paul Willis was Bud in "The Cry of the Weak." Yes, it was Leatrice Joy in "Just a Wife," opposite Roy Stewart. I read with interest your letter in which you say of me: "One thing I am certain of and that is that you are very humorous as you make very sarcastic remarks; and people who are sarcastic are generally supplied with a liberal stock of humour. However, I advise you not to be sarcastic with me as I have rather a reputation as far as sarcasm goes. I am not threatening you, really, but I am just telling you." Thank you for the warning, "PAL." I am duly impressed. Good-natured sarcasm is the essence of all humour, and every joke in existence is just a pleasant thrust at somebody or something. Ill-natured sarcasm, however, is a thing we should try studiously to avoid. But, pray, dub me not a humourist. It's a serious business trying to be funny.

F.S.G. (Berkhamstead).—It's the old story, but true, the number of people who want to act for the films is so great that there are not enough openings for even a quarter of those who are continually besieging the various studios.

H.M. (Durban).—Thanks for your suggestions and criticisms, and I am glad to be able to add your appreciations as well. But what would you have me do, so far as this page is concerned, for instance, with the great mass of questions which reaches me, even from your part of the world, about film stars? Ignore all the queries? Why, I should be at once the most despised and friendless of men. As it is the wrinkles on many a troubled brow have been smoothed away by my assurance that Charlie Chaplin has never been a Mormon, that Pauline Frederick's hair is of a certain colour, and that Nazimova measures so many inches in height. And so on and so on. Oh, it's a great game, I can tell you.

J.G. (Walton-on-Thames).—And you want to know when everybody was born? In your census register of the stars, you can jot this down. Henry G. Sell (1889), George Larkin (1890), and Douglas Fairbanks (1883). The other two decline to give the information. Yes, Ben Wilson was in "The Mystery Ship."

N.D.P. (Warrington).—A list of all the British born artistes in America would be a long one, but let me give you those I can remember off-hand. Thomas Holding, Herbert Rawlinson, Wyndham Standing, Mary Pickford and her brother Jack (though he is now an American citizen), Charlie Chaplin, William Duncan, Owen, Tom, and Matt Moore, Creighton Hale, William Desmond, William Faversham, Bertram Grassby, Belle Bennett, Percy Marmont, Spottiswoode Aitken, Billie Ritchie, David Powell, Mabel Whitcomb, Enid Bennett, Annette Kellermann, and Crauford Kent. There are, of course, many others besides.

"BEERY HEAD" (Cape Town).—So your sister is good enough to think of you by sending you this paper. If you want to get it regularly, you could order it, of course. Yes, Henry Edwards is one of the finest. See under heading PICTURE SHOW PERSONAL for his address, and herewith all about him. He was born in Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, in 1882 and spent fifteen years on the stage. Is an actor, playwright, and producer, and is with Hepworth's. Colouring, brown hair and grey eyes. He is not married.

L.J. (Liverpool).—You started to take this paper in only two months ago. Whatever were you up to before that? To somebody on this page the other week I confided quite a lot about Pearl White. So let me give you the usual stuff about your two other favourites. Ruth Roland is not married just now. She was born in San Francisco, and will be twenty-five this year. She went on the stage at three and a half, and began her screen career when she was seventeen. Has dark blue eyes. Milton Sills, who was born in Chicago, Illinois in 1882, has fair hair and grey eyes. He is 6ft. in height, and is married to Gladys Wynne.

M.M. (Brighton), G.W. (Church) and H.K. (Boreham Wood).—Your patience shall not go unrewarded, so watch coming issues. Jack Hoxie was born in Oklahoma in 1890. Ann Little began her life in 1894 in Sisson, California, and has appeared in "Less Than Kin," "The Squaw Man," "Alias Mike Moran," "The Roaring Road," etc. She has dark hair and brown eyes. Jill Woodward took the part of the Mystery Woman in "Lightning Bryce." Satisfied?

J.C. (Felixstowe).—I have no recent news of the doings of the Fairbanks twins.

K.D. (Heckmondwike).—As to your second question, I am sorry no information is available. Yes, in answer to your second. Your sister and you must be tremendously proud of your collection of autographs.

B.K. (Upper Holloway).—Mary Odette is in her teens. The part of Arthur Kendall in "Checkers" was played by Robert Elliott.

"PHYLLIS" (Clapham).—I am not guilty, Phyllis. Your previous letter must have wandered somewhere else instead of coming here. The stranger in "What Am I Bid?" was Ralph Graves. Other pictures of his are "Sporting Life," "White Heather," "Her Kingdom of Dreams," and "The Scarlet Stain." Birthplace, Cleveland, Ohio. Age, a mystery.

"JOHN" (Bosham).—Your first question leaves me just as mystified as it does you. Rather sad, isn't it? Gloria Hope was the heroine opposite Jack Pickford in "A Burglar By Proxy." This is the cast of "Thelma." Malvina Longfellow (Thelma), Maud Yates (Violet Vere), Leah Douglas (Lady Winsleigh), Arthur Rooke (Sir Philip Errington), A. E. Coleby (The Bonde), Fred Shaw (Sigurd), Judd Green (Olaf Olsen), H. H. Wright (George Lorimer), and Marsh Allen (Sir Francis Lennox). Florence Turner and Henry Edwards led in "A Welsh Singer." No, Queenie Thomas and the late Olive Thomas were not related. Norma Talmadge is that artiste's real name.

C. J. L. (Grimsby).—Sorry, no information available. Thanks for all your good wishes.

"KATEY" (Exeter).—Henry Edwards and Cecil Hepworth are two different people, but if your friend means that the former has produced as well as acted then he is right. Jack Holt's films are: "A Sporting Chance," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "The White Man's Law," and "The Honour of His House." Gerald Ames is married to Mary Dibley.

"GERTRUDE" (York).—Why you have not been over curious at all. So Sessue Hayakawa has captured all your admiration. 'Twas he who played as Prince Maiyo in "The Illustrious Prince." No, Mitchell Lewis does not say. It was Maciste himself.

R.P. (Alfreton).—The "t" is silent. Gale Henry is a woman. If you write to the Publisher, the PICTURE SHOW, 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4, you will be able to get the back number you want for 3d. post free.

E.M. (Llanhilleth).—Oh, yes, Mary Pickford is still acting and we have yet to see "Pollyana" and "Suds." Mabel Normand was born in 1894. Cannot say.

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

HENRY EDWARDS, care of Hepworth Picture Plays, Ltd., Hurst Grove, Walton-on-Thames.

JACK PICKFORD, care of Goldwyn Film Co., Culver City, California, U.S.A.

PRISCILLA DEAN, care of Universal Film Co., Universal City, California, U.S.A.

WILLIAM DUNCAN, care of Vitagraph Co., 1708, Talmadge St., Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

(More addresses next week.)

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EVERY RIDE A JOY RIDE.

"THE CALL OF THE ROAD."

(*Continued from page 8.*)

his gaze travelled slowly round the company, and finally rested on the bold, handsome face of Sir Martin Trevor.

For a moment they looked at one another in silent challenge.

Then the Lamb spoke, and his voice was cold and stern.

"You ask me what I think? I'll tell you, Sir Martin Trevor. I think that these are not the dice I threw."

Instinctively the rest of the company fell back like men shrinking from a danger which suddenly reveals itself, and the two principals were left alone confronting one another.

Sir Martin Trevor did not flinch under the other's merciless gaze.

Daintily he flicked his handkerchief as though to brush away some trivial unpleasantness, and then with studied insolence he addressed his accuser.

"Rustic fool, thou hast drunk too much of thy uncle's excellent wine! Thy brain must be addled to suggest——"

He got no further.

"You hound!"

The words leaped live-hot from Truscott's lips, and at the same instant he made his spring.

Clutching Sir Martin by the throat he lifted him bodily off his feet, and flung him backwards with a crash on to the broad table.

"Doubts I had, but now my eyes are open!" he cried furiously.

Then with his rage still unspent he dragged the bewildered and half-mocking baronet from the table, and hurled him across the room where he fell sprawling to the floor.

Sir Martin's friends, now at last roused from the state of helpless inactivity into which the Lamb's accusation had thrown them, rushed forward to the rescue of their champion.

In a moment Truscott found himself surrounded, but the Lamb had at last discovered the lion within him.

Like a giant among pigmies he stood in the midst of his assailants, and flung them from him. Then as they scattered he pursued them, sending them down one after the other with sledge-hammer blows, not too skilful, perhaps, but terribly effective.

Sir Martin Trevor had risen, and, standing well back had been a silent observer of this discomfiture of his friends.

He now advanced a little towards Alfred, but took care not to come too near.

"There can only be one end to this unseemly brawl," he said haughtily.

Alfred surveyed the speaker contemptuously.

"When, where, and how you like," he answered curtly.

"Then I will send my friends to arrange——"

"What need?" interposed Alfred curtly. "What sayest thou to swords?"

Again Sir Martin bowed his assent.

"In the field of stunted oaks two dawns from now? Are you agreeable?"

"Perfectly," replied the baronet, with some of his old self-possession. "'Tis not usual, but it matters not to me which way you die."

Alfred walked to the door, opened it, and held it open.

"Gentlemen," he said quietly, "I bid you good-evening."

As they trooped rather shamefacedly towards him he called to a servant without.

The man appeared instantly.

"Roger," said the Lamb drily, "show this company from the Hall, and watch carefully thy master's chattels."

Most of the company had passed through the doorway, but Sir Martin Trevor was on the threshold when the words were spoken.

He turned like one who had received a blow.

His face had turned to a deeper pallor, and was distorted by rage and hate.

"By Heaven! Master Truscott you have signed your own death warrant!" he muttered fiercely. "I had thought to be content to maim thee for thy drunken insolence, but for this last insult you die!"

"That's as maybe," replied the Lamb coolly; and the look in his grey eyes was as hard as flint. "But do not forget, Sir Martin Trevor, that when we meet it will be on even terms. The dice will not be loaded."

(To be continued in next Monday's "Picture Show.")

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THE March issue of "Home Fashions," out to-day, tells you all about the coming spring modes. It contains free patterns to make ALL the above designs, and gives over 100 up-to-date styles for costumes, coatfrocks, dresses, blouses and underclothing. There are special designs for the matron and big girl, and instructions are also included for knitting a silk Tennis Jumper, and a woolly Tammy and Scarf.

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THE above splendid prizes are offered to readers' for the following simple contest.

On this page you will find the fourth set of photographs of several well-known Cinema Artistes. All of them are more or less disguised by goggles.

Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet. This competition will last eight weeks, and when the last set of pictures appears we shall tell you when and how to send your efforts to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Girls' Cinema," and the "Boys' Cinema," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.



25 .....



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32 .....

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PICTURE SHOW, February 19th, 1921. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O AS A NEWSPAPER.

MIRIAM COOPER.—Beautiful Picture Study, 16 x 10, Inside.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. FEB. 19th, 1921.

No. 95. Vol. 4.

NICK COGLEY MADE UP AS "AUNT MANDY."



Blonde Haired, Blue-eyed Nick Cogley was not downhearted when cast for the character of Aunt Mandy in the Goldwyn picture, "Boys will be Boys," starring Will Rogers. When he had finished with grease-paint and make-up he came before the camera as above.

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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 58.—LUCILLE RICKSEN.

LUCILLE RICKSEN is one of the clever children we shall see in the coming Edgar comedies, now nearing completion at the Goldwyn Studios. Lucille is a constant reader of the PICTURE SHOW, and is more than pleased when she finds her portrait or one of her fellow players inside, so she will be delighted with this issue.

—♦♦—

Wallace First Favourite.

WALLACE REID, whom you will remember was head of the list as the ideal screen lover in our recent voting competition, is still keeping his admirers faithful. I hear in a competition just finished in Chicago, Wallace Reid again flew to top of the list. Those of you who admire him will be pleased with our Art Supplement this week, one page of which is devoted to this screen favourite in various guises.

—♦♦—

Real Pictures.

OUR centre page, also, of Miriam Cooper is more of a picture than a photograph, and Miss Cooper, since her appearance in "Evangeline" has doubled her admirers, so this picture should please you.

—♦♦—

A Chance You Must Not Miss.

YOU won't forget to tell your friends of the story that begins in to-morrow's "Girls' Cinema" will you? It is the story of "Eyes of Youth," showing the different paths Fate had in store for a girl who wanted to do right, and of her chance to gaze into the future before choosing. The story made a wonderful play, you will remember, and with the all-star cast—a photograph of the players appears on this page—it has made a beautiful photo-play. Here is your chance to read the story.

—♦♦—

News of Irene Castle.

I'VE just heard from Irene Castle. She is now on holiday at Miami, where she expects to gratify her love of swimming and flying. For this is to be her last holiday for some time as she expects to begin work on her new contract immediately, by which she will be starred in four productions yearly.

—♦♦—

Trick Photography.

MORE than 300 double exposures, which is a record number for any production, have been made in the Metro production of "A Message From Mars."

As you know, the fantastic order of the story tells of the message and the dream of the Messenger from Mars, and this necessitated the employment of some trick photography that would render it convincing, as the messenger appears always in transparent form.

The scenes in which Horace Parker, the hero, played by Bert Lytell, and the messenger, appear together, had to be taken twice in exactly the same positions, once with Parker alone, acting through the scene, and again with the messenger alone, acting before a curtain of black velvet.

—♦♦—

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

How Could He Eat?

CHOOSING the wrong time to take a scene was the cause of filming being held up at a studio recently, when an actor was called upon to consume a large sandwich, with every appearacne of enjoyment, almost immediately after lunch.

Three times, something went wrong, then the filming had to be stopped altogether, for the unfortunate victim found that his capacity to register enjoyment had stopped with the third sandwich so soon after a good lunch.

—♦♦—

Milton Sills' Capture.

WHEN Milton Sills came back from a location trip the other day he had eight rattles from a rattlesnake attached to his belt. It was during the taking of the exterior scenes of "What's the Matter with Marriage" that a rattlesnake attempted to interrupt the proceedings. Mr. Sills immediately disposed of him, and now his rattles hang from the doorway of his dressing-room, at the studio.

—♦♦—

Tony's Plans.

ANTONIO MORENO is taking a holiday as soon as he is able. Before he commences the first of his new series of short stories, for which he is shelving serials, he is to take a holiday, the first for three years, and it is his intention to visit Honolulu. Antonio says he expects to sojourn in the land of grass skirts and ukeleles for several weeks.

—♦♦—

Snowed Under.

THE admiration of one of Viola Dana's numerous followers all but cost the little star her life the other day. It wasn't caresses that nearly smothered Viola, however, it was snow!

The story of "Home Stuff," in which Viola is playing a part that differs from any role in which she has yet appeared, required that she brave a comedy snowstorm. The little player tottered out into the snow in true stage style, while the "prop" man in the wings pumped the big flakes of paper snow down on her. Meanwhile, he craned his neck to watch the actions of his favourite star. It was while in this craning attitude that he overturned the barrel of "snow," dropping it into Miss Dana's face with an effect far more smothering than that of any genuine blizzard.



AMBROSE PALMA, a leading native character in a new picture company producing in Manila, which country is luxuriant in beautiful waterfalls, gigantic caves, massive mountains, eruptive volcanoes, and wonderful tropical scenery.



AGNES AYRES. The latest portrait of this beautiful star, who will shortly be seen in a series of special pictures which, it is freely predicted, will soon bring her into the limelight as one of the really great stars of the photo-play.

Star's Appearance Before the Screen.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG has been making a personal appearance at the theatres in America, and exhibitors have testified as to the profitable box-office results obtained on the days Miss Young visited their theatre.

The success of this tour has been so emphatic that it is said future appearances will be planned periodically. A picture from her latest release appears below.

—♦♦—

"Never Again!" says Lloyd.

LLOYD T. WHITLOCK has had one, and one only, attempt at starring in a serial. He says he was cured before the first episode was ended, and you cannot wonder at it when you listen to some of the situations, from which, by the way, he says he never expected to survive to play in the next.



The All-star cast appearing in the screen version of "Eyes of Youth," now showing on the screen. The story begins in this week's GIRLS' CINEMA. Seated, and reading from left to right, is ALBERT PARKER (director), PAULINE STARKE, CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, WILLIAM CORTLEIGH, MILTON SILLS, RALPH LEWIS, and HARRY GARSON (producer). Standing: VINCENT SARRANO, SAM SOTHERN, EDMUND LOWE, GARETH HUGHES, and RUDOLF VALANTINO.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

He had to jump off the passenger-coach of a fast train, ride the "bumpers" in a dress suit and high hat, and jump off while the train was making a pretty good speed. The wheels just missed him, incidentally. He rode on the top of a box car, and let a bridge knock him off to the ground (fortunately a physician was at hand to fix him up); jumped out of the carriage of a fast-moving train, and rolled down a steep bank; jumped into a lake, fully dressed, to rescue two girls—he was getting them ashore when one of them kicked, and all three went down together, so that the rest of the company had to pull them out. Then he had to do it all over again. He rode backwards on a galloping horse, tied to the saddle. The horse ran away, and the result was painful to say the least of it. He was in three bare fist fights in one episode, and nursed a real black eye, received accidentally, of course, for several days. Then he was thrown down a long flight of stone steps, after another fight.

"There was at least one scene like that in every episode," he said, "and some of them had a dozen thrillers."

—♦♦—

Mae Marsh's New Part.

ANOTHER welcome re-appearance on the screen is Mae Marsh, whom we are to see in "The Little 'Fraid Lady," which is a screen adaptation of the popular novel, "The Girl Who Lived in the Woods."

There is a part for Mae in this story which allows full scope for the expression of her whimsical charm, which has made her so great a favourite. You'll love her in this photo-play.

—♦♦—

Forty-Nine Varieties.

IN the steeplechases, which form an important feature of the Stoll picture from Jeffery Farnol's novel, "The Amateur Gentleman," one of the riders, you will remember, is thrown, and his horse comes in with empty saddle, less than a length behind the winner of the race. The rider is supposed to be killed.

It was Maurice Elvey's ambition, as the producer of the film, to present this "accident" with absolute fidelity, as well as several other less important falls which are supposed to occur during the race. And so, although only seven falls are actually seen on the screen, no fewer than forty-nine were taken in order to get those seven right!

—♦♦—

A Message From Tom Santschi.

AS a result of his long illness—I told you he had an operation for appendicitis—Tom Santschi has lost forty-five pounds. He made this sacrifice, however, without it being very apparent to any but close friends, for his ordinary weight is nearly 250 pounds.

By the way, Tom wishes me to tell you that if it were not for the strenuous and active nature of the pictures in which he appears, he would have been back at work long before this.

—♦♦—

Lucky Seena.

SEENA OWEN has a swelling bank balance these days. The oil fields down in Texas, in which she has a great many shares, have struck lucky. But Seena doesn't mean to desert her old friends, and is still working before the camera.

—♦♦—

Celebrities' Elusive Screen Smile.

WHAT is there about the click of the cinema camera which makes smiles fade from the faces of celebrities who are caught for the topical film? says the man who secures topical pictures for Pathé Gazette.

Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Earl Beatty and Sir Douglas Haig, he says, invariably gaze with immobile features at the lens, as if they were undergoing the ordeal of a studied photograph in a portrait studio.

—♦♦—

Even the Prince of Wales.

EVEN the attractive smile of the Prince of Wales is more often seen in ordinary photographs than on the film.

Lloyd George is an exception, however, for his good-natured, fascinating smile consistently flashes out when he realises that he is receiving the attention of the cinema camera.

Even hardened boxers seem to suffer from "cinema nerves" when being filmed, and Frank Moran, Jimmy Wilde, and Joe Beckett assume an air of grimness consistent with their tense expressions in the ring, when the camera lens is turned in their direction.

—♦♦—

Jean Page Married.

JEAN PAIGE is married—to Albert E. Smith, head of the Vitagraph Company in America. You will remember that Miss Paige, although a newcomer to the screen, has appeared with great success in a number of O. Henry film stories, and about a year ago she won stardom.

Her latest production will shortly be seen over here, when she stars in "Black Beauty."

Fay Filmer.



Snapped just before HELENE CHADWICK and "LEFTY" FLYNN posed before the camera, where they had to pretend they had never seen each other before.



RICHARD DEX says film kisses are not all they're cracked up to be. Here are a few of his instructions during the filming of this scene. Don't smash Miss CHADWICK'S nose. Don't turn your face from the camera. Don't forget to look at your watch. It's all don'ts, says Mr. Dex.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

Acting as Stepmother.

BEVERLY BAYNE has returned to New York, after a strenuous month stepmothering five little Bushmans, all of them the children of the first Mrs. Francis X. Bushman. Beverley, not much more than a girl herself, was suddenly called upon to accept this responsible position. She and Francis X. were playing in Los Angeles when the five Bushman children arrived.

Beverly, who is one of those serene sort of women who is never ruffled, refused to lose her composure. She took everyone of them in, the oldest daughter looking as old as her little stepmother, and the oldest boy towering above her.

They loved Beverly at once, with the result the newspaper carried interviews with Ralph Bushman, who has been in many pictures, telling the world what a fine woman Beverly Bayne Bushman is. Her own little son fifteen months old took his half brothers to his heart at once, and this strangely assorted household moved along most smoothly until Beverly and Francis had to come east.

—♦♦—

Hanging Around the Theatre.

RICHARD BARTHLEMESS has curiously enough taken on the role of a stage-door Johnny, and might be seen most any evening waiting at the door marked exit of the New Amsterdam theatre. The object of his wait is no beautiful chorus lady, but one of the principals in the cast of "Sally," the new Ziegfeld comic opera. The lady to whom the critics gave considerable space is Mary Hay. In private life she answers to the name of Mrs. Barthelmess. She is one of the hits of the show, and it now appears in place of Mary having married a motion picture celebrity, Richard has married a famous actress. David Griffith thought so well of Mary Hay, he gave her one of the leading roles in "Way Down East," after the death of Clarine Seymour removed her from the cast.

—♦♦—

Ready for Work Again.

ETHEL CLAYTON, looking fit and happier than I have seen her since her husband, Joseph Kaufman, died, came back home last Sunday. Miss Clayton has been in Europe all summer motoring in London and France, and having a delightful vacation. Her mother and Donald, her brother, went abroad with her.

—♦♦—

Eugene O'Brien Hard at Work.

WE have all missed Eugene O'Brien from his usual haunts. He is working in Fort Lee, N.J., which is geographically located across the Hudson River, and about ten miles from New York City. He has been travelling to this spot on the map every day, and comes home so tired at night that he has to seek his downy couch and forget the days when he was a free spirit. I haven't laid eyes on 'Gene for weeks, but they tell me his hair is as curly as of yore.

—♦♦—

Marjorie and Her Hats.

I MET Marjorie Rambeau on Fifth Avenue one day last week, wearing a smart chapeau.

"It's one of the thirty nine I brought home from Paris," she said. "I am wearing them as fast as I can, because I haven't any place to store them in my hotel."

It seems the Commodore, where Marjorie and her husband, Hugh Dillman, are now living, refuses to give the American actress a special room for her hats. She is in a quandary—because everyone of them are French creations, and it breaks her heart to part with them.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



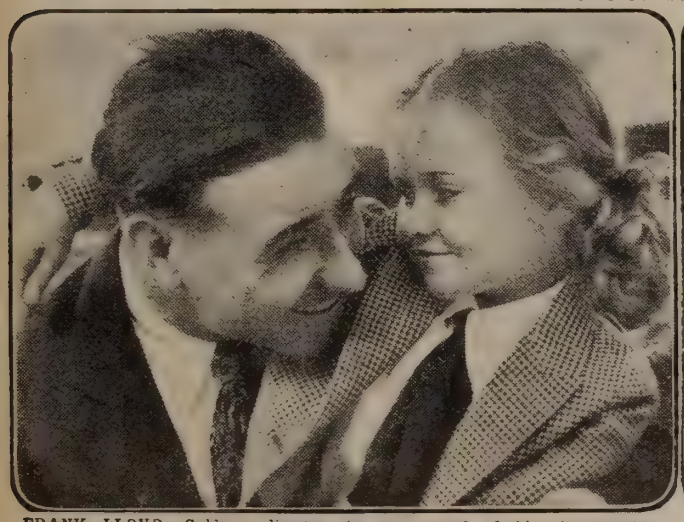
Charming snakes is this lady's business when she is free from her work in Cecil B. de Mille's studios. The famous producer has just completed work on a super-special film entitled "Something to Think About."



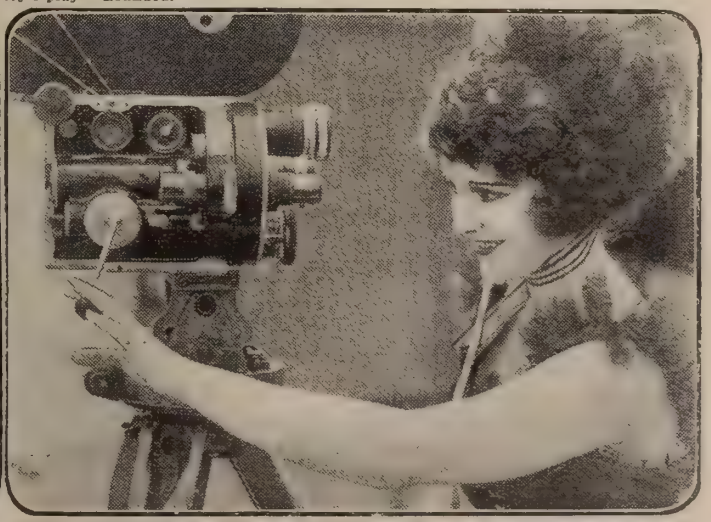
"I want number 4,708 Daddy, please." A charming incident from Mr. Robert Buchanan's play, "A Man's Shadow," featuring VIOLET GRAHAM and BABS RONALD.



NORMA TALMADGE in one of the picturesque scenes of the East, specially selected for her latest film play, "The Branded Woman," adapted from incidents in Mr. Oliver D. Bailey's play "Branded."



FRANK LLOYD, Goldwyn director, is very proud of his six-year-old daughter Alma.



EDITH ROBERTS, the Universal serial star, famous both in comedy and in drama, tries her hand at being camera-man.

BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TO-DAY.



The CALL OF THE ROAD



The Splendid New Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM



Silas (ERNEST DOUGLAS) and his niece, The Lady Rowena (PHYLLIS SHANNAN).

Read This First.

AN old vagabond with his violin and a young boy of about twelve are tramping along a Kentish lane, when they come to an old inn. Before the two "gentlemen of the road" enter, a horseman approaches in a cloud of dust. He stops at the inn for a mug of ale, and says he is on his way to warn Master Alfred that Master Silas has landed in England with Lady Rowena and they are on their way to the Hall.

"'Tis time the old man came to stop the doings at the Hall! 'Tis dice and cards and wine, day and night!" said the hostess of The Old Punch Bowl.

* * *

Half a dozen men are gathered in the oak room at Truscott Hall, seated around a table upon which a game of cards is in progress.

One man only stands apart, watching the players. This is Alfred Truscott, called "the Lamb." He is watching two men intently—the first, Sir Martin Trevor, handsome and distinguished, with the expression of the inveterate gambler; the other a mere boy, playing with feverish anxiety.

Young Ulleswater at length refuses to play longer, and implies that Sir Martin Trevor is not playing fairly. The Lamb prevents the matter going further, and succeeds in making the lad leave the Hall.

In the play that follows, the Lamb loses steadily, and at length stakes his all in a throw of the dice. Sir Martin changes the dice for loaded ones, and wins; but the Lamb, roused to fury, attacks him, and, after a rough handling, Sir Martin challenges him to a duel.

The Lamb Leaves the Fold.

WHEN the door closed upon his departed guests, Alfred Truscott stood staring at it, his hands buried in his pockets.

His strong, handsome face wore an odd expression, the expression of one who has just awakened from a dream or a nightmare, and a grim smile played about his mouth.

"A man is known by the company he keeps," he muttered to himself. "That sorry gang of rogues have been my boon companions for half a year. Of a truth I have no one to blame but myself."

He shrugged his great shoulders, and, turning slowly, walked moodily across the room to one of the tall windows overlooking the trim gardens and noble park-land of Truscott Hall.

The dawn was breaking, and the twittering birds heralded the coming of another day.

A kind of feverish restlessness stirred in the young man's blood. The folly of the past was now clear to him in all its sordid reality. If only he could break from it all and go out into that clean, wholesome world, and live a man's life!

The fumes of wine were still heavy upon him, and yet his brain worked actively and he saw things with a clearness that made him loathe himself and the life he had been leading.

He dropped into a chair near the table, and, throwing out his arm, rested his head upon it.

For a while a crowd of gloomy thoughts filled his mind, and then quite suddenly, like a tired child, he fell asleep.

Some two hours later he was awakened by an unfamiliar noise. He roused himself, and looked about him stupidly. Gradually he became conscious of his surroundings. The disordered room, the playing cards scattered all over the floor, an overturned chair, the heavy brass candle-stick lying at his feet, all served to bring back to him the events of the previous night.

He rose to his feet, and immediately became aware of the noise which had awakened him. A disturbance of some sort was going on outside the door of the room.

A harsh voice was raised in anger, and then came the voice of the faithful Roger mildly and nervously protesting.

The protests were soon drowned by the harsh tones of the other speaker.

"The devil take you! Answer me! Where is the Master Alfred, and why is he not here to greet us?"

The next moment the door flew open, and an old man stamped excitedly into the room.

Silas Truscott was a man well over sixty, and at the best of times he was quick-tempered and irritable.

At the present moment he was very angry indeed.

He took but three paces into the room, and then stopped dead, staring with astonished and indignant eyes at the scattered cards and overturned furniture.

As he realised the uses to which his beloved oak-room had been put, his rage rose to boiling point, and his rugged face became almost apoplectic.

Then he looked up, and his gaze fell upon his nephew.

Alfred stood erect, his tall figure towering above the older man, his face haggard in the morning light. So for several seconds the two men stood in silence, looking into one another's eyes.

Then at last Silas Truscott could contain himself no longer.

"So!" he cried furiously. "The vicious haunts of the town are not enough for thee! Thou must need make a taproom of my house!"

Alfred made no answer, but gazed with unseeing eyes straight in front of him. He felt no inclination to excuse or defend himself, and, indeed, as well he knew, excuse there was none. This old man had been a kind and generous patron to him, and he had made but a pitiful return.

His silence only added fuel to Silas Truscott's anger.

Coming quite close, the old man shook his fist in the other's face.

"Wretched libertine!" he shouted furiously. "Thou art a worthy son of a worthless brother who left me but thee in payment of his debts!"

The young man flinched at the bitter taunt, but still remained outwardly calm.

With an effort he contrived to speak.

"I am sorry, sir. I have been a fool."

Master Silas, who was now pacing excitedly up and down the room, turned upon him savagely.

"A fool? A rogue, you mean! Enough! Go thy way—go to the devil!"

At the words, uttered in a tone of passionate contempt, the young man's tall, athletic figure stiffened, and a new light came into his grey eyes.

He made no answer, but turned his face again to the window, and gazed out over the rolling park-land to the Kentish hills beyond. A new emotion was stirring within him. In the misty distance he seemed to see shadowy hands beckoning to him, and in his ears there sounded a voice, faint but urgent, calling—calling him to the open road.

His uncle's strident, angry voice broke in again upon his thoughts.

"I'll have no more of thee! Go to where thy father got thy mother—the road—the gutter!"

Then at last, stung to revolt, Alfred Truscott turned upon his relative and guardian.

"Stop!" he said sternly. "Say of me what thou wilt. Thou canst not say harsher things of me than I have already said of myself. My father, too, maybe cost thee pain, though methinks 'twould have been more generous not to taunt me with his weaknesses when he has lain these twenty years in his grave. But of my mother, not one word from thee. Her name shall be as holy to thee as it is to me."

The two men, the one flushed, the other white with anger, faced one another in silent challenge. Then suddenly the younger turned abruptly, and strode towards the door. Before reaching it, however, he paused, swung round, and again confronted his uncle.

"Sir," he said quietly, "it shall be as you wish. As you have reminded me, my mother was a gipsy girl. Maybe it is her voice that is calling me. I go to the open road. I am not ungrateful for the many benefits I have received at thy hands, and I deeply regret I have repaid them so ill, but I do not regret that I am leaving thy house this day. By doing so I lose much of little worth, and I gain—freedom!"

Old Silas Truscott blinked his eyes several times, moistened his lips, and became suddenly the victim of a new kind of agitation—agitation not wholly due to anger.

"Stay!" he said grumpily. "We must even make the best of a bad business. If thou wilt learn the error of thy way I will allow thee——"

"Naught!" interposed the young man impulsively. "It has pleased thee to remind me of thy charity. I thank thee for what thou hast given me, but I will take no more at thy hands. I have naught—I want naught, save to rid thee of my unwelcome presence."

The old man's anger flamed up again as he shook his clenched fists in the air, in a vehement, angry gesture.

"So be it!" he shouted furiously. "Fool or knave, or maybe both, I know not—go thy way!"

As he uttered the words he turned his back on his nephew and strode down the room in a towering rage.

Alfred Truscott gave one glance at the bowed figure, and his self-reproaches and unavailing regrets were mingled with a feeling of profound pity for the old man. He wanted to say something—some word of friendliness and goodwill in parting, but some other emotion, pride or shyness, held him dumb, and in silence he passed slowly out of the room and out of the house.

The Open Road.

IT must be confessed Alfred Truscott's fit of depression did not last long. As he marched down the dusty road with long, swinging strides, and breathed the crisp morning air, his spirits rose as he experienced a feeling of extraordinary exhilaration.

He felt like a boy on a stolen holiday, or a bird set free from its cage.

He was young, strong, and lusty, brimming over with health and the joy of life, and for the first time he was free, dependent on himself alone.

The farther he left Truscott Hall behind him the higher his spirits rose, and he began to laugh and sing like a schoolboy.

He skirted the village by a footpath across the fields, and plunged into Transcomb Woods. He had no notion where he was going. In his present mood he was content to wander and enjoy his new-found sense of freedom without a thought for the morrow.

He was in the heart of the woods when it suddenly occurred to him that he had not breakfasted.

He stopped, and thrust his hands into his

(*Continued on page* 8.)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF VIOLA DANA.



A Welcome.

VIOLA DANA.

The Peter Pan of the Screen Who Doesn't Intend to Grow Up.

VIOLA DANA, as everyone knows, is sister to Edna Flugrath and Shirley Mason.

She has been called the "Peter Pan" of the screen, and as far as can be judged at present she does not intend to grow up.

Viola Off the Screen.

IF you were to call in the Metro studios you would recognise Viola at once, if you have seen her on the screen. She looks just the same merry, play-loving child, and like the little girl she plays so well, she has all the enthusiasm of the child for "dressing up." She is also a beautiful dancer, the result of having been trained for the stage by a famous dancseuse. Although she excels in classic dances Viola also admits to a great fondness for modern ball-room dances, and has won prizes for them in contests.

She admits also that she likes no film better than the one in which she has an opportunity to dance.



Haughty.

A Word to Cinderellas.

HER latest part has been in "A Twin Cinderella," and she believes that every girl is a Cinderella at heart.

"Every girl in her innermost heart hopes that one day Prince Charming will come along and raise her from her humdrum existence to his royal level," she says, and here Viola has a word of advice. "So, if *you* are a Cinderella, read the story again carefully, and you will find that Cinderella did not depend on her beauty alone to win Prince Charming—it was because she was fine and good, and had a real kind heart."

A Stage and Screen Career.

VIOLA has been a star since she was 16 years of age, when she appeared on the legitimate stage in "The Poor Little Rich Girl." It was during the run of this play that she took the name by which she is now known, for her real name is Viola Flugrath.

Her debut was made as a child of five, so it can well be said she has been on the stage ever since she can remember. Her first appearance on the screen was with Edison, when she was eleven, but she forsook the screen for the stage again until after her success in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

A Widow at Sixteen.

IT was John Collins who gave Viola her first position in pictures. He was always her hero and he used to tell her that he fell in love with her that very day. When Viola was sixteen, they married. Then came an epidemic of influenza and he died, but Viola said it was wonderful to have those memories to help her through the days that followed.



VIOLA DANA.

If you want to write her, address your letter:—
VIOLA DANA,
c/o Metro Pictures Corporation,
Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.
(Mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure an early reply.)

When Cast for a "Mother" Part.

SHE tells that the most amusing incident of her career was when she was cast for the part of a mother in "Gladiola." Miss Dana is so small herself that the child (to play her screen child) had to be chosen with great care so that she would look big enough to appear like its mother.

Days were spent trying to find such a child.

When Viola Bobbed Her Hair.

VIOLA DANA was one of the first of screen stars to "bob her hair." She likes it now, but says that at the time, after making up her mind, she went alone to the hairdresser and, after the first clip, horrified the poor assistant by crying out, "Oh, it's awful, put it back!"

Now she has persuaded Shirley to have hers bobbed too. One of the inducements was that they could wear each other's hats. They love wearing each other's clothes, too, and can, as they are both of the same height, 4 ft. 11 ins.

Her Ambition.

VIOLA'S ambition is to return to the stage, for she says no one can be truly reconciled to give it up entirely, but it is dreadful to like both stage and screen so well that you wish to be doing both at once.



Enquiry.



Her Smile.



Suspicion.



Just Coy.



Fear.

"THE CALL OF THE ROAD." (Continued from page 6.)

pockets. For a moment he looked very grave, and then gradually a broad smile spread over his good-humoured face. For the first time in his life he was hungry without the means of obtaining a meal, and—as yet—the experience was sufficiently novel to be amusing.

He laughed as he flung himself down at the foot of a giant beech, intending to rest a while and think the matter out.

"'Tis good to be free—free as a bird," he said to himself. "But even birds must eat, and, unluckily for me, I have more than a bird's appetite. It begins to dawn upon me that what I want is a job. What offers for the services of a young man, strong as a mule, and with no more sense in his head than there is in a turnip?"

He began to sing first softly and then lustily, making the woodland arches ring with his voice:

"There were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a down hey down hey down.
They were as black as they could be,
With a down hey down hey down.
And one of them said to his mate
'Where shall we our breakfast take?'
With a down derry derry derry down down."

He had barely come to the end of the verse when he heard a sound which made him stop singing abruptly, sit up with a jerk and gaze eagerly about him. It was the sound of music. Somewhere in the depths of the wood an instrument had taken up the song he was singing, and now the air of "The Three Ravens," played with a lively spirit, floated to him through the trees.

He listened, and the music came nearer, and presently he descried two figures forcing their way through the sea of bracken which surrounded the little clearing in which he was seated.

His eyes lit up with pleasure as he recognised the newcomers.

The foremost was the old vagabond fiddler whom, long ago, he had christened Paganini Primus. And behind him came the boy Secundus almost hidden by the tall, russet-tinted bracken.

The old man was so intent upon his playing that he did not perceive Alfred till he was quite near.

Then, with a final sweep of his bow he looked up, and at once uttered an ejaculation of delight and surprise.

"Master Alfred! By all that's wonderful!"

"Why not?" said Truscott, with a laugh.

A mischievous twinkle came into the fiddler's roguish eyes.

"The Lamb hath wandered from its fold," he said drily.

Young Truscott laughed again.

"Nay, not wandered—pitched out neck and crop, old friend."

The old fiddler's cheery face assumed a sombre expression, as he seated himself against the tree-trunk by the young man's side.

"Ay! So I heard an hour agone! 'Tis a tale that will travel fast. I'm sorry, lad."

"Sorry!" cried Alfred in a tone of mock indignation. "Sorry that thy old friend hath gained his liberty? Say now, Primus, tell me—how long hast thou had the freedom of the road? Two score years at least, I warrant?"

"Ay! And more!"

"And would'st thou barter thy freedom for aught this world can give?"

"Nay. 'Tis true. 'Tis good to be one's own master. But I am an artist, and the collar of servitude does not rest easy on the neck of one who has the artist's soul. All the same, Freedom has its price, and the price must be paid. This life is hard—at least, in patches—and I would not recommend it to a friend. I played the fiddle at thy christening, Master Alfred, and knew well thy father and mother."

Alfred gave the speaker a quick look.

"Ay, so I've heard. Tell me about them. 'Tis an old tale that has come to me in scraps. I never heard the truth of it."

The old man, turning his head, glanced at Secundus, who had built a fire and was now frying bacon over it.

The fiddler held up three fingers stealthily, whereupon the boy nodded, and put another rasher in the pan.

"Thy parents?" said the old man, reminiscently. "As you say, 'tis an old tale. There's little I have to tell but what is common knowledge. 'Twas said thy father had played high and lost his all. Anyway, he took to wandering the country, and it seems he fell in with a Romany tribe. He was a bonny, good-natured lad, hail fellow and well met with high and low, and he soon made friends with the gipsies. He fell in love with a girl of the tribe, and married her. She was your mother. A little princess she was, as beautiful as the stars, and as good as she was beautiful."

"Breakfast is ready, master!" shouted Secundus, who was shaking the sizzling bacon in the pan.

The old fiddler rose hurriedly, as though glad of the interruption.

"Come, lad, let us eat!" he said, with a kind of forced heartiness.

"One minute," said Alfred, still seated on the ground, and looking up gravely at the old man, "what happened to her—to my mother?"

"She died at thy birth, lad, and for four years nothing more was heard of thee or thy father. And then one day the gipsies pitched their tent on the lower meadow of Master Silas Truscott's own land. Even in those days thy uncle had a quick temper, and he was furious. He went himself to drive the trespassers off his land, and when he got to the camp he found his own brother there on the verge of death."

"My father?" said Alfred, in a low voice.

"Ay! And he was far gone. He pointed to you, who stood near by, a wee lad, and said something to Master Silas. 'Twas little he said, and he died that night. Master Silas made him a promise to care for thee, and he took thee back to the Hall. And that's the end of the tale, Master Alfred, as far as I know it, and as it is the same tale as is told up and down the countryside, I reckon in the main it is true. But 'tis ill dwelling on the doings of twenty years ago when a man is hungry and good food waits to be eaten."

So saying, he turned on his heel and strode towards the fire where young Secundus had already commenced his breakfast.

Alfred Truscott spent the rest of the day with the two Paganinis, sharing their simple adventures and their frugal fare.

He found the life curiously attractive, and when he thought of the money he had squandered in the wild pursuit of artificial pleasures, he was astonished to discover how much happiness could be obtained at such little cost.

When night fell, however, new thoughts came to him.

During the day they had paid a visit to a neighbouring fair, which had not been a great success to them financially, and now they were back in Transcomb woods.

A good fire was burning, and Primus was feeding it with twigs. Nearby, Secundus was lying full length on the ground, fast asleep.

Alfred was seated with his back to the fire, and his good-humoured face wore a look of complete contentment.

"It has been a good day, Primus," he said, as the old man approached. "I feel twice the man I was."

"It's the fresh air, lad," said the old fiddler. "To give a man a contented mind there's naught like good air and a good conscience."

"And good company," said Alfred, with a smile.

The old fiddler grinned complacently.

"Maybe, maybe. It's a sad heart that never rejoices, and if you can't always get what you want, the next best thing is to be grateful for what you've got, and keep up a cheerful spirit. It's been a good day, but to-morrow will be better."

"I'm not so sure of that," interposed Alfred.

The old man gave him a quick look.

"What mean you by that?"

Alfred looked up at him.

"'Tis good of you to keep me company and give a relish to my first taste of freedom, Primus, but the dawn must see us part."

"Hey?"

Alfred nodded, smiling.

"I have an engagement. Just one more little bit of business to be settled before I cut myself adrift from the old life. To be frank, 'tis a small matter of honour betwixt Sir Martin Trevor and myself."

The old fiddler stared, his one good eye wide open, and the flickering light of the fire showed a look of comical dismay on his genial face.

"Sir Martin Trevor?" he gasped.

"Ay!"

The old man was stupefied, and then profoundly agitated.

He fished out an ancient snuff-box, opened it, and took an enormous pinch.

Then he drew a deep breath, and snapped the box viciously.

"Well, well," he said, irritably, "'tis part of my work to play at burials—besides, thou art my friend."

Alfred, who had risen to his feet and stretched himself, laughed and clapped the old man on the shoulder.

"Then if it is for me thou hast to play, let thy tune be a lively one!" he said, lightheartedly.

The old fiddler remained silent and motionless for several seconds. Then, slowly and solemnly, he put out his hand.

Alfred gripped it heartily.

"Courage, old friend. Who knows what the morrow will bring? Sir Martin Trevor and I have had many duels of sorts. 'Tis time the luck changed. I was ever one to believe that the next throw of the dice would be in my favour. Come! Be a man, and you shall be my second. The sight of thy old face will keep me in good heart."

The old man nodded eagerly.

"Ay! I'll come. At least, I'll see thou hast fair play."

Rowena.

THE Lady Rowena, niece and ward of Silas Truscott, sat in her dressing-room while her maid brushed her luxurious wealth of auburn hair.

Rowena was a girl barely twenty, and radiantly beautiful with that fair, exquisite loveliness only to be found in the rural districts of England.

She had a disposition as sweet as her appearance, and everyone loved her, but next to her uncle there was no one who had for her a more devoted attachment than Hulda, her maid.

Rowena had been silent for some time, and then she spoke, hardly conscious that she was expressing her thought aloud:

"'Tis odd he should have left the house the very hour I entered it!"

"Your cousin, my lady?"

"Yes."

"'Tis said he quarrelled with your uncle, my lady."

"Yes, that's true. They parted in anger. My uncle has told me all. What manner of man is my cousin Alfred? He was but a boy when I went away."

"A very proper man, my lady, big and strong and good to look upon."

"Handsome?"

The maid hesitated before replying.

"I know not what to say, my lady," she said at length. "You would not call him handsome, maybe, but he is a fine man, and there is in his eyes that which even a great lady might find dangerous."

Rowena laughed.

"Thou art a romantic child," she said. "He is a ne'er-do-well who cares for naught but wine and cards. Nath'less, I would I had seen him. Now I shall never see him. He is in London by now, I warrant, back in his old haunt."

"Not yet, my lady. He is still in these parts."

"How know you that?" demanded her mistress, sharply.

"He fights a duel with Sir Martin Trevor to-morrow at dawn in the field of the stunted oaks. In the servants' hall it is all the talk."

"A duel? Trevor? Is that the man who killed young Devon?"

"Yes, my lady."

Rowena rose to her feet, her glorious hair tumbling about her shoulders and her bright eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Hulda!" she cried, in an eager whisper. "Listen! I leave the house just before dawn, and thou must accompany me. Go, child, see that all is prepared, so that we may go out without being observed."

"My lady!" protested the maid, in horror.

"Enough! I have made up my mind!" exclaimed the Lady Rowena with an impetuous stamp of her little foot. "My uncle hath given me his description of Alfred. I would find out the truth for myself. I will see with my own eyes if this gipsy cousin of mine hath any mettle in him."

(Another thrilling instalment next Monday.)

NICK COGLEY "Black White" Female Impersonator

NICK COGLEY is known in film circles as "the black white man," as he likes to play coloured roles. He has played Toby in "Toby's Bow" with Tom Moore, and as the mammy in "Boys Will Be Boys," Will Rogers' latest film.

Cogley has brought upon himself the wrath of Iris, the genuine coloured mammy in the "Edgar Series." She told him he "looked no more like Iris dan a ham-bone looks like chicking!" However, she was heard later to say, apprehensively, "'Pears like Iris ain't gwine have no more job den a rabbit wid all dese goin's on!"



NICK COGLEY certainly makes a very realistic mammy in "Boys Will Be Boys."







"Aunt Mandy's" expression of horror in the Goldwyn film "Boys Will Be Boys," starring Will Rogers.



"Aunt Mandy" does not appear to enjoy "her" washing-day, but perhaps this is because it is not a real mammy.



Utter disgust! It is difficult to realise that Nick Cogley is not always black and a woman.

"Picture Show" Gossip

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS. STORIES FROM T

Six Years in Filmland.

"I STARTED doing film work about six years ago. Before that I had many years experience on the legitimate stage," Langhorne Burton told me the other day. "In my early days I spent some time in the English provinces, and was lucky enough to be associated with such well-known actors of the old school as Henry Neville and Edward Terry, whose advice and help were of great use to me."



LANGHORNE BURTON.

Mr. Langhorne Burton has also appeared in New Zealand and Australia as leading man under Williamson, and in America with Olga Nethersole.

The Best of Luck!

"IN London," Langhorne Burton went on, "I appeared for five seasons at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, as the hero in 'The Best of Luck' and 'Sealed Orders,' by the late Henry Hamilton and Cecil Raleigh. Naval parts have rather followed me through my professional career, one in 'Sealed Orders,' one in the 'Flag Lieutenant,' and one in the 'Luck of the Navy' at the Queen's Theatre." Langhorne Burton has also appeared in London under the management of Miss Ethel Irving and Alfred Butt, in "Kitty Mackay" and "Peg of My Heart," the late H. B. Irving, Cyril Maude, Frederick Harrison, Miss Mary Moore, and others, but for the last year and a half he has devoted himself to film work.

The Pretty Kind of Story.

"ONE of the best pictures of the purely slight and pretty kind to be produced in England," said Langhorne Burton, "in my opinion is 'Sweet and Twenty,' in which I appear in Seymour Hicks' old part of the jolly naval lieutenant. This has only just been released to the public although completed over a year ago. Altogether there are twelve pictures in which I am featured, awaiting release some time or another.

My Most Interesting Film?

"PERHAPS it's the 'Amateur Gentleman,' by Jeffery Farnol," said Langhorne Burton, "and in some ways the most strenuous. There were three fights in it, two affairs with pistols, and a steeplechase. The author came to watch the work, and knowing what he had intended to convey in his writing, his suggestions were often invariably of untold assistance.

Costume Work and Its Fascination.

"COSTUME work," Langhorne Burton told me, "both in the theatre and on the screen is most interesting, and I look forward to the time when the prejudice against it in the Cinema world dies down. Two costume films 'Tom Jones' and 'God and the Man,' in which I featured for the Ideal Company some time ago, were both enormously successful in this country, so one feels hopeful in this direction."



MADGE STUART

An Edward Knoblock Film.

LATELY Langhorne Burton has been working under the famous producer, Donald Crisp of the Famous Players Lasky British productions, in "Keeping up Appearances," by Edward Knoblock at their studios at Islington. "I was enormously interested in being connected with so perfectly equipped and lighted a studio, and with men who understood the technique of film production so thoroughly," said Langhorne Burton.

A Temperamental Artiste.

MADGE STUART is home again from France, but she tells me that she still longs for the sunshine and the flowers of the south. However, France or no France, she was surrounded by colour and beauty, in one of the nicest little flats in London, when I had tea with her the other afternoon.

Although Madge Stuart is decidedly of the temperamental type, there is a delicious "homeiness," if one may coin such a word, about her personality. It is the eternal feminine in her, and the entire lack of self-consciousness and conceit that are points almost as attractive as the brightness of her dark brown eyes and the charm of her smiling lips.

Oscar Asche and "Chu Chin Chow."

"'CHIN' was rather luck for me," Madge Stuart declared. "I joined the company as a chorus girl, but one day it so happened that Oscar Asche discovered that I had a voice, and I was put on to understudy Violet Essex as Marjanah. Then one day my chance came when Violet Essex left 'Chu Chin Chow,' I played her part for twelve months. Only girls who have taken part in a long run of a successful piece can have any conception of the strain upon the artiste," Madge Stuart continued. "Especially in a part like Marjanah, when one plays all the year round in bare feet, and all the time in such productions one is dependent on perfect health, this is an absolute necessity. One must keep up to concert pitch, or one's voice suffers, and it's one of the most difficult things in the world to sing night after night on the stage," Madge Stuart added.



CECIL HUMPHRIES.

Picture Fever.

IT was when Madge Stuart was at His Majesty's that she was asked to go down to the Harma Studios, and she got her first lead in films on a screen test.

"When I reached the Studio at Croydon," she told me, "there were crowds of other women on the same errand, and each one of us went through a test. I hurried back to the theatre after doing mine, and I thought no more about it, until I received another letter from the Harma Company asking me to go and see them. I went and fixed up my contract straight away to play lead in 'Nature's Gentleman,' produced by Martin Thornton."

Beauty and Brains.

WHEN Madge Stuart left His Majesty's she understudied Fay Compton in "Summer Time," and then she played a small but important part in "The Elusive Pimpernel." But her acting stood out so brilliantly as well as her beauty, that Maurice Elvey gave her the only woman's part in "An Amateur Gentleman." As she proceeded with this picture her art developed tremendously. In some emotional scenes taken in the studio one day, she revealed such power that some of the preceding scenes were retaken.

Romance and Cecil Humphries.

I EXPECT that many PICTURE SHOW readers remember Cecil Humphries' triumph in "Romance," Doris Keane's enormously successful play.

"My first acquaintance with the screen was made about six or seven years ago in a piece called 'The Life Guardsman,' produced by the British Actors Film Company at Bushey.

"I played a very small part, and when I saw the result I made a resolution, that nothing would ever induce me to act again for the screen. All good resolutions, however, seem destined to get broken, for one night during the long run of





A dramatic scene. Ronald Barrymaine, the wo of the Lady Cleone, has his revenge upon his ow



LANGHORNE BURTON, as Beverley, and MA as Lady Cleone, walk through the Kentish has been thrown from her horse.

WALLACE REID

WALLACE REID has had a varied career off and on the screen. He played his first part on the stage at the age of four—as a little girl; and tried being a ranchman, a general surveyor, and a newspaper man before adopting the screen as a profession and winning fame as an ideal screen lover and dare-devil of the films. Here we see him in a few of his screen successes.



A "knight" in armour—in "You're Fired."



Laughing and frowning—in "The Dancin' Fool" "He laughs best who laughs last."



A happy snap-shot taken at home.



Our "ideal lover" in unaccustomed guise—in "Double Speed."



ANN LITTLE calls him "over the coals" —in "Excuse my Dust."

Photo: Paramount Artcraft.





MIRIAM COOPER.

Love me, Love my Dog

Here we see some Favourites of Filmland with their Canine Pets.



FRANK MAYO and his pet "Patsy."



ENID BENNETT'S Pekenise begs to be petted.

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE with her faithful guardian in "Trumpet Island." (Vitagraph.)





IVY DUKE with a constant companion — in "The Persistent Lovers." (George Clark Production.)

MARY THURMAN owns a dog that can sit up and smile.

bout British Players

TUDIOS. AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS



The genial "bos'n," one of the delightful characters in the Stoll film version of Jeffery Farnol's novel, "The Amateur Gentleman."



CECIL HUMPHRIES as Chichester.

'Romance,' at the Lyric Theatre, my dressing-room was invaded by a producer who offered me a leading part in a film play. I thanked him for the offer, and told him that, having seen myself once, nothing would ever induce me to inflict my 'shadow' self on a long-suffering public.

The Pleydell Mystery.

"BUT," said Cecil Humphries, "the producer only smiled and assured me that while he quite agreed I was a horrible-looking person—he happened to be an old friend—the type he wanted for the leading part was the most horrible-looking man he could find. That was in the 'Pleydell Mystery,' in which I played the part of John Pleydell, and from that moment I seem to have been playing for pictures, except for an interim during the war, more or less ever since.

Many Parts—Many Successes.

"QUOTING from memory, among the many parts I have played I remember Gascoigne Devigne in 'The Veiled Woman,' Lord Dangars in 'The Profligate,' Prince Lucio in 'The Sorrows of Satan' (in which I co-starred with Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Owen Nares), Charles Greville in 'The Romance of Lady Hamilton,' the leading parts in 'The Hours of Trial,' 'The Pride of the North,' 'The Swindler,' 'The Elusive Pimpernel,' 'The House on the Marsh,' 'The Winding Road,' and 'The Shadow of Evil.' I also remember Chichester in 'The Amateur Gentleman,' St. Remys in 'The Tavern Knight.' At the present time I am playing my fifth part with the Stoll Film Company. Rupert Devereux in Harold Shaw's production of 'False Evidence.' Of all the parts I have played I think, perhaps, Chichester in 'The Amateur Gentleman' is my favourite."



ADELINE HAYDEN COFFIN.

Charm of Personality.

HERE is Adeline Hayden Coffin, who has been engaged by Walter West to play exclusively for Broadwest Films. Mrs. Hayden Coffin, besides possessing a refined and distinguished manner, great good looks, and a perfect knowledge as to what to wear, and when and how to wear it, has charm and personality. She has won her way right into the hearts of all picture-goers.

Picture Making in Smyrna.

"I WAS in Smyrna when I saw a first picture taken," Cecil Egerton Leigh told me the other day. "Some native boys were filmed on the beach, and I was bitten by the desire to do film work. I had no great liking for ordinary business, so I determined to try my luck in the 'Movies.' When I got back to England, I played Martin Sabine, in the George Clark production, 'Testimony,' produced by Guy Newall. In 'A Rank Outsider' I played Sir Charles Westcott. I have also played in the Alliance production, 'The Door that Hath no Key,' with Olive Sloane.

"It's not all joy doing exteriors in winter time in England," Egerton Leigh laughingly confessed. "Shivering about in evening clothes in the middle of the day is not an entirely blissful experience, all the same—film acting has its roses, as well as its thorns!"

Judd Green and a Roving Vagabond.

I HEARD from Judd Green recently; he is playing the part of a Roving Vagabond in "The Mystery Road," for the Famous Players. Paul Powell is the producer. Writing from Nice, Judd Green tells me that "the weather has been much the same as we get at times in England; one day fine, and another day unworkable, but we take advantage of every minute we can!"

December Rain-Water.

PARDOE WOODMAN played Ronald Barrymaine, the weak and rather degenerate brother of the heroine in "The Amateur Gentleman" who was all the time the right stuff underneath his many vices. "As Ronald was the cause of all the trouble throughout the film, I had most of the dramatic scenes," said Pardoe Woodman. "Some of the scenes were taken in December, and during a general tussle, I finally got knocked out and fell into a large puddle of icy cold rain-water, and I had to lie in it, supposedly unconscious, until the end of the scene. This was one joy of the 'Amateur Gentleman.'



CECIL EGERTON LEIGH.

A Pistol Duel.

"I THINK the best scene," Pardoe Woodman went on, "is the death of Chichester (played by Cecil Humphries) and myself. We have a pistol duel, a really big scene, and a very long one. It was a great pleasure to all of us owing to the fact that Maurice Elvey took the scene in one long shot of about 300 feet, instead of the usual shots and close ups, and it was so good in the long scene that he left it as it was, and it just plays itself."

Edna Flugrath's Smile.

THE other afternoon I met Edna Flugrath, very delighted with the enthusiasm that had greeted the trade show of "Kipps."

"I am very glad to get back to my flat," she told me, and I was not surprised, for she has been working hard in exteriors for a Stoll production on a great common, not a hundred miles away from London.

Edna Flugrath's great charm lies in her smile, it is such a happy one, and full of kindness.

Young Ambitions.

"BEFORE I was twenty-one," Cleak Morton told me not long ago, "I selected my own company, and took it on tour. It was in the day of portable theatres, so that we could pack up and move on from town to town at will, all over the country. I was billed as the youngest actor manager on the road." Cleak Morton has done film work at Worton Hall, for Samuelson's, and he played a lead in "The Definite Object," with Peter Upcher and Ann Elliott, under the direction of Mr. Camiller.

Cleak Morton has also other ambitions besides film acting—it is that of scenario writing, and I am sure all PICTURE SHOW readers will wish him every success.



CLEAK MORTON.

"The Amateur Gentleman."

BY Jeffery Farnol, Stoll's Eminent British Authors' Series, produced by Maurice Elvey. Typical English scenery, love, passion, ambition, the whole gamut of human emotions flows along merrily through this magnificent screen play.

"It is a picture version of a story written round the doings of a gentleman of fashion a hundred years ago, and the desire of a young man to become a gentleman. Telling, too, how he failed in this respect, but won a wife——"

A strong, human story that will appeal to all readers of PICTURE SHOW.

EDITH NEPEAN.

"THE FALSE ROAD"

A fine story of a crook who wanted to go straight.



ENID BENNETT as Betty tells Roger they must part. [*Paramount-Artcraft.*

"SAPPHIRE" MIKE WILSON, chief of the toniest gang of crooks in New York city, sat back in his easy-chair and blew a cloud of smoke from his Corona Corona with a purr of satisfaction.

His gaze rested on the sumptuously furnished room, only one of many in the magnificent mansion that was the headquarters of his gang, and then rested on his pupils.

Again he purred with approval.

Men and women, they were all stylishly but quietly dressed, and looked just similar to the thousands of society folk who occupied similar mansions to his own in the exclusive neighbourhood of Fifth Avenue.

Mike had no use for toughs or toffs. He had brought his ice-cold, quick-thinking brain into the business of robbing other people with the same degree of thought that a merchant pits his experience and business acumen against his rivals. In Mike's case his rivals were the police.

Against them he waged a perpetual battle of wits, and so far he had had more than his share of victories.

True, the police won a skirmish here and there. His card index had just reminded him of one which was a notable triumph for his enemies. One of the cleverest pickpockets in the gang, Roger Moran, had been caught nearly two years ago. He was due to be released in the morning.

"A smart lad," mused Mike. "Only that bit of bad luck which even the best plans can't prevent, got Roger in the pen. The police will be keeping a sharp eye on him now, but I guess we shall be able to head them off."

He turned to a pretty young woman who sat on the edge of his desk.

"Roger is due out from the pen to-morrow, Minnie. Funny Betty isn't here to talk over arrangements to meet him."

"Betty Palmer will be on hand, Mike, don't you trouble," said 'Frisco Minnie. "She was buying things for him the other day. She knows the date."

"Guess she's as fond of Roger as you are of me, Minnie," said Mike, with a sly chuckle.

"You seem to take a lot for granted, Mr. Wilson," said Minnie with that aristocratic air that had deceived half the jewellers' salesmen in New York.

"You're sure the real duchess, Minnie," said Mike admiringly. "Hello! Here is Betty."

All the gang rose from their seats as Betty Palmer stepped into the room. Young, not more than twenty-two, she looked as much unlike a crook as a bishop looks like a burglar.

A dainty, fascinating girl, she looked a lady from the top of her coquettish tri toque to the shimmering tips of her tiny shoes. Honesty shone in her merry brown eyes, and the smile on her lips would have allayed the suspicion of any detective that ever wore a badge. Yet those delicate hands, so charmingly gloved, could coax the secret of the cunningest combination that ever locked a safe. The little, shell-like ears could detect the slightest sound of the tumbling of the tumblers in the lock as certainly as a great musician could pick out the slightest discord in an orchestra.

She curtseyed with mock politeness to the gang, and then went over to Mike.

"Just talking about you, Betty," said Mike. "Roger comes out to-morrow."

"Did you think I had forgotten," said the girl. "I've thought of him every night since he was taken."

There was a soft note in her voice, and the suspicion of a tear in her eyes as she spoke.

Then she threw back her head and laughed merrily.

"I don't suppose I shall sleep a wink to-night, but you can bet I'm as fresh as a rose when I go to meet Roger to-morrow," she said. "Two years. It has seemed twenty, but it has passed at last."

"Minnie tells me that you have fixed up everything that Roger is likely to need," said Mike.

Betty nodded.

"I've got his trunk packed, and since I am not yet known to the police, I figured it would be best for me to meet him alone."

"Then, that's settled," said the crook, rising. "I've arranged for a swell dinner here, so you can tell him the old bunch will be waiting to drink his health."

Betty Palmer was at the gates of the prison long before the time of Roger's release. She was shown into the room of the chief warder, a kindly looking man who gave her a quick scrutiny, and then offered her a chair. Betty had given the suit-case containing Roger's clothes to a warder, and presently Roger came into the office. Betty could scarcely restrain a cry of pain that came to her lips as she saw him, he was so altered. It was not that he looked very ill physically except a pallor on his cheeks through confinement, he seemed fit enough; but there was something in his eyes that frightened her. It was a look as though of a man who had lived under the shadow of death.

The chief warder shook hands with him heartily, and then turned to Betty.

"You're his sweetheart, I guess," he said. "Use all your influence to keep him away from the lot he mixed with before."

As he handed Roger some papers he fixed the young man with his keen eyes.

"You'll not forget what I told you, Moran. It's the straight game that pays."

"I'll not forget, sir," said the ex-convict. "You've been very good to me."

The two men shook hands, and Roger passed out with Betty, a free man.

Roger's Resolution.

"GEE, this is good!" exclaimed the man as he inhaled the fresh air. "Two years in a tomb! Only those who have been through it can realise what it means. It was real good of you to come and meet me, Betty," he went on, looking very tenderly at the girl beside him.

"Well, it's all over now, Roger," said the girl. "Spike has got the most scrumptious feed waiting for you, and all the bunch are waiting to give you the glad hand and welcome you back to the fold."

Roger half opened his mouth to speak but thought better of it. He gazed ahead in a dreamy kind of way.

"What's the matter, Roger?" asked the girl, pulling up and looking at him with some alarm. "I know it must have been awful in there, but—but you don't seem pleased now you're free."

"I was thinking, Betty. You get to do a lot of thinking in there," he added bitterly.

"You're surely not thinking of what that old warder said," exclaimed Betty. "It's their business to reel off that stuff, just as it is the business of the bulls and dicks to nab crooks. It's all part of the game."

"I don't know," said Roger slowly. "That head-warder is a real sport. He did a lot for me. Used to be a famous baseball player in his time, and I reckon he's always played the game straight."

He was longing to tell Betty that he had meant what he said when he had told the chief warder that he would not forget his advice, but somehow he could not. He was afraid the girl would despise him.

"You'll soon cheer up when you se the gang," said Betty. And then she kept talking of things that had happened in his absence till she got him into a cheerier frame of mind.

Roger Moran received a great welcome from Sapphire Mike and the gang, and he was placed in the chair of honour at the banquet Mike had arranged. The chief crook had kept his word, it was a feast fit for a prince.

Roger Moran was the only unhappy person in the room. Come what may, he had decided that he was going to run straight in future, and he cursed himself for his weakness in not telling Betty outright and refusing when he was in the street. His only excuse was that he was passionately in love with the girl, and he was afraid he would lose her if he deserted the gang.

But when it came his turn to respond to the toast of his return, he thrust all doubts aside.

"Mike and all of you who have been my pals," he said. "I mean to play square with you. I ought not to be here at all. I have finished with the crook game. In future I mean to run straight."

He sat down suddenly and faced the crowd with a grim smile on his lips.

For a moment they stared at him as if they could not believe what he said, then several of the men rose with threatening gestures. One of them drew a life-preserver from his pocket and made for Roger, but Mike called him off.

"Just clear out into another room, all of you except Betty," he ordered. "We'll see this thing through."

He called the girl on one side.

"Don't get scared, Betty," he said. "They all talk like that after doing their first bit on the island. I'll leave you to talk sense into him. You'll do it."

He went out, leaving the two lovers together.

"You don't mean it, Roger. You're not going to cut the gang?" said Betty.

"I do, Betty. I ought to have told you in the street, but somehow, I was afraid of losing you. I want to play straight all round. I want to marry you, Betty. Let us both cut the gang and start again?"

"Why couldn't we get married without being honest?" replied Betty.

"Because you would be ashamed of me, and I should be ashamed of you," replied Roger. "Let's both hit the straight trail together."

Betty shook her head.

"It's no use, Roger. We're crooks, and it's the only trade I know. What could I do on the straight and narrow? At the best get a job washing steps, or waiting in a third-class restaurant. I've got used to luxury, and I couldn't stand the servant stunt. Besides, I couldn't desert my pals. If you mean to go, I shouldn't wait till Mike comes back. He might get nasty."

"I'm not afraid of Mike or the whole gang, and you know it, Betty. Nor am I afraid of the danger. It's just because I want to go straight, and because I want to take you with me that I'm pleading."

For a moment Betty hesitated, then she gave a reckless laugh.

"You've got my final, Roger. Forget me. I'm sticking to the gang."

Roger Moran knew that it would be useless to plead further with the girl in her present mood, but he made a silent vow that when he got fixed up, if ever he did, he would come back and get Betty out of the clutches of Mike.

Roger took up his hat and crossed over to Betty.

"So long for a bit, Betty," he said as he took her in his arms and kissed her. "But you can stake on me that I'm not going to lose you."

"Once a Crook."

THREE weeks later Roger found employment with Joshua Starbuck, the manager of the one bank in the little town of White Harbour. It was not much of a job as jobs go, being nothing more than a man-of-all-work at Mr. Starbuck's pretty country cottage on the outskirts of the town, but Roger was happy.

Mr. Starbuck was a man about seventy years of age, and his wife was two years younger.

They were the dearest couple imaginable. All through life they had tried to help others.

They did not preach religion much, but they practised it a lot.

Roger had become a great favourite with the old couple, who had no children of their own, and they began to look upon him as a son.

The time passed very pleasantly for the ex-convict, who never had the slightest desire to go back to the old life. He was happy in the daytime, among the fruit and flowers, and he spent his evenings reading and studying in order that he might be able to take a better position when opportunity arose.

About a month after he had been with the Starbucks, Roger received a great shock. Coming into the cottage one afternoon he saw Betty and 'Frisco Minnie taking tea with the old couple. It was as much as he could do to control himself, and he could see the two girls were equally surprised.

He had given Mr. Starbuck the name of Roger Hampton, and it was under this name that old Starbuck introduced him to his visitors.

Betty and Minnie had told the bank manager they were sisters, both artists, who had come from New York for a rest, but they found the country around White Harbour so charming that they intended to prolong their stay. Mr. Starbuck had found them a cottage, and they had just come back from inspecting it when Roger came in.

Roger was by no means satisfied with the story, and his suspicions were increased when, after excusing himself to the company, he strolled round the house and saw Chauffeur Charlie, one of the members of his old gang, smoking a cigarette as he leaned against a new six-cylinder car.

He hung about hoping to get a word with Betty when she came out of Starbuck's cottage, but the bank manager accompanied the two girls to the gate.

and there was no opportunity for Roger to speak to them. The next day, however, he went to the cottage the girls had taken, and found Betty drawing water from the well.

"Look here, Betty, what's the game?" said Roger bluntly.

"No game at all," replied the girl. "Minnie and I have come down here for a rest. There's nothing doing just now, and Mike said we could have a holiday, so here we are playing the merry milkmaid in this little arcady. Don't tell me you own all the place already, Roger, and that you're going to evict us from our charming cottage."

"Don't try to put me off, Betty," said Roger. "You know what I mean. Is this trip on the square?"

"I've told you that we are here for a rest," replied Betty evasively. "If you'll take my advice, Roger, you'll let us alone. Minnie and Charlie have got it in for you as have the rest of the gang, and if you prowl about here they may give you away to your employer. I thought we had decided at our last meeting that you go your way and I go mine."

Roger was in a cleft-stick, and he knew it. Betty would never give him away, but the other two would not hesitate a moment if they thought he was interfering with their plans, whatever their plans might be. And if they told the town that he was an ex-convict, it would be good-bye to his job, and well he knew that it would be hard to find another. Mr. Starbuck had taken him without a reference, but there were not many Starbucks about. He decided that he could do nothing for the present but watch.

"All right, Betty," he said at last. "I see what you mean. But if you're on the crooked lay, it does seem mean to me that you should have chosen this little place above all others to work in."

Betty flushed with anger.

"You can take it from me, Mr. Moran," she said, "that I had not the slightest idea you were here, or I would not have come. Neither has Mike for that matter." She took up her pail and was going towards the house, when Roger took the pail from her.

"Let me carry this, Betty," he said. "I'm not going to preach to you, but I do wish you would throw up this game. I haven't made much more than my keep yet, but I tell you I never was so happy before. When I get on my feet I mean to ask you to run straight and marry me, and I shall keep asking you till I die."

For an instant there came a soft, longing look in Betty's eyes, and Roger hoped she was going to yield, but the next second she threw back her head with a hard laugh.

"I'm afraid the straight and narrow is too thorny a path for me, Roger. The thin soles of my French kid boots wouldn't stand the pricks. You'll have to forget me. Some day you'll meet a girl down here that has never seen wicked New York except on the movies, and you'll marry her and be happy ever after as the story-books say."

"There'll never be another girl for me, Betty," said Roger, as he raised his hat and walked away.

Weeks passed, and the autumn had changed to winter, yet nothing occurred to disturb the serenity of White Harbour. Roger had begun to persuade himself that Betty and Minnie were really down in the country not so much for a rest, but to evade the attentions of the New York police.

He argued with himself that this must be the reason. Sapphire Mike was a careful man. If Minnie and Betty were suspected by the police, he would not hesitate to give them a year's holiday if necessary, till the police suspicions died away. He had adopted a similar course when Roger was in the gang, and there was no reason why it should not be the case this time.

But just before Christmas the blow fell. Mr. Starbuck went down to the bank to find the safe rifled, and every dollar missing.

The burglary had been carried out in a remarkably clever way. The safe, which was of the old-fashioned kind, reaching from the floor almost to the ceiling, stood facing a window without shutters or curtains, which looked out on to the side-walk. The one policeman in the town made it his business to peep through the window every time he passed the bank, which was every half-hour, so that any burglar working on the safe would be certain to be seen.

To get over this, the burglars had adopted a very ingenious ruse.

They had painted a facsimile of the safe, and sticking this in front of the real door, they had worked behind the camouflaged door in safety. When he learned this, Roger realised the irony of the statement made by Betty and Minnie that they were artists.

"Artists!" muttered Roger. "Guess that false door is the only thing they painted." He did not need to go to the cottage to see if Betty and Minnie were still there. Well did he know that by this time they would be well on their way to New York. But to make double certain he went. As he had anticipated, the cottage was empty. The artists had gone!

With bitter rage in his heart, Roger went to the Starbuck cottage. He found the old bank manager trying to comfort his wife.

"You'd better lay down, lassie," said the old man. "What's done can't be mended. We can only trust in Providence."

Tears stood in Roger's eyes as he watched the old couple go from the room.

He waited till Mr. Starbuck came back into the sitting-room.

(*Continued on page* 18.)

"THE WIFE WHOM GOD FORGOT."

Cecil H. Bullivant's Novel Filmed.

A VERY interesting film shortly to be released is "The Wife Whom God Forgot," which is the screen version of Cecil H. Bullivant's famous novel. The film has been produced by the All-British Alliance Corporation at their studios at Twickenham.

This film which features Gertrude McCoy deals with the great social question of divorce. It is a very powerful story of a woman's tribulation for another man's sake, and a great repentance.

The Author.

CECIL H. BULLIVANT, the author, has had a varied literary career. Before becoming famous as an author, he was the editor of a weekly journal. Since those days he has written numerous serial stories and novels.



A scene from "The Wife Whom God Forgot."

Novels That Have Been Filmed.

MR. BULLIVANT is writing many of his books so that they can be easily adapted for the screen, and quite a number of his novels have already been filmed, and included amongst these—besides "The Wife Whom God Forgot"—are "The Woman Wins," in which Violet Hopson took the chief part, "Whose Wife," featuring Gail Kane, and "Blood Money," a Grainger-Binger production.

Stories of Love, Mystery, and Adventure.

BOTH in this country and in America, to say nothing of the Continent, where his work has been translated into many different languages, Mr. Bullivant's stories of love, mystery, and adventure are read every week by millions of people.

The fact that Mr. Bullivant travels extensively to find suitable and romantic backgrounds for his stories gives them a freshness and charm which appeal particularly to women.



GERTRUDE McCOY and CECIL H. BULLIVANT.



GERTRUDE McCOY in the Alliance film, "The Wife Whom God Forgot."

"THE FALSE ROAD." (Continued from page 17.)

"I suppose this means practically ruin to you, Mr. Starbuck?" he said.

"About that, laddie," said the old man, wearily. "It will take more than my savings to make good the loss, for I feel that I must do what I can. The money was in my charge."

"But that would be foolish!" expostulated Roger. "You are not to blame for the robbery. You took every precaution. I don't suppose for an instant that the bank would allow you to try to make good the loss."

"I've told them I shall do all I can," said Mr. Starbuck. "It's the way I see it, and my wife agrees with me. I wouldn't care so much but for one thing," he went on. "All my savings were for one object. The doctor told me that my wife could not live two more winters in this country, and we intended to give up the bank, and spend the rest of our days in Italy. We were to have gone in the spring, but all that is over now."

"But the police may get the robbers," said Roger, more with the idea of cheering the old man up than for any belief he had that they would.

"There's not much chance of that," said Mr. Starbuck, shaking his head. "The whole of the money is in small notes, which can be changed without arousing suspicion."

Roger stayed a little while, and then he went down the town.

By discreet inquiries he found out that Betty and Minnie were not suspected. They had told the agent who let them the cottage, that they were going to leave before Christmas, some weeks before. Moreover, the minds of the townspeople never associated such a daring burglary with two young girls, and for that matter neither did the sheriff.

The suspected party was a rough-looking tramp whom the sheriff and policeman had seen prowling about the town on the night of the burglary. The policeman had followed him from the bank premises to the outskirts of the town, where he had lost him.

Roger understood the whole scheme when he got this information. It was an old trick that had often been worked by Mike's gang. The supposed tramp was no other than Chauffeur Charlie. He had disguised himself, and by acting suspiciously, had drawn the attention of the policeman and the sheriff. While they were shadowing him, Betty had got in the bank, put up the dummy door, and securely screened from observation, had opened the safe.

It was a clever ruse, for it removed all suspicion from the girls, besides allowing Betty to work in comparative safety. Only Roger knew the truth.

But although he had been unable to prevent the gang robbing the man who had befriended him, Roger was determined to get back the money if he had to choke it out of Sapphire Mike.

After much thought he conceived a scheme which he felt would be successful.

He would rejoin the gang on the pretence that he was tired of trying to run straight, and once in Mike's confidence, he would find some way to get hold of the money they had taken from Starbuck. It was an easy matter for Roger to get a holiday on the pretext that he was going to spend Christmas with his relatives, and the following night found him giving the secret signal at Mike's palatial dive.

Sapphire Mike met him with a suspicious frown.

"What's the game?" he said abruptly.

"Simple enough, Mike," replied Roger. "I've come back."

"Didn't know that I'd sent you any invitation," said Mike, curtly. "We are getting along fine, and I don't know that we have any room for quitters."

"Oh, cut it out, Mike!" burst out Roger, working himself into a passion. "Can I have five minutes with you in your room? If not, say the word right away, and I'll go to McGuire's gang."

"Let's have the tale," said Mike abruptly.

"There's little to tell," said Roger. "I meant every word I said that night, and if I'd have had a chance to go straight, you wouldn't find me here. I got a job of a sort—hired man—and then schooled myself till I was proficient for a clerkship. I applied for scores of berths, and got some of them, till it came to a reference. I couldn't show one, and so they showed me the door. Betty was right. Once a crook always a crook. They don't give a man a chance!"

"I could have told you that before you left," said Mike grimly. "Well, you can come back to the bunch, but if you're thinking of crossing me, Roger, I should think again. The man doesn't live that can say he put it across Sapphire Mike and got away with it."

The return was managed much easier than Roger had anticipated. Mike just repeated Roger's story to the gang, and he was received with open arms. There was not a man there who did not know how hard it was for a crook to run straight—many of them had had actual experience—so there was no reason to doubt Roger's story.

Only Betty looked disappointed, much to Roger's surprise.

"I knew I couldn't do it, Roger, but I believed *you* would run straight," she said.

"I couldn't stay there for ever as hired man," said Roger, "and I couldn't get a better job. As you said, Betty, once a crook always a crook."

"And you are the one that wanted to reform me!" said Betty, scornfully.

"I did my best to keep straight," said Roger.

He wanted to tell Betty that he was still straight, and acquaint her with his plans, but he knew that Mike had many secret listening posts, and he played the part of the returned crook.

Roger's Plans.

BUT the next day when the two were alone, Betty re-opened the conversation.

"I'm sorry you couldn't stick it, Roger," she said. "Somehow I thought you would."

"Could you?"

Roger whispered the question in her ear.

"I'd have a try now," said Betty. "Now I know that the bank robbery will mean that dear Mrs. Starbuck will probably die because they will not have the money to take her to Italy. I feel that mean I could hide myself in the river for ever."

"Look here, Betty," whispered Roger. "My turning crook again is all a bluff. I've come back to get the money you took from the bank. Will you help me?"

For a moment Betty hesitated, then she said: "Keep in your room till midnight. Get a bag packed, and when I give the old signal, be ready to bolt with me. I am with you, and I think I have a scheme whereby we can get Mr. Starbuck's money."

About ten o'clock that night, Betty, attired in a gorgeous evening gown, knocked at the door of Mike's private sanctum. The chief crook looked at her admiringly as he asked her to enter.

"This is an honour, Betty," said Mike. "Come to have a crack with the old man, eh?"

"I was bored with the others, Mike, and thought you would not mind me having a drink and a cigarette with you," she said.

"Mind!" exclaimed Mike. "You know I worship the ground you walk on!"

He said it jestingly, but Betty knew that there was an undercurrent of truth in the remark. One of the most difficult tasks since she had been with the gang had been to keep Mike at a safe distance. She knew she had only got to say the word, and he would throw Minnie over and marry her.

"What about Minnie?" she said, coquettishly.

"Minnie is out on a job, and between me and you, Betty, I hope it takes her a long time."

"Well, get me a drink, then," said Betty, lighting a cigarette.

Mike got out a bottle of his best wine, and filled two glasses.

"Here's to!" cried Betty, gaily.

"Your eyes," supplemented Mike gallantly.

Betty put down her glass with a little shudder.

"That's much too strong for me, Mike. You'll have to get some water or soda."

Mike went to the wine cupboard for the soda, but only found an empty bottle. Betty who had removed two full ones earlier, smiled.

(Continued on page 19.)

A NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES

By RUTH ROLAND

Beauty for Everyone

No. 3
CARE OF THE TEETH



RUTH ROLAND has beautiful teeth.

"SINCE I can remember, when I first meet a person, the condition of their teeth impresses me favourably, or the reverse. And in these days of scientific dentistry there is really very little excuse for unlovely teeth.

"While the general health is responsible for good or bad teeth, yet in recent years it has been conclusively proven that infection of the teeth and gums causes directly, or indirectly, one-half of the fatal diseases.

"I prefer a certain tooth paste, but any good paste, powder, or liquid dentifrice, if used regularly—five minutes to ten minutes daily—will keep one's teeth in order.

"My dentist recently assured me that the wisdom teeth, which supposedly go first, have been as badly treated as the near-sighted child of a half century ago, who was forced to wear the dunce cap, because he or she could not see the letters of the book that they were blamed for not understanding. The wisdom tooth enamel is just as sound as that of any other tooth—so I'm going to be very careful always to see that my farthest-back teeth are as scrupulously immaculate as the very front ones.

"One should visit a reliable dentist at least every three months for a thorough examination, and as is true in most other things, the best dentist is usually in the long run the cheapest.

"The best test of a toothbrush is, Does it cleanse where it is designed to cleanse? In plain words, the way to brush the teeth and gums is to *brush them.* One should avoid the use of too large a brush. If the bristles are too stiff, the brush should be placed in hot water for a minute each time before using. Healthy gums however, can bear the same scrubbing as the flesh round the finger-nails, and with the same benefit. In fact, often, unhealthy inflamed gums, when given a vigorous scrubbing twice a day will (in the course of a week or two) become firm and healthy. It may be a little painful at first—as severe as the pains in the back of an athlete when he first starts to get himself into condition: but the trainer tells the athlete to go on with the work and he will be all right, and the same thing applies to unhealthy gums. Tincture of myrrh diluted is an excellent rinse for the mouth and gums. Peroxide of hydrogen is also beneficial in killing any germs and whitening the teeth.

"Biting thread, nut-cracking, and eating foods too hot or too cold is injurious to the enamel of one's teeth, and causes decay.

"Not only are white, even teeth a beauty requirement (and particularly for anyone like myself who is in motion picture work), but our very health, happiness, and life often depend upon them.

"A smile is not lovely unless the teeth are sightly, and no matter how perfect the other features may be, or how perfect the hair, complexion, and eyes, badly cared for teeth will ruin the picture."

"THE FALSE ROAD."

(*Continued from page 18.*)

"Won't be a minute, Betty," said Mike. "There's some in the next room."

"Well, shut the door and knock before you come in," said Betty. "I don't want any of the others to see me here. They might tell Minnie."

"You're a good thinker, kid," said Mike.

As soon as he was gone out, Betty went to the drawer where she knew he kept his drugs and knock-out drops, used by the gang in doping their victims. In a trice she had found the phial she wanted, and emptied some drops into Mike's wineglass.

When the crook returned, Betty was sitting on the arm of his easy-chair, swinging her legs.

Then she began to flatter Mike, and insisted on being his cup-bearer. So intent was she on playing her part, that she did not notice the door open gently, and the face of Chauffeur Charlie peep in.

He closed the door silently, and when he got out into the passage he gave a low whistle.

"Guess Minnie will be pleased to hear of this," he muttered. The crook chauffeur had long worshipped 'Frisco Minnie, and he saw here a plan to get into her favour.

In the meantime the drugged wine had got to Mike's head. He made several attempts to throw off the drug, but at last, to Betty's relief, he dropped back in his chair.

After assuring herself that Mike was thoroughly under the influence of the drug, Betty went to work on the safe. She had got it open, and had the notes she had taken from Starbuck in her hand, when the door was flung open, and 'Frisco Minnie stood before her.

Betty made a dash to get past her, but Minnie shut the door behind her, and turned the key in the lock.

Then she shook Mike and aroused him.

The crook was still dizzy from the effects of the drug, but the open safe and the two women told him all he wanted to know.

"You Jezebel!" he hissed, lurching towards Betty.

"Yes, a fine end to your pretty love scene, Mike!" sneered Minnie. "Oh, I know all about it! Betty fooled you so she could rob you. You get those notes from her, and we'll talk about the other business later!"

Betty dived under the table. Neither Mike nor Minnie saw her make a quick movement with the envelope she held in her hand.

She looked scared to death when Mike dragged her out.

Snatching the envelope from her hand, Mike told Minnie to open the door.

"Now get!" he cried. "And you can thank your stars you're a woman, or I'd have filled you full of lead!"

Betty needed no second order. She flew through the door, and as she passed out she heard Minnie giving the faithless Mike a whole lot of names, that were as stinging as they were truthful.

"Hope they keep that up a little while till I make my getaway!" muttered Betty, as she dashed up to Roger's room.

He was all ready, and Betty dragged him out on to the passage.

"I've got it, but there's no time to talk," she said.

Once outside Betty pressed a bundle of notes into his hands.

"Minnie caught me with the safe open!" she said hurriedly. "I hid the notes while she was waking Mike, whom I had drugged, and put a newspaper in the envelope which had contained the notes. Mike will get the trick when Minnie has finished telling him what she thinks about him. Meet me at Central Station to-morrow at six. We'd better separate now."

Roger realised that this was no time to talk, and he bolted.

They met the next day as arranged. Roger had taken two tickets to White Harbour, and they got in the train without noticing any of the gang.

"I'm beginning to feel good already," said Betty, as the train started.

They were alone in the compartment—Roger had seen to that.

"You'll feel better when you've tried the straight game a bit," said Roger.

There was a long interval, in which Roger held Betty in his arms, and told her in about fifty different ways how much he loved her.

Then they argued as to which loved the most, and by the time they had decided it was a draw, they had arrived at White Harbour.

As they walked from the station Roger stopped suddenly.

"Do you know, Betty, it is Christmas Eve!"

"So it is!" laughed Betty. "Just fancy, Roger. What a title for a movie! 'The Crook Turns Santa Claus!'"

And, as though to add to a setting to the part they were playing, the snow began to fall.

It was a happy party that sat round the table at the Starbuck Cottage that night.

Roger made a clean breast of the whole story, and while he and Betty asked to be forgiven, old Mr. Starbuck pointed to the calendar.

"On the eve of Christmas, it is the duty of all Christians to forgive. Both of you have atoned for your errors, and the straight road lies before you. May you both be very, very happy."

(*Adapted, by permission, from the photo-play featuring ENID BENNETT as Betty.*)

ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The Second of This Delightful Series, Telling of the Meeting and Marriage of Bryant Washburn and Mabel Chidester

By GRACE KINGSLEY



BRYANT WASHBURN and his little son.

Read This First.

IN an old and none too clean Essanay studio in Chicago a pair of brown eyes looked suddenly into a very brilliant pair of blue eyes. It was love at first sight, and the owner of the brown orbs was Bryant Washburn; whilst the more brilliant ones belonged to Mabel Chidester, then at the age known as "sweet seventeen." Last week we left them talking rather shyly to each other on topics such as the weather, but below you will learn how their acquaintanceship ripened into something greater.

Bryant Asks If He May Call.

"ARE you working to-day?" asked Mabel; and this gave Bryant a chance to show off a bit. So he airily exclaimed:

"Well, I'm not working to-morrow! I've been working three straight weeks without any rest, and——"

But just then he caught sight of his director.

"That is"—he coughed—"that is I have——"

And Mabel Chidester laughed. It was a clear rippling, spontaneous laugh that you just couldn't get away from, so full of mirth that Bryant couldn't do a thing but join in. That laugh broke the ice entirely, and established another real bond between them, the bond of a common sense of humour. Without which, you may remember, George Eliot says no married couple can ever be really at one.

And then Bryant asked if he might call.

It was pretty sudden, I'll admit. But not for nothing had Mabel Chidester's ancestors braved the perils of the deep in the Mayflower, and as Bryant had asked it most respectfully, yet in somewhat the same ardent manner in which an ancient Puritan, knowing he had no time to lose, might suddenly have asked the lady of his heart to go to America with him, Mabel told him that he might.

But if you think she let Bryant know just how she felt about him, you're mistaken. The first time he called there was another young man already in the Chidester drawing-room, and Mabel made no effort whatever to get rid of him. And the second time he called, another young man was there. But as Bryant gradually got to calling oftener, and taking Mabel to parties and theatres, gradually all the other young men faded out of her horizon.

Their First Home.

ONE day when the two were out for a stroll, Bryant insisted on leading Mabel into a certain street. It was a nice, homey street, with a lot of good-looking flats facing on it.

"We're going to make a call," said Bryant.

With that he led the way right up to a certain door, and instead of ringing the bell, took a key out of his pocket, unlocked the door, threw it open, told Mabel to enter, and when they were inside a snug little flat, he put his arm around her—I don't know whether for the first time or not—and inquired very tenderly:

"Dear, do you think you can stand it to live in a four-room flat?"

It's all very well to tell how the girl kissed him, when it's a fiction tale; but somehow when it's real people—well, anyhow, I'm going to let you imagine that part. At any rate, she didn't say "no."

And just two weeks later they were married.

"But he left me to break the news to father and mother that I was going to marry an actor," declared Mabel Washburn, with an injured little pout that was belied by the twinkle in her eye. As a matter of fact, after the first plunge of acquaintanceship was made, father and mother Chidester thought there was just nobody like Bryant Washburn. And they think so yet.

"But during my courtship I had to go home every night at ten o'clock!" exclaimed Bryant. "That was father Chidester's cruel rule. Even the night before we were married they sent me home at the same old fatal hour."

Bryant Washburn and Mabel Chidester that was spent the very nicest evenings in the whole world alone together in their new home. You remember "Skinner's Dress Suit" and "Honey"? It was just like that all over again with them. Mabel learned to cook nicely, and when Bryant came home it wasn't to a funny actors' boarding-house, but to a lovely young wife and a nicely cooked dinner.

"And then one day——" as the subtitles say—see business of making booties, robes, and other funny little thingumys. Because Sonny was coming! He came one bright autumn morning. Of course, his real name is Bryant, but nobody ever calls him that. Sonny was born in the little flat, and proved an admirable infant. He never cried at night or got a pain in his stomach that made his dad have to sit up with him and lose his beauty sleep—his dad's, I mean—Sonny himself made no pretensions to beauty at the time.

But Bryant's salary had to be stretched to meet the new needs. He worked and worked along for two years. Like Honey, in "Skinner's Dress Suit," Mabel thought he ought to have his salary raised—raised a lot. So she set out to learn what was wrong, why a man with Bryant's genius wasn't getting his name in electrics everywhere. Finally they decided together it was the stories he was doing. To be sure, they were as good as anybody's stories, but not, Mabel was sure, good enough for Bryant.

(*To be concluded next week.*)

FAT THAT SHOWS SOON DISAPPEARS

Prominent fat that comes and stays where it is not needed is a burden; a hindrance to activity and a curb upon pleasure. Many forms of advice to reduce weight have been advanced, such as starvation dieting, dangerous drugs, excessive exercise, etc., all of which are either unpleasant or dangerous.

The latest, most modern, and pleasant way to take off burdensome fat is to take after each meal and at bedtime an oil of orilene capsule and follow simple healthful rules of living.

To get rid of fat at the rate of one, two, or three pounds a week, take these agreeable-tasting little capsules daily, as mentioned, until you weigh what you should. No wrinkles will remain to show where the fat came off.

Oil of orilene capsules are for sale by all chemists at 3/- per packet. If you prefer to have them come to you direct, post-free, send the amount to the D. J. Little Co., 37, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1, and bid good-bye to excessive fat.

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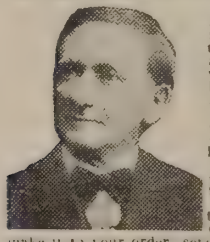
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The Children's Newspaper

Every Friday 2D

FILMS OF THE WEEK

The "Picture Show's" Guide to Picturegoers

"Two Weeks." CONSTANCE TALMADGE. (*Walturdaw.*)

THIS fascinating comedy queen as a chorus girl—and a very hardworking one, too. A rich admirer helps her to become a star, and after her triumph offers her marriage, but as she dislikes him she runs away and takes refuge in a house kept by three bachelors. They take her in, and the way in which she turns the home and opinions topsy-turvy and eventually finds true love, makes most uproarious fun on the screen. The delightful star in her best vein.

"The Sleeping Lion." MONROE SALISBURY. (*Phillips.*)

THERE is plenty of action in this photo-play and many poignant moments. The hero is an Italian plaster cast seller in New York, who befriends a little waif. The two go to the West, and with his savings the hero buys a ranch, and in a short time becomes a regular rancher. He makes an enemy on arrival at the saloon, who does his utmost to injure him, but after many ups and downs the hero gains the day and marries the girl he loves. Should be very popular with the majority of picture-goers.

"Fair and Warmer." MAY ALLISON. (*Jury's.*)

THE screen version of the play which was such a great success in London and New York. One of the most laughable stories seen on the screen with dainty May Allison as "Blanny" Wheeks.

"The Admirable Crichton." ALL STAR CAST. (*Paramount Artcraft.*)

BARRIE'S world-famous play produced on the screen by Cecil B. De Mille and played by an all-star cast, among whom Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson shine in particular. An aristocratic family and servants are thrown on a desert isle, and the one-time butler, Crichton, becomes master of the party, while the daughter of Lord Loam finds herself in love with him. A super-production which should be seen by all.

"The Six Best Cellars." BRYANT WASHBURN. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

PROHIBITION in America treated in a most amusing manner. Henry Carpenter (Bryant Washburn) and his wife, daintily played by Wanda Hawley, are members of a most exclusive suburban set. He gives a dinner party with the promise of some first rate wine, but when he finds his treasured bottles empty, he turns Prohibitionist, and is asked to stand for Congress. Then comes a great surprise, and the hero has to make a hustling decision. Sparkling entertainment, bubbling over with clean fun.

"The Hundredth Chance." MARY GLYNNE and DENNIS NEILSON TERRY. (*Stoll.*)

ETHEL M. DELL'S popular novel as a screen-play. It shows how a man took a big chance with love and won in the end after much sorrow. The story provides many intense moments and leads up to a great crisis. Beautiful English scenery. A first-class production.

"Tin Pan Alley." ALBERT RAY and ELINOR FAIR. (*Fox.*)

THE screen favourites in a delightful story. It tells of a factory lad who became a song-writer through the inspiration of a little shop girl. He, however, gets caught in the whirl of stage life and forgets his little sweetheart until the time comes when he is down and out—then he makes the greatest song-hit of his life. Excellent in every way—a romance that all will enjoy.

"The Very Idea." TAYLOR HOLMES. (*F. B. O.*)

THE successful stage-play with that most resourceful fun-maker, Taylor Holmes, as the husband who thought of "the very idea." Glorious scenes from Palm Beach are introduced. The picture moves rapidly from the first act—there is a laugh in every scene. Excellent.

"Riders of Vengeance." HARRY CASEY. (*Butchers.*)

ONE of those Western plays in which Harry Carey, as "Cheyenne Harry," is so popular. Though this is a strong dramatic play there are many human and light touches inseparable from this star's work. Seena Owen plays the heroine with much grace and power. A life-long feud between two families supplies the plot for this story, which is cleverly worked out to a happy ending. Excellent.

"The Black Sheep." MARGUERITE BLANCHE, GEORGE KEENE, EVE BALFOUR. (*Butchers.*)

ANOTHER novel adapted to the screen, this time by Ruby M. Ayres. This story is full of surprises. It shows the reformation of the black sheep of the family, and how a calculating woman endeavoured to ruin his happiness. Excellent British acting.

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

THE WEEK'S BEST JOKES

By permission of Messrs. Pathe Freres

Two doctors recently arrived simultaneously at an accident in which a wealthy landowner was injured. It isn't yet known whether they have decided to halve the bill or double it.—*Passing Show.*

* * *

PREACHER: "We will now sing hymn number 785."

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (waking up): "Number engaged."—(*Winnipeg Telegram.*)

SHE (after the quarrel): "Come, John darling, kiss my cheek and make it up."

HER HUSBAND (ungraciously): "I'll kiss it, but I don't think it wants any more making up."—(*The World's News.*)

* * *

HE: "Darling, I kissed the very stamp on your letter because I know it had been touched by your dear lips."

SHE: "Oh, Jack, I moistened it on dear old Fido's nose."—(*Bystander.*)

* * *

DOCTOR (after the smash): "Are you married?"

VICTIM OF ACCIDENT: "No, I got those scratches where the tramcar hit me."—(*L'Asino, Turin.*)



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FORGET-ME-NOT NOVELS 6D

Out on Wednesday.

MILDRED LEO CLEMENS AND HER CAMERA



MILDRED LEO CLEMENS

THE other afternoon I went to Happy Hawaii. The journey was much shorter than you might expect; in fact, if I remember aright, it was accomplished in exactly two 'bus rides. By which you will conclude that I am trying to be funny; that I am referring to a visit to Miss Mildred Leo Clemens' unique "show" now being held at the Philharmonic Hall—at least, at time of writing—and not to an honest-to-goodness trip to that Hawaiian paradise situated—so I find, after a frenzied search in my Atlas—in the Pacific.

"The Paradise of the Pacific."

WELL, Miss Clemens' entertainment is a very pleasing substitute for the real thing. The first part of the programme ntroduces us to representatives of those happy sles, in the persons of Kuulei Poiuo Ole, Aue Hilo, Kahaia Pahu, Keoui Pauui, Kawaki Pahu, and Kewini Pauui, who dance and sing in native fashion to the melody of steel guitar, ukulele, mandoline, and other instruments. A really charming performance, in which the participants appear to take as much enjoyment as the audience, and which brings one into direct communion with the spirit of a people whose very speech is a song. But the real thrill of the affair is Miss Clemens' travelogue, which she designates as "Rambles in the Paradise of the Pacific," accompanied alternately by her own story and incidental music and dances by her l ttle company of Hawaiians. I have seen some beautiful coloured cinematic pictures in my time, but rarely, if ever, any as beautiful as those—still and moving—which Miss Clemens presents. Such loveliness of land and sea as she shows us is at times breath-taking, and makes one yearn to embark for Hawaii at the earliest opportunity. Flowers such as one has but dreamed of, fishes whose colouring would put many a lovely bird to shame, wondrous symphonies of colour, light and shade, intimate and tender glimpses of native life, custom and achievement—all are here in a glorious profusion which for once is not bewildering.

Volcano In Eruption.

BUT most wonderful of all are the pictures given of a volcano in eruption. To see the lava dashing up like sea-spray, pouring down in a crimson stream, or creeping and crawling in a terrible oleaginous-looking mass, is to witness something which, to my mind, has the thrill of a "western" beaten to a frazzle. These unique pictures, as may be imagined, were obtained with no small amount of personal risk.

In addition to these wonders, some delightful pictures of the Prince of Wales, taken during his Royal Highness's visit to Honolulu, when Miss Clemens had the honour of being presented to him, are included in the travelogue.

Traveller, Writer, Lecturer.

AND now something about Miss Clemens herself, whom I had the pleasure of meeting on the afternoon in question. She is, as you have doubless read, a cousin of the one and only Mark Twain, but she is not resting on that honour, I can tell you, though she is naturally proud to claim it. Indeed, it was this family connection with the great writer that gave her trip to the Hawaiian Islands an added personal interest, for it will be remembered that Twain has quite a bit to say concerning those joyous regions in his "Innocents At Home"—the result of his visit there fifty years ago. In addition to being a traveller and lecturer of distinction, Miss Clemens has also wielded the pen with success, having been associated with a number of prominent American journals while yet at the University of California, of which she is a graduate.

"I liked journalism," she said, "and am still a member of the League of American Pen Women. But I loved travel better.

To Tour Provinces.

MISS CLEMENS has been lecturing for about six years, commencing at the Panama Pacific Exposition in 1915. She has toured "Happy Hawaii" for the past four years, all over America, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand.

"I shall be here at the Philharmonic for six weeks," she said, "and then I shall take 'Hawaii' into the provinces." (So many PICTURE SHOW readers will have the opportunity of visiting this unique entertainment.) She added that two-thirds of the pictures she had taken personally, and the rest under the direction of Mr. Robert E. Schenck, an invaluable member of the company, combining the offices of director, photographer and "projector."

A Forerunner of "Chautauqua."

MISS CLEMENS has a vivacious, winning personality, whose dominant characteristics appear to be a keen sense of humour and indomitable courage and endurance. She believes that "real life is much more interesting than make believe," and a woman who has the pluck to descend into the greatest extinct crater in the world—as she has done, Haleakala, twenty-one miles in circumference—can readily convince us that it is. Although Miss Clemens' show is not actually a "chautauqua" (pronounced Shertaw-qua), it may be described as a forerunner of that vast educational system, designed to bring all English-speaking peoples into closer relationship, which, forty-six years ago, sprang from a small assembly in the woods of North America, and now extends over the whole of that continent, Australia and New Zealand.

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.



In the Cinema

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Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

FALLING STARS.

IS the film public fickle in its love for its favourites? Some time ago, it will be remembered, this question was asked and answered in this paper in the affirmative, and though it brought forth two or three spirited denials, there are signs which go to prove that it is so. Yet it is only right that one should remember that the waning popularity of film stars is not due to fickleness alone on the part of their admirers; nor is the film public distinct from any section of the people. Years ago the latter might have been the case, but to-day it is not so when the film public is all the public that loves good literature and stage productions in the same way as it does the cinema. And it will be found, moreover, that even in literature and the stage, writers and artistes have their rise and fall when fresh talent must needs push new ones to the fore.

The cinema is, therefore, experiencing nothing unusual. Its stars of a few years ago are falling, and though some of them can still be seen, their brilliance does not seem to be like that of old. At any rate, they do not get now the whole-hearted popularity they did. You can put it down to a certain fickleness in human affection, and you will be right. But you will be right, too, if you take into consideration the keen spirit of competition which exists. For obvious reasons, one does not wish to mention names, for some of them are still trying to struggle back to the positions they have lost. But you will know whom they are when you remember how little is seen or heard about them now. In their places new names and new faces are constantly being seen.

This change, too, is strikingly evident in the correspondence for the stars which passes through this office. The bulk of it does not decrease, but the recipients of the most letters are not to-day those who were the favoured ones a short time ago. It is, of course, the survival of the most successful, and the honour must therefore pass to those who deserve it. Yet even in the saddened reflection concerning old favourites there is a grain of wisdom which might benefit the host of film aspirants. It is this: That the glory of stardom is, after all, a transient thing.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

A.G.W. (Winchenford).—Glad to hear your town is so go-ahead in the matter of films. You are probably thinking of "The Master Mystery" in which Houdini was featured.

"THEO" (Millwall).—So you have been hoarding up questions for the last thirty-six weeks. Why you'll burst yourself with curiosity if you go on like that. Yes, Eva and Jane Novak are sisters. Evelyn Nesbit, after whom your fond parents christened you, has brown hair and hazel eyes. She was born in Tarentum, Pa.; and Mitchell Lewis in Syracuse, New York. Bessie Barriscale has golden brown hair and blue eyes. You want to know whether Patricia Palmer wears her own hair. Well, I hope so. Anyway, I can tell you she has never had any of mine. But let's get back to this colouring business. Queenie Thomas has dark brown hair and deep violet eyes, and Mildred Davis has golden hair and blue eyes. This answer of yours looks like an artist's palette.

"FLORRIE" (Shoreham-by-Sea).—Work on the films is hard enough, but what is much harder still is the chance to get there. Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Mass.; and Charles Ray in Jacksonville, Illinois.

"G. L. (Reading).—Here is a list of Wallace Reid's films: "Believe Me, Xantippe," "Less Than Kin," "The Firefly of France," "Too Many Millions," "The Woman God Forgot," "The Devil Stone," "The Man From Funeral Range," "Hawthorne of the U.S.A.," "The Dub," "Alias Mike Moran," "The Roaring Road," "You're Fired," "The Love Burglar," and "The Lottery Man."

D. L. H. (Burgess Hill).—Only by writing to Norma Talmadge, perhaps. Gloria Hope and Jack Pickford were the leads in "A Burglary By Proxy."

A. D. (Driffield).—You want me to come to the rescue. But, unfortunately, Tom Mix declines to give his exact height, so you and your friend will have to find some way out of your argument. Yes, Baby Marie Osborne was born in America.

"EXPECTANT" (Newbury).—You have a good memory, evidently. The writer should have said, of course, that it was another film version. So you have a ton of queries waiting for me. Well, let me have a hundredweight at a time.

H. B. (Kew).—I felt quite impressed by the warning you gave me not to answer you by post; so here you are. Bad projection is the cause of the fault to which you refer.

"MISS INQUISITIVE" (Leicester).—Antonio Moreno was the hero in "The House of Hate" with Pearl White. No, Mary Pickford has no little ones of her own.

A. L. B. (Brazil).—Hullo! How are the nuts? I buried myself deep in the bunch of newspaper cuttings you sent me just to show those who came in what a lot I know about foreign languages. And now I am wondering what it is I have been trying to read. British films will come along your way very soon, I hope. So don't weep.

"'P. S.' ADMIRER" (Gateshead).—I am glad you turn here every Monday morning for knowledge. You want news of Jewel Carmen. Two new films of hers are: "The Bride of Fear," and "You Never Can Tell."

R. J. (Birmingham).—Miss Time is very scarce with you. Alice Brady does not tell us her birthday as yet. Yes, with regard to Harrison Ford.

W. E. O. (Bristol).—Your luck's out, for your favourite has not revealed any information about himself. Watch our British Studio gossip, however.

"MORELEY" (London).—Never heard of the young lady.

"WIN" (Bristol).—Remember the person who is always "going to do" a thing is passed on the road to success by the one who does it. Why are you anxious about Alma Taylor? She is still playing. She was born on January 3rd, 1895, and is not married. Conrad Nagel, who was born in 1896, and is married to Ruth Helms, has appeared in "For Ever After," "Little Women," "The Man Who Came Back," and "The Lion and the Mouse."

H. F. J. (Cape Town).—"The Lost City" was produced in America. I wish you success with your film stories.

(More answers next week.)

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Young Girl's Sufferings from Indigestion, Palpitation, and Dizziness. Sound Health Restored by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



Miss Parker.

Miss Florence Parker, 11, Aspinall Street East, Siddal, near Halifax, says: "It is two years since I fell ill. I just lost strength till I was as weak as a kitten. My nerves became frightfully shaky, and food I never wanted to touch; the very sight of it made me feel ill. Very often I had palpitation, and sometimes a dizzy feeling that made me afraid to cross the street. I trembled from head to foot, and in fact I was just a bundle of nerves.

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Set No. 5. "PICTURE SHOW" COMPETITION.

Second Prize £50

First Prize £100

Third Prize £25

75 Prizes of £1 each.

THE above splendid prizes are offered to readers for the following simple contest.

On this page you will find the fifth set of photographs of several well-known Cinema Artistes. All of them are more or less disguised by goggles.

Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet. This competition will last eight weeks, and when the last set of pictures appears we shall tell you when and how to send your efforts to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Girls' Cinema," and the "Boys' Cinema," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.



33. .....



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N/Y 10-2-1923.

PICTURE SHOW. February 26th, 1921.

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

"KISMET."—Beautiful Art Pictures INSIDE.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE.

FEB. 26th, 1921.

No. 96. Vol. 4.

SCREEN NEWLYWEDS: DOROTHY GISH AND JAMES RENNIE.



Note the wedding ring on Dorothy Gish's left hand. Dorothy is now Mrs. James Rennie, and here we see husband and wife. We shall see them also on the screen in the coming photo-play, entitled "Flying Pat." *(Photo: Paramount-Artcraft.)*

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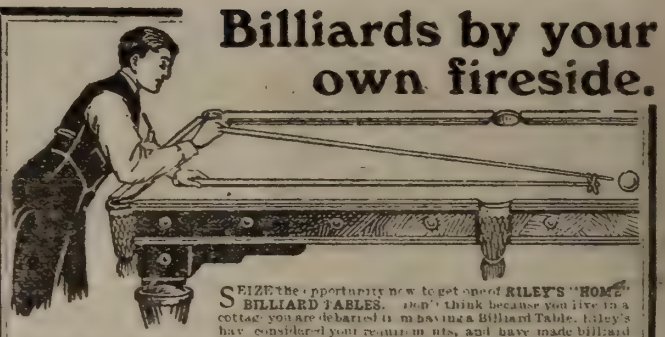
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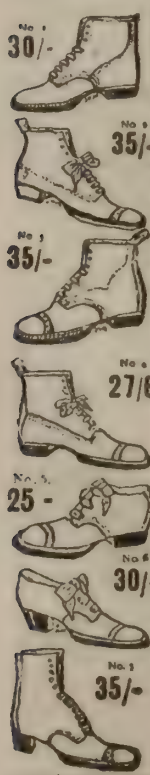
100 New Designs For the Early Spring

The March issue of "Home Fashions," now on sale, tells you all about the coming spring modes. It contains **free patterns to make 6 different designs,** and gives over 100 up-to-date styles for costumes, coatfrocks, dresses, blouses and underclothing. Buy a copy TO-DAY!

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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 59.—MOLLY MALONE.

MOLLY MALONE is another constant reader we must add to our famous readers of the PICTURE SHOW. This picture was snapped of Molly in her garden. By the smile on her face she has found something that pleases her in her favourite picture paper.

By the way, Molly Malone is perhaps one of the few stars who would not mind if high heels were abolished. She almost invariably wears sandals.

—♦•♦—

This Week's Special.

THIS week readers have a special treat in being able to read the story of the wonderful picture play now being shown all over the country, "If I Were King."

The story of this picture play was originally written as a novel, by Justin Huntly McCarthy. Then made into a successful stage play, and now into a most stupendous Fox photo-play, with William Farnum as the vagabond saviour of France, Francois Villon. Of this photo-play the eminent author, Justin Huntly McCarthy, has written:

"I witnessed the Fox Film Company's presentation of my story, 'If I were King,' with keen interest, which soon became a warm approval that ended in cordial admiration. The tale has been retold, vividly and brilliantly in the terms of the new art. The characterisation is excellent; the setting remarkable for its beauty, and the handling of the great crowds towards the close a marvel of effect. But the triumph of the film was William Farnum's interpretation of the part of Francois Villon. Humour, poetry, rascality, gallantry, valour, passion, tragedy, played in their turn upon William Farnum's face, so eloquent in its wordless action that I could almost believe I was hearing William Farnum's voice."

Don't miss seeing the photo-play or reading the story that begins on page 16.

—♦•♦—

Pictures From "Kismet."

ANOTHER photo-play that is the talk of the Cinema World is "Kismet," which, as you know, is the Eastern term for "Fate." This story again, was a theatrical sensation, the first of the Eastern spectacular plays in which Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton astonished London, and the forerunner of "Chu Chin Chow." Otis Skinner, the famous American actor, was the creator of the part of Hajj, in America, and has now re-acted his characterisation of the jovial beggar on the screen. The photo-play is a marvel of the splendour of the East, in which is incorporated a charming love story—the Caliph in disguise and a beggar maid. Two striking pictures from this production adorn our centre pages this week. One a love scene between the Eastern hero and the beggar maid. The other a characteristic pose of Otis Skinner as Hajj, which will remain with you as an interesting souvenir, long after the spectacle has faded from your memory.

—♦•♦—

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

She Wasn't Impressed.

EARLE METCALF sends us a good story against himself. He was at work one day in the studio, when a lady, a member of one of the smart sets, was going round on a personally conducted tour of the studio. Just as she reached the door, where her car was waiting, she dropped her scented handkerchief.

Mr. Metcalf happened to be standing near, and picked it up, and presented it to her. She thanked him, and handed him a shining silver coin.

"I -er—I'm the leading man," he stammered, in confusion.

"Is that so?" she inquired coldly. "Well, I am sorry, but this is all the change I have."

—♦•♦—

Another Screen Romance.

CLAIRE WHITNEY, as you know, is Mrs. Robert Emmett Keane. The romance began when both were playing in "The Innocent Idea," in New York. Mr. Keane is now in vaudeville, while Claire is again acting for the screen.

—♦•♦—

Always Said "Yes."

MILTON SILLS is a great success as a screen husband. He has proposed to many lovely leading ladies, and, it is said, not one of them has ever turned him down.

—♦•♦—

The Stunts af Charles Hutchison.

CHARLES HUTCHISON says that all his stunts are physically possible, and are a matter of close calculation—and nerve. Many men could do them, if they had the nerve, but it fails them at the crucial moment.

"I do all sorts of stunts," he says. "And I always practise them beforehand, or do them as soon after the rehearsal as possible."

Charles Hutchison is a great lover of animals: he tells me how once, when struggling with a bear, he was afraid of hurting it.

"I knew how to tackle him," he says, "and I buried my head in his neck and used wrestling holds. I knew he would try to trip me, and would not try to bite me until I was down. That bear had no quarrel with me, on the contrary, it was I who had picked a quarrel with him."

Never Intends to Marry.

ROSEMARY THEBY is said to be the highest salaried free lance leading woman in the Los Angeles picture colony. I hear she has planned to make four more feature plays before departing for a year's stay over here, where she will study music and art.

At present she is taking the part of a queen of a Chinese opium den in a Fox film, entitled "Chung." You can see her now in the spectacular photo-play, "Kismet."

By the way, the rumour that Miss Theby is to marry a well-known screen actor is emphatically denied. Various reports that have been circulated in the past have all received the same answer. Miss Theby never has been, and never will be, wedded.



ELLIOT DEXTER, the handsome hero of many screen plays and husband of Marie Doro.



BEBE DANIELS, a charming new portrait of the star soon to be seen with Wallace Reid in "The Dancin' Fool."

Christened Lioness' Cubs.

IRENE WALLACE, who is playing at present in the Selig serial, "The Crooked Dwarf," the other day became godmother to a litter of lion cubs.

The lioness Sleezee plays with Miss Wallace in this serial, and the keeper of the zoo has a superstition that the star who is playing with the lioness at the time should be godmother to her cubs. So Miss Wallace has christened each with water from the zoo lake.

—♦•♦—

Pearl's Maxim.

I HEAR that Pearl White, at present, is at Bermuda, where she is busy filming the exterior scenes for her coming Fox picture, entitled "Woman or Tiger."

Pearl is a firm believer in the old saying that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away." She told me she never misses impressing upon her friends and fellow artistes her great faith in this maxim.

—♦•♦—

A Photo From the Past.

AMONG her letters received from all corners of the world, Viola Dana was pleasantly surprised the other day to receive a photograph of herself, taken when she was a youngster visiting her uncle's farm in Massachusetts. The picture was one of herself and a boy who lived on a neighbouring farm. The boy, who is now a young man, sent the photograph, asking Miss Dana to autograph it, and return it to him. She did so, but not before she got the studio photographer to make a copy of it.

—♦•♦—

Nick Cogley's Tame Ducks.

NICK COGLEY, whose clever impersonation of Aunt Mandy, was pictured on last week's cover, has a pair of tame ducks which follow him about the garden, and even into the house. Mr. Cogley



GEORGE CLARK, of George Clark Productions fame, with GUY NEWALL on his right, and IVY DUKE on his left.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

tells me he is training the ducks for motion pictures, in case he is ever forced to retire from the screen.

—♦♦—

Her First Stage Experience.

DID you know that Myrtle Steadman gained her stage experience at the age of twelve, when she appeared as a solo dancer. We are shortly to see her in a new Goldwyn photo-play, entitled "The Concert."

—♦♦—

Sounds Easy, Doesn't It?

SURELY no one has been more modest than Darrel Foss, who was asked the other day how he happened to become an actor.

"I was walking by the old Kalem studio one day," he answered, "and they called me in. I went in and sat down, and I've been an actor ever since."

—♦♦—

Tom In Hiding.

A "MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY" has grown up between Tom Moore and Naomi Childers, who are playing together in "Mr. Barnes, of New York." Tom calls Naomi a "proud patrician beauty," while she dubs him, a "wild Irish rose."

By the way, I hear that Tom is practically in hiding these days as far as any social life is concerned, for he has grown side whiskers of the sort affected in the seventies and eighties for his role of Mr. Barnes, and says he is the subject of embarrassing personal remarks whenever he appears in public.

—♦♦—

Cullen as Engineer.

CULLEN LANDIS, the Goldwyn juvenile star, says he intends to apply for one month's salary to the Canadian Pacific Railway. The reason is that when the company was in Canada, making the snow scenes for "Snow Blind," a special train was hired to take the company to different spots, and Cullen played engineer most of the time. He says that if they want proof, he has it in the form of pictures taken by the Goldwyn camera-man.

—♦♦—

"Whiskers."

"WHISKERS," Charles Ray's faithful follower, narrowly escaped a terrible fate the other day, when a heavy table-lamp toppled from the table.

Afterwards, it took the united efforts of Charlie, two leading ladies, and about forty actors, camera-men, etc., to find Whiskers, who was eventually discovered, looking very pensive, in the corner of Charlie's car, quite ready to go home, the minute Charlie had finished work.



STELLA MUIR, playing in "The Heart of a Rose" and "The Lass o' the Looms," now at work on a mystery drama by Langford Reed.

Bumps—and Bumps.

IT was between scenes at the Goldwyn studios that the assistant director was running his fingers through Cullen Landis's hair. "He's got a lot of bumps on his head," he said.

"Let's help him along," suggested a member of the cast. "Let's give him a few more."

—♦♦—

Not Over Here.

WE are not to see the Goldwyn screen version of Graham Moffat's famous play, "Bunty Pulls the Strings" after all. I hear that this film was made for the United States of America only, and cannot be shown in any other country.

—♦♦—

Special Notice.

THE judging of our recent Cinema Star Puzzle Competition has been a very big one, owing to the record number of entries. This has accounted for the delay in publishing the names and addresses of the fortunate prizewinners, but the task is nearing completion, so look out for the result in an early issue of the PICTURE SHOW.

Fay Filmer.



A producer at home. REGINALD BARKER does not confine his artistic settings to the screen. His home is an artistic achievement.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

LOUISE FAZENDA is weary of custard pies, torn frocks, and messy houses. That is the reason she has resigned from the Mack Sennett Company. Like Charlie Chaplin, who has always longed to play Hamlet, she has a feeling she could do much better work if she were permitted to exercise her woman's privilege of looking as well as she can.

Usually, a desire like Miss Fazenda's of wanting to do something other than the thing that has made one famous is stifled at birth, and the actress follows the line of least resistance and remains as contented as possible. But not with Louise Fazenda. She has signed a contract as star of the Special Pictures Corp. For the edification of the readers of PICTURE SHOW, who have not heard of this new American film company—it is a film-producing organisation formed by Los Angeles business men. Miss Fazenda is their first star, and she has promised herself a regular spree in slap-stickless comedy. She is determined, no matter what happens, she will not participate in any custard-pie combats, but confine herself to dignified fun.

The second star to follow Miss Fazenda into the new camp is the dog, Teddy, seen in so many of the Mack Sennett pictures.

Teddy's master signed a contract for him to appear with Miss Fazenda, and now with the assurance of his dogship's support, she is starting on her new contract. During her visit to New York she was entertained by many exhibitors, who took this occasion to let her know that she can always have a place on their screen.

—♦♦—

Connie's Stern Parent.

WHEN Constance Talmadge returned from her runaway marriage, she found for the first time in her gay, young life, a stern parent.

Heretofore Mrs. Talmadge has been one of the girls with her lovely daughters, but she was unrelenting this time, and refused to heed Connie's tears and pleas.

"I had such plans for her," was all she would say, speaking of her daughter as one who has passed on.

As for Constance, her lovable heart was nearly broken. She tried bravado, but those of her friends who know her well, say she would have given a year's salary to get one smile out of Mama Talmadge. Norma interceded, and while a truce is on, and Constance has been taken back into the bosom of the family, it will be some time before Mrs. Talmadge forgives.

—♦♦—

Frances Marion to Direct Marion Davies.

NOW that Frances Marion has come on from the coast and confided to a few of her close friends her engagement to direct Marion Davies, everyone is wondering just why she did not stay on the Pickford lot. Frances and little "Mary" have been close film friends for years. Mary frequently consulted her about stories, and was largely guided by Miss Marion's judgment. Both girls had longed for years to try the experiment of having Frances direct Mary, in addition to writing many of her scenarios. But, alas and alack, it didn't work at all! Little Mary, despite all her sweetness, has a mind of her own, and is one of the best informed actresses on screen technique in the business. Frances, likewise, knows what she wants, and when she wants it, with the consequence the girls agreed it was better to select another director for Mary. Her brother Jack, who has shown no inclination to act since his wife, Olive Thomas, died, is now wielding the megaphone.

—♦♦—

Rumours About Fatty.

FATTY ARBUCKLE, who returned home fatter and more popular than ever, has had a mob of newspaper reporters on his trail. Someone said Mr. Arbuckle would announce his engagement to Dorothy Wallace within the month, and these energetic ones, knowing something of the interest with which such a story would be received, wanted to be on hand when it was officially announced. Now comes the sad and disappointing feature. Fatty says, in the words of the immortal Mark Twain, "his engagement has been greatly exaggerated."

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."



VIRGINIA JONES, four-year-old sister of Johnny Jones, as Edgar's little brother Charlie, in the Goldwyn picture, "Edgar's Little Saw," by Booth Tarkington.



A delightful home photograph of the popular film star, CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. By now many of us have seen her in her latest film, "The Eyes of Youth," adapted from the great stage success.



MARY THURMAN and SYLVIA BREAMER, Mayflower stars, are great devotees of the sport of horse-racing.



A very unusual occurrence—an idle moment in the Sennett studios! The Sennett girls look as though they are making the most of it, and are very busy with their chafing dish.



ITSURI AOKI, a favourite with all picturegoers, and wife of Sessue Hayakawa, does not seem much impressed by the idol.



Did the little bit of hair enable EDITH ROBERTS to make up her mind? A scene with Arnold Greg in "White Youth."

BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TO-DAY.



The CALL OF THE ROAD



The Splendid New Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM



Alfred (VICTOR MacLAGLEN) in the woods with Paganini Primus.

Read This First.

AN old vagabond with his violin and a young boy of about twelve are tramping along a Kentish lane, when they come to an old inn. Before the two "gentlemen of the road" enter, a horseman approaches in a cloud of dust. He stops at the inn for a mug of ale, and says he is on his way to warn Master Alfred that Master Silas has landed in England with Lady Rowena and they are on their way to the Hall.

"'Tis time the old man came to stop the doings at the Hall! 'Tis dice and cards and wine, day and night!" said the hostess of The Old Punch Bowl.

* * *

Half a dozen men are gathered in the oak room at Truscott Hall, where a game of cards is in progress.

One man only stands apart, watching the players. This is Alfred Truscott, called "the Lamb." He is watching two men intently—the first, Sir Martin Trevor, handsome and distinguished, with the expression of the inveterate gambler; the other a mere boy, playing with feverish anxiety.

Young Ullswater at length refuses to play longer, and implies that Sir Martin Trevor is not playing fairly. The Lamb prevents the matter going further, and succeeds in making the lad leave the Hall.

In the play that follows, the Lamb loses steadily, and at length stakes his all in a throw of the dice. Sir Martin changes the dice for loaded ones, and wins; but the Lamb, roused to fury, attacks him, and, after a rough handling, Sir Martin challenges him to a duel.

When Silas Truscott returns to the Hall he orders Alfred to leave the house, and the latter takes him at his word. In the woods he comes across Paganini Primus and Paganini Secundus—the old fiddler and the young boy—and spends the day with them. He tells the old man of his coming duel, and promises him he shall be his second.

Lady Rowena is told by her maid that this duel is to take place, and the girl is horrified when her mistress says that she will go to the spot appointed, as she wishes to see of what mettle her gipsy cousin, whom she has never met, is made.

In the Field of the Stunted Oaks.

"BUT, my lady, you must not!" There was a note of desperation in Hulda's voice as she confronted her young mistress, and a look of dismay in her wide-open eyes.

"Must not?"

The Lady Rowena had turned away, but now she again surveyed the maid, and in her pretty wilful face there was a look of anger and surprise.

"Forgive me, my lady, I know not what I say," exclaimed Hulda agitatedly. "But of a truth 'tis madness. Consider thy uncle. He hath quarrelled with Master Alfred and hath turned him from the door. If thou should'st do this thing——"

"He will turn me also from his door? Is that thy meaning, girl?" interrupted Rowena with a light-hearted laugh.

"Oh, no, my lady. Master Silas loves thee too dearly for that, but thou knowest his temper. If he should learn——"

"Peace, child; he need never know. Be thou only discreet and there is naught to fear. It is my fancy to see my cousin Alfred, and see him I will. Say no more."

"Thou wilt not see him to good advantage, methinks," retorted Hulda. "Sir Martin is a practised duellist. Master Alfred will be but as a child in his hands, so they say. Thy cousin would not thank thee, my lady, did he know thou wert so anxious to witness his humiliation."

Rowena frowned, and then shrugged her boulders with a girlish pettishness.

"My cousin is a full-grown man, and the blood of the Truscotts runs in his veins. He should not pick quarrels if he lack the skill and courage to defend himself in fair fight," she said contemptuously.

Hulda sighed, realising that further argument was useless.

"I will awake your ladyship at dawn," she said resignedly.

"I shall be awake. We must start before dawn. See that thou art ready."

Indeed only a very faint tint of grey was to be seen in the Eastern sky when the two girls, with their wraps held tightly about them, emerged from the Hall.

The spot selected for the duel was a low meadow less than a mile away on the other side of the thick bank of trees which shielded Truscott Hall from the north wind.

Rowena and her maid swiftly crossed the gardens in the immediate vicinity of the house and were soon within the friendly shelter of the trees.

Both were excited, and now that they were fairly launched on the adventure Hulda was the more eager of the two. She chattered incessantly and made all kinds of unpleasant suggestions as to the result of the fight. Would Sir Martin kill Master Alfred or would he be content to wound him only? Did her ladyship think she could tolerate the sight of blood? Or perhaps Sir Martin would be merciful and agree to accept an apology. Then there would be no fight at all."

Rowena hardly spoke, and it was doubtful if she heard a quarter of what her companion said. She was nervous and possessed by an anxiety for which she could not account. Alfred Truscott was nothing to her. If they met they would not know one another. And evidently he did not want to know her. He had not wanted to see her on her return from abroad. Why should she give him a single thought? It was too absurd.

Nevertheless, she quickened her pace and her heart beat fast as they drew near to the scene of the coming encounter.

When they emerged from among the trees they found themselves on the edge of a large meadow the grass of which had been closely grazed. Now it was quite deserted, and in the half-light wore a desolate and mournful aspect.

"'Tis here," whispered Hulda.

The Lady Rowena shivered slightly as she gazed about her.

"Where will they fight?" she murmured.

The meadow stretched down before them in a rather steep slope from where they stood, but at the further end was a level piece where the close-cropped grass looked almost as smooth as a lawn.

"Methinks 'twill be there!" said Hulda, indicating the spot. "Let us go round by the hedge so that we can get nearer. That clump of bushes yonder will hide us well enough. From here we could scarce hear the report of their pistols."

"Do they fight with pistols?"

"I know not. Sir Martin is equally skilful with sword and pistol, so they say. Perchance they will fight with both."

Rowena was now trembling and bitterly regretting the mad impulse which had urged her to start on this unpleasant adventure, but she was too proud to draw back, and she permitted Hulda to lead her down the side of the long meadow.

They reached the clump of bushes and concealed themselves behind it.

The minutes passed and nothing happened. The morning air was chill, but Rowena did not notice this, for excitement sent the hot blood coursing through her veins. Her lips moved, and she found herself praying that her cousin's life might be spared. It was dawn, there was a deep glow in the sky away there behind the trees, and no one had arrived. Perhaps the fight had been abandoned. Perhaps Alfred had—had run away!

The thought, bringing a hot flush to her cheeks, had scarcely crossed her mind when she was startled by the sound of voices mingled with laughter.

She gripped Hulda's arm almost fiercely.

The maid looked at her, nodded eagerly, and then peeped out from behind the bushes.

Almost immediately she drew back her eyes big with excitement.

"Oh, my lady," she whispered, "'tis Sir Martin Trevor with all his friends. Poor Master Alfred will stand but little chance against so many. 'Tis not fair!"

Cautiously Rowena peeped out and beheld, scarcely a hundred paces away, a group of men who were laughing and chatting together in the highest spirits.

Foremost among them was one who, by his manner, his speech and his appearance, dominated the rest. He was a tall, handsome fellow with bold black eyes, and he had an easy, swaggering style which was natural to him and by no means assumed for the occasion. It was clear that the others all looked up to him as their leader.

In spite of his good looks Rowena took an instinctive dislike to him.

"That is Sir Martin, and he is cruel; he will have no mercy!" she said under her breath.

Hulda, who was standing very close to her mistress, caught the whispered words.

"'Tis true! 'Tis said he always kills his man," she said.

The party had now come to a halt some fifty yards away and were examining the ground.

Rowena counted seven of them in all.

Two were on their knees with a case of rapiers between them.

"They fight with swords," whispered Hulda excitedly. "'Twill last the longer!"

At a little distance was an elderly man examining the contents of a bag he had been carrying.

"The old man, dost see him, my lady?" exclaimed the irrepressible Hulda. "'Tis the doctor. When the fighting's done 'tis he who——"

Rowena motioned to her to be silent.

At that moment Sir Martin sauntered across to the medical man.

The baronet's face wore a mocking smile, and he looked diabolically handsome. So it seemed to Rowena, and she shrank back a pace, as from something deadly and dangerous. She still kept her gaze fixed upon him, however.

The insolence of his bearing angered and yet fascinated her. This was a man, she felt, who was accustomed to achieve success in whatever he undertook.

What chance had poor Alfred against such a man?

With his hands behind him and his feet apart he was now looking down at the doctor, an amused smile curving his cruel, thin lips.

"The Lamb, methinks, doctor, will not need thee, for I have a pretty pass," he said laughingly.

The words were uttered in a loud and boastful voice for the benefit of the company at large, and

(*Continued on page* 8.)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF SESSUE HAYAKAWA.

(Special to the "Picture Show.")

SESSUE HAYAKAWA.

Famous Star Who Made East and West Meet on the Movies.

THERE has been no more powerful factor in breaking down the barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding that divide the nations of the world than the cinema, and though much has yet to be done in this respect, it is certain that cinemagoers have gained much more knowledge of the world from the screen than they ever got from school. Sessue Hayakawa has given hundreds of thousands of Western people an insight into the home-life and customs of the people of Japan that has done much to dispel the mists of ignorance through which we viewed the land of the Geisha.

Why He Changed His Mind.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA was born in Tokio, Japan, in 1889. He was sent to the University of Chicago to be educated, and then returned to Japan, and had six years' experience on the legitimate stage before taking up screen acting. In his younger days he was reared with the prevailing Japanese respect for military training, and his ambition for a time was to be a naval officer.

His ambition changed through reading a novel, and shortly after he had read this work he met an actor. This, coupled with the fact that in doing a dive whilst in training he broke one of his eardrums which, of course, made him unfit for military or naval service, altered the whole course of his life.

His First Appearance.

HIS first dramatic experience was with a stock company. He went to America where he learned to admire Shakespeare, and spent much time there translating his works, and also those of Ibsen and other great playwrights, into Japanese.

Sessue then returned to Japan to interest some of the Japanese producers in the production of Shakespearian plays. And although these were incongruously acted in Japanese dress, he did much through these plays to further the love of the drama in the land of his birth.

It was while he was touring in America with his own company that he visited Los Angeles, when Thomas Ince was producing some Japanese pictures, in which he persuaded Sessue to take part.

You will remember his first picture was "The Wrath of the Gods" when Tsuri Aoki played opposite him. It was she who first turned his thoughts from his Japanese theatrical company to pictures, and as the culmination to a happy courtship, they were married while with the Ince company.

Then came "The Typhoon," "In Pawn," "The City of Dim Faces," "The Call of the East," "The Honour of His House," and then the photo-play that made him famous over here, with Fanny Ward in "The Cheat."

A Fatalist.

HAYAKAWA is five feet seven inches in height. Unlike many Orientals, he always has a cheerful expression, and a smile full of humour. He is very athletic, and is fond of riding, swimming, fencing, boxing, and wrestling. He is also a very clever writer. When he speaks, it is without a great deal of gesture, and impresses the stranger with his quiet and reserved manner.

Like all of the East, Sessue Hayakawa is essentially a fatalist. He does not fight against any unwelcome thing that comes to him, and in accepting things he saves himself many unhappy hours.

"No one should be unhappy more than is necessary," he says. "Yet people hate this and that. It is not wise. Hate hurts. But when you love, then hate is nothing."

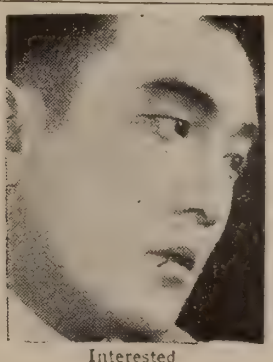
If you want to write him, address your letter—

SESSUE HAYAKAWA,
c/o Haworth Pictures Corp.,
Hellman Buildings,
Los Angeles,
California, U.S.A.

(Mention the "Picture Show" to ensure an early reply.)



SESSUE HAYAKAWA.



Interested



His Smile.



In Profile.



Enquiry.



Anger.



Determined.

"THE CALL OF THE ROAD." (Continued from page 6.)

they even reached the cars of the two listening women.

Rowena's lovely face turned pale, and a chill went to her heart.

"It is murder," she breathed faintly. "I would I had the courage to interfere. I would I——"

She stopped abruptly. Her gaze had travelled beyond the group of men away across the meadow, and now it became fixed: for out of the morning mist now being dispersed by the warm rays of the sun she beheld emerging three strange figures.

Grotesque figures they were, for the most part in rags and tatters—such tramps as the Lady Rowena had never seen before save on the high-road from her carriage window.

She wondered who they could be and what they could want. They advanced rapidly, the foremost of them, a giant of a fellow, coming along with great swinging strides. He was followed by a tattered old man and a boy almost equally disreputable in appearance.

The big fellow was better dressed, but his clothes were rumpled and mud-bespattered, as of one who had spent the night in the woods.

Then he came nearer. Rowena saw him more clearly and her heart gave a sudden bound. This was no tramp! This splendid athlete with the free and easy stride, the laughing, boyish face and the clear, steady eyes.

Again she seized her maid by the arm.

"Hulda!" she demanded. "Who is he? This man—who is he?"

The girl peered over her shoulder.

"'Tis he, my lady. 'Tis thy cousin."

Rowena expressed no surprise. She said nothing, but her gaze remained fixed on the newcomer.

He came forward smiling gravely and made a sweeping bow to Sir Martin and his party, who were now grouped together surveying him and his ragged companions with curious glances.

Sir Martin shrugged his shoulders and gave a short, unpleasant laugh.

Geoffrey Ralston, who was standing near, turned to his patron.

"Forsooth, Trevor," he said, "the Lamb was hard put to it to find a friend. He brings a fiddling tramp!"

Old Primus heard the words and turned sharply on the speaker, his one eye gleaming dangerously.

"Perchance to play thy friend's way into Hades," he observed pleasantly.

After this the preliminaries were quickly disposed of, for the men about Sir Martin had much experience in affairs of this kind and wasted no time.

Rowena watched the scene with straining eyes. The mental tension was almost more than she could bear.

Now the two men were face to face, gleaming sword in hand.

Geoffrey Ralston stood with a handkerchief uplifted ready to give the signal to engage.

Sir Martin's cronies were in a group, watching the scene with the keen, interested eyes of experts.

A little apart sat the two Paganinis.

The old fiddler was taking snuff rapidly, the muscles of his face worked convulsively, and a nervous glitter in his eye betrayed his emotion.

Ralston's arm dropped, the handkerchief flapped down, and in the same instant there was the clash of steel against steel.

Sir Martin Trevor was an expert swordsman, and he was in the mood to play a little with his victim before proceeding to business. His admiring and obliging friends, who had risen so early from their beds deserved a little entertainment for their pains, they should have it.

He made a spectacular thrust, a quick parry, and then contemptuously lowered his point, thus giving his opponent an opening. At the same time a look of mockery and contempt flashed from his dark eyes.

But the look vanished as quickly as it came, and gave place to one of mingled amazement and terror, for Alfred Truscott was quick of eye and quick of brain, and, moreover, in spite of his mighty frame, had an almost cat-like agility. He saw his chance, and, like a streak of flame, his sword leaped at Sir Martin's throat.

The baronet saved himself by an adroit movement, so swift as to be almost superhuman, but even so his skin was pricked, and the next moment he found himself fighting desperately, fighting for his life while Truscott pressed him harder and harder with a kind of cold, relentless fury.

Trevor's friends looked at one another, exchanging swift, inquiring glances.

"By my faith, the Lamb can hold his own!" muttered one.

"'Tis naught," replied Geoffrey Ralston. "'Tis his bullock strength hath served him so far, but Trever knows every trick of fence. He can end the business how he pleases and when. I mind the time he fought——"

He stopped abruptly and started forward, staring with distended eyes at the two combatants.

They were moving over the springy turf in a kind of zigzag line, and it was Sir Martin Trevor who was moving backwards. His face was white and set, and he was breathing heavily.

Alfred Truscott, his great shoulders slightly crouched, was pressing the attack with a speed and energy which never seemed to tire.

Again and again the baronet made desperate attempts to break down, or at least stay that merciless attack, but every attempt was weaker than the last, and all the time Alfred kept up the assault with a kind of whirlwind ferocity.

The two women in their places of concealment clung to one another, sick with fear and dared not look; but they could hear the hissing of the blades and the panting of the men only a few paces away.

A sudden startled exclamation caused Lady Rowena to turn her averted head, and gaze once more upon the conflict, her anxiety to know what was happening overcoming he fears.

The exclamation came from the lips of one of Trevor's friends.

"By the lord, it's a guinea to a groat on the Lamb!"

The scene which Rowena's eyes gazed upon was indeed a remarkable one.

Sir Martin Trevor was retreating before his relentless opponent in a series of spasmodic bounds. The cold sweat of fear was on his livid face, and a glazed look of horror was in his dark eyes.

And then suddenly there came one of those swift changes so common in such affairs.

Sir Martin seemed to realise that further retreat was madness, and could only have one end. He stopped abruptly, parried a deadly thrust, and then made a savage, despairing lunge at his opponent's heart.

Alfred Truscott caught the blade on his own, gave one rapid turn of his iron wrist, and Sir Martin's sword leaped into the air and fell to the ground five yards away.

There was a gasp from the onlookers, and then a strange stillness.

Many of those who witnessed the scene had been present on previous occasions when Sir Martin Trevor in the position of a conqueror, had deliberately killed his man. And now his turn had come.

Slowly, and with cruel deliberation, Alfred Truscott, his weapon raised, advanced upon his enemy. The victor's face was grimly set, his grey eyes cold and hard as steel. By all the rules of the game he was entitled to take the life of this man who had sought his own, and would not have hesitated had their positions been reversed.

Sir Martin Trevor stood rigid, his jaw hanging loose, stark terror in his eyes. Nearer and nearer to his breast came the point of that gleaming sword.

And then suddenly Alfred's whole demeanour changed. His tense, crouching figure became erect, and with a contemptuous gesture he flung his weapon from him.

"'Tis an insult to the steel to use it on the likes of thee!" he cried. And even as he uttered the words he leaped forward and seized Sir Martin Trevor's nose between his finger and thumb.

With a scream of mingled pain, rage, and astonishment the baronet writhed and struggled in a desperate effort to release himself, but the Lamb held fast. He was still angry. This man had swindled him, and like all simple, honest natures, he was rendered furious by any kind of trickery. He did not want in the least to kill Sir Martin Trevor, but he was very much disposed to teach him a much-needed lesson. Therefore he wrung the baronet's nose vigorously, and derived great enjoyment from the process.

Those who witnessed the scene gazed upon it in wide-open astonishment, all save the two Paganinis, who rocked to and fro in wild spasms of uncontrollable laughter.

Sir Martin, his rage overcoming all other emotions, when he found he could not release himself began to kick savagely. Whereupon Alfred let go the nose, seized the baronet by the waist, swung him in the air, and with a mighty heave tossed him to the ground among his precious friends.

They scattered, and Alfred, still a little annoyed, made a rush at them, but they bolted in terror, and, Alfred, turning again, beheld Sir Martin Trevor.

He had risen to his feet, and was struggling into his coat. His face wore an expression of diabolical rage, and he was half choking as he gasped out threats of vengeance.

"'Tis for thee to laugh now, but wait!" he snarled.

Alfred gave him one look and then the young man's anger suddenly fell away from him.

Sir Martin's nose still bore traces of the treatment it had received, and somehow that pinched white peak jutting out of a purple face, struck the Lamb as comic.

With his hands on his hips he flung back his head, and burst into a roar of boyish laughter.

Sir Martin Trevor stood motionless a safe distance away, his handsome face distorted by the conflicting emotions which stirred within him.

Fear battled with rage, and at length rage conquered. He even came a step nearer.

"Alfred Truscott," he said, in a tone of concentrated hate, "from this hour I have but one object in life. It is to get even with thee. By all that's holy I swear thou shalt pay in full for this day's work!"

The Lamb was still laughing, but the two Paganinis had now come up, and it was Primus who replied to the infuriated baronet.

"Tarry not, Sir Knight," said the old fiddler soothingly, "my friend hath many moods. He may change his mind yet again, and pull thine ear."

Sir Martin opened his lips to speak, then checked himself, and, swinging round, strode angrily away, the laughter of the others ringing in his ears.

By this time Hulda had overcome her fears, and, bubbling with excitement, was straining her neck to get a good view of what was going forward.

Her mistress took her by the arm and drew her away.

"Come, I have seen enough. Now I know."

Something in the speaker's voice caused the maid to give her a quick look.

The Lady Rowena's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were very bright.

Hulda concealed a smile.

"Yes, my lady," she said demurely, "thou knowest now what a rough, unmannerly fellow is thy cousin. No wonder Master Silas would have naught more to do with him. To pull a gentleman's nose—indeed, 'twas outrageous!"

"Cease thy prating, child. Thou art foolish, and know not what thou art saying."

Hulda tossed her head.

"Of a truth, my lady, I know what mine eyes saw. If your ladyship says he did not tweak Sir Martin's nose it shall be so, but of a truth——"

"Peace, child! I know what my cousin did. I saw all."

"And was it not unmannerly?"

Lady Rowena turned swiftly her glorious eyes ablaze.

"It was splendid!" she cried impetuously. "Never have I seen such a man. So gallant, so strong, so brave, and so gay!"

Hulda looked up slily from under her drooping eyelids.

"Master Alfred would be glad to know he leaves behind him one who wishes him well, now that he is a beggar and rid of all his fine friends," she said meekly.

The Lady Rowena sighed.

"I would he could know it," she said simply. And then with a shrug of her shoulders she added: "Not that it matters much to my Cousin Alfred. He goes out into the world where he will soon make many friends, and I—I shall never see him again."

After that they walked in silence back to the Hall, which they reached without being observed.

(Another thrilling instalment in next Monday's "Picture Show.")

Everywoman

FILM VERSION OF A STAGE DRAMA

A VERY clever symbolical film adapted from the great Drury Lane stage success.

Violet Heming takes the part of Everywoman, who is in search of Love and Happiness, but she mistakes Wealth for happiness and Passion for Love. She soon finds that Wealth has no use for her once Beauty and Youth have departed. She is poverty stricken, and wandering in the streets, and it is then she finds that a young physician is the Love for whom she has been searching.



TULLY MARSHALL as Puff.



VIOLET HEMING, who plays the title role in "Everywoman."



VIOLET HEMING as Everywoman with Beauty, Youth, Modesty, and Conscience, played by Wanda Hawley, Clara Horton, Margaret Loomis, and Mildred Reardon.



MARGARET LOOMIS as Modesty, MONTE BLUE as Love, and WANDA HAWLEY as Beauty in the Paramount-Artcraft production of "Everywoman."



I CUMMINGS as Passion with Everywoman.



Nobody (JAMES NEILL) allows Everywoman a peep into the future, and shows her what she will be like when she is old if she continues in her present mode of living.

"Picture Show" Gossip

LATEST PLANS OF PRODUCERS. STORIES FROM T

Where There is "A Happy Family."

ONE very bright and sunny morning not so long ago I found myself at Walton-on-Thames—and in a sheltered corner there is a little world of its own. It is quite unlike any other world that I have ever seen, and it is called the Hepworth Studios. In this idyllic spot the pictures that delight so many PICTURE SHOW readers are made.

If by chance you meet anyone who has worked at "Hepworth's," they will all tell you exactly the same story—"It's like a happy family!" Perhaps this is one of the reasons that the purely sordid aspect of life never creeps into a Hepworth film.



HENRY EDWARDS.

A Woolly Gown and Picture Making.

WEARING a deliciously woolly gown of a subdued shade of pink, and an attractive little hat on her soft golden hair, Chrissie White sat by my side in the studio, and watched Henry Edwards producing one of his pictures.

Many PICTURE SHOW readers, I know, will envy my good luck in seeing the favourite star of thousands of picture-goers, calmly and coolly directing a film production.

Patience, Artistic Sense, and a Vein of Humour.

IT seems to me from personal observation, that the modern "picture producer" must be a man of prodigious patience. He must possess a real strain of humour, unless he desires to lose his senses! An unerring instinct for detail is indispensable. Spend five minutes with Henry Edwards, and you will be laughing before you have realised what has happened. He is so light-hearted, so enthusiastic, that his whimsical, spontaneous merriment carries one along on the sunshine of his happy disposition. And are these not qualities to be valued by the ideal producer? Surely it is the man who views life through rose-coloured spectacles, who gives us the most attractive pictures.

A First Production.

HENRY EDWARDS told me that his first production was a "Welsh Singer," and he added—what I am sure you will disbelieve—that one of his hobbies is laziness, and the other sleep. Of course, he is tremendously fond of animals. In conversation I discovered that he often writes and works into the early hours of the morning. After writing a scenario he edits it freely. "I like to know it by heart, until I feel that I live with the characters," he said. Henry Edwards spends more than half of his time whilst picture producing in his study—so that every detail is mastered before he comes into touch with the artistes who are to play in the film. Thus there is no risk of the artistes being confused by complications. Henry Edwards makes up his mind as to exactly what he wants before he enters the studio and then everything goes along like clockwork.



CHRISSIE WHITE.

The Charm of Simplicity.

HENRY EDWARDS laughingly told me that someone wrote to him once and asked him "why he never used a collar-stud?" He thought it a little unfair, as he usually wears a shirt with a collar attached! He tried to persuade me that the things of paramount importance to himself were clothes and appearance, but the next minute he added: "I'm afraid my shoes want mending!"

Honestly, I do not believe that Henry Edwards cares what he wears, for his work is his life.

"In picture production," he said, "my great aims are simplicity and sincerity. I try to get all effects simply. The bigger the effect, the more simply I like to approach it"—and then he added, with a twinkle in his eyes: "My work is my hobby and, after this, criticising criticism."

A Girl Who Doesn't Like Shopping.

SHE is Chrissie White. I am sure you will be just as surprised as I was at this piece of intelligence, because at all times, in private life and in "the pictures," she is so charmingly gowned, and pays attention to accessories, which gives her quite a distinctive style. Do you remember the way Chrissie White carried her parasol in the "City of Beautiful Nonsense"? It was held so gracefully that it added a curious touch of dignity to her part.

But although Chrissie White doesn't like shopping, she has many admirers the other side of the counter. Not so very long ago she went into a shop in Birmingham and noticed that some of the girls smiled and whispered when she entered. When she had finished making her purchases a little girl brought her her change, and as she was about to leave the building, she said breathlessly:

"Please, tell me, you are Chrissie White, aren't you? We do want to know!"

Sweet Sixteen.

CHRISSIE WHITE told me that she joined the Hepworth Company when she was sixteen.

"I just came to play a fairy. Later, when my sister Rosina, who was on the stage, was in hospital with scarlet fever, she was sent for, and I went down to the studio and asked if I might take her place." And that is how Chrissie White drifted into filmland.



JAMES REARDON.

"One of my favourite films," she said, "was that of a country girl, with her hair drawn back tightly from her forehead, in a film called 'Towards the Light.'"

Many of the scenes in the Hepworth production, "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," were filmed in Venice, and she enjoyed every hour in that city of enchantment.

Chrissie White played under Mr. Cecil Hepworth for four years. Besides her passion for screen work, she adores her motor-bicycle. London traffic has no fears for her, and she used to motor-cycle down to the studios from London every day, before she lived at Walton-on-Thames.

Chrissie White is even prettier in real life than she is on the screen, which you will agree is saying much. She is full of enthusiasm and girlish fun. A great favourite with all of us, is she not?

James Reardon, Actor and Producer.

I MET James Reardon, of the British Art Films, the other morning, and he assured me that he believed in British productions "down to the ground." But he declared, "We shall have to work as hard as possible to get even with America.

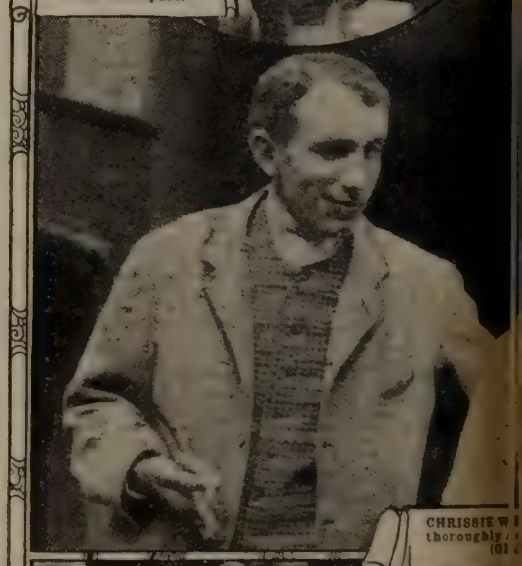
"Authors should write stories to meet with the necessities of the climate, so that in the winter months stories could be selected that are more suitable for interior than exterior work. It is distressing for everyone concerned when a film is hung up on account of the weather."

A Lucky Bean.

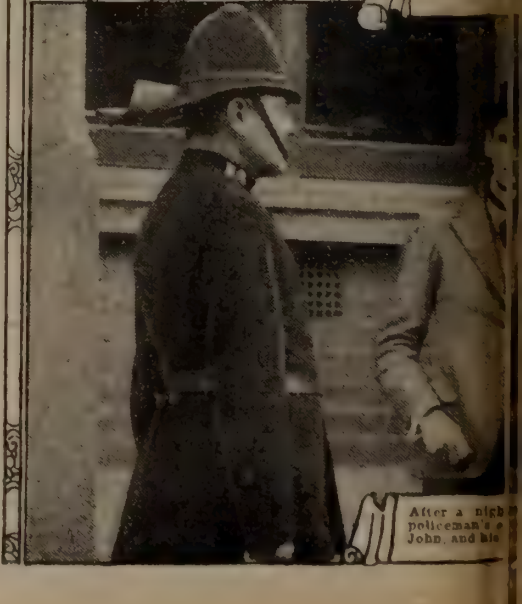
CAPTAIN HEATON GREY, who is at present playing the "Count Paul de Blaquy" in the Ideal production "Belphegor, the Mountebank," has sent me a mysterious "lucky bean." It was one of the two hundred which he found in a king's armoury. When Captain Grey was serving with the first battalion of the Nigeria Regiment in the Cameroons, after severe fighting through the bush, they attacked the town of Deschange Bede.



HENRY EDWARDS in "John Forrest Finds Himself." Mr. Edwards produced the film as well as taking the chief part.



CHRISSIE W... thoroughly ... (Q...



After a night ... policeman's ... John, and his ...



OTIS SKINNER as Hajj—
in "Kismet."
Jury.





AN EASTERN COURTSHIP.

LEON BARY as the Caliph Abdallah and ELINOR FAIR as Marsinah—in "Kismet"

Mae Murray



MAE MURRAY came by way of musical comedy to the screen. She is married to Robert Leonard, with whom she is seen in one of these photographs. Her first screen appearance was in "To Have and to Hold." Since then she has played for many screen companies, but is now back with Paramount-Artcraft productions.



A beautiful study.

A winsome maid—in "On with the Dance."



With ROBERT LEONARD, her husband, Mae enjoys the sea breezes.

Mother love—in "The Right to Love."



"Can I trust him?"—in "The Right to Love."

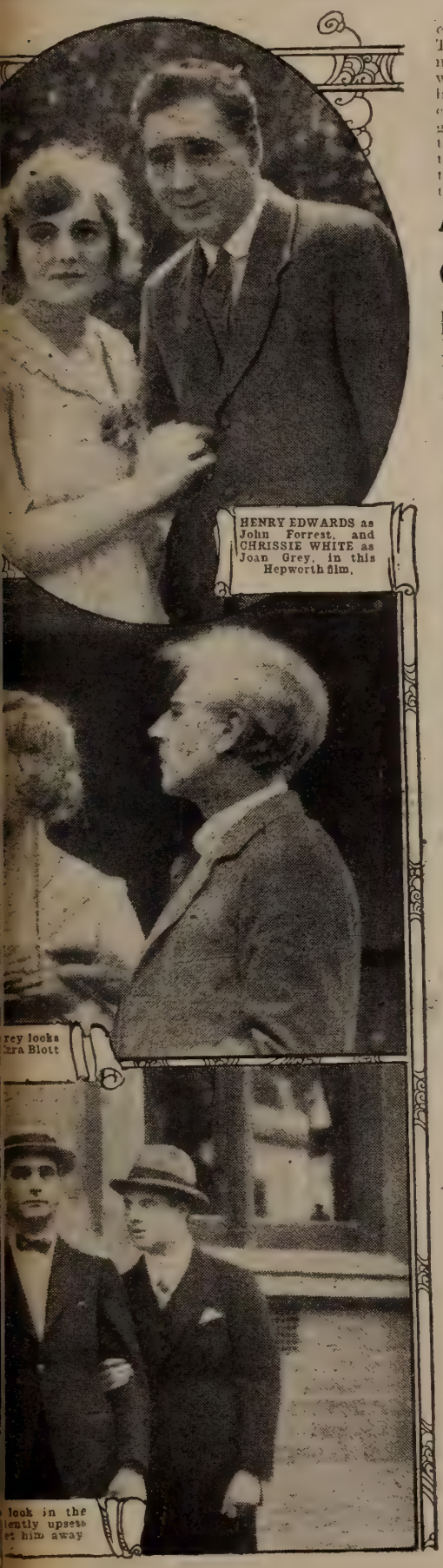


Paramount Artcraft.

Waiting for a partner—in "On with the Dance."

out—British Players

DIOS. AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.



HENRY EDWARDS as John Forrest, and CHRISSIE WHITE as Joan Grey, in this Hepworth film.

rey looks Ezra Blott

look in the ently upsets et him away

In the king's house they found a collection of curiously carved beans, hidden in a reed bag. They had been made by a "holy man." The natives believed them to be "ju-ju" against wild animals and various ills. The fame of the beans spread far and wide. The king of Deschango Bede, in his selfish desire to obtain all the good luck for himself, bought up all the beans that could be found, but his greediness broke the charm, and thus gave Captain Heaton Grey the best of luck! Needless to say I am taking the greatest care of my mascot.

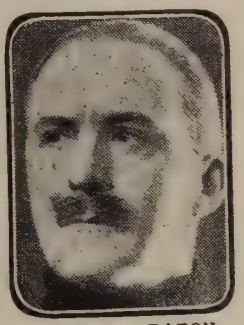
Actor, Playwright, Soldier and Big Game Hunter.

CAPTAIN HEATON GREY told me recently that for many years he was associated with the late Cecil Raleigh. They were the pioneers of the tabloided plays on the music-hall. Captain Grey was the original crook, Alf Wilson, in "Officer 666," at the New Theatre. He also played at the Criterion, Strand, and Princes Theatres. On the declaration of war he rejoined his regiment, the Royal Fusiliers. From France he was sent to the German Cameroons, where he commanded a company of our Housa troops. He was officer commanding for the Muri Province, Northern Nigeria, British West Africa. Owing to wounds and malaria fever he was given a staff appointment at Dover Garrison, and was transferred to the Air Force as staff captain.

He has shot lions, leopards, elephants, hippo and bush cow. He has played for the Lucoque Films in "Dawn," and "Castles in Spain"; The Gaumont Company in "The Fall of a Saint," and for the Astra Company in "The Bachelor Husband."

Mascots!

MARJORIE HUME has a passion for collecting mascots. She showed me quite a family of the most fascinating, ugly creatures the other afternoon that I have ever seen. Two of them are black cats, one very tall, and the other very thin, which she has christened "C.I.D.," which is short for Marjorie's motto "*Consider It Done.*" And there are two golliwogs, one red and the other black, but I dare not tell you their names!



CAPTAIN HEATON GREY.

Superstitions Defied.

GREEN is Marjorie Hume's lucky colour. "Every time I wear anything green, something nice occurs," she assured me. "The thirteenth, and a Friday, are always lucky to me. Nothing makes me so delighted as a business interview on a Friday, especially if it happens to be on the thirteenth!"

Wilson Barrett's Niece.

ON this page you will see a photograph of Kathleen Barrett, a niece of the great Wilson Barrett. Many of you have no doubt seen her clever acting in "Patricia Brent, Spinster."

"I went with Sir Martin Harvey to Canada, and understudied Miss N. de Silva," she told me the other evening. "I am very fond of character work, and I don't mind in the least sacrificing my personal appearance for my work.

"Hamlet" and Forbes-Robertson.

KATHLEEN BARRETT played in "Hamlet" in Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's company: ". . . and during that season when I was understudying in 'Hamlet' we went down to the Hepworth studios, where 'Hamlet' was filmed. I also played in 'The Spinsters,' which was produced at Surbiton. The garden scenes were very beautiful; I played the part of Miss Sikkum, a finicky, interfering, gossiping spinster."

MacDonald Hastings.

KATHLEEN BARRETT also played with MacDonald Hastings at the Oxford and Surrey Music Halls, in a sketch entitled "What the Doctor Ordered," and later with Griffith in "The Air Ship." She has also played in Wilson Barrett's company, in the "Never, Never Land," "The Eve of Her Wedding," and "No Name," and in "The Tide," under Ethel Warwick's management. She is full of enthusiasm for pictures. She is very artistic, considered strikingly like her uncle, and deserves the best of success and luck.



MARJORIE HUME.

Hepworth Picture Play (*Edwards Series*).

"JOHN FORREST FINDS HIMSELF," adapted from the story by Donovan Bayley by H. Fowler Mear, produced by Henry Edwards.

John Forrest, junior (Henry Edwards), exclaimed one morning to his adoring parents, after a very late night: "Why the devil aren't you angry with me sometimes?"

Old John Forrest (Henry Vibart) pats his son's shoulder affectionately.

"You've had a very good innings, old chap. Why don't you try and find a nice little wife?"

John's mother (Gwynne Herbert) shares her husband's wish, and once again John promises to "walk steady."

Broken Promises.

BUT, alas for John, he has another "night out," and quarrels with the Hon. Vere Blair, who later, after a blow from John's fist, is landed on the floor, inert and ghastly white. John stares at the motionless figure and asks, "Why doesn't he move?"

John's two friends get him away to their flat. The next morning, to their horror, they hear that Blair is dead. The two friends pack John off, and he goes to Little Marpleton, a village in the depths of the country.

Cupid!

IN the Old Grey House, at Little Marpleton, lives an honourable but impecunious gentleman, Stephen Grey (Victor Prout), and chance brings John, through the result of an accident, to the Grey House. He is nursed by Joan, Grey's daughter (Chrissie White), and John falls in love with her straightway.

Chains.

BUT Joan, to save the Old Grey House from the threats of the landlord, Ezra Blott (Gerald Ames), has promised to marry a rich man, Vere Blair, the man whom John believes he has killed.

John does not know that Blair has recovered from his injuries. John gets well, but his mind is a blank. He curses the hour he ever tasted wine. One day Ezra Blott forces his obnoxious attentions upon Joan, and John remembers another fight! Just as he is about to punish Ezra, he recoils and drops his arms. Blott calls him a coward; Joan, puzzled and unhappy, goes home.



KATHLEEN BARRETT

The Triumph.

BUT love triumphs in the end. Joan learns the truth, and John, that Blair is not dead but that the latter wishes to marry "A charming little girl in the chorus." Thus John fulfils the desires of those who love him: he takes unto himself "a nice little wife," Joan, John Grey's beautiful daughter.

EDITH NEPEAN.

The splendid story of the Fox version of Justin Huntly McCarthy's Famous novel.

"If I Were King"

How a vagabond saved a nation in the reign of Louis XI. of France. *(Special to the "Picture Show.")*

FRANCE, in the middle of the fifteenth century, was in the throes of a terrible struggle that might have been likened to the illness of a giant.

The body, as represented by the common people, was healthy. Soldiers and peasants were burning with the fire of patriotism, the flame of which had been lit by the fire which burnt at the stake the body of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans.

The soul of France had been stirred to the height of spiritual exaltation by the sacrifice of the girl martyr.

But while the body was healthy, the brain, as represented by the King and the nobles, was decaying through selfishness, greed, arrogance, luxury and all the other vices that had centuries before destroyed the mighty Roman Empire.

The King, Louis XI., was a degenerate who was royal in nothing but name. A physical weakling, he lived in perpetual fear of his enemies, too cowardly to face them in the open, but sometimes securing their downfall by treachery or, more often, by bribery.

On the day this story opens, the King was holding court. With his shrivelled figure, sombrely clad in black velvet, and his cunning, fox-like face, he looked more like the meanest of his subjects than the ruler of a nation.

By his side was a young girl of surpassing beauty.



Katherine (BETTY ROSS CLARKE) visits Villon (WILLIAM FARNUM) at the Fir Cone. [*Fox.*

Katherine de Vaucelles was only eighteen years of age, and she had brought to that corrupt court, not only the beauty of youth, but a purity of spirit that was proof against all the vices which surrounded her. The de Vaucelles had often died for France, but they had never lived on her. The Court well knew the sinister designs that Louis harboured against Katherine de Vaucelles, but even that crowned reprobate had not been able by all his lavish promises of wealth and power to turn the girl from the path of honour.

As the King chatted with his favourite gossip, Tristan, a messenger, who, from the appearance of his apparel, had been riding hard, craved immediate audience of his Majesty.

A frown crossed over the face of Louis.

"Bid him step forward," he said irritably.

The man, a blunt soldier who had been fighting for France while the court gallants danced and gambled, came forward with a proud step.

Bending low before the throne he delivered his message.

"Sire," he said. "The Duke of Burgundy is encamped outside Paris, scarce two leagues from the city walls. My commander has evidence that he intends to attack the city, and he wishes your Majesty to give him orders to attack the Duke at once before others who are coming to his assistance can arrive."

The King's hand trembled as he made a sign to Thibaut d'Aussigny, Grand Constable of France, to approach.

Thibaut was a fine specimen of a man, with a soldierly presence, but his face was not in keeping with his figure. It was the face of a plotter rather than that of a fighter.

"You heard what he said, Thibaut," said the King. "What do you advise?"

"I do not think the time has arrived for action yet," said Thibaut, after a pause.

Katherine de Vaucelles started to her feet.

"The time not yet," she said indignantly, "when the barbarous Burgundy threatens the very citadel of Paris! What, then, sir Constable, would be the time? When the city is in ashes?"

Thibaut flushed with mortification. He had paid court to Katherine ever since she had arrived at Court, and he meant to win her for his wife, despite the designs of the King. It went hard that she should attack him in the full hearing of the Court.

"I speak but in the interests of France," he said stiffly. "My plans are not yet completed. It would be playing into the hands of Burgundy to attack at this juncture."

Katherine turned to the King.

"Surely, sire, you will give the order to fight?"

"No," said the King, shifting uneasily under the look from the girl's eyes. "Thibaut is right. Delay is our best weapon. When he is joined by the others, they will quarrel among themselves, and Burgundy will be hard put to it to get away with his army."

It was the policy of a weakling, but one that might have been expected from a ruler whose favourite motto was: "He who knows not how to deceive, knows not how to govern."

The blunt soldier could scarcely hide the disgust on his face, but he made no remark as he passed from the royal presence.

Even the blasé courtiers were astounded at the King's decision not to fight. The Duke of Burgundy was one of the most powerful nobles in the country, and he was the chief cause of the unrest in France referred to at the beginning of this story.

Most of the other nobles who were plotting against Louis, were only seeking an extension of their estates at the expense of their rivals, but Burgundy had set his ambition on something much higher—the throne of France.

And so, though he had decided not to attack his chief enemy, Louis was worried and frightened at the Duke's audacity in threatening the capital.

King Louis was ridden with superstition, and in his dilemma he sought counsel, as he invariably did in such circumstances, with his Arab astrologer.

There we will leave him for the present while we leave the glittering Court for the Fir Cone Inn, a rendezvous of thieves in the lowest quarter of Paris.

The King of the Cockleshells.

IT was night and the low-roofed rooms of the Fir Cone were filled with knaves and vagabonds and their women friends. Most of them belonged to a secret society known as "The Cockleshells," composed of assassins, robbers and beggars. Money was plentiful that night, and mine host smiled to himself as he kept refilling the tankards with wine, taking care to collect his dues every time he served a fresh round. The habitues of this strange tavern were attired in a variety of costumes, that of the men being chiefly remarkable for a certain tawdry finery which proved that at one time it had been worn by their betters. Among the women, there were many young and pretty lasses arrayed in finery which had unmistakably been made for the quality.

Queen of this remarkable gathering was Hughette, a dainty, dark-eyed girl with wonderful figure which was revealed by the fact that she wore the dress of a page, a disguise she had adopted in order to carry out a recent robbery. She was talking to a girl about her own age, but her mind was evidently elsewhere, for every few seconds she would turn her eyes to the stairs which led to the underground room in which they were sitting.

"It is easy to see, Hughette, that your thoughts are wandering," said the other girl. "And I would wager a silken pair of hose that they are on Francois Villon, the King of the Cockleshells."

"And you would win, Ninette," said Hughette blushingly. "Our Francois does, indeed, occupy my thoughts, but I am afraid I never cross his mind except when he sees me. He lives in that dreamland of which we only know when he recites those wonderful poems."

"Yet have I thought that sometimes there is more love than comradeship in those glances he gives you," observed Ninette.

"Mayhap. Who knows?" said Hughette thoughtfully. "You are my friend and you know my secret, so I do not fear to tell you that I love Francois Villon better than life. But I do not understand him. Methinks he is an enigma to himself. A great poet, yet a thief and vagabond. It must be a strange history that brought such a talented man among us—the vagabonds of Paris."

Scarcely had she finished speaking when there was a loud shouting from the merry-makers.

"Villon! Villon! Our Francois is here!" they cried.

Standing half-way on the stairs was a remarkable man. A strikingly handsome face looked from under a broad-brimmed hat in which was stuck jauntily an eagle's plume. The black curling moustaches and pointed beard gave a half-Spanish appearance to the man, but Francois Villon was French as French as the wine from sunny southern France that he loved so well.

His doublet and hose were of the finest material, but the silver trimmings were tarnished and his whole apparel showed signs of wear. There was an air of rakishness about him that sat well on his finely built and graceful figure, as he stood smiling at his friends. Then, as light as a ballet dancer he jumped the remaining steps and, going up to Hughette, he lifted her in his arms and kissed her.

"Hughette, lass, there's more real nectar in those lips than in the whole of the vineyards of France," he cried gaily. "Not that I would despise a flagon of our host's at the present moment, for I am as dry as a limekiln.

Hughette ran to bring him wine, and Villon, seating himself with careless ease, looked round at his followers and asked them the news."

"'Tis you, Francois, that we looked for to bring news, since you have been so long away," said one of them.

"I have nothing fresher than my horse, and by my faith, that poor beast is stale enough," laughed Villon, as he bowed to Hughette, and raised the tankard she had brought him to his lips. "But I will give you a song," he added, as he placed down the tankard after taking a drink that almost emptied it. Then, with another bow to Hughette, he began to sing in a rich, rolling baritone:

"Alas, for lovers, pair by pair
The wind has blown them all away;
The young and rare, the fond and fair;
Where are the snows of yesterday?"

Villon ceased his song abruptly as a tall man, whose rich habiliment was only partially concealed by a cloak, the hood of which shielded his face, entered the room and approached a man who was standing apart from the others, leaning against a pillar.

The man by the pillar was known to the Cockleshells as Rene, and it was said that he had once fluttered it with the best at the Royal Court, before some crime had driven him to mix with the underworld of Paris.

Villon gave a sign to the others to carry on with the merriment, but he himself, though apparently doing nothing but drinking, kept a keen eye on Rene and the stranger. After the two had conversed in whispers for some time, Villon saw Rene point him out to the stranger, and a little later Rene called to Villon. Setting down his tankard, Villon staggered over.

"This gentleman has asked me if I know a man with a stout heart who would be prepared to run a risk if well paid," said Rene. "I said he would travel far before he met a better man for such a task than Francois Villon."

"You honour me, my dear Rene," said Villon, with a bow. "I think I might merit your recommendation, but first I would like to see our friend's face. I like not dealing in the dark."

The stranger threw back his hood.

Villon gave a little start, but it was almost imperceptible. He recognised in the stranger, Thibaut d'Aussigny, Grand Constable of France.

"Methinks it were well that I should learn as much of this as I can," thought Villon. "Though something tells me that I shall not work for Thibaut. He is no true friend of France it all I hear is correct."

"And what may this task be?" he inquired aloud.

"Only to carry a message to the Duke of Burgundy," whispered Thibaut. "Here is gold more than enough to pay for such a service."

He thrust a bag of gold into Villon's hands, but did not notice that the eyes of the vagabond had narrowed ominously.

"What! Would you have me betray all that the Maid of Orleans died for?" shouted Villon. "Spy for the foes of friend France! Little do you know Francois Villon!"

He threw the gold among the drinkers.

"Fill every glass and tankard, landlord!" he cried. "And you, my friends, drink this toast—'Confusion to the Duke of Normandy!'"

While the Cockleshells drank the toast with many maledictions on the head of the Duke of Burgundy, Thibaut and Rene hastily retired to the far end of the room.

"A thousand curses on that roystering varlet!" cried Thibaut. "A pretty plight you got me into, Rene."

"There is no need to worry," said Rene calmly. "Villon will be drunk to-night and forget all about the incident in the morning. But since I have inadvertently spoilt your plan, let me carry the message."

Thibaut looked at him closely.

"I think I can trust you," he said, at length. "This is the message you must deliver by word of mouth. The times are too plaguey to risk writing. Tell the Duke I will open the gates of Paris on two conditions that he gives me a Dukedom and Katherine de Vaucelles as wife."

"Consider it done," said Rene. "And now we had better away before that rabble thinks of us. I know a secret way out. Follow me."

In a few minutes Thibaut found himself in the street where he and Rene parted. When the Cockle-

shells had drunk all the landlord brought, Villon beckoned them to him.

"I have a plan where we can get good red gold without betraying France, my friends," he said. "The plate in the King's chapel will be unguarded to-morrow afternoon. We shall only be robbing the King, who is robbing France."

Selecting the men he required, Villon outlined his plans, and fixing on a meeting-place, he left the tavern.

The Vision.

THE following afternoon Villon and his men entered the Chapel Royal. Leaving his followers to get the plate, Villon wandered into the chapel proper, but started back as he saw a veiled woman praying before the High Altar.

It was the fresh voice of a girl who uttered her prayer aloud.

"Oh, God, give men to France, in this hour of her greatest need."

As she rose to her feet she threw back her veil and Villon stood transfixed at the sight of her beauty, for the girl was Katherine de Vaucelles.

Her prayer had touched the heart of this strange man, weird blend of rogue, patriot, and poet.

Silently he tiptoed behind the curtain and joined his men.

"Put back that plate," he ordered. "We must not touch it. France needs it, just as she needs a king that is fearless and sons that are true."

The Cockleshells were by no means so patriotic as their leader, but though they grumbled at sacrificing so much wealth, they obeyed him.

In the meantime Villon had sent a man he could trust to follow the girl and find out where she lived.

The man came back with the information that she lived in the palace, and Villon determined to enter the Royal gardens to see if he could catch another glimpse of the beautiful girl who had stirred his heart as it had never been stirred before.

Well did he know that it was madness for him, vagabond that he was, to aspire to a court lady, nor did he forget that if he were caught in the grounds of the palace, he would probably pay for his temerity with his head, but these things weighed nothing with him at the moment.

His poet side was uppermost, and he would have risked anything for another look at the charmer who had enslaved him. He had paper and pen in his doublet, and before setting forth he composed a poem. He wrote rapidly, but when he had finished it he was satisfied. He gave his verses the title, "If I Were King."

"If I were King, oh, love, if I were King,
What tributary nations would I bring,
To stoop before your sceptre and to swear
Allegiance to your lips, and eyes, and hair.
Beneath your feet what treasure would I fling.
The stars would be your pearls upon a string,
The world a ruby for your finger ring,
And you should have the sun and moon to wear
If I were King."

Having folded his verses, he wandered about the gardens till at last he saw Katherine sitting in pensive mood under a tree. Clambering up a bank, he dropped his poem at her feet. The girl looked up with a startled cry, but Villon had withdrawn from view. When he peeped down again he saw that feminine curiosity had got the better of her fears. She was reading the poem, and by the bright look in her eyes and the delicate flush on her cheek, she found it most pleasing. As she read, a number of court ladies came towards her and Katherine read out the verses to them amid their expressions of delight.

Villon was hugging himself with ecstasy when he felt a strong hand on his shoulder.

Turning, he saw himself surrounded by the Palace Guard.

"You look like paying for this intrusion with your life," said the captain, as he motioned his men to seize Villon.

In spite of his struggles the guard dragged Villon away to the prison. On their way they passed Katherine, who ordered the captain to come to her.

"Who is that you have there?" she asked.

"A knave who was caught by my men dropping something from yonder bank," said the Captain.

Katherine immediately decided that it was the poem Villon had dropped, but she had no idea that it was the rakish vagabond who stood before her who was the author of the verses.

"Who is your master? Whose poem is this?" she asked Villon.

"The poem is mine," said Villon calmly.

At this moment Thibaut hurried on the scene. He recognised Villon, and a look of triumph came in his eyes. After he had heard the Captain of the Guard he turned to Villon.

"You do not seem quite at home in these surroundings, my man."

"As much at home as you were when you were plotting at the Fir Cone last night," returned Villon dryly.

Thibaut's face flushed darkly.

"Put him in the dungeon," he ordered.

Villon tried to speak, but a hand was thrust over his mouth and he was dragged away.

Katherine looked at Thibaut inquiringly.

(*Continued on page* 18.)

BRYANT WASHBURN

The Film He Produced In This Country



BRYANT WASHBURN takes scenes in Park Lane, London, for his film "The Road to London," which he produced during his stay in this country.



Further scenes for "The Road to London" were taken at Colnbrook, England, and **BRYANT WASHBURN** can be seen surrounded by members of his company, including Miss **JOAN MORGAN**, his leading lady.



BRYANT WASHBURN in the midst of a happy group, with two tiny tots. This photograph was taken not far from Colnbrook. In the centre you see **JOAN MORGAN**.

"IF I WERE KING."

(Continued from page 17.)

"What was that he said about the Fir Cone?" she asked.

"How should I know what the drunken vagabond means?" replied Thibaut.

Katherine did not pursue her inquiry, but her mind was alert as she walked to the palace.

For some time she had suspected Thibaut, and she meant to find out the meaning of the vagabond's strange remark—if there was meaning to it.

That evening she went to the dungeon where Villon was confined. The robber poet was sleeping on the rough straw, and as the light held by the guard fell on his face he rubbed his eyes and looked up.

As he saw the fair form of Katherine above him he murmured: "If this be a dream, pray Heaven I may never wake again."

"I came not to listen to your poetry, but to learn about Thibaut d'Aussigny," said Katherine, after telling the guard he could wait outside.

"It was true what I said," answered Villon. "He was there last night plotting against the king in the interests of the Duke of Burgundy. If you don't believe me go to the Fir Cone yourself."

Katherine regarded him closely. Something told her that he was speaking the truth, yet she hardly thought it possible that Thibaut could be so treacherous.

"You know you have already forfeited your life by entering the grounds of the palace?" she said coldly. "If you could prove your words you might save your head. Go yourself to this inn and see what you can find out. I will account for your escape from here."

With another cold glance she left him, giving instructions to the guard as she passed out that the prisoner was to be allowed to go free.

"Faith, she thinks more of me as a spy than a poet," said Villon. "However, the road is long. I am at heart a king, and I will win something more than a cold glance from my enchantress before I die."

Villon stretched himself, nodded haughtily to the guard, and swaggered out, once more a free man.

The Plotters.

BY that strange chance that is the shuttle in the warp of destiny, there were others who had business in the Fir Cone that night. Tristan the gossip had told the king of the mysterious remark about the Fir Cone made by the vagabond the guards had arrested, and that it had caused Thibaut to change colour, and acting on the advice of his Arabian astrologer—who had previously given him a reading of a dream in which the king had "Picked a pearl from the gutter and placed it in his crown" to mean that he would be rendered valuable assistance by a roving vagabond—Louis found sufficient courage to visit the Fir Cone in disguise, accompanied by Tristan.

The two were drinking at a separate table when Villon appeared.

At once there was an outburst of welcome from the revellers.

"By my crown," said Louis to Tristan, "this rabble has more loyalty to their vagabond king than my courtiers have to me. Let us engage this rascal in conversation."

Tristan waited till Villon had drunk with his friends, and then he beckoned him over to their table.

"We would be honoured if you would share a flagon with us," said the king.

"I care not who I drink with to-night, for I have not a coin in my purse," said Villon. "I have been an unwilling guest of the king, and his rascals of guards have filched every piece I possessed."

He took up a tankard and raised it high.

"Here's death to the Duke of Burgundy!" he cried, as he emptied the measure.

"You are loyal to Louis," said the king slyly.

"I am loyal to France," said Villon bluntly. "As for Louis—if I could not make a better king than Louis Do-Nothing, Dare-Nothing, may I never take another drink."

"Our Francois has made a poem about what he would do if he were king," said one of the Cockleshells to Louis. "You should ask him to recite it."

"If my poem came to the king's ears it would cost me my neck," said Villon with a laugh.

"Recite it, Francois," shouted the crowd. "Nothing that happens at the Fir Cone will ever come to the ears of the king."

"This is indeed entertaining," whispered the king to Tristan, for with all his faults, Louis had a keen sense of humour, though most of it was of the mordaunt kind.

Thus pressed, Villon took another drink at a full flagon that stood before the king, and recited the following poem:

"*All French folk, wheresoe'er ye be, who love your country soil and sand,*
From Paris to the Breton Sea, and back again to Norman strand,

"*Forsooth ye seem a silly band, sheep without shepherd, left to chance.*
Far otherwise our land would be if Villon were the king of France!

"*The figure on the Throne you see, is nothing but a puppet planned*
To wear the regal bravery of silken coat and gilded wand.

"*Not so we Frenchmen understand, the lord of lion's heart and glance;*
And such a man would take command if Villon were the King of France.

"*Louis the Little, play the Grand! Buffet the foe with sword and lance!*
'Tis what would happen by this hand if Villon were the King of France.

"*We want a chief to bear the brand and bid the Armored Burgundians dance.*
God! Where the oriflamme would stand if Villon were the King of France."

"How is that, my rum friend?" cried Villon as he finished and once more applied his lips to the tankard.

Louis made no reply, but had Villon known what he was thinking the smile would have left his face.

As the king of the Cockleshells turned to join the others he saw one of the Palace Guards standing in the far corner of the room trying to attract his attention. It was the man who had let him out of prison.

Villon, waiting an opportunity when the others were not looking, went up to the guard who whispered in his ear: "The lady is outside. She would speak to you alone."

Villon gasped in dismay. How could he bring her in that room full of the rabble of Paris? Suddenly an idea struck him. The landlord, who had been helping himself to drink, was snoozing on a bench, and in his girdle were the keys of the cellar.

In a moment the poet had got possession of the keys, and unlocking the door, he whispered to his followers: "Go in the cellar and drink your fill. I have important business, and must be alone."

With chuckling cries of glee the band trooped below.

In his anxiety Villon forgot the two men he had been drinking with, and Louis and his gossip, realising that something important was about to happen, crouched behind a bench.

(To be concluded next week.)

Beauty for Everyone

By RUTH ROLAND

Read these helpful articles and be convinced that every woman can, if she wishes, be beautiful.

No. 4 CARE OF HANDS, ARMS and NAILS

CHARACTER is often denoted by the shape of the hand, and it is easy to discern various temperaments by the shape and structure of the hand, and the care that is given it.

Many do not exercise their hands sufficiently. Gripping exercises should be practised daily. The plumpness and shapeliness of the hands, as well as their flexibility, can be greatly increased by massage. In massaging the hands one must be careful to make the movements downward toward the finger-tips, with gentle pulls and pinches across the back of the hand, and a few delicate upward strokes at the finish. The palm of the hand is also massaged with rotary movements towards its middle point. When massaging, use a little pure olive oil or cocoa butter. If the hands become roughened and stiff, it is wise to soak them for a while in warm oil, and then to wear during the night a pair of loose gloves.



RUTH ROLAND.

Housework — And Hands.

IT is quite possible to do manual labour and yet to keep one's hands in excellent condition. The care of the hands is of prime importance, and there is really little excuse for bad-looking hands and nails.

I am very careful in never allowing the cuticle around my nails to be cut or bruised in any way. If particles of the cuticle become broken while they are being manicured, rub vigorously with a Turkish bath-towel. The nails themselves should always be filed, never cut and always shaped to an oval of medium length. nails too long and too highly coloured or polished are not in good taste. No metal should ever be used in cleaning underneath the nails, only a pointed, slightly curved orange-wood stick. I consider powdered pumice-stone most excellent, with a little hydrogen peroxide occasionally on the cotton wrapped about the orangewood stick as a bleach.

Always wipe the hands perfectly dry after washing them, and press down and gently back the skin around the nail, so as to reveal as much of the half-moon at their base as is possible.

The Colour of the Nails.

UNLESS one is able to secure a manicurist who will not abuse the nails, it is better to devote a few moments daily to caring for the nails personally, and once they are in good condition, it is really very simple to keep them so.

The habit of biting the nails indicates a lack of will power and ruins the appearance of the hands. If you are too nervous and weak of will to overcome this fault, try bitter aloes tincture on their tips, or a solution of quinine.

With the popular above-the-elbow sleeve in our day-time frocks, and sleeveless evening gowns a shapely arm is of real importance. Massage with cocoa butter is excellent, and if the elbow be rough or reddened, apply lemon juice or peroxide of hydrogen, and follow with a careful and thorough daily massage, as an unsightly elbow is unnecessary and can be overcome with a little attention.

Arm Exercises.

EXERCISE, if persisted in, will reduce the arm that is too plump and increase the size of the over-thin arm. One splendid exercise is this.

Clench the fists as tightly as possible, and then revolve them on the wrists until they ache. At first, this will be found very tiring; but after a few days' practice it can be done with ease, and in a short while the improvement in the appearance of the arm will be noted.

The length and shape of the arms should be studied in choosing sleeves and draperies, as they can be improved in appearance by careful discrimination in dress. Tennis, golf, Indian balls, rowing, and other forms of out-door amusements, all improve the shape of one's arms, and make for good health, which is, after all, the prime essential toward the body beautiful.

MARIE BLANCHE AND THE MOVIES

An Interview With the Pantomime Favourite Who Has Appeared in two Films.



MARIE BLANCHE.

THERE was something very homely about Marie Blanche's dressing-room at Covent Garden: a sense of familiarity and comfort rarely to be found in theatrical dressing rooms. A fire burned cheerfully in the grate, beside which were two huge easy chairs, and over the fire a kettle sang merrily. For it was half-past five or so, the time when Miss Blanche takes her evening meal, and already her big, sensible table was laid for dinner. Away at the end of the room, half-hidden by a screen, as if it really had no right to be there, was the star's dressing-table, altar of mysterious and alluring rites! Otherwise the apartment might have been an ordinary living room. And yet, a little turn to the right, outside the door, and you were in the land of make-believe!—on the vast stage where, a few weeks ago, Tristan and Isolde told their deathless love in music as immortal, and where to-day Cinderella goes to the ball.

She Makes You Feel at Home.

IN a way, Marie Blanche is like her dressing-room, or rather, her dressing-room is expressive of herself. She, too, is homely—not in appearance, of course, but in personality. She is sincerely anxious to make you feel at home, to answer any questions you may wish to ask her, to be as obliging and kind as she possibly can. And in her endeavour to achieve these pleasant results, she quite forgets to be spectacular.

"A Good Sort."

YET she is spectacular. Her splendid height, her fine proportions (on this occasion discreetly hidden by a grey velvet robe), her fair hair, and pleasant, laughing face, radiating health and good-temper, see to that. But I think, of all her charms, the one that shines the brightest is her golden heart. In the halting, colloquial manner people have of describing a universal favourite, she is invariably referred to as "a good sort."

Films.

MISS BLANCHE and I having comfortably installed ourselves on either side of the fireplace, the proceedings opened favourably with the star's assurance that really and truly she was very interested indeed in the subject I had come about—films.

Letters From Film Fans.

"THOUGH I've appeared in only two," she added "'The Great Impostor' and 'The Elusive Pimpernel.' But I've just had another offer of film work, and I shall probably appear in a picture after I've finished in this pantomime. Funnily enough, I had more letters about my Lady Blakeney, in the latter film, than I have received since I appeared in 'Cinderella.' Only this afternoon two autograph books were brought to me to sign, and each of them belonged to a film 'fan.' One was most exciting, containing Mary Pickford's signature, and all sorts of screen celebrities' autographs."

Things We Might Do.

ALTHOUGH Miss Blanche has a great interest in film work, her interest by no means blinds her to faults in film production (especially British film production), and errors in film acting. In the latter respect she is her own severest critic.

"I nearly wept when I saw myself as Lady Blakeney," she told me. "I was too nervous to face the trade show, so I went out to King's Cross to see the film later!"

"But surely strips of the film were run off in the projection room day by day, while the picture was in the making?" I interposed.

Miss Blanche shook her head.

"No," she said, "they don't seem to have that admirable practice over here, and yet it would be such a help to the artistes, and assist one to correct so many little mistakes. I think, too, that it would be a great help if British producers followed the example of the Americans in having several sets built on the stage at once, so that consecutive scenes might be shot without undue intermission. You've no idea how difficult it is to remember exactly what you did and what you were in a scene shot, let us say, five weeks ago! Which reminds me, I do think every film artiste should keep a dress chart. I've known an important bit of film to be scrapped and taken all over again, just because some member of the cast had omitted some small but important item in the costume he had worn earlier in the picture."

Our Tendency to Over-Act.

"WHAT do you consider to be the greatest faults British film artistes have to overcome?" I asked.

"A tendency to over-act," replied Miss Blanche; adding, "and I think we have yet to master the art of make-up."

Miss Blanche confessed that she had experienced certain difficulty, or rather, discomfort during her outdoor work for pictures, because, she said, she had felt "so silly," so out of her element.

Stage Experience.

"YOU do not consider stage experience helpful to the screen?" I suggested.

"No," she concurred. "I think one is much better without it. But a stage artiste can learn many useful lessons from the films. Personally I have acquired some useful hints about the value of repose, and the art of facial expression from them."

The Part She Wants to Play.

AS I was about to take my departure, Miss Blanche told me that the part she would like to play best of all in pictures would be a light comedy role—that she felt such a part would suit her far better than heavy drama—and from her manner I fancy she will yet give us such a role—in Marie Blanche's best light comedy vein. But all the same, Covent Garden's principal boy has for her film favourite Pauline Frederick, whom she specially admired in—"Sapho!"

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

A NEW HEPWORTH FILM — "MRS. ERRICKER'S REPUTATION"

One of the Latest Productions That Cecil M. Hepworth Has Completed.

This Photo-play Has a Splendid Cast of Well-Known Hepworth Favourites.



A scene from "Mrs. Erricker's Reputation," adapted from Thomas Cobb's novel. This photograph shows GWYNNE HERBERT on the left, and EILEEN DENNES on the right.

JAMES CAREW and EILEEN DENNES in a scene from "Mrs. Erricker's Reputation." Above can be seen, from left to right, EILEEN DENNES, ALMA TAYLOR, and GERALD AMES.

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PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

THE WEEK'S BEST JOKES

By permission of Messrs. Pathe Freres

LILY: "I went to a bargain sale to-day."
ELSIE: "Did you see anything that looked cheap?"
LILY: "Yes: several men were waiting outside for their wives."—*New York American.*

* * *

GUEST: "Look here, waiter, how much longer must I wait for that half portion of duck I ordered?"
WAITER: "Till somebody orders the other half. We can't go out and kill half a duck."
—*Le Sourire.*

* * *

MRS. BROWN: "So Alice found her husband kissing the maid. What's she going to do about it?"
MRS. JONES: "Well, she can't seem to make up her mind, poor dear. Sometimes she thinks it would be easier to get a new husband than a new maid."—*London Opinion.*

* * *

MRS. MURPHY (who has just had a cablegram from her son in India): "Wonderful quick things, these telegraphs, ain't they?"
MRS. CASEY: "Quick ain't the word! Why, the gum ain't dry on the envelope yet!"
Pearson's Weekly.

* * *

FIRST LADY ASSISTANT: "I'm so tired, Maunie. I can hardly stand on my feet."
SECOND LADY ASSISTANT: "So am I, Ethel. Are you going to that dance to-night?"
FIRST LADY ASSISTANT: "Why, of course, silly!"—*New York World.*

* * *

LADY CUSTOMER (sniffing a piece of Roquefort cheese): "I'd like sixpennyworth of this cheese."
GROCER'S ASSISTANT (politely): "Madam, you've had it."—*Regina Post.*

* * *

THE STRANGER: "You wouldn't take advantage of the mistakes of others, would you?"
THE CLERGYMAN: "Certainly not!"
THE STRANGER: "Then perhaps you'll return the guinea I paid you when you married me."
Country Gentleman.

* * *

"Ah, yes. Your landscape is a genuine antique. No doubt about it."
"Why?"
"There's a picture of a house to let in it."—*Le Petit Parisien.*

* * *

BALD LECTURER: "Friends, when I think of the lack of decency in modern women's dress—"
VOICE FROM THE REAR: "Garn! Why, yer 'arf naked yerself when yer 'at's off!"
Tit-Bits.

FILM FAULTS.

In the 5th episode of the "Fatal Fortune," Jack Livering, acting as Tom Warden, comes on the film with a lot of sticking-plaster on his forehead. There is a "scrap" with two men, during which the sticking-plaster is knocked off, and strange to say there was not even a mark where the sticking-plaster had been. Did he wear the sticking-plaster for fun? Sent by A. Moore, 37, Langley, nr. Macclesfield, Cheshire.

In "The Miracle of Love," Wyndham Standing left his house to visit Elena in his car. He was wearing a grey suit, but when he arrived at her house he was wearing a dark suit. Sent by J. Davies, 13, Railway Terrace, Porthcawl, Glam., S. Wales.

In 'The Way of a Maid,' when the signal was given that the police were raiding the house, the gamblers in their excitement upset the contents of the table which were scattered on the floor, and the chairs were knocked over including the table. When the police entered the room it was as tidy as if not a soul had been in the house. Who tidied the room? Sent by Sadie Cerre, 51, Beak Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The Second of This Delightful Series, Telling of the Meeting and Marriage of Bryant Washburn and Mabel Chidester

By GRACE KINGSLEY

Read This First.

BRYANT WASHBURN and Mabel Chidester met in an old and none too clean Essanay studio in Chicago. They became acquainted, and the acquaintanceship soon ripened into something greater. One day when they were out for a stroll, Bryant showed Mabel a little four-roomed flat, and asked her if she could stand living in such a tiny place. Just two weeks later they were married.

After their first baby was born they found it difficult to make both ends meet. Mabel set out to learn why a man with Bryant's genius was not getting his name in electric lights. Finally she decided that it was the stories he was doing. She was sure they were not good enough for Bryant.

"Skinner's Dress Suit."

ONE afternoon when Sonny was taking his nap and everything was quiet in the flat, or as quiet as it ever gets in Chicago, Mabel sat reading a magazine. She turned the pages rather idly; then suddenly she sat up straight, as a title caught her eye, "Skinner's Dress Suit." When she was halfway through with the story, she jumped up, ran to where Sonny was sleeping in his crib and cried, "I've got it! Here's the very story for Bryant!" Of course, Sonny awoke with a start and didn't appreciate the situation at all, but began to cry, but Mabel danced about like a girl. She thought she'd telephone to Bryant about it, and then she thought no she wouldn't, but would wait and watch his face when he came home. He wasn't fairly in the house, of course, when she rushed to meet him with a glow on her face and the magazine in her hand. Manlike, he was quite able to wait until after dinner for the story, and then they sat with their faces close together and read the tale of the good fortunes that came to Skinner because he dared to buy a dress suit.

"Oh, the author will want a lot of money for that!" was Bryant's comment.

"Well, Essanay will pay it," replied Mrs. Washburn, all full of enthusiasm and the glow of optimism superinduced by the story. "I—I'm going to ask them myself!"

And so it turned out. That is, she went with Bryant to the heads of Essanay, and together they approached the subject of the story. If you knew Mrs. Washburn, you'd know how hard it is to refuse her anything. The final outcome of it was that Essanay did buy the "Skinner" story for Washburn, and when the picture came out—well, if Mabel hadn't been a Chidester she would have cried for joy.

Famous at Last.

FOR Bryant Washburn was famous. Known and liked before, his pictures were now in demand everywhere. So "Skinner's Dress Suit" proved not only lucky for Skinner, but lucky for the Washburns, too.

That first night it was released in Chicago, Bryant and Mabel sat in the back of the house, where it was dark, and held hands. Only Bryant affected to kid the picture a good deal. And twice afterwards that evening Mabel dragged him around the corner to surprise her Bryant's name in electric lights. Bryant's salary went up and up after that, and the little flat was exchanged for a big one, while a neat maid in a cap was added to the household ménage. The old Skinner charm seemed to work right along, for pretty soon along came the offer from Pathé which took the Washburns to California. When they reached the Western State they never stopped a minute until they had bought a large, handsome home in Hollywood, where there was a big, sunny backyard for Sonny to play in. Next, Washburn got the contract from Famous Players-Lasky, which made his name assured everywhere.

It was there, in the new home, that baby Dwight was born. Followed soon the Washburn's first big trouble. The new baby was taken very ill, and there were many days and nights when neither Bryant nor Mabel stirred from his bedside. Somehow the little fellow pulled through, but he didn't rally, and one day the doctor gave forth his dictum, there must be a transfusion of blood from the veins of some strong, healthy person to the baby if the little one was to live. Of course, Bryant at once offered, the operation was performed, and from that day on the child began to thrive.

If I have dwelt too much on Bryant's professional career in connection with his romance, it was only because that love affair was so inextricably connected with the fact that his sweetheart and his wife was his helpmeet, and I can't tell about their devotion at all without mentioning his work.

The Skinner luck goes right on working. Bryant Washburn now has his own company, with every prospect bright for success. "Luck," did I say? It's a lot deeper than that—the Bryant Washburns' good fortune. I think it springs not only from real excellency of mind and talent, but somehow from foundations of real character in the man and his wife.

Because you know, as well as I do, that it wasn't just Skinner's dress suit that brought Skinner's luck.

THE END.

(Marguerite Clark's Romantic Love Story next week.)



BRYANT WASHBURN, with his wife and little son, in the grounds of their beautiful Hollywood home.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Beauty in the Bedroom—The Use and Effect of the Boudoir Cap—How to Make an Impromptu Boudoir Cap

I ONCE heard a cinema star remark that there was absolutely no need for any woman to look untidy or unbecoming in her bedroom, and I heartily agree with her, although the glimpses one catches of some girls *en deshabille* rather belies my statement. Still the fact remains, and every girl should make a point of looking as well dressed when she is in the precincts of her own room as when she is in the presence of her friends.

The Invaluable Boudoir Cap.

PERHAPS a girl has straight locks and has to put her hair up in curlers every night upon retiring. Well, there is no need for her to let them stick out all around her head in such a grotesque fashion. A simple little mob cap will slip over the head in the twinkling of an eye, and hide all ugliness; in fact, it will give a piquant effect to the wearer. Many girls refuse to wear such a frivolity, declaring that it is an unnecessary vanity, but I can assure these girls that it is a most useful little article of bedroom attire.

Not only does it hide unbecoming crackers, but it is invaluable for the girl who has her hair Marcel waved. The hair will keep in wave far longer if a fine hairpin is clipped in each ridge of the wave, and a boudoir cap slipped over the head to keep them in place, so that they do not come out when you twist and turn in bed. And not only can a cap be put together in about half an hour, but it can be manufactured from scraps of silk and lace left over from blouses and undies.

From a Handkerchief.

IF you are in need of an impromptu boudoir cap, you can make one in the following manner. Select a pretty lace or embroidered edged handkerchief from your sachet. It will need to be of a fair size. Place the handkerchief upon the head, one straight side flat across the brow, and tie a band of ribbon right round the head, gathering in the rest of the hankie toward the back. The ribbon will, of course, have to be kept in place in the front with a few fine hairpins, and a posy of wee flowers could be placed at one side if you wish to look particularly charming.

Another idea is to place the handkerchief upon the head with a point coming down over the nose. Tie the ribbon round the head, finishing with a bow at the centre-back, and then catch the front point back over the ribbon. Caps of this description can be fashioned for general wear from a small square of silk, edged with lace.

FILMS OF THE WEEK

The "Picture Show's" Guide to Picturegoers.

"Jack Straw." ROBERT WARWICK. (*Paramount Artcraft.*)

ROBERT WARWICK as Jack Straw, an ice-man-waiter in love with the daughter of the new rich. Jack is introduced as the Duke of Pomerania to the family of the damsel, and later on, the mother is delighted when the engagement between her daughter and the supposed Duke is announced. But the hero is exposed and shown the door. Then comes a great surprise which completely alters the situation.

"Full of Fight." JESS WILLARD. (*Artistic.*)

THE ex-world champion in a go-ahead story laid in the country west of the Mississippi. Gripping scenes and some great fights are here while many dramatic moments occur, notably when the hero meets his unknown employer, whom he had previously thanked.

"Shod With Fire." WILLIAM RUSSELL. (*Fox.*)

WESTERN romances are always appreciated by young and old alike, and films full of action and thrills such as "Shod with Fire" are sure to please.

"The Cigarette." ANDREE BRABANT and SIGNORET. (*Grangers.*)

A MOST artistic play, well produced, with some beautifully photographed scenes, and a strong story. This play shows how a man, much older than his wife, suddenly thought that he was too old for her and was standing in the way of her love for a younger man. He plans his death shall come through a poisoned cigarette and this leads up to a most dramatic climax.

"A Damsel In Distress." CREIGHTON HALE and JUNE CAPRICE. (*Pathe.*)

A STORY of a man in a cab and a damsel in distress. He falls in love with her, and the result is a flirtation which develops into a love entanglement. June Caprice, as the heroine, runs two love affairs at the same time, and the onlooker is kept guessing as to which swain will be chosen, and this is not divulged until the end.

"The Thinker." ANDREW NOX and MOLLIE MADYS. (*Gaumont.*)

THE story of a man who discovered the secret of the wonderful statue by Rodin, "The Thinker," and read the souls of people, including his wife. An artistic screenplay with the powerful actor, Andrew Nox, in the leading role.

"The Birth of a Soul." HARRY T. MOREY. (*Vitagraph.*)

THIS splendid actor in a dual role in which he plays the parts of a dissolute drunkard and an upright young lawyer. A feud breaks out between two families, and this gives the drunkard his chance to make good.

"April Folly." MARION DAVIES. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

DAINTY Marion Davies as an author who reads a story with herself as heroine, to her publisher, with whom she is in love. There is mystery and romance in this play and the popular star is supported by an efficient cast, including handsome Conway Tearle.

"The Beloved Cheater." LEW CODY. (*Jury's.*)

A GAY and uncommon story. It shows how a love expert—played by Lew Cody—helps a bashful man to make love to his sweetheart. A kiss in the dark is the cause of all the trouble and many are the amusing episodes which follow.

"Go and Get It." AGNES AYRES, PAT O'MALLEY and WESLEY BARRY. (*First National.*)

DIRECTED by Marshall Neilan, this picture is full of thrills. It is the romance of a reporter. He changes from one plane to another in mid-air, from plane to train and back, and from seaplane to steamer. A strong mystery and a delicate love story runs through it.

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

IF it were necessary at all to apologise for touching on an old subject, then I for one would hesitate to put pen to paper. Yet I am encouraged by the reflection that there is nothing new under the sun, even though the knowledge of it may be disconcerting. In the film world there are subjects of greater age than the art of the motion picture itself since they have been hammered out by controversialists in relation to other things as well. So when I turn to the question from a correspondent whether long or short films are best preferred, I am reminded of the differences in opinion which have prevailed regarding the length of stage plays, magazine stories, lectures, and sermons.

At the same time, it may be interesting to recall the discussion relating to film plays which occupied the attention of several in the film industry in America not long ago. According to it, the two-reel subject seemed to be the most favoured, and plans were said to be in preparation to give the public a greater number of pictures of this length than hitherto. It was claimed for the two-reel drama that it could depict stronger action, and that there would be fewer instances, if any, of the tensity of the story being interrupted by scenes which were no more than padding. Also, it would give the audience a more varied programme, and save those who came the tedium of seeing two long, drawn-out pictures.

There is much, of course, to be said for this view. Yet a survey of the films to be released during the coming months shows that the picture of five reels and more still dominates the field. Many of this type already released could certainly have done with more cutting down, for several feet of country roads or bare, unnecessary interior scenes are apt to distract from the interest of the play. But it is a mistaken idea that the public does not favour the five or six reel film. It will always welcome it when the quality of it is good throughout. That is the long and short of it, for quality is the thing which counts most.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

J. B. (Dysart).—Terence Cavanagh is a British actor, for he was born in Oxford. Your second question leaves me filled with curiosity. "As I stay in Scotland," you write, "I would like to know where Jack Mulhall's mother was born." But what would your question be instead if you were staying in England or Ireland? Sorry. In any case, I don't know.

"TIMAH" (Singapore).—Bothwell Browne is the name I can find. He was born in Denmark, and is described as a female impersonator. His screen career with Paramount and Mack Sennett comedies includes "Miss Jack," and "Yankee Doodle in Berlin."

D. B. (Swaffham).—You say I have to put up with a lot, whether I like it or not. Oh, I can assure you I like it! But how can I trace a girl only from the fact that she has fair hair. There is quite a multitude of damsels in filmland who favour this colouring. "Dear Mr. Rome" would do quite nicely if you want to address him. Gerald Ames' birthday is on September 12th.

GWENDOLYN.—Were you too shy or afraid to tell me where you abide? Eddy Polo was in "The Grey Ghost" with Priscilla Dean, Harry Carter, and Emory Johnson. In "The Bull's Eye" Eddy Polo was Ed. Cody, Vivian Reed (Cora Clayton), Frank Lanning (Nathen Loose), Ray Hanford (John Clayton), William Welch (John North), Hal Cooley (Lee McGuire), and Nobel Johnson (Sweeney Bodin). Marguerite Snow and Mitchell Lewis were in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

DORIS (Hartley).—You have discovered that I am the only one who can answer you. I suspect you, young lady, of trying to flatter me. All the same, I feel tremendously sorry that I cannot answer your first question. The reason is this: that there is only one name given in the cast of "The Transgressor," and that is Marion Swayne. So who the little ones are I must leave you to guess. Yes, it was Ann Little opposite Bill Hart in "Square Deal Sanderson." Wesley Barry does not say a word about his relatives.

"HEARTSEASE" (Sheffield).—You knew all along that it was not Sessue Hayakawa in "Temptation." That is just what I was trying to impress on some people who wouldn't believe me. No, the Talmadges of film fame are not related to the one you mention. Bessie Barriscale's eyes are blue. But I would not stake my life on it. That is merely what the "official" account of her tells me.

"BLUEBELL" (Erith).—Juanita Hansen has fair hair. Natalie Talmadge and Beulah Livingstone are, of course, two different persons; and the latter I might mention, is not an artiste. I will find out what you want to know about Rosemary Theby.

P. W. (Hornsey).—Sorry, but I do not know of any paper giving the information you want.

"ECHO DELANE" (Bradford).—No, I cannot tell you in what part of Bradford Gregory Scott was born. I am glad you think our calendar is simply gorgeous. Someone else wrote to say it was really delicious, because it was so full of dates. The young man's name is not given on the photo we have. Yes, Dorothy Gish is now Mrs. J. Rennie, and Constance Talmadge is Mrs. J. Pialogon. Oh, no, I am not a lady. Never was one, you know.

A. H. (Brondesbury).—Whose child is Ben Alexander? Well, he was born in Goldfield, Nevada, in 1913, and was christened Nicholas Benton Alexander III. So his father's name must be Alexander, too.

MOLLIE (Bowes Park).—You will run out of your stock of question marks, Mollie, if you send me so many all at once. And, unfortunately, there are only two out of the whole bunch that anyone could answer. Pearl White's birthday is on March 4th, and Billie Burke was born on August 7th, 1886. I haven't heard that rumour about Irene Castle.

"SNOWDROP" (Exeter).—Thanks for bringing this paper to the notice of your friends. I know they must have been delighted. Have you seen the previous information about Alma Taylor, Gerald Ames, Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, and Pauline Frederick? If so, I'll tell you about Alice Joyce. Her mother was born in Wales, but Alice herself first saw the world in Kansas City in 1890. She was a telephone girl before she began acting, and her husband now is James Regan. Madlaine Traverse and Wheeler Oakman were the leads in "The Splendid Sin," and Marie Walcamp was the star in "Tongues of Flame."

E. D. (Burton Latimer).—Sorry, but Rose Manners does not divulge what you want to know about her.

D. P. (Wanstead).—George Cheseboro has appeared in "The She-Wolf" and "The Lost City." You might try your luck.

DOLLIE (Brewood).—Marriages, it is said, are made in heaven, and divorces in the U.S.A. Go carefully with your matrimonial list. Antonio Moreno is a bachelor. Frank Keenan is married. Ann Little is not married now, and Owen Nares's wife is Marie Polini.

G. (London, S.E.).—This is the fourth time you have written to me, you say. Well, go ahead; there will be no charge at all. Questions one, two, and three I must leave. As regards the others, the leading men were Charles Spore in "The Lamb and the Lion," Trano Zini in "All the World's a Stage," W. E. Lawrence in "The Japanese Nightingale," and Frank Mills in "The Silent Woman."

"BUNNY" (Liverpool).—So, owing to stolid parental opposition, you have turned your ambition from the films to commerce. Well, that comes of having a wise father and mother. Alla Nazimova is a Russian. She was born in Yialta, Crimea, in 1879, and was educated at Zurich, Geneva, and Odessa. Charles Bryant is her husband. Ruby de Remer was born in Colorado, Denver, and three of her films are: "Pals First," "The Great Romance," and "Ashes of Love."

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

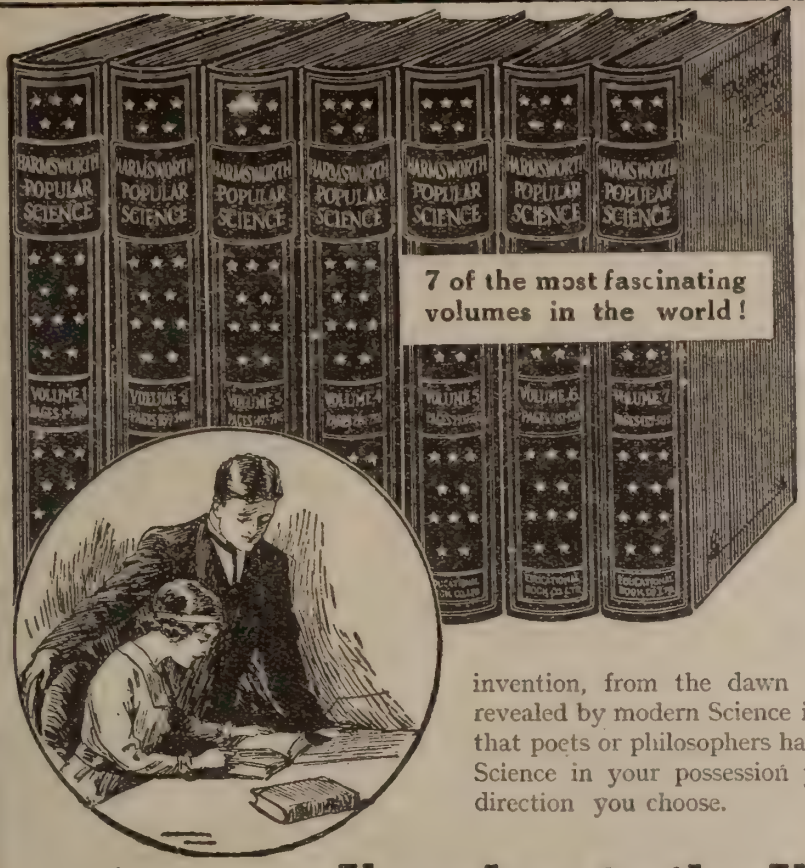
HARRY MOREY, care of Vitagraph Studios, East 15th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

EUGENE O'BRIEN, care of Selznick Pictures Corporation, Fort Lee, New Jersey, U.S.A.

DOROTHY DALTON, care of Ince Studios, Culver City, California, U.S.A.

WANDA HAWLEY, care of Realart Pictures Corporation, 469, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

(More addresses next week.)



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75 Prizes of £1 each.

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On this page you will find the sixth set of photographs of several well-known Cinema Artistes, all of whom are more or less disguised by goggles.

Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet. This competition will last eight weeks, and when the last set of pictures appears we shall tell you when and how to send your efforts to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Girls' Cinema," and the "Boys' Cinema," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.



41. .....



42. .....



43. .....



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45. .....



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47. .....



48. .....

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PICTURE SHOW, March 5th, 1921. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

"TWELVE O'CLOCK."—Beautiful Art Study of Ruth Roland, 16 x 10, INSIDE.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. MARCH 5, 1921.

No. 97. Vol. 4.

MERELY MARY ANN—— Shirley Mason's New Part.



(Photo: Fox.)

"Merely Mary Ann," by Israel Zangwill, was an appealing story and made a delightful stage play. Now it has been immortalised on the screen with Shirley Mason as Mary Ann. Shirley has two famous sisters on the screen, Edna Flugrath and Viola Dana.

Splendid new serial, "A Princess of the Screen." Begins in this week's 'Girls' Cinema'

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"I joined up in due course, but could not support the strain of military life. Soon I was in hospital, and finally was discharged altogether. When I came home I got some Dr. Cassell's Tablets and it was wonderful how I improved. I gained strength daily, got an appetite, and now feel well and fit, and it is due entirely to Dr. Cassell's Tablets."

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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 60.—MARC MacDERMOTT.

MARC MacDERMOTT has a sense of humour. When he received his copy of the PICTURE SHOW, with Snooky on the cover, he posed for this photograph and sent it with a letter saying he is wondering if there is really something in that Darwin theory.

—♦♦—

Our Art Picture This Week.

IF you are reading and appreciating Ruth Roland's Beauty Hints now appearing in the PICTURE SHOW you will be pleased with the centre page art picture of her this week. "Twelve o' Clock" is Ruth's favourite and latest picture. I hope you like it, too.

—♦♦—

Fascinating Story of Film Life.

"A PRINCESS OF THE SCREEN" is the fascinating title of a splendid new serial beginning in this week's "Girls' Cinema," out to-morrow. The author of this story is just back from Los Angeles, and has written specially for the "Girls' Cinema" a most intimate story of a heroine in filmland, and her adventures among all your favourites of the screen. You have never read a story like it, so if you like novelties and are interested in screenland you must read it. I promise you a treat.

—♦♦—

About Wyndham Standing.

I WAS in a certain cinema one day recently and saw among the audience Wyndham Standing, watching his ghost flit across the screen in "Earthbound." It was quite an unofficial visit, and no one knew Wyndham Standing was in the theatre, until someone, waiting in the queue to see the film, recognised him as he left the cinema. Mr. Standing sprang into a taxi, and was whirled away before the crowd could persuade him to stay awhile.

Mr. Standing is over here on a holiday. So many people discovered that he was staying at the Savoy that his day became one long procession of interviews, and signing of autograph books, so he slipped away to another hotel, where he has remained unrecognised up to the time of writing.

While he is over here, it is quite possible that he may take part in a British play. For although Wyndham Standing has played over in America for so long, he is an Englishman by birth.

—♦♦—

William Hart's Successor.

IF W. S. Hart keeps to his resolve to retire, he will leave Tom Santschi practically undisputed as the screen's exponent of the Western type of photo-play.

Tom Santschi is one of the pioneers of the cinema. It is said that he has played in over two hundred parts. One of his early releases still stands out as one of his greatest. This was as Macnamara, in "The Spoilers."

Santschi's real name is not Tom, but Paul. One of his directors called him Tom, and Tom he has been ever since.

—♦♦—

The Most Beautiful.

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE, whose photograph appears on this page, has just been acclaimed by Paul Helleu, the famous French etcher, as "the most beautiful woman he has ever seen."

Miss Johnstone was dining at a restaurant the other night, when Helleu, who happened to be dining at a table near by, spied Miss Johnstone, asked the head waiter for a card, and proceeded to draw a rapid two-minute sketch of Miss Johnstone. When he had completed it, he went over to Miss Johnstone's table, and presenting her with the sketch, told her that she was the "most beautiful woman he had ever seen," and asked to have the privilege of making a sketch of her this winter.

Florenz Ziegfield, creator of the Follies, recently pronounced Miss Johnstone as one of the five most beautiful women on the screen.

—♦♦—

Billie Ritchie Ill.

I HEAR that Billie Ritchie, whom you all remember, like that famous comedian, Charlie Chaplin, was a member of Fred Karno's company and who has recently been making a reputation in Fox Sunshine comedies, is lying seriously ill in a Los Angeles hospital.

I hear that he is suffering from a complication of internal trouble, and it is feared that a serious operation must be immediately performed.

—♦♦—

Charlie's Progress.

A STUDIO tradition is that an actor should not attempt to direct. But Charles Ray has just completed a film entitled "Scrap Iron," which, it is said, has upset this tradition, by turning out a splendid picture.

Charles Ray seems to have made a big stride in every picture in which he has appeared. We can remember him a few years ago playing small parts with W. S. Hart, in two-reel dramas, while to-day he is one of the best known stars of the screen.

By the way, I hear these two-reel dramas are to be re-issued, so we can compare Charles' work then, and his acting of to-day.



IVY DUKE at Nice, reading some of the letters she has received from PICTURE SHOW readers.

—♦♦—

An Interesting Letter.

I HAVE received a most interesting letter from a reader, who has had the wonderful opportunity of being able to visit America. He begins by telling me that he was a regular reader of the PICTURE SHOW, and used to dream of the wonderful happenings and sights to be seen in New York, and in the great movie colony.



JUSTINE JOHNSTONE, now starring in Realart pictures.



NEELY EDWARDS, once a musical comedy star, now featured in film comedies.

Last summer his opportunity came to visit there, and during the last few months he has been wandering about seeing the wonderful places that he has read about in the PICTURE SHOW.

First he tells me about Broadway, New York, which he describes as a "wonderful fairyland, where night is turned into day."

—♦♦—

New York Picture Houses.

"THERE is only one word for the movie theatres on Broadway," he says, "and that is 'Mighty.' The Capitol, one of the largest movie palaces in the world, is a wonderful piece of work, both in interior and exterior. When lit up at night it is a sight worth coming many miles to see.

"A few weeks after I'd been here, I made a trip over to Fort Lee, over in New Jersey. There are the Universal, the Selznick, and other big film studios, there. You can imagine my excitement when I saw a street ready for a scene, made of movie props. While I was chatting with one of the studio men a party of people came riding in. In the car sat a beautiful young lady, a young man, and two men with a camera between them.

"I surmised they were movie actors, and turning to the man to whom I had been talking, I asked him if this was so. He said they were, and pointed out Elaine Hammerstein, who was one of the party. Their faces were all powdered white, for they had just come in from 'shooting' a film.

—♦♦—

Seeing Cinema Celebrities.

"RECENTLY a ball was given at the Hotel Astor. How I wish that all of your readers could have been there! A few of the many stars present were Constance and Norma Talmadge, Charles Chaplin, William Farnum, Alice Brady, Pearl White, and others too numerous to mention.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (*Continued from page 3.*)

"I have been to boxing matches, where round the ring side sat such stars as Charles Chaplin, William Farnum, and others equally well known. Charles Chaplin was introduced in the ring at a recent bout, and the house gave him a tremendous ovation. Really, I didn't know whom to look at, the movie stars, or the boxers.

—♦♦—

Films to Remember.

"A FEW of the latest films that I have seen, and that will cause a hit when they reach England are D. W. Griffith's 'Way Down East,' 'Passion,' a film with wonderful scenes of the Revolution Period; 'Outside the Law,' with Priscilla Dean; 'Broadway and Home,' with Eugene O'Brien; and others."

I am sure all my readers join with me in thanking Mr. Phillips for his interesting letter. He gives his address as 753, Hopkinson Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

—♦♦—

Screen Version of "Black Beauty."

I HEAR that the screen version of "Black Beauty," known and loved for forty years in every part of the world where books are read, is all the book was, and more.

Every incident of the story has been told, with one or two additions.

The story has not been changed. But in the book, you remember, Black Beauty knew only what was going on outside the house, and what he actually saw, or what he was told. The scenes that have been added show what happened when Black Beauty was not present.

—♦♦—

Correcting an Error.

IN a recent issue of the PICTURE SHOW, a photograph appeared of Gwynn Stratford, who is appearing in the screen version of "A Rank Outsider." This film was inadvertently attributed to the Stoll Film Co. "A Rank Outsider" is a Broadwest film in which Cameron Carr plays the lead, supported by John Gliddon, and Gwynn Stratford.

—♦♦—

For the Screen.

JAMES MASON, who plays the villain in the Pathé film, "The Sage Hen," and does his best to make Gladys Brockwell miserable, has for the first time in history, cinematograph or otherwise, attempted to go over the Yocmite Falls in a boat.

The drop was about one hundred and thirty-five feet, but it was possible for an expert diver and swimmer to do it. I hear that twenty men, all expert swimmers, offered to double for the villain and do the stunt.

In this play, Wallace Macdonald is the hero.

—♦♦—

A Real Difficulty.

ROWLAND MILES, already well known as a screen hero, having played in Ethel M. Dell's "Bars of Iron," and Rita's "My Lord Conceit," is now at work on Olive Wadsley's novel, "Frailty."

This is his most trying part, because in this, as the hero, he has the role of a young man, a victim of the drug habit, who, in order to become worthy of the girl he loves, struggles against it. It is in the early part of the story the difficulty arises, for as a cocaine fiend, he has to look the part, and he has not the remotest idea of the effects of the drug. But Mr. Miles is consulting a doctor to put him right.

—♦♦—

Alma Taylor's Charm.

THE rôle of Helen, in "Helen of the Four Gates," just released, gives Alma Taylor a tremendous opportunity for displaying her versatility. Helen is certainly one of the finest woman's parts from an emotional point of view yet seen on the screen. Alma Taylor, the famous leading lady of Hepworth picture plays, has been acting for the films since she was a child of eleven. This is possibly one of the reasons that she does not betray the least sign of self-consciousness before the eye of the camera. She is perfectly natural.

Fay Filmer.



BOBBY CLARK, the clever boy actor, who has been on the films since the age of three, is just six years old. You can see him now with CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in the school scene of "Eyes of Youth." Bobby made a stage success with Mr. GODFREY TEARLE in "Carnival," when that play was produced in America. Bobby is now touring America with William Hodge, a well-known American actor, in a new play entitled "The Guest of Honour," and has received much praise in the newspapers for his clever acting. One paper said: "Allentown last night saw a wonderful child actor. The lines given this toddler are difficult, and develop many of the finest situations of the play. The child, however, came up to every exacting requirement of what is actually the keystone role of the play. Bobby is British. His father is a native of Leeds. Little Betty Clark, Bobby's sister, aged four, has also appeared on the screen.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

WEDDING bells, orange blossom and romance is in the air. Pretty little Doris May, the brown-eyed child who first came into fame as Charles Ray's leading lady is soon to marry Wallace MacDonald, a motion picture actor. Doris didn't mean to let a word of her secret leak out, but when a girl has a new diamond ring, and simply cannot resist the desire to wear it, what is she to do? Doris wore it, and after much questioning on the part of interested friends she shyly admitted (one of these days she expects to become Mrs. Wallace MacDonald. Having a conventional soul, and being old-fashioned, Doris plans to have a wedding with bridesmaids, bridal veil and Lohengrin's far-famed wedding march.

For my readers who may not recall Doris, she is the little girl with the fluffy hair and great dark eyes who played opposite Charles Ray in all his earlier successes. Later she was made a co-star with Douglas MacLean in "Twenty-Three and One-Half Hours' Leave," and other specials made by Thomas H. Ince. I believe she was originally called Doris Lee. Every lady has a right to change her name at least once and there are few in the motion picture business who do not take advantage of this opportunity and try a name or two before a definite selection is made.

—♦♦—

Theda Bara Sick.

"THE BLUE FLAME" has had to temporarily cease performances. The star, Theda Bara, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, has been ordered to take a complete rest. Poor as the play has been dubbed by critics, the box-office receipts have been so heavy the Woods offices are in despair over Miss Bara's need for a rest. In every town she has played to capacity houses. As one man said after seeing her:

"Everyone is willing to try anything once."

—♦♦—

June Elvidge in Vaudeville.

I HAPPENED to see June Elvidge at the Ritz a few weeks ago looking particularly happy and fit. I asked her why the smile, and she said she had a new vaudevilie contract that appealed to her as being one of the best things that have come her way in some time. She is playing the Orpheum circuit, which in America is the big time for vaudeville artistes, in a sketch called "The Crystal Gazer." Later reports from New Orleans say the south took June to its heart en masse and she received a reception such as is seldom accorded any player.

—♦♦—

To Make "Wedding Bells."

ALL of Constance Talmadge's friends are laughing over the title of her next picture. "Wedding Bells," if you please, adapted for her from a play that had a highly successful New York run last year.

—♦♦—

Billie Burke Don't Mind Acting.

IN America the motion picture stars are having a sad time. At least a dozen of them, whose names I refuse to mention, are dying to vote in the coming presidential election, but find it impossible to do so because they have told the world that they are just eighteen. One must be twenty-one in order to be permitted to register at the primaries. Billie Burke, not being one who cares an iota about age, walked boldly to the primaries, deciding to do her best for the cause.

"And now, Miss Burke, I shall have to ask you one question," said the clerk, flushing with embarrassment. "You are supposed at least it is required, that is the law—will you please tell me your age?"

"Certainly," she replied briskly. "I am over twenty-one."

"Twenty-one?" he answered gallantly. "Well, you certainly don't look it."

And now Miss Burke is wondering why all the women are making such a fuss over voting.

"The clerks are so polite," she said, "I didn't in the least mind telling my age."

LOUELLA PARSONS.

THIS WEEK'S PICTURE SHOWS

"Helen of Four Gates." ALMA TAYLOR. (*Hepworth.*)

"Black Shadows." PEGGY HYLAND. (*Fox.*)

"Nothing But Lies." TAYLOR HOLMES. (*F. B. O.*)

"His Official Fiancee." VIVIAN MARTIN. (*Paramount.*)

"Alarm Clock Andy." CHARLES RAY. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

"The Lonely Woman." BELLE BENNETT. (*Western Import.*)

"Only Her Husband." TILDA KASSAY. (*L. I. F. T.*)

"At the Mercy of Tiberius." (*Samuelson.*)

"At the Villa Rose." MANORA THEW. (*Stoll.*)

"The House on the Marsh." CECIL HUMPHREYS and PEGGY PATTERSON. (*Jury.*)

"Yes or No." NORMA TALMADGE. (*First National.*)

"Build Thy House." HENRY AINLEY. (*Ideal.*)

THE "PICTURE SHOW'S" GUIDE TO PICTUREGOERS

I WONDER how many "Picture Show" readers know that part of Lancashire that joins on to Yorkshire? The psychic atmosphere of those two adjoining counties "goes a long way to solve the riddle of the Brontes and their wonderful books," Cecil Hepworth, the famous producer and pioneer of British Films, told me the other morning when we were discussing "Helen of the Four Gates," which deals with life in the Bronte district. "It was written by an almost illiterate mill-girl, so I am told," said Mr. Hepworth.

Dwellers in Lonely Houses.

IN Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte Bronte the following phrase throws an illuminating light on the characters depicted in "Helen of the Four Gates":

"Still there are those remaining in this class—dwellers in the lonely houses far away in the upland districts—even at the present day who sufficiently indicate what strange eccentricity—what wild strength of will—nay, even what unnatural power of crime was fostered by a mode of living in which a man seldom met his fellows, and whose public opinion was only a distant and inarticulate echo of some clearer voice sounding behind the sweeping horizon."

Mr. Hepworth added that he believed pictures helped to make people understand their neighbours better. They were often strangers although living just across the border, strangers in customs, thoughts, and ideals.

Lovers of Real Life Stories

WILL be fascinated by Cecil Hepworth's fine production. The scenery is wild, beautiful, desolate, also there are enchanting glimpses of verdant pasturage.



ALMA TAYLOR as Helen, the daughter.

GERALD AMES as Henson, warns Helen (the mother) against marrying Abel, and so begins a terrible hatred.

The hero, George Dewhurst, who plays Martin, is not the conventional "pretty-pretty" type. He is a strong, rough man who wins the heart of the wild but bewitching Helen.

Alma Taylor, as Helen, is seen at her best—beneath the joyous temperament and adoration of nature. There is also that sweet feminine allurement that chains Martin to her.

Cecil Hepworth's Production

OF the story "Helen of the Four Gates," by Mrs. E. Houldsworth, may easily be called one of the greatest Hepworth films yet released. Abel Mason, played by James Carew, is a realistic piece of work—almost terrifying in its grim relentlessness.

* * *

"YES OR NO" is a problem drama in which Norma Talmadge plays two distinct rôles—the wife of a rich man who neglects her, and the wife of a poor engineer who is absorbed in his work.

* * *

"BUILD THY HOUSE" is a British production of the £200 prize film story, with Henry Ainley as a Labour champion. There is a big surprise in this play, and onlookers are kept expectant all the way through.

* * *

"THE HOUSE ON THE MARSH" is a mystery tale in which the secret is not divulged until the end. It is the picturisation of Florence Warden's well-known novel, and is interpreted by a cast of first-class British players.

* * *

WE see Peggy Hyland again in "At the Mercy of Tiberius," a mystery story in which a girl is accused of being the cause of the death of her grandfather. She is shielding her brother, and this leads her to prison. The prosecuting attorney, whom she likens to Tiberius, the cruel Roman tyrant, is resolved to prove her innocence after resigning from his post. He not only does this, but finds her brother and also makes her his wife.

* * *

A MAKE-BELIEVE engagement "for business reasons," which ended seriously but happily, is the theme of "His Official Fiancée." Vivian Martin in an appealing role as a stenographer who is asked by her stern employer to pose as his fiancée for a sum of money. Her brother being "hard up" she consents, and, of course, this leads to all manner of complications.

* * *

"AT THE VILLA ROSE" is the film version of A. E. W. Mason's play produced at the Strand Theatre. The story is thrilling and mysterious.



Helen (the daughter) pleads with Martin (played by GEORGE DEWHURST), who has won her heart.



JAMES CAREW as Abel Mason and ALMA TAYLOR as Helen.

BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TO-DAY.



The CALL OF THE ROAD



The Splendid New Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM

Read This First.

AN old vagabond with his violin and a young boy of about twelve are tramping along a Kentish lane, when they come to an old inn. Before the two "gentlemen of the road" enter, a horseman approaches in a cloud of dust. He stops at the inn for a mug of ale, and says he is on his way to warn Master Alfred that Master Silas has landed in England with Lady Rowena, and that they are on their way to the Hall.

"'Tis time the old man came to stop the doings at the Hall! 'Tis dice and cards and wine, day and night!" said the hostess of The Old Punch Bowl.

* * * *

Half-a-dozen men are gathered in the oak room at Truscott Hall, seated around a table upon which a game of cards is in progress.

One man only stands apart, watching the players. This is Alfred Truscott, called "the Lamb." He is watching two men intently—the first, Sir Martin Trevor, handsome and distinguished, with the expression of the inveterate gambler; the other a mere boy, playing with feverish anxiety.

Young Ullswater at length refuses to play longer, and implies that Sir Martin Trevor is not playing fairly. The Lamb prevents the matter going further, and succeeds in making the lad leave the Hall.

In the play that follows the Lamb loses steadily, and at length stakes his all in a throw of the dice. Sir Martin changes the dice for loaded ones, and wins; but the Lamb, roused to fury, attacks him, and, after a rough handling, Sir Martin challenges him to a duel.

When Silas Truscott returns to the Hall, he orders Alfred to leave the house, and the latter takes him at his word. In the woods he comes across Paganini Primus and Paganini Secundus, the old fiddler and the young boy, and spends the day with them. He tells the old man of his coming duel, and promises him he shall be his second.

Lady Rowena is told by her maid that this duel is to take place, and the girl is horrified when her mistress says that she will go to the spot appointed, as she wishes to see of what mettle her gipsy cousin, whom she has never met, is made.

She and the maid witness the duel from behind a clump of bushes. Sir Martin Trevor is full of self-confidence, but soon finds he has met his match in the Lamb. Sir Martin's sword is suddenly sent spinning in the air, but Alfred, instead of killing him, tweaks the nose of his enemy, who vows vengeance for this act.

Maiden Fancies.

THE Lady Rowena retired to rest, but could not sleep. She rose late and for the rest of the day she was strangely pre-occupied.

Try as she would she could not forget even for a moment that scene in the field of the stunted oaks. She saw every detail of it as in a picture so vivid as to be almost real. She saw it as it began in grim tragedy and as it ended in roaring farce.

But, most vivid of all was the face of Alfred Truscott, now hard, stern, and resolute, now breaking into joyous laughter.

"What concern is it of mine?"

She asked herself that question again and again while her cheeks burned.

"He is naught to me," she argued, "we have never spoken, we can never speak. He hath turned his back on the world to which I belong. Our ways in life are far apart. Mine uncle will never forgive him, and he, forsooth, is not the man to seek forgiveness. I would I had never seen him. I will think of him no more!"

And then she sighed and continued to think of him and of little else.

Early that afternoon she wandered alone in the quaint old garden of Truscott Hall and yet never in her life had she felt less alone.

A whole crowd of shadowy figures were her companions. There was an old fiddler with a humorous face and a black patch over his right eye; there was Sir Martin Trevor, his handsome face distorted by rage and hate; and there was Alfred Truscott laughing like a mischievous schoolboy.

The girl's expression changed with every fleeting thought. Now she would frown darkly, and now again a faint smile would flit across her lovely face and flicker in her soft blue eyes.

She wandered through the garden picking a flower here and there, but not really interested in her task, and when her uncle suddenly came upon her he surprised her idly pulling to pieces the delicate blooms she had gathered.



A. E. COLEBY as Punch Murphy.

"Why, lass, is it true that even thou canst be cruel at times?" said the old man with a smile in which there was a great deal more tenderness than rebuke. "I never thought to see the harmless flowers ill-treated by thee."

Rowena looked up guiltily, but with woman's wit quickly regained her self-control.

"If I am cruel, 'tis to those who cannot feel the pain," she said quietly. "Canst thou say as much, uncle of mine?"

The old man looked at her sharply.

"I trust so, I trust so, my dear," he replied brusquely. "There is no man living who can say that Silas Truscott ever did him an injustice."

"And is there nothing greater even than justice, uncle dear?"

"Naught, my child, naught!" declared the old man vehemently. "If all men were just there would be little amiss with the world."

"And if all men got their deserts who would escape a whipping?" quoted Rowena demurely.

Silas Truscott's face clouded darkly, he gripped more tightly the stick he was carrying, and rapped it once or twice sharply on the gravel path.

"Now, look you, niece," he said querulously, "what nonsensical notion hast thou in thy pretty, foolish head? Wouldst thou meddle in my affairs?"

"Yes, uncle," replied the girl meekly, casting her eyes down. "I would have thee be merciful as thou art just. My cousin Alfred——"

"Now, by my faith, I will hear no more!" cried the old man in a sudden outburst of fury. "Am I to have no peace in mine own house? Am I to be plagued by thee as well as by that ungrateful dog who has bitten the hand which fed it? Did I not take him in his rags and do the best I could for him? Did I not treat him as mine own son? But the blood of his parents was too strong within him. His father was a spendthrift and a wastrel, his mother a gipsy wench. What's bred in the bone comes out in the flesh. Alfred is a graceless scamp. He will go the way his father went. So be it. He shall never darken my doors again. Never have I been angry with thee, Rowena. Ever have I tried to be thy indulgent guardian and thy loving friend, but in my own house I will be master, and it is my command that thou shalt speak no more of this."

He was trembling with anger, and the girl moving to his side, took his hand gently in her own and strove to soothe him.

"Forgive me, uncle, I did not mean to vex thee," she said affectionately. "Thou art so good and kind to me I cannot bear to think I have displeased thee. Much would I give to bring about a reconciliation between thee and my cousin, but if it may not be, I will hold my peace. Thou knowest best, and I will say no more."

"Good child," said the old man somewhat mollified. "'Tis true. I know best. Women are ignorant of such matters, and should not meddle. Thou hast not seen thy cousin. If thou hadst you wouldst despise him even as I do."

Again the guilty flush came into the Lady Rowena's cheeks, but she did not speak.

"And now, child, I have news for thee," went on the old man. "Thy godmother, Lady Ullswater has written. She has expressed the wish that thou wilt visit her and spend a long holiday with her. I shall be lonely without thee, child."

The girl looked startled and even a little dismayed.

The proposed visit had its attractions, for in her godmother's country mansion there would, she knew, be plenty of company, but just now she would have preferred to stay at the Hall.

She would not have confessed it even to herself, but at the back of her mind was the thought that her cousin might still be in the neighbourhood.

"I cannot bear the thought of leaving thee, uncle," she murmured.

"And I shall miss thee, child, but thy godmother's wishes must be respected. And maybe thou wilt find a better companion there than this old curmudgeon."

For answer she flung her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"That was said, uncle, that I might deny it!" she said teasingly. "I could be happy here with thee as thou knowest, but 'tis true I must go. Is't for long?"

"Two months. Thy maid had better prepare. Tony Ronald will guard thee on the journey."

"Ronald? Was he not——"

"Yes, yes, he was thy cousin's servant, and now he is thine. He can be trusted. He hath not been corrupted by the evil example of his worthless master."

Two days later Rowena with her maid set forth on their journey, and by the side of the great lumbering carriage rode Tony Ronald.

Punch Murphy's Tavern.

ON leaving the field of honour Alfred Truscott and his two friends took to the open road.

Primus was anxious to reach a town some fifteen miles away, where he had heard there were to be gay doings in connection with a wedding.

"'Tis a wedding of the quality," he explained. "The whole town will be agog, and 'twill go hard if I do not reap a silver harvest with the aid of my old friend here."

As he spoke he tapped his violin significantly.

In high spirits, therefore, the three set forth. They went through the village, past the Old Punch Bowl, and so out to the open country.

They did not halt till close on noon, when Alfred suddenly flung himself down in the shadow of a hedge and declared his intention of resting a while.

Nothing loth, the others seated themselves beside him.

During the last mile or two Alfred had become

(*Continued on page* 8)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF BEBE DANIELS

(Special to the "Picture Show.")



Doubtful.



Enquiry.



Pensive.



Her smile.



Invitation.



Her frown.

BEBE DANIELS

Who Made Her Debut on the Stage When Ten Weeks Old

BEBE DANIELS says that the secret of her success was having a Spanish mother and a Scotch father.

For her temperament combines the warmth and poetry of the Latin race, together with the persistence and doggedness of the Scotch.

She was just ten weeks old when she first made her début on the speaking stage, in a play in which her mother was taking part.

When four years old she was playing in Shakespearean repertoire in New York.

From New York she went to Los Angeles, and having once appeared before the camera in a screen play, she has lived in the great film colony ever since.

Her Screen Career.

AS you know, Bebe Daniels first began her screen career in comedy, until she was discovered by Cecil De Mille, and given a part in the film version of "The Admirable Creighton."

Since then she has appeared in a number of pictures, including, "Why Change Your Wife," "The Fourteenth Man," "Everywoman," and in "The Dancin' Fool," a film which will be released over here the third week in May, and in which she plays opposite Wallace Reid.

Romance Rumours.

NOW Bebe Daniels is a Realart star.

A few months ago there were many rumours that she was going to marry Harold Lloyd with whom, as you know, she played in comedy for two years.

It was said that Bebe and Harold had a sort of understanding between them.

Then suddenly Bebe realised that her career was all she cared about for a few years, so she decided not to marry.

She was only fifteen when she first met Harold.

But when that awful accident occurred that nearly caused Harold Lloyd to lose his sight, I hear she called every day to see him, and confessed to a friend that if he really did go blind, and could not work any more, she would marry him, and take care of him for the rest of his life.

Bebe's Ambition.

BEBE ought to be spoilt, for she has the distinction of being the only daughter, the only niece, and the only grandchild.

She has just taken a house in the Beverley Hills, and declares that before ever she thinks of marrying, she is going to see her mother settled in life, and for a few years really spoil her grandmother. In this house she has fitted up one room in purely Eastern fashion, and has collected some beautiful Oriental curios.

This room is very Eastern, even to the crystal. But Bebe says that though she has often gazed into it, she has never seen her future depicted in its shadowy depths. She has original ideas on dress, and says she will let anyone pick out her dress, as long as she is allowed to choose the shoes, stockings and hats to go with the frock.

Her Accomplishments.

BEBE says if you would be well dressed, remember it is these accessories that mean so much. It is the commonest fault with women to spend hours picking out a suitable frock, and then to purchase the accessories in a few hurried minutes.

"There is quite a psychology in the matter of shoes and stockings," says Bebe, "and I always buy two pairs of different pattern stockings and two pairs of shoes, likewise different, to go with each gown.

"I don't mind wearing the same frock for a demure miss part and a vamp if I can change my shoes and stockings, a plain pair of hose and shoes for the demure maiden, and filmy lace stockings and high-heeled shoes, decked with diamond buckles, to advertise me as a very "dangerous" girl.

Bebe can do other things beside act. She is quite a clever pen-and-ink artist, and decorated her own bedroom set of ivory with painted clusters of garlands and flowers. She swims like a fish, loves to dance and ride horseback, and can ride any fashion, but confesses that she prefers the English method, though she is an expert rider Western manner.



BEBE DANIELS.

If you want to write to her, address your letter—

BEBE DANIELS,
c/o Realart Film Co.,
469, Fifth Avenue,
New York.

(Mention the "Picture Show" to ensure an early reply.)

"THE CALL OF THE ROAD." (*Continued from page 6.*)

strangely thoughtful, and the old fiddler, whose one bright eye missed little within its range, had not been slow to notice this.

He now took out his fiddle and began to play on it very softly, and as he played he murmured, just loud enough to be heard :

"A lamb he would a-wandering go, but what he wanted he did not know, and the farther that poor little lamb did roam the more he wished himself at home."

Alfred, who was lying on his back apparently half-asleep, opened his eyes and gave a smiling glance at his old friend.

"Wrong, Master Primus, wrong!" he said very emphatically. "The Lamb hath no desire to return to the fold. He is quite content to roam the world at large, but he is not content to live on his friends. If I seem sad, 'tis because it hath been borne in upon me that I must go my way alone or else become a burden to thee."

"A burden!" cried the old fiddler indignantly. "Never! by my faith. 'Tis a joy to have thee!"

At this young Secundus began to laugh in a most immoderate and unscemly manner.

The old man turned upon him angrily.

"Thou unmannerly scamp, is't not a joy to have Master Alfred with us?"

"Ay!" replied the boy still choking with laughter. "'Tis a joy to see him tweak a nose!"

The others joined in the laughter, but Alfred was soon grave again.

"I have not the price of a piece of bread and no means of getting it. 'Tis vastly pleasant to travel with thee in this fashion, but if I go on what shall I become but a common tramp?"

"A common tramp, forsooth! Then what am I?" cried the old man springing to his feet and assuming an attitude of much dignity.

"Nay, nay, old friend," protested Alfred: "thy case is vastly different. Thou art an artist. Wherever you go you bring joy and merriment and bright faces to those who were weary with toil. You set the feet of lads and lassies tripping. You teach the young folks to be merry and the old to remember the days of their youth. Wherever you go you more than earn thy fee. But, alas, I have no art, no skill! I have naught but these strong limbs. But a man's work I can do, and that I must seek."

"Well, well," said the old fiddler lightly, "just look around thee as we travel on. Maybe thou will find what thou seekest. But for the moment thou art our guest. Come, we are but half a mile from Punch Murphy's tavern. There I'll warrant we shall find such hospitality as will speed us on our way."

Alfred Truscott smiled as he rose to his feet.

"I warrant, Primus, thou knowest every decent tavern on the road. Who is this Murphy?"

"An old bruiser. A good man, too, in his day, I'm told. But that day's long past. Now he is a professor of the noble art and gives lessons to such of the quality as are not too particular. And what concerns us more, he keeps a tavern where the food is good, the liquor fair, and the company no worse for being a little low."

Alfred laughed again.

"Then by all means let us pay our respects to the worthy Punch and sample his food, his liquor, and his company," he exclaimed.

When they had proceeded rather less than half a mile they came to a wayside tavern standing well back from the road.

It was a low-built wooden house in a bad state of repair, picturesque, but also a little disreputable in appearance. By its side, and separated from it by a yard, was a much more prosperous-looking smithy.

The three travellers entered the inn, and Primus led the way into the bar.

The place had no pretensions to comfort. The walls were bare save for a couple of sporting prints and a case of stuffed fish.

On a high-backed wooden bench sat three customers in a row, like worshippers in a pew, quite as silent and almost as solemn. Two of these were typical yokels with nothing particularly interesting about them, but the fellow in the centre appeared to be something of a character. His slovenly dress and his old battered top hat indicated that he was not a labourer. You would have said he was a hanger-on of some sort, or perhaps a petty dealer. His face wore a sneering, malicious expression, and there was a cunning look in his little ferret eyes.

Alfred and his friends greeted the company, and took their seats at a little table close by.

As they did so there was a stir behind the bar, the sound of grunting and grumbling, and then Punch Murphy himself appeared.

The landlord of The Two Fishes was a big lusty fellow with a bulldog face. He was now a bit puffy and out of condition, but one could see with half an eye that in his time he had been a tough customer, and a dangerous man to meet in a twenty-four foot ring.

He gave a surly nod of recognition to the old fiddler, but he did not seem inclined for conversation.

The three travellers were busy for a time on a meal of bread and cheese and ale, but when this was cleared away Alfred, who was by nature a jovial soul, felt the need of some kind of entertainment.

"Is this thy pleasant company, Primus? I think little of it," he whispered. "As for the landlord, a surlier dog I never met. He hasn't spoken three words this half-hour."

The old fiddler grinned.

"He can talk when he will," he said. "Get him on his own subject and before he's done you'll be praying for something that will stop him. Punch, is it true, that when the Chicken beat thee at Wandsworth thou wert drunk as a lord?"

At the moment Punch Murphy was gloomily raising a tankard of ale to his lips.

He stopped in the very act, banged down the tankard, and came bustling out from behind the counter into the open.

His whole demeanour had changed. He was now all excitement and animation.

"The Chicken never beat me!" he roared as he faced the company.

The man with the battered top hat gave a derisive laugh.

The landlord turned upon him fiercely.

"You may laugh, Ikey Barnes, but 'tis true. The Chicken never beat me in fair fight. He got the verdict and his backers got the stakes—a tidy sum. That's true, but 'twas a foul blow that knocked me out. Look you, 'twas thus."

He flung himself into a fighting pose and began dancing about in a surprising manner for a man of his weight, sparring warily against an imaginary foe.

"I had him beat in the second round. He never had no chance arter that, and in the nineteenth round I drawed his cork. And then——"

"He knocked you out!" interposed the objectionable Mr. Ikey Barnes.

Punch Murphy shouted aloud in his anger.

"'Twas a foul—a foul, I tell 'ee!"

"A foul be danged. The Chicken wor the better man. Best own up, Punch, and ha' done with it."

"The better man!" roared the old prize-fighter furiously. "Did the Chicken ever tap my snout as I tapped his'n? Tell me that. No man ever did it and no man ever could. Dan Mendoza couldn't do it, no nor Dutch Sam neither. Out of training though I be I defy any man living to tap my snout."

A cackle of derisive laughter from Ikey Barnes roused the excited landlord of The Two Fishes to a perfect frenzy.

Dancing about like a cat on hot bricks he pointed excitedly to his little turned-up nose.

"If you're so clever, Ikey, produce your man," he roared. "I don't care who 'tis. I'll wager a guinea there ain't a man living as will tap my snout!"

Alfred, who had been watching the scene with mild interest, pricked up his ears at the last words.

"I wonder if the silly chap means that?" he said to himself.

Then he rose quietly from his chair and strode carelessly towards the gesticulating man.

"A guinea—a golden guinea!" shouted the latter, almost in a scream.

Alfred's left fist shot out in a flash, and landed fair and square on the landlord's nose.

The blow was by no means savage, but it was remarkably swift, and it had behind it sufficient force to achieve its purpose.

With a grunt of astonishment Punch Murphy collapsed and sat down with a weighty thud on his own floor.

A shriek of delighted laughter came from young Secundus, but the rest of the company could only stare at the fallen champion in open-mouthed astonishment.

Primus immediately sprang to his friend's side anticipating trouble, but the prize-fighter still remained seated on the floor tenderly feeling his nose and gazing about him in a bewildered way.

Alfred and the old fiddler helped him to his feet.

"You caught me unawares," he said, still blinking.

"Another foul?" said Ikey Barnes, with his provoking titter.

Alfred smiled good-humouredly.

"I did not know guineas were so easy to earn," he said.

"But you will not catch me so a second time. Come on!" cried the landlord, quivering with rage. At the same time he again threw himself into a fighting attitude.

But Alfred thrust his hands into his pockets and shook his head.

"No, pay thy guinea first," he said.

"Ay, 'twas fairly earned! 'Tis up to thee to pay," cried Ikey Barnes, now rising and coming forward.

Punch Murphy hesitated for a moment, but ultimately he turned up his apron and fumbled in his pocket.

He produced the guinea at last, and handed it to Alfred.

"There!" he cried, still very excited, "thou art paid. Now art thou man enough to meet me in fair fight for another guinea?"

"Another guinea? Indeed I'll meet you when and where you like," replied Alfred cheerfully.

"Steady, lad," whispered Primus. "Be content. He knows the game, and you don't."

But Alfred only laughed.

"Then mayhaps I'll get a lesson from him worth my guinea," he said lightly.

"Come to the barn," cried Murphy, "and I'll show you what real fighting means."

When the old fiddler saw that the fight was inevitable he at once assumed a confident air, and took control of the proceedings.

"Would any gentleman direct us to the barn?" he said in his most dignified manner.

The whole party trooped out together. Once outside, however, Mr. Ikey Barnes disengaged himself from the rest and darted across the yard to the smithy.

"Hammer John!" he cried. "Hammer John!"

As he reached the entrance a figure emerged. The newcomer was a splendid-looking man, wearing the blacksmith's apron, and with his muscular arms bared to the elbow.

"What's amiss?" he exclaimed; and he did not seem over-pleased on discovering who it was that had disturbed him at his work.

Ikey Barnes began laughing and gesticulating so extravagantly that he could scarce make himself understood.

"A strange lad has tapped Punch on the nose and floored him. In his own bar. I tell thee 'tis true. For a guinea. I'll wager a guinea, says he. But that's but the beginning. They be going to fight it out in the barn. Come!"

The blacksmith threw down the hammer he was carrying and followed the bubbling Mr. Barnes.

"Who is the chap? Does he know the game?" he asked as they walked across the yard.

"No, that's the jest," replied Ikey Barnes, with a malicious chuckle. "He be just a raw lad, simple like, but he'll allers be able to boast he tapped Punch Murphy's nose, for I seed him do it. It would ha' made you split your sides to——"

But Hammer John, waiting to hear no more, strode on in front, pushed open a door, and entered a large barn.

In one corner Punch Murphy, assisted by one of his customers, was stripping for the fray; in the other Alfred stood with his two friends.

Hammer John walked across to the landlord.

"Punch, what's the game?" he said curtly.

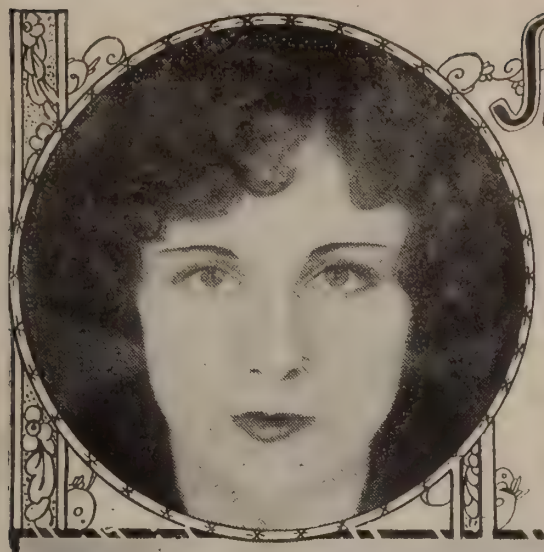
"'Tis a chump I'm going to thump for a guinea," replied the prize-fighter, and there was an ugly, vicious look in his little eyes.

The blacksmith frowned, and then glanced across at Alfred, who had taken off his coat and was rolling up the sleeves of his shirt.

"Punch means mischief," muttered Hammer John to himself. "'Tis a plaguey dirty business, and if I can I'll stop it."

(*Another thrilling instalment in next Monday's "Picture Show."*)

Shirley Mason



THE STAR WHO MADE A STRANGE ENTRY INTO FILMLAND

SHIRLEY MASON, sister of Viola Dana and Edna Flugrath, commenced her career in a strange way. Mrs. Mason saw an advertisement in a New York paper for a boy to appear in a stage production. She dressed Shirley as a boy, and presented her to the stage-manager, who mistook her identity and immediately engaged her. It was several weeks before the company discovered that their "Little Hal" was a Helen.

Shirley has never appeared in pictures in any other than star roles. She was starred by Edison, later by Paramount, and now she is a Fox star.

Her hobbies are riding, swimming, and driving a car, but her greatest hobby of all is to hide herself away in the music-room.



SHIRLEY MASON realises the charm of simplicity in dress. Could anything be more delightful than the little frock she is wearing in the photograph on the right?





SHIRLEY seated on the balcony over the porch of her home in the Beverley Hills.

A friend to ten.



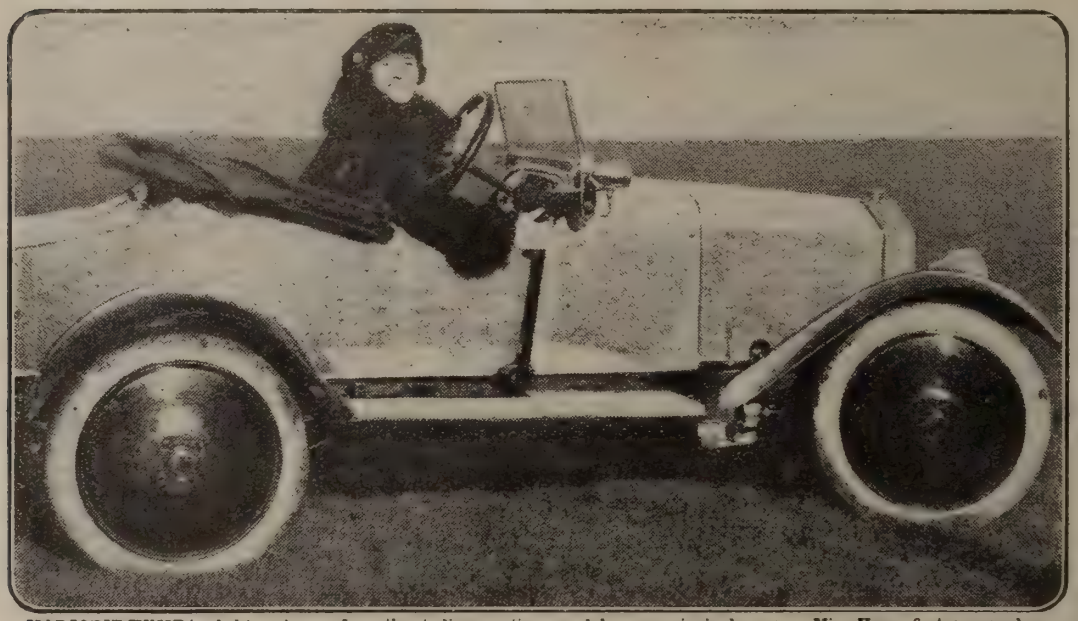
SHIRLEY MASON is fond of all animals, and she and her horse are the best of pals. They have enjoyed many a scamper together.



SHIRLEY is very much of a child at heart, and is not ashamed to own that she still likes a "dolly." She certainly looks very happy in her garden hammock with a nice big "cuddly" doll.

SEE HER IN "THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR"

SPARING



MARJORIE HUME is glad to get away from the studio sometimes and have a spin in her car. Miss Hume first appeared on the legitimate stage, but has since joined the ranks of film players. Some of her big successes have been in "The Duchess of Seven Dials," "The Swindler," "The Great Day," and as Violet Campion, the mad girl, in Ethel M. Dell's famous novel, "The Keeper of the Door."



MOLLY MALONE said it embarrassed her to director Al Green and the camara-men enter screen love scene when film



WANDA HAWLEY, a Realart star, with her leading man, HARRISON FORD, in a love scene from "Food For Scandal." You can now see Wanda Hawley as Beauty in "Everywoman"; and you will soon be able to see Harrison Ford in "The Veiled Adventure."



HARRY CAREY in a strong character role as Pierre Winton in his new picture, "Bullet Proof."



Even JANE and KATHERINE LEE have caught th there seems to be just a little hitch in the jumper of Jane and Katherine's latest film is "Doing



Even in a busy film studio there are sometimes a few minutes for recreation, and on the day this photogra play. LYDIA YEAMANS TITUS is seen singing "Sally in Our Alley," accompanied by PAULI enjoyed the entertainment.

Cinderellas of the Screen

The time before the visit of the Fairy Godmother, who will transform a drab existence into a land of romance, to herald the approach of the Fairy Prince, as expressed by Stars of the Screen.



ENID BENNETT as the stay-at-home wife in "Stepping Out."





ANN FORREST in tatters in "The Prince Chap"

ETHEL FERGUSON in the bare kitchen "The Marriage Price."



VIVIAN MARTIN as a household drudge in "Mirandy Smiles."



LILA LEE as maid-of-all-work in "The Admirable Crichton."

(Photos Paramount Artcraft)





TWELVE O'CLOCK.

RUTH ROLAND, as a Spanish dancer, unmasks at the ball.



DIGNITY
EDITH ROBERTS in a charming pose.

AND



IMPUDENCE.
GLADYS WALTERS at a revel.

HER BLUSHES



many men looking while JACK PICKFORD kissed her. So the joke and pretended to blindfold themselves for this thrilling Just Out of College" at the Goldwyn studios.



g craze but The title Bit."



WHEELER OAKMAN, who scored big successes in "Mickey" and "The Virgin of Stamboul," in which he played opposite his wife, Priscilla Dean.



aken there was a little music between the scenes of a photo- DERICK and ROY STEWART. We hope the onlookers

DONALD CRISP AT WORK IN LONDON



They all look very thoughtful and business-like, don't they? MARY GLYNNE is seated, while standing from left to right, are MISS M. OWSTON-BOOTH, DONALD CRISP (the well-known screen star and director), MISS MAY HERSCHEL CLARK (who has interviewed so many film stars on behalf of the PICTURE SHOW), and PERCY STANDING. This picture was snapped for the PICTURE SHOW in the Famous Players-Lasky Studios at Islington.



This is charming MAY ALLISON'S favourite photograph of herself, and it is sure to please all our readers too.



BEATRICE JOY, Goldwyn player, does not look very happy. MISS CHOW YOUNG is showing her how to walk in Chinese footgear.

The Conclusion of this Romantic Story.

"If I Were King"

How a Vagabond saved a Nation in the reign of Louis XI. of France. *(Special to the "Picture Show.")*

Read This First.

FRANCOIS VILLON is the king of vagabonds in the time of Louis XI., King of France. He is a poet, and one day he writes some verses to Katherine de Vaucelles, a member of the court. While in the palace grounds, he is caught by the guard, and Thibaut d'Aussigny, grand constable of France, hurries on the scene. Francois taunts him with having plotted at the Fir Cone the previous evening. This comes to the ears of the king, who determines to visit the Fir Cone in disguise. Whilst there, Francois, not recognising him, tells him what he would do "if he were king."

Villon is then told that Katherine is outside.



WILLIAM FARNUM as Francois Villon.

The Duel.

IN a few minutes Villon returned with Katherine.

The girl was heavily veiled, but she dropped it as she came to the centre of the room.

Louis started and nudged Tristan.

The night's surprises had been greater than he had anticipated.

"Where is Thibaut?" said Katherine. "Was it a lie you told me, hoping that I would come to see for myself?"

"It was no lie," answered Villon; "but he is not here."

Just then the innkeeper awoke, and finding his keys missing, raised a loud outcry. Rushing to the door of the cellar, he drove out the roysterers.

Katherine, terrified at the strange scene, rushed to the stairs, shielded by Villon, and while the tumult was at its height, Thibaut and Rene came in.

"Now you see I spoke the truth," whispered Villon.

The colour left Katherine's cheek.

Villon was paying no attention to Thibaut and Rene. His burning gaze was fixed on Katherine.

"Would that I could make you believe that my love is as true as my word about Thibaut," he whispered. "When I saw your loveliness the old earth seemed to shrivel away and I only saw the light of your love."

Katherine drew away her hand, which Villon had seized with an impassioned clasp. At any other time the very thought of such a vagabond making love to her would have filled her with horror, but now she had seen Thibaut in this den of thieves plotting against the king, she only thought of France.

"You say you love me," she whispered.

"More than life itself. Tell me how to prove it," replied Villon passionately.

Katherine bent her head and whispered in his ear: "Kill Thibaut d'Aussigny."

No sooner had Katherine de Vaucelles uttered the words, "Kill Thibaut d'Aussigny!" than Villon ran down the staircase and planted himself in front of the grand constable.

"So you come here again to plot against France, traitor!" he said, looking straight into Thibaut's face.

"You insolent vagabond!" shouted Thibaut. "I know not by what trickery you have escaped from your dungeon, but this time I will deal with you myself!"

"Nothing would please me better!" replied Villon mockingly, as he drew his sword and stepped back.

The grand constable whipped out his blade and lunged at Villon, but, with a cry of "Stop!" Hughette ran between them as they drew away, Villon having easily parried Thibaut's thrust.

"This is not a fair fight," said Hughette to Thibaut. "You are in armour. Fight it out in the dark with sword and lantern."

A chorus of approval from the Cockleshells greeted Hughette's words.

Thibaut muttered a savage curse as he saw the girl had been one too much for him. Protected as he was with a breastplate of steel, he would have had all the advantage of the fight; but now he had to meet his antagonist on equal terms, and from the easy way Villon had parried his first thrust, he knew that he had met his master in sword play.

With ill grace, he unbuckled his armour and waited for the preliminaries to be arranged.

This kind of duelling was very popular at that period. The duellists were each given a lantern, which they carried in the left hand, and all the other lights were extinguished. Slowly they circled round each other, waiting for a favourable moment to lunge.

It was a grim scene as the two shadowy figures manœuvred for an opening. In the dim light of the lanterns they looked like two spectres.

Katherine, peering into the semi-darkness over the banisters of the staircase, prayed that the saints would strengthen the arm of the vagabond and rid France of the traitor.

Once she caught a glimpse of Villon's face as the light from the lantern fell on it. There was a look of confidence in the poet's face and a mocking smile on his lips. Then, as the duellists swung round, she saw the face of Thibaut.

It was tense with apprehension, the face of a man who feels he has met his master.

Suddenly the grand constable lunged with fury at the quickly shifting figure before him. It was his first and last move.

Villon parried the thrust, and at the same time, turning his own weapon, buried it in the side of Thibaut.

With a groan, the grand constable fell to the floor, his sword flying from his hand.

The duel was over, and the Cockleshells, cheering their champion, rushed to put on the lights. No sooner had the place been illuminated than the city guards ran in, headed by Rene, who had slipped out during the duel and brought them in the hope of saving Thibaut from Villon's sword.

As they entered, Thibaut raised himself on his side, and, pointing to Villon, he gasped:

"Hang that man to the nearest post! I am Thibaut d'Aussigny!"

As the guards advanced to Villon, Louis stepped into the circle.

"Stay!" he commanded.

"Who are you that interferes with the king's justice?" demanded the captain of the guard.

"I *am* the king's justice, for I *am the king!*" said Louis, throwing back his hood and revealing his face.

"Good lord! And I called him a noodle!" gasped Villon.

"Arrest everybody here," continued the king, "and take good care of Thibaut d'Aussigny!"

"I am afraid he has passed beyond your Majesty's rule," said the captain, pointing to the form of the grand constable, which was stiff and lifeless.

"Then bring his body to the palace," ordered Louis, as he wrapped his cloak around him and moved to the staircase on which Katherine was still standing.

"You seek your love in strange places, Lady Katherine," said Louis coldly.

"I love no man, sire!" replied the girl proudly. "I came to this wretched place to serve France, and, since Thibaut is dead, I think I succeeded!"

"You had better come with us to the palace," said Louis, making no reference to Thibaut's treachery.

And calling Tristan, the three left the inn, escorted by the city guards.

The King's Plan of Revenge.

LATE that night, just as Louis was thinking of retiring to bed, Tristan came to him with the news that Thibaut d'Aussigny had only been shamming when he was carried out for dead, and that he had been rescued from the bier on which he was being carried by the guards and had escaped to the Duke of Burgundy's camp.

The news brought a look of terror into the eyes of the king.

It was Thibaut who had perfected and arranged the defences of Paris, and he knew the weaknesses of the city as did no other man.

With the strong forces of the Duke of Burgundy behind him, it was more than probable that he would succeed in capturing Paris.

The king's brow was furrowed with thought as he strode about his apartment.

Suddenly he stopped and faced Tristan with a cunning smile.

"That vagabond poet bragged enough about what he would do if he were king," said Louis. "A mad poet may save Paris for me, as the Maid of Orleans saved France for my sire! Give this Villon some drugged wine, shave off his beard while he sleeps, and when he wakes tell him that he is the Count of Montcorbier and grand constable of France."

And so it was that when Francois Villon awoke it was to find himself in a magnificent bed in a still more magnificent bedroom, surrounded by the gentlemen-in-waiting and a host of lackeys.

A puzzled look spread over Villon's face as he stroked his beardless chin.

"You slept heavily, monseigneur," said one of the gentlemen.

For a moment Villon stared at him in bewilderment, then he said:

"My memory is bad. Would you mind telling me exactly who I am?"

The gentleman pretended to look surprised as he answered:

"It pleases monseigneur to be facetious this morning," he replied, with a grave smile. "You are Count of Montcorbier, grand constable of France, and I await your orders for the day."

Villon did not know what to make out of his strange position, but, like the philosopher he was, he did not allow the seeming miracle to worry him.

"At all events, this is better than a dungeon," he thought, glancing around the room. "If it be a jest, I hope it will continue till I have had breakfast and a flagon of wine, for which my dry tongue craves." Aloud, he said: "I think the first thing will be to dress, since the sun's rays tell me it is high noon; then breakfast. And, hark ye, good sir! See to it that there is plenty of wine."

The gentleman-in-waiting bowed low, and, whispering some instructions to the lackeys, the latter hurried forward to conduct Villon to his bath. When he returned, he found many suits of gorgeous apparel waiting for him, and, choosing one, he submitted to be dressed.

In another apartment a meal consisting of rare meats and fruit had been laid out, and Villon noted with satisfaction that the wine had not been forgotten.

The gentlemen-in-waiting were about to eat with him, but realising that his partiality for wine thus early in the morning might not fit in with their ideas of conduct suitable to one of his supposed rank, he dismissed them.

As soon as he was alone, Villon applied himself to the wine; but even under its stimulating influence he was no more capable of solving the strange puzzle of his changed identity.

Leaving the future to take care of itself, he called his suite and asked if there was any pressing business he ought to see to himself.

"There is a note from Lady Katherine, asking for an interview," said the one to whom he had spoken earlier. "She wishes an interview with monseigneur. I understand she wishes to plead for the life of a vagabond poet named Francois Villon, who was arrested by the king's orders last night."

Despite his sangfroid, Villon could not repress a start as he heard his own name. Then he flushed with pleasure as he thought the proud lady of the royal court was so interested in his welfare.

"I will see the Lady Katherine at once," he said quietly.

The gentleman retired, returning in a few minutes with the information that Lady Katherine was waiting in her bower in the palace gardens.

It was with a beating heart that Villon saw the woman he loved so madly pacing pensively in front of the bower, but his spirits sank as she made him a curtsey. It was plain that she did not recognise him.

"Faith! I cannot wonder at it," thought Villon. "I did not know myself when I looked in the glass."

"I am told that you wish to speak to me," he said, bowing low. "My chamberlain informs me that you would ask something of me. May I say, fair lady, that it is already granted?"

Katherine looked him full in the face and again Villon saw there was not the slightest look of recognition in her eyes.

"I wish you to spare the life of one Francois Villon, who was arrested last night by order of the king," she said.

The poet looked at her closely, but he could not read anything in her eyes.

"May I ask if by any chance you have any high regard, or perchance love, for this man whom you seek to save?" said Villon.

(Continued on page 13)

Gossip about British Players.



MARJORIE VILLIS.



BARBARA HOFFE.

Violet Hopson.

I HAD an interesting chat with this famous star the other evening. She had had a tremendously big day at the Broadwest Studios at Catford, but she was just like a happy schoolgirl, without a thought beyond the fact that she was going to have a rare treat—an evening at the theatre!

The Romance of "Kissing Cup's Race."

I WAS present at a crowded trade show a few weeks ago, when Violet Hopson's last film, "Kissing Cup's Race," was shown to an enthusiastic audience.

It was during a long railway journey that she took up Campbell Rae-Brown's famous poem. It gripped her imagination, and she read on to the end.

'And the cry ran like fire up the course, sir,
It's thousands on 'Sugar Cane';
The stand was reached, 'Sugar Cane' leading,
Two seconds—and all would be o'er.
Lord Rattlington wins! No, no, not yet, though
We're neck, sir, to neck—two strides more.
I saw in a great sea of faces,
A girl's face—pale, white as the dead—
I cried 'For God's sake, "Kissing Cup" now!'
'Twas over—we'd won by a head!"

"I thought it would make a wonderful film," Violet Hopson told me. "The poem was so full of incident."

Her choice has been well justified: there isn't a dull moment in "Kissing Cup." It carries one along with breathless interest to the climax—where Bob Doon, played by Joe Plant, the famous English flat race jockey, rides the most exciting race ever screened. I'll let you know when it's released.

The Charm of Racing Pictures.

THE lead, Constance Medley, is played by Violet Hopson. It is a part that suits her admirably, and she is a very beautiful figure, with powdered hair and silken gown.

"I like racing stories," she told me. "They are so exhilarating, and there is riding and walking, and plenty of outdoor exercise and, of course, the horses, which I love. The whole atmosphere is good and refreshing. I never feel tired at the end of a racing picture.

A Famous Producer and a Big Romance.

ON this page you will see Mr. Walter West, the producer of "Kissing Cup's Race," and numerous Broadwest films. It was only about ten years ago that he became enamoured of the screen. The infatuation started by going to a cinema.

"And within an hour," said he, "I was so astonished at the possibilities of the film trade that I decided to move heaven and earth to get into it. I began at the bottom, visiting cinemas as a traveller for a renting house."

"Where There's a Will——"

"I WANTED to produce," Mr. West told me, "and after some experience of the trade I met my present partner. We took a third-floor office in Denman Street—just one room—where I wrote, produced, and acted in my own films. We did several short films, meeting with fair success. I wrote a story and produced it called 'A Bold Adventure.' We enlarged our business and took a six-room building in Wardour Street, and just when all was going well the war came, but we managed to weather the storm."

Flying and the Screen.

IN the early days of the war cadets were taught the art of flying in classes of twenty-five.

Later Mr. West produced special films for them, showing each particular part of the aeroplane, and the aeroplane in flight. Eventually, by aid of the screen, instead of a class of twenty-five, it was possible to hold classes of 2000.

Lots of the big-wigs were conservative at first, and did not realise that the screen could be of such service.

Mr. West has a feeling that the screen should be used more than it is for educational purposes. Children would grasp details, he believes, without realising that they were being taught.

"The British film is still making a tremendous advance," Mr. West told me. "Not so very long ago it was a job to find an English film exhibition, and now——"

Well, we all know how British films are going ahead, don't we?

Superstitions.

MARJORIE VILLIS is not one bit superstitious, and often wears a very beautiful opal pendant. Not long ago, however,



VIOLET HOPSON.



WALTER WEST.

I saw Owen Nares, and in his dressing-room, pinned over a photograph, there was a piece of white heather "for luck," and he usually touches wood after boasting.

Beautiful Barbara Hoffe.

ONCE upon a time I read that Barbara Hoffe was one of the most beautiful women on the screen. I certainly thought the description was justified the other afternoon when I saw her at Stoll's Studios, Cricklewood, where she was appearing in a Martin Thornton production. She told me that Charles Buchel, the famous artist, had just painted her picture, and that it was considered the best thing that he had ever done.

A Remembrance of Charles Garvice.

BARBARA HOFFE did six films with the Clarendon Company. During this period she met the late Charles Garvice, and she happened to remark that he must work very hard. But, to her surprise, he answered:

"No, no, I don't. I just stand in the room and dictate to my stenographers!"

Amongst Barbara Hoffe's treasures is a signed book from him called "A Farm in Organland."

Gregory Scott's Advice.

A FEW weeks ago a PICTURE SHOW reader wrote and asked me how "Greg," and other British stars, became famous.

I met Gregory Scott soon afterwards and I asked him "how he got there." He answered that there was only one way to succeed on the films, and that is by hard work and by beginning at the first rung of the ladder.

"I walked on for six months before I had a part," he told me. "There is only one thing to do for screen aspirants—start from the commencement, walk on, watch producers, watch artistes—and if there's any art and ability in you, success must come!"

EDITH NEPEAN.



After the duel. VIOLET HOPSON, GREGORY SCOTT and CLIVE BROOKE in a "vision" scene from the new Violet Hopson film, "Kissing Cup's Race."



History repeats itself. In this photograph we see VIOLET HOPSON, GREGORY SCOTT and CLIVE BROOKE in more modern attire.

"IF I WERE KING."

(Continued from page 16)

Not even a flush mantled the girl's cheek as she replied coolly:

"The man is nothing to me. I merely ask clemency for him because it was I who urged him to kill your predecessor who was a traitor to France!"

"Ah!" said Villon slowly. "If I had stood in this rascal's shoes, I, too, would willingly have embraced death to serve you. Fear not, he shall go free. But tell me what other thing I may do to win your favour?"

"Help to save France, monseigneur," replied Katherine, as she made him a low curtsey and left him.

Feeling very distressed that Katherine's interest in him was only that which a lady of rank might feel for a servant who had served her well, Villon walked moodily back to his apartments.

On the way, he came across the king, taking a constitutional in the gardens.

There was a malicious smile on the face of Louis as he beckoned Villon to him.

"By my crown, your habiliments become you well, you rascal!" said the king.

"Since your Majesty has put me in them, would it be permissible to ask why a poor poet has been so honoured?" said Villon.

Another mocking smile played about the foxy face of the king.

"It was just an idea of mine—a joke! I have made you grand constable of France *for a week*."

"A week, sire!" exclaimed Villon, utterly bewildered.

"Yes, seven glorious days in which you will have the same power almost as myself. Think of it! Seven full days, during which time you can do what you boasted you would do in your poem. I couldn't make you king, but you must admit I have done the next best thing."

"At least, I served your Majesty in the Fir Cone Inn," said Villon.

"Aye, and slandered me, too," retorted Louis. "If you had as many necks as there are lines to your scurrilous verse I should be justified in stretching every one on the gibbet!"

Villon made no reply.

"But you have not heard the best of the joke yet," went on Louis. "This week you will build a gibbet, and your last order as grand constable will be to sentence Master Villon to be hanged."

"You have an excellent taste for giving a man a good send off, sire," said Villon, bowing low.

"But there is one chance for you," said Louis. "If during the seven days you win the Lady Katherine for wife, you shall escape the gallows."

Again Villon bowed low

"Your Majesty gives me seven days in paradise before I leave the earth," he said. "But since I have the power, I hope to do something for France as well as woo the fair Lady Katherine."

The king, annoyed that he had not been able to frighten the poet, gave a curt gesture of dismissal.

"One can do a lot in seven days," thought Villon, as he continued on his way to his apartments.

A Man at Court.

IN the meantime, Thibaut and the Duke of Burgundy had not been idle. Reports reached the palace that the duke's army was daily being strengthened, and that before long it would be thundering at the gates of Paris.

On the fifth day of Villon's new role, Rene came as a messenger from the duke's camp to Louis, demanding the surrender of the city.

"And if we refuse," said Louis, a craven pallor showing in his twitching face.

"Then there will be more gold to be paid, and for yourself no hope of pardon," said Rene, insolently. "With Thibaut's knowledge of your defences we cannot fail."

The eyes of all the courtiers were turned to the king, but he, instead of ordering the herald away, cowered in his seat like the ninny Villon had called him.

Katherine, her disgust showing on her face, bent over and whispered something in his ear.

The king nodded, and turned to Villon.

"You are our counsellor, Grand Constable. What do you advise?"

Villon stood erect, and facing Rene with a disdainful eye, he cried:

"Tell your master that we bid him defiance!"

Then turning to the courtiers he shouted!

"God and St. Denis for the King of France!"

There was a loud cheer from the court, as Rene wheeled and left the courtyard.

Only Louis was afraid.

"What will it mean?" he moaned, as he rose and placed a trembling hand on Katherine's arm.

"It means that at last a man has come to court, sire!" said the girl, with a flush of pride on her face, as she glanced at Villon.

On the evening of the sixth day, Villon sought the king.

"I have laid my plans, sire, and I think I can promise you victory. I have arranged to lure the Burgundies to a hollow which will mask a thousand men. Once they ride into the trap, we shall give them such a reception that they will be massacred."

"You promise much," said Louis, moodily. "Methinks it would have been better had I come to terms with the duke."

(Continued on page 21.)

Beauty for Everyone

By RUTH ROLAND

No. 5
CARE OF THE FEET.

Read these helpful articles and be convinced that every woman can, if she wishes, be beautiful.



RUTH ROLAND knows the value of well-fitting footgear.

THE very first shoe a baby wears should be as carefully chosen as in later life. No one, no matter how costly the footgear may be, should ever for a moment cause their feet torture by a slipper or shoe that is either too tight or too loose; in a word, nothing spoils one's whole appearance more than badly fitting, ill-kept footgear.

Naturally, light colours in footwear increase the apparent size of the feet, while dark colours accomplish the reverse, yet no matter how large the foot or shoe, it can be made attractive by being of a proper shape and fit.

Instruments for Chiropody.

I HAVE been truly fortunate in never having had to consult a chiropodist, yet on inquiring of one who is an expert in this line, he told me that while the instruments required are few, yet they must be of the very best, as cheap steel instruments soon lose their edge and must be discarded. The following comprise the list: 1. Nail clipper; 2. Nail scissors; 3. Corn knife; 4. Scalpel; 5. Pair tweezers; 6. Hone; and 7. Pumice stone. The nail clippers should be curved so that in clipping the nail one may shape it properly at the same time. The nail scissors should be curved on the flat. The blades must be short and stout, as they are used to cut or trim the nails as well as any bits of loose skin and, of course, should be of the very best quality of steel.

Scissors.

IN choosing scissors, for hygienic reasons, the so-called "French lock" is preferable, since this allows them to be taken apart and thoroughly cleansed and dried; the ordinary screw lock is hard to clean and there is danger of their not being free from germs. The corn-knife is a type of razor—my good friend, the chiropodist tells me—a short, slightly hollowed blade with one cutting edge. The handle also should be of steel to insure perfect surgical cleanliness. The scalpel is really a small metal-handled operating knife used for paring off callous skin and corns. It must be of the best steel and not too thick in the blade.

The Tweezers and Hone.

THE tweezers should be of steel with stout, well meeting sharp points. They are used to raise pieces of skin or soft corns that require to be cut away. They are also used if one's nails become ingrown to convey cotton underneath the nail. The hone, of course, is used for keeping sharp the instruments used in pedicuring the feet. Plenty of oil should be used in sharpening and a number of even strokes are needed to secure the proper edge for your scissors and knives.

Tired Feet.

WHEN one's feet are tired they should be soaked in water as hot as can be borne, with a solution of sea salt, witch-hazel or iodine—some prefer a little borax also. In drying the feet always run them downward toward the toes and dry very thoroughly, paying particular attention to the skin between the toes.

In the event of an abrasion or callous the same should be filed or even cut away as much as possible, just after the foot-bath, then carbolated vaseline applied and in case of acute soreness painted over with flexible collodion, which may be got at any pharmacy.

If the arch of the foot becomes weak or broken, care should be taken to be fitted by a competent orthopedist, most of whom prefer the leather arch to the less comfortable arch of steel covered with leather. If proper care were taken of the feet from infancy they would cause little or no pain, but since this is so seldom the case, one must use judgment in selecting and caring for shoes that do fit.

Sports Shoes.

IT goes without saying that shoes for sports should be of low or medium heel, and of heavier leather than those for street wear or dancing. If one is stout they should wear shoes that amply support their weight, in fact, too tight shoes are never beautiful, and the uncomfortable expression worn by their wearer is evidence that they cause pain; while too loosely fitted, the footwear is clumsy and causes callouses and corns. It is much better for all of us to go barefooted or to wear the simple sandals than to torture our feet by so-called "bargain" shoes that fit badly.

Another Warning.

FASHIONS in footwear change, as do all fashions. A little while ago we were wearing shoes with short, broad toes and very high French heels. This is now changed, and most of the new shoes have long, narrow pointed toes, with a lower type of French heel. If you have pairs of both types, do not keep changing from one to the other. If you do you will find that your feet will become very sore and painful, and it will also cause the growth of corns.

Shoes to Match Frocks.

A CHARMING frock and hat may be utterly spoiled by untidy shoes or slippers. Personally, I prefer shoes in harmony with the colour of my frocks—even though they may not show their shade in the pictures, just to know they are appropriate, gives me an inner peace of mind, which, I believe, is reflected in my expression on the screen.



MARIE WRIGHT.

PRAISE FOR NORMA AND MARY

From Marie Wright, Star of Stage and Screen

IF I were of a romantic disposition, I should emulate Edna Lyall—it *was* Edna Lyall, wasn't it?—and entitle this interview, "Won by Waiting," for if ever an interview was earned by patience, this one was.

You see, it was this way: My first visit to the Strand theatre in search of Marie Wright was paid on the second night of "A Safety Match," with the very natural result that I was reminded of the atmosphere of excitement and nervousness attendant upon the beginning of a new "run," and requested to call the following afternoon, when things in general and Miss Wright in particular would be in a condition more favourable for an interview.

But, alas! when I called the following day at the time appointed, it was to find that a hard-hearted management had, in the meantime, issued a new decree, to the effect that no visitors were allowed during the performance, and so, said the stagedoor-keeper—who looked better fitted for the role of Colonel Newcome than anything else—*would* I be good enough to call back in an hour-and-a-half's time?

Whereupon I said some things about the management very, very softly, thanked Colonel Newcome most profusely, and issued forth into the Strand, where I wandered up and down in one of the finest pea-soup fogs I have ever seen, torn between an impulse to buy Arnold Bennett's new book, which I couldn't afford, and a desire to quit journalism for ever.

Tea, however, and the kindly greeting of Miss Wright—when I *did* manage to see her—eventually restored me to a condition of sanity.

"Testimony."

"SO very sorry you have had all this trouble," apologised the lady in question. "Now sit down there—in that comfy chair, and let me know just what you want to ask me. You'll have to excuse my dressing as we talk, but it's just one rush between one performance and another!" And with that she busied herself at the dressing-table.

"Well, then," I said, coming to the point at once, "you've appeared in some films, haven't you, Miss Wright? 'Testimony,' for one?"

"Oh, yes," she replied brightly, as if I had hit on a subject of real interest to her. "I was the little old maid, who, you may remember, was so sympathetic with the girl. There was much more of her in the book, really—the role in the film was quite a small one. The picture was adapted by Guy Newall from Alice and Claude Askew's novel, you know. Produced by Mr. Newall, too, for George Clark Productions. Mary Rorke, who played Rachel Lyons, was simply splendid in it."

Tiring But Interesting.

MISS WRIGHT buzzed about a little more, dexterously putting on first one and then another garment, and then resumed the thread of the conversation.

"I appeared in 'Quinneys,' too," she went on, "and in 'Red, White and Blue,' and also in 'Mrs. Thompson.'"

"What prompted you to take up film work, Miss Wright?" I put in. "Somehow, you seem so essentially of the stage."

"No special reason," she said, at length. "One has periods of idleness, and film work is an admirable way of filling in the time. And then I am very interested in the work. It is tiring, of course, but most interesting."

I endeavoured to "draw" Miss Wright further on the subject of her film experiences, but she would not be drawn, contenting herself with the remarks recorded, adding that she thought films were "perfectly wonderful," and that one British picture in particular, "The Lure of Crooning Water," had struck her as specially fine.

A Baffling Personality.

I SUPPOSE it was inevitable that mentally I should contrast Marie Wright with her sister Haidée, with whom an interview has already appeared in these pages. And it *is* a contrast, though I found one or two points of similarity. Marie Wright speaks very rapidly, on a somewhat high note, and her personality is like her voice—bright, alert; very alert. She has not that sense of brooding tragedy underlying her sister's personality, but she possesses the same nervous energy, the same tact—a tact that amounts to reticence—and, I should imagine, the same tremendous determination. Baffling, intriguing personalities, both of them—delightful to meet, the dickens to interview!

Miss Wright, however, made one or two little confessions. She said she "adored" American films, but preferred seeing a stage play to any motion picture, and that she disliked the early rising entailed by screen work. She was decidedly elusive on the subject of her film favourites, remarking that she liked "so many screen stars." A little pressure on my part, however, elicited the information that she had a certain weakness for Violet Hopson, Norma Talmadge, and Mary Pickford.

"Miss Talmadge and Miss Pickford are more than clever, they are brilliant!" she remarked.

Seeing that by this time Miss Wright was ready to don her hat and coat, I gracefully—at least, I hope it was gracefully—rose to take my departure.

"And shall we see you in some more pictures?" I asked, as we shook hands.

"Well, I have no plans at the moment," replied Miss Wright, "but I am quite willing to do further work for the screen."

—MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.





Out into the cold night air—

after the close warm atmosphere of the cinema, is apt, like all sudden changes, to result in a "throat." You should carry a tin of 'Allenburys' Glycerine & Black Currant Pastilles as a measure of precaution.

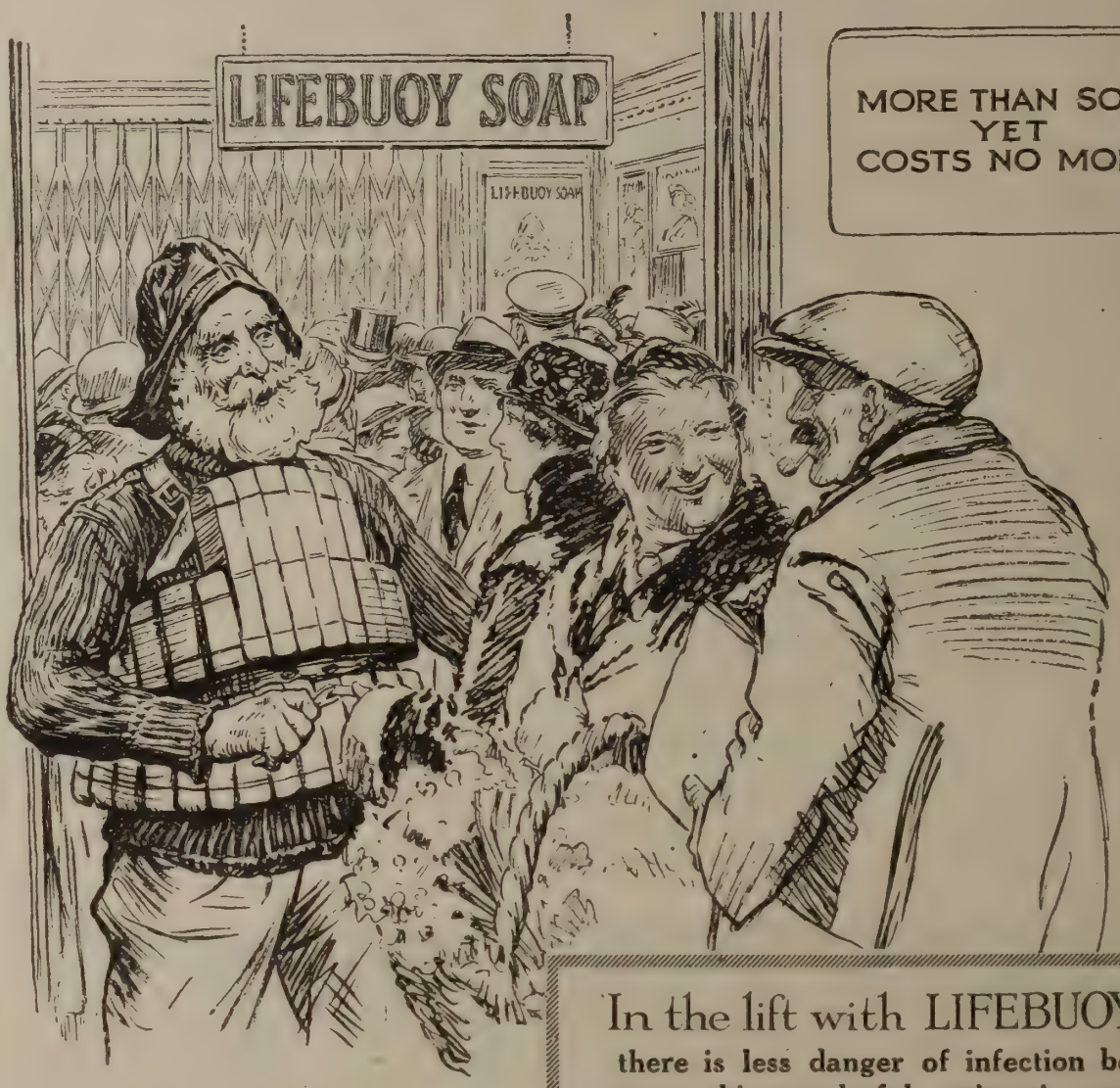
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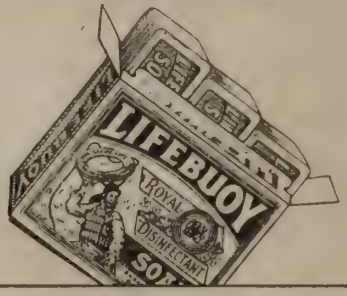
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"IF I WERE KING."

(*Continued from page 18.*)

Villon averted his head to hide the look of contempt on his face. Such a king was not worth fighting for, but there was France to consider.

"Have no fear, sire, all will be well," he said, as he took his departure.

"Think of yourself!" said Louis, spitefully. "You have but one day to make good with the Lady Katherine. If you fail, you shall dangle from the gibbet before the duke enters these grounds."

It was of Katherine Villon was thinking as he went away from the king's presence. He found her in the garden, and she smiled as she saw him.

"How go your plans against the duke?" she asked.

"Well," replied Villon. "I have noised it about that to-night the king holds revels in the palace to give Burgundy the idea that we are unprepared. The revels will be held, but the fighting men will soon retire. To-night we ride to strike a blow for France."

"Would that I might ride with you!" said Katherine, fervently.

Villon drew nearer, and looked into her eyes.

"It was on this very spot where you begged for the life of the poet Villon," he said softly.

Katherine turned angry suddenly. There was a flush of anger on her cheek.

"How can you mention that vagabond's name when I was speaking of you?" she exclaimed.

There was something in her tone that made Villon come still closer.

"If I were sure of dying to-morrow, I would tell you that I loved you," he whispered.

Katherine averted her head, but not before he had seen a tender look in her eyes.

"I shall pray that you live," she said simply.

And then Villon knew that if she had no love for Villon, her heart was his in his guise as Count Montcorbier.

He kissed her hand, though he knew he could have had her lips for the asking, but that strain of chivalry in his nature would not permit him to do so under a name to which he had no right. The next moment he had gone.

The Sacrifice for Love.

AN hour later, when Villon was closeted with the king, a messenger came, saying that a wise astrologer would speak with Louis.

The superstitious king was about to go, when Villon whispered something to him.

"Tell the astrologer I will meet him by the east fountain in a few moments," said the king.

But it was Villon who left the palace. As he neared the fountain a girl came out.

"Hughette!" gasped Villon.

"You Francois! Alive!" stammered the girl. "Rene told us you were dead, and because of that he persuaded the Cockleshells to join Burgundy. Listen! Thibaut, in the disguise of an astrologer, waits in that grove for the king. He intends to abduct him. There are others close to him. Join us, Francois. Louis is not worth one good man's life."

"Leave it to me," said Villon. "The king will see Thibaut presently."

The girl ran to tell Thibaut, and Villon, returning to the palace, borrowed Louis's hat and cloak. With bent body and dragging steps in imitation of the king, Villon approached Thibaut's hiding-place.

As the traitor saw him he threw himself on the cloaked figure, and gripped him by the throat.

"To-night you shall bend the knee to Burgundy, Louis of the craven heart!" he hissed.

Villon gave a cry for mercy, but as Thibaut released his grip, he tore away his cloak and drew his sword.

"You!" cried Thibaut.

The next second the two were engaged in deadly combat.

At the clash of steel Thibaut's men leapt out, and one, attacking Villon from behind, would have slain him, had not Hughette stopped the blade with her body. With a little cry she sank to the ground, as Villon ran Thibaut through the heart.

The King's Guards came running up, and quickly Thibaut's men were killed or taken prisoners.

Villon flung himself beside Hughette.

One glance showed him she had not many minutes to live.

"Bend closer, Francois," she whispered. "Many men have loved me, but you alone had my heart. Give me your lips before I die."

Villon bent and kissed the girl.

A great light shone in her eyes as she looked into his face. She made an effort to clasp him in her arms, but with a little sigh fell back dead.

Tenderly Villon placed her on his cloak, and rising, saw Louis looking at him with a malicious grin.

"You seem to take a great interest in such a common wench," said the king.

Villon bit his lips to keep back the angry retort.

"She had God's breath in her body, sire. She saved my life and your throne to-night!" he said, pointing to the dead body of Thibaut.

Louis started.

"I would I could grant you your life, but that rests with the Lady Katherine," he said.

"Perhaps France will have asked for my life before to-morrow," said Villon, as he gave orders for the burial of Hughette.

Two hours later, Villon, at the head of the king's forces, went out to do battle with the Duke of Burgundy.

Towards noon the following day, news was brought to Louis that Villon had won the day, and Burgundy's army was routed.

Later, with the banners taken from the defeated foe, Villon rode into the courtyard.

He gave a grim smile as he saw right in the centre a gibbet with a masked executioner standing in the centre.

While the cheers of the people were ringing in his ears, Villon came to Louis, and as he looked at Katherine, who stood beside the king, he saw in her face that she knew his real name.

She greeted him with a cold stare.

"Would that you were the man you pretended to be," she said, as she drew away.

"Does love count for nothing, then?" whispered Villon.

"Love!" exclaimed Katherine bitterly. "Do not shame the word! You stole my love under a false name, like a thief!"

Villon bowed and turned to the people in the courtyard.

"It is my last act as Grand Constable of France to declare the life of Francois Villon forfeited," he said. "The fact that I am Francois Villon does not alter the question."

A murmur of rage came from the crowd, who looked threateningly at the king.

Louis, afraid there would be a riot, rose to his feet.

"My people. I am no tyrant. I will spare Villon if anyone will take his place on the gibbet."

A sardonic smile passed over his face as not a man volunteered.

"You see there is a limit to adoration, Master Villon," he sneered.

"I am ready," replied the poet quietly. "I desire no man to hang in my place."

But as he moved towards the gibbet, Katherine sprang to her feet.

"I will take his place, sire, for I love him more than life," she cried.

A deep hush fell on the populace, which was broken in a few moments by mighty cheers.

"Nay," said Louis. "Neither of you shall die. I have tried a man's heart, and found it pure gold; a woman's soul, and found it that of an angel. You shall both live for your happiness, and the glory of France."

Another deafening cheer broke from the crowd, and as Villon held his love in his arms, he whispered:

"*Where are the woes of yesterday?*
The wind has blown them all away.
When in my arms I hold my fair,
Where are the woes of yesterday?"

(Adapted from incidents in the Fox photo-play from the novel and play by Justin Huntly McCarthy, featuring William Farnum as Villon.)

ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The Third of This Series which Deals with the Love Story of Marguerite Clark and Lieut. H. Palmerston Williams

By LOUELLA PARSONS



MARGUERITE CLARK and her husband, LT. H. PALMERSTON WILLIAMS.

IN all Marguerite Clark's career, in her stage and screen success, and in her choice of a husband, one sees the influence of her sister Cora. To this wonderful woman she owes her ability to discriminate and to decide the right way. Cora Clark was a young girl of eighteen when her father and mother passed on, leaving her as a part of her heritage a small curly-haired child, who cuddled up in her arms and clung to her. This wee mite of a babe was Marguerite, suddenly bereft of an adoring father and a mother who lavished everything in the world on her. The Clarks were people of money, they belonged to one of the old families in Cincinnati, the father had been a prosperous banker, and the children had grown up in the lap of luxury with every whim gratified.

A Splendid Sister.

SUDDENLY, without any warning, this was all taken away, the beautiful home, the horses and carriages, and servants. The girl Cora faced a grave responsibility. She had to meet the world with very little money and a child who was not old enough to think for herself. Marguerite, even then, was an unusually lovely child. She had grace, she had charm, and she had beauty. These were the assets which Cora realised were valuable. She started to train the child to dance. The best teachers available were obtained, and day after day, painstaking effort was spent on the little girl whom Cora knew had a brilliant future.

Marguerite, child-like, was impatient. She wanted to play. But Cora was firm, explaining just how important all these lessons were going to be some day. The little tot adored her sister, and as she has often said since, she worked, not because she wanted to, but because Cora asked it. Then one day came her chance to dance on the stage, and from that time on she climbed steadily up the ladder of fame.

Now, this story isn't about Cora. It is about Marguerite's romance and how she found the one man in the world. Perhaps we should say how the one man in the world found her. In the beginning, we said Cora's influence was instrumental in helping Marguerite make the final decision, but only inasmuch as her sheltering care kept all undesirables away from her small sister.

Cupid at Work.

MARGUERITE had almost taken the oath of eternal maiden bachelorhood, when a good-looking young officer in uniform made her change her mind. It was the war that acted as a background for that designing young person, Dan Cupid. Because of her exceeding popularity with the public, little Miss Clark was pressed into service at each Liberty Loan Drive. She made a tour from coast to coast at the request of the United States Government. Her winsome smile and her gracious personality won many dollars from the public.

In each city Miss Clark was fairly mobbed by great crowds who trailed her from one shop to another, and from office to office and back again to the hotel. She had the chaperonage and tender care of her sister Cora, who saw that she had a heavy enough coat that she was not unduly fatigued, and that no undesirable folk reached her at the hotel. About this time there was a great deal of good-natured rivalry over which Miss Marguerite loved the better—the army or the navy. The navy claimed her because of the attention of one of the commanders of a war vessel. This young lieutenant-commander, who had known her from babyhood, gave as his right, the privilege of looking after her while he was on shore leave.

Then one fine day the commander was called to sail, and Miss Marguerite was left without her devoted watch dog. Here, said the army to itself, is a fine chance to get in some good work.

"Don't forget the navy" was the commander's parting words to her, when he kissed her hand and said good-bye.

"Never!" solemnly promised the little lady.

(*To be continued next week.*)

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

DEATH-DEFYING STUNTS.

SENSATION, whether of a mild or nerve-racking kind, is a part of life. In due proportion on the screen it is sometimes necessary to the effective telling of a story, and for that reason it would not do to wholly exclude it from the films. But there are limits beyond which the producer should not step. For even bearing in mind the fact that exaggeration of a sort is essential in film drama, the value of human life is too sacred a thing to be lightly held for the edification of picture-goers.

Yet too many of the stunts performed for the average serial are accompanied by terrible risks for those who do them. Only occasionally when an artiste receives injuries does the public hear the news, but more often it does not. It is only when a fatality occurs, such as in the unfortunate case of Lieut. Locklear, that the public awakens to the realisation of the extremes to which sensation is being carried. Here, for instance, is a list of some of the feats which Charles Hutchison had to perform for a new serial: A jump from one motor-car to another while both were travelling at high speed; a jump across a wide ravine on a motor-cycle; a jump from a falling tower into a tree; a hand-over-hand climb on a rope stretched across a deep cut in the rocks; and an ascent, human-fly fashion, up the side of a twelve storey building.

Viewing these and other similar dare-devil stunts on the screen after they have been successfully performed may not strike some minds as very dreadful. But the tremendous risks that are run during their actual performance is a consideration not lightly to be thrown away. That the public admires the splendid courage of those who carry them out, I am certain. But I do not believe it desires to see their lives risked merely for the entertainment of others.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

"HOPSONITE" (Folkestone).—Don't go doing anything so desperate, young lady, as to forsake the jolly old PICTURE SHOW, for then you will miss something about Violet Hopson from time to time. And, do you know that she chats about trills and furbelows every week in the "Girls' Cinema"? But how can I tell you whether she has spent any of her holidays in Folkestone, or is ever likely to? Maybe, she will drop in and have tea with you when she does.

JIMMY (Clydebank).—So you work in a chemist's shop? That accounts for your letter looking so much like a prescription. You will find your questions one, two and three answered on this page. See also previous issues. Marguerite Clark was in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." You must keep on trying for a prize, and you may have luck.

"THE WASP" (Morpeth).—No, Juanita Hanson is very much alive, please tell Dame Rumour. Malvina Longfellow was the star in "Holy Orders," and "Thelma." Come to me whenever you get a thirst for knowledge, and I will try to quench it.

OLIVE (Leicester).—Your American acquaintance must surely be thinking of someone else. Mary Pickford has never had her hair bobbed. You were right in saying it was dollars.

F.A.H. (Barnes).—Clarine Seymour, who appeared in "The Idol Dancer," died in May last year, as the result of an operation. She was born in Brooklyn.

M.J. (Plymouth).—"I have at last plucked up courage to write to you," hits me in the eye so many times a day that I feel I'd like to meet the inventor of that classic phrase. I think it's time he started something fresh. Sorry I cannot enlighten you, for the publication which, as you say, has "gone west" had nothing to do with this. Your bouquet for the PICTURE SHOW is very pleasing.

E.E.W. (Middlesborough) has had a good many brickbats hurled at him by readers for stating in the issue for January 22nd, under "Film Faults," that when Nazimova, in "The Red Lantern," left her cloak behind in the Mikado's palace she was seen with the cloak next morning, though apparently it had not been picked up. As a matter of fact, one of her captors followed her with the cloak, so there was no fault in the film at all. What has E.E.W. to say?

D.A. (Upper Quinton).—You're a brick. Go ahead advertising us, and I will shower blessings on your fair head. Here are some of Owen Nares' films. "The Elder Miss Blossom," "Milestones," "Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor," "The Man Who Won," and "Gamblers All." In "The Wolves of the Night," William Farnum was Bruce Andrews, Louise Lovely (Isobel Hollins), Lamar Johnston (Burton Mortimer), Charles Clary (Edmund Rawn), Al Fremont (Garson), G. Raymond Nye (Slade), Carrie Clark Ward (Mrs. Benson), and Irene Rich (Juanita).

P.L. (Alexandria).—My thanks to you also for those new readers. Sorry I do not know of any artistes who collect postage stamps, but they get a lot sent them all the same on the letters of fervent admirers. Enid Markey was the leading actress in "Tarzan of the Apes," and she will be twenty-five this year.

"ROSSIE" (Londonderry).—You have heard that Roscoe Arbuckle has been dead for over two years. Well, I might tell you that a very substantial ghost of him appeared in London a short time ago, and created a weighty impression before departing for America. Eileen Dennes was opposite Gerald Ames in "Alf's Button." Leslie Henson was Alf 'Iggins, and Alma Taylor was Liz, his donah. Do you mean Arnold Daly in "The Perils of Pauline"? It was shown rather a long time ago.

LESLIE (Ayr).—Your views of who should marry who did not upset my nerves at all. I get worse shocks than that every day. But if the actors you named were to marry the actresses of your choice, there would be trouble in at least eight peaceful homes. For these eight are already wedded to other partners, and only two among the gentlemen are "fancy free." Thomas J. Carrigan was "Checkers" in the Fox picture of that name. James Knight, the British artiste plays for Harma. No, none of the others have any children.

"PUZZLED ONE" (Manchester).—And you can put me down as number two. Jack Mulhall certainly did play in "Storm and Sunshine," but not having seen this picture myself, I am sorry I cannot say all he did in it. Mary Rorke is silent.

"SNOWFLAKE" (Abertillery).—Pretty nom-de-plume, to be sure. No, Violet Hopson's husband is not on the films. May that set at rest those anxious minds who still keep asking me whether it is Stewart Rome. Geraldin Farrar was born on February 28th, 1882. I like old-fashioned pictures, too.

D.D. (Acton) and P.H. (Southwark).—Julian Eltinge and Master Robey have not as yet disclosed the particular information you both require.

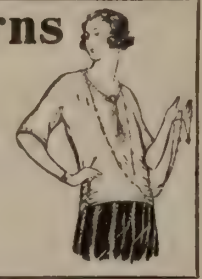
C. D. A. (Glasgow).—Sheldon Lewis was born in 1879, and he played a dual role in "The Exploits of Elaine" as Perry Bennett and The Clutching Hand. Never heard of the other artiste you mention. I will find out about Ralph Kellard.

V. H. (Guildford).—Edward Polo, eh? Oh, that's too dignified! Let's stick to Eddy. He is married to Pearl Grant, and must be about forty, if not over. He and Eileen Sedgwick were the leads in "The Circus King." No; the other actress is not married.

(*More answers on page 23.*)

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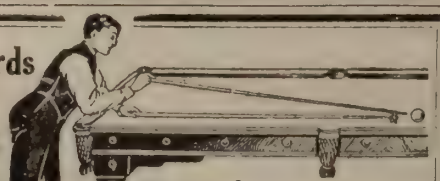
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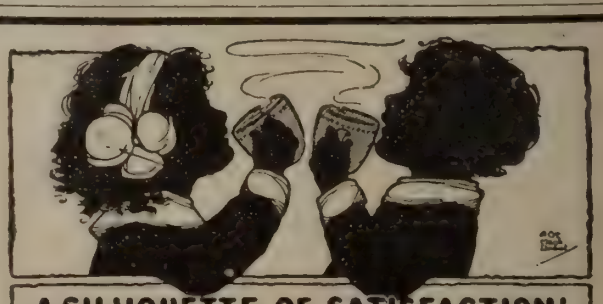


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contains just the ingredients Nature provides for nourishing and satisfying the needs of the human body

You'll like the "Chocolate" flavour.

Answers to Correspondents (Continued from page 22.)

F.M.G. (Wandsworth).—Pardoe Woodman was born on March 26th, in Malvern. He has brown hair and hazel eyes, and has played in "Nobody's Child," "Desire," and "The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown."

G.M.T. (Cardiff).—For a woman, young and single, who doesn't care how old your favourites are or whether they are married or single, you are a marvel. Anyway, you can write a clear and sensible letter, so I will forgive you its length. In answer to your first question, I hope to receive the information later. "The Admirable Crichton" and "The Miracle Man," are two new films of Thomas Meighan. The first was released this month. "The Virginian" was a Dustin Farnum picture.

H.A.R. (Nottingham).—I have not heard of any film dealing with the subject you mention.

"Ess" (Penzance).—I never swear, you know. Not when anybody is listening, at any rate. If that's your real Christian name you have got something original. I don't know why other Penzance readers are not more curious. If you mean the original Billy West, his real name is Roy B. Weisberg, and he was born somewhere in Russia. I cannot say what he is doing at present. If you want to have a better opinion of British films, you ought to see "The Call of the Road," "Alf's Button," and "The Great Gay Road," to mention only three of the best.

MARJORY (Devizes).—I can tell you like James Knight very much. I am not blaming you, of course. I expect he likes girls, but which one best, and there you have me. Some things you know require courage to find out, and this is one of them. His birthday is on May 4th, when he will have reached the age of thirty. He has brown hair, was born in Canterbury, and now measures 5 ft. 10½ in. in height.

NOEL (Tottenham).—So you have turned up again after a long spell of rest. I hope you feel refreshed. Virginia Pearson and Sheldon Lewis were the leads in "The Bishop's Emeralds." The second film must be an old one. Ruth Roland took the part of Belle Boyd in "The Tiger's Trail," but about the other part, I cannot say. Gale Henry is a woman, and she is, in fact, the wife of Bruno Becker.

J.P. (Dewsbury), L.J. (London, S.W.), L.K. (Nottingham), J.L. (London, W.), Rosamund (Harrogate), F.H. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), N.C. (Crawley), "Rosebud," (Portsmouth), "Florrie" (St. Helens), "Mabel" (Hounslow), G.S. (London, W.C.), "The Movie Mads" (Salisbury), and B.T. (Surrey). The information will be found in recent issues.

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

Cases for binding volumes 2 and 3 of the PICTURE SHOW can be had from the Binding Dept., 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4. Back numbers of the paper can also be obtained from the Publisher (same address) at 3d. per copy post free.

Do you want photos of your favourites? If so, send for No. 2 set of our "All Star" series of postcards, containing photos of Charles Ray, Pearl White, Antonio Moreno, Pauline Frederick, William Duncan, and Milton Sills, from the PICTURE SHOW Postcard Dept., 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4. The price of the set complete is one shilling. No single postcards can be sold. Postal Orders should be made payable to the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., and crossed Bank of England, Law Courts Branch.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

GEORGE SEITZ, care of Pathé Exchange, 25, West 45th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, care of Buster-Keaton Comedies, 6,250, Eleanor Avenue, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

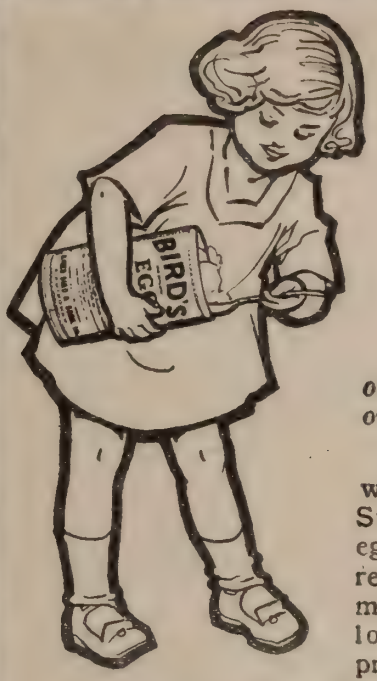
BEN TURPIN, care of Mack Sennett Studios, 1,712, Alessandro Street, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

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(More addresses next week.)

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On this page you will find the seventh set of photographs of several well-known Cinema Artistes. All of them are more or less disguised by goggles.

Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet.

Next week the last set of pictures will appear, and we shall then tell you when and how to send your efforts to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Girls' Cinema," and the "Boys' Cinema," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.



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PICTURE SHOW, March 12th, 1921. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

"THAT LAST LOOK."—Beautiful Art Picture INSIDE.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. MARCH 12, 1921.

No. 98. Vol. 4.

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Luxurious, Abundant, Wavy Tresses for All Who Post the GIFT COUPON Below To-day.

AS surely as the magic words, "Open Sesame," revealed to the hero of the Arabian Nights Story priceless treasures in gold, silver, and precious gems, so to-day is the golden treasury of beautiful healthy hair, by the wonderful Gift Offer made here, placed in the possession of the tens of thousands of men and women readers.

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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 61.—EVELYN BOUCHER.

EVELYN BOUCHER, who is playing the leading role of Beryl Foster in the Stoll screen version of "My Lord Conceit," is an ardent follower of the news in the PICTURE SHOW, as you see above. Miss Boucher says she is particularly pleased with our latest improvement, the double page of news pictures, which give at a glance all the latest happenings of Cinema land.

—♦♦—

Pictures That Please.

EVERYBODY loves a lover, and everyone is interested in a bride. This is to introduce you to our centre page this week, surely one of the prettiest pictures of a bride you have yet seen. I know this picture will find a place in many of my girl readers' own sanctums, and our art picture of Alice Lake will please many of my men readers. I am sure of the latter, because Alice has found a place in this supplement in answer to a perfect avalanche of letters from her admirers, and not the lesser number of these letters were from the sterner sex.

—♦♦—

A Real Heroine of Romance.

THE new serial in the "Girls' Cinema," "A Princess of the Screen," has gained approval with the readers. I knew this story would please, because, naturally, everyone interested in pictures is anxious to get a peep behind the scenes, and as the heroine goes to Los Angeles, and meets and works with celebrities of cinema land, the story has one long appeal. Have you read the first number yet—out last Tuesday?

—♦♦—

Tony In Prison.

I HAVE just heard from Antonio Moreno, after spending three days in prison in order to get atmosphere for his coming film, entitled "Three Sevens."

It required considerable wire-pulling to secure permission from the authorities to lock up an innocent man in gaol, but it was finally obtained, and Tony was treated just like the other prisoners.

After the experience, Tony is of the opinion that it pays to be good. He never fully realised the blessing of freedom until his privileges were curtailed. He says that he knows how to sympathise with convicts, and intends to do all in his power to better the conditions of prisoners. The penitentiary in which Moreno spent his three days is considered a model prison, and the star had many words of praise for the treatment received during his experiment.

—♦♦—

A Poem of Joy.

LEATRICE JOY has been inspiring her fellow artistes to write poems to her. Here is one that was presented to her on St. Valentine's day.

"There's joy about the studio,
And joy upon the stage,
There's joy in each scenario,
On every written page.
At least it's Joy when Leatrice
Is called upon to play,
The Goldwyn folks discovered that,
So Joy has come to stay."

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

What Will They Call Him?

YOUNG George K. Arthur, whom we are shortly to see in his very successful portrayal of Kipps in the Stoll film version of the famous novel by H. G. Wells, now is to take the name part in Artemas' first novel, "Dear Fool."

As everyone is in the habit of calling him "Kipps" at present, he told me that he is rather wondering what he will be called when he takes up his next part. Laughingly, he told me that he would have no particular objection to "Dear."

—♦♦—

He Knows the Time.

TOM MIX recently fell heir to a mongrel dog, which bequeathed itself to the animal-loving star, and refused to be cast out. Tom hadn't the heart to send him away, and shortly after the dog attached itself to Mix, the name of Bingo attached itself to the dog.

Mix now declares that he is very fond of Bingo.

"Why, do you know," remarked the star proudly to a friend, "that dog's the smartest one in California. He can tell the time."

"You don't mean it!" responded the friend, incredulously.

"Sure thing!" was Tom's reply. "He had a scrap with a bull dog about four times his size not long ago, and ever since then, whenever he sees that dog, he knows it's time to strike out for home."

—♦♦—

Ten Days' Old Actor.

GONE are the days when a property baby was used for the cinema.

In a scene in a coming film, entitled "Dangerous Curves Ahead," you will see probably the youngest baby who ever acted for the screen. It is only ten days old, or was, when the scenes in which it appeared were filmed.



NAN HERRIOTT, playing Lady Loudwater in "The Loudwater Mystery." At the age of sixteen Miss Herriott was an artist's model. She then took up the stage as a profession, and appeared in pantomime, revue, and musical comedy. Before being given this big part on the screen, Miss Herriott worked in the crowd of three Broadwest pictures: in the "Romance of a Movie Star," "The Great Gay Road," and the "Rank Outsider."

Bill Duncan's Latest Thrill.

BILL DUNCAN recently experienced the closest call of his dare-devil career during the filming of some of the under-water scenes in his coming serial, "Fighting Fate."

After a rapid succession of sensational happenings, Bill was imprisoned in a large water tank, which occupied the whole of the boat. The tank had a side outlet, operated by intricate hand machinery from above. According to the play, the outlet had to be opened by the villains from above, then shut with a snap in Duncan's face when he reached it.

The outlet valve operated smoothly until Duncan took his dive through the opening which led to the sea. Then it stuck, with the result that Duncan's body went half way through before the slide came down, wedging his body tight and fast.



EDMUND GOULDING, the young Englishman now in America, whose greatest ambition is to make British pictures in Britain. Mr. Goulding says the only way for an Englishman to learn American methods is to work in an American studio.



VICTOR HUMFREY, now playing juvenile lead in "St. Elmo" for Rex Wilson. He has been on films for about a year, and has appeared in "The Call of Youth," "Enchantment," and "The Shoeblack of Piccadilly."

A Near Thing.

HIS peril was immediately evident, and the only way of opening the tank was blocked by the accident. The men both inside and outside tried to force up the slide with their hands, while others worked desperately at the machinery. Duncan said that he would never have come through this ordeal alive if he had not made use of the secret of breath suspension, told him by an Indian Yogi.

He was near the point of exhaustion when the valve jerked into action as suddenly and mysteriously as it had stopped. Duncan was hurled out with a rush of water, and promptly hauled on board in a state of collapse.

—♦♦—

All About Sammy.

ONE of the most delightful kiddies to watch on the screen is Sunshine Sammy, the diminutive screen star, now appearing in comedy roles, and who first made a name for himself when appearing with Baby Marie Osborne.

Sammy is quite a discovery. His antics are worthy of a comedian of long experience. Much of the humorous appeal on the screen is due to the fact that, despite his lack of inches and youthfulness, he always endeavours to enact a man's part, and with amusing seriousness throws down the gauntlet to mature contestants for the favours of screen maidens.

Sammy is a real negro, and is not, as is sometimes suggested, painted for the part. The extent to which he is dragged through ponds, and saturated with water from fire hoses in comedies, should effectively dispel any doubt as to the genuineness of his colour.

—♦♦—

Wrongly Named.

THE PICTURE SHOW owes an apology to Gladys Walton whose beautiful picture adorned the last page of our Art Supplement last week. Her name was wrongly printed as Gladys Walters.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (*Continued from page 3.*)

A Narrow Escape.

DID you know that Lewis S. Stone narrowly escaped being a sailor? Before he was seventeen he sailed before the mast, but when he learned that he could not obtain a pilot's certificate before he was twenty-one, he decided to change his profession.

—♦♦—

Now He Knows.

WILLIAM FARNUM is an observant person, and likes to listen to people and collect unusual sayings.

Recently, while working in a small out-of-the-way town, he went into the only restaurant in the place, and asked for some steak. In a few minutes the waiter returned.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "but the steak's all over."

"All over what?" inquired Farnum.

"All over with," was the prompt reply.

—♦♦—

A Fearsome Beast.

AN amusing incident happened at the Fox Sunshine studio the other day, when a number of large African lions were needed for much of the ludicrous action of the comedy. At rehearsal it was found that the lions filled their roles perfectly, with the exception of one incident, where a lion of playful propensities was required, and the trainer was unable to get any suggestion of playfulness from his "kings of the jungle."

In desperation, he secured a large mongrel dog, and fitted it out with a huge mane, and a fuzzy decoration at the end of his tail.

The dog, however, with all the impatience of the true artiste, as soon as the camera's attention was turned elsewhere, made a dash for home, without troubling to remove his make-up. He created something like a panic in the streets, and some hours later a notice was brought to the studio to the effect that any upholstered lions in Hollywood must have the last vestige of make-up removed before leaving the studio.

—♦♦—

Exciting Scenes.

QUITE one of the most exciting scenes in the screen presentation of Justin Huntly McCarthy's famous novel and stage success, "If I Were King," is that in which William Farnum in the role of Francois Villon, the vagabond poet, engages in a duel with his enemy, Thibaut, enacted by Walter Law.

Farnum is noted for his ability as a swordsman, which dates back to his theatrical days. At that time his prowess in this particular line won for him great fame, and it is safe to assume that this will be considerably enhanced when you see his spirited display in "If I Were King," now released.

Consequently, when Walter Law was engaged for the part of Thibaut, and Claude Payton for that of Montigny, both knew that they would have to cross swords with Farnum, and being veteran actors, knew also that this would not be child's play. Therefore, they approached the star, and all agreed to practise together, so that the duelling scenes would be beyond criticism.

They were days rehearsing before Farnum declared himself satisfied, and the results are undoubtedly some of the most realistic and fiercely contested sword encounters ever screened.

—♦♦—

Rotten!

CLIVE COOK is fond of relating some of the funny incidents that occurred during his early days, when he toured the English music-hall stage.

"One day, while playing in a small town in the south of England," he says, "I was accosted at the stage-door by a small boy bearing in his arms a huge pineapple. Thinking to have some fun with the boy, I asked him what he would take for the pineapple. He answered that I could have it if I would let him see the show. As it looked like a good bargain, I paid the youngster's way in.

"Upon cutting the pineapple in my dressing-room, I found it was in such a badly decayed stage that no one could eat it.

"After the performance I waited at the front door, to remonstrate with my young friend, and soon had him by the collar.

"'Hi, there, laddie,' I said. 'That pineapple was rotten.'

"The young scoundrel twisted himself free, and running down the street, cried over his shoulder, 'So was the show.'"



FRANCES MARION, the clever little lady who directed Mary Pickford in her coming photo-play, "The Love Light." The story centres about the romance of a young girl who tends the lighthouse where she lives when her brothers are called away to war, and contains a strong mixture of romance, tragedy and humour, with a great deal of action.

—♦♦—

A Much-Travelled Actress.

PERHAPS the most travelled film actress in the profession is Eunice Fernandez, who, I hear has just been engaged by the Film Enterprise to feature in their forthcoming productions, where she will play opposite Jack Harding and Douglas Perry, of "Jack, Sam, and Pete" fame.

Miss Fernandez has been twice round the world, and has acquired a numerous collection of curios and costumes, and photographs of almost unknown lands and people.

She has made her appearance on the operatic stage at Brussels and has studied art and acting in Rome.

—♦♦—

How Eileen Began.

I HAVE just heard that it was due to Elsie Janis that Eileen Percy first took to the films. It seems that Douglas Fairbanks went to New York seeking a leading lady, and Elsie Janis recommended Eileen Percy, and Douglas accepted her. Since then Eileen's rise to fame has been rapid, and now although she is married, and to a millionaire, Ulrich Busch, she still works as hard as ever for the screen as she did before, when she made her living from it.

—♦♦—

For Girls Only.

I MUSTN'T close before telling you of a simple yet beautiful dressing-jacket pattern that is given free with this week's "Woman's Pictorial."

If you are a girl, you will only need to see it to want it. Of course, this tit-bit of news is only for my girl readers.

Fay Filmer.



Two clever studies of GERTRUDE NORMAN as the elderly lady in Mrs. Lydiard, a coming Goldwyn picture, entitled "Out of the Dark."

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

William Farnum as an Impressario.

WILLIAM FARNUM talked for fully half an hour the other day, when I saw him at the Fox studios, on the joys of sponsoring a play. He has brought back the old time light opera "Erminie," and we understand it is playing each night to capacity houses at the Park Theatre. William Farnum is one of the highest priced stars in the picture business. Some actors have one dissipation and others elect to spend their money in another way. The theatre is Mr. Farnum's love first, last and always. Someone said "Erminie" would be a good investment, and because Mr. Farnum knows something of its reputation and record he at once took steps to have it revived. With Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper, the old-time favourites of "Erminie" in the cast, needless to say the receipts are sufficient to please the most ambitious theatrical manager. Speaking of William Farnum, he was going through his act to the tune of a violin—and sob music at that. He wore a white wig, and had to do a pathetic scene that is supposed to bring tears to the picture-goer's stony heart.

"I am just out of prison," he explained, "after having been imprisoned for twenty years under a false sentence."

The music, I gathered, helped to give him the proper tempo. Pearl White, working on another scene, came over to listen to the violin.

"I never want any sob music," she said. "It is too diverting." Miss White wore a dress that looked as if it had been torn forcibly from her shoulder. Regular serial stuff injected into a drama—at least, that is the way someone in the Fox studio summed up her disarray.

Speaking of "Erminie," we are told $100,000 has been offered for the motion picture rights.

—♦♦—

Madge Kennedy's Personalities.

BEFORE Madge Kennedy agreed to return to the stage she insisted on a particular kind of play, one that would give her the chance to do all the cunning little Kennedyisms so popular before Madge sold herself into screendom. The result of this wide search for a play brought forth "Cornered," in which the little lady plays a dual role. Strangely enough, simultaneously with the appearance of "Cornered," a Goldwyn production made its appearance, with Madge Kennedy playing another dual role. For weeks she was playing four parts at one time, and getting hundreds of letters from Kennedy fans who assured her even four parts a day are not enough of their favourite Madge.

—♦♦—

The Bull Rebels.

IT is no longer Bull Montana. If you please, Mr. Montana has dropped the Bull, and prefers to be called Jack. He is the prize fighting gentleman Douglas Fairbanks brought to the screen.

—♦♦—

Disappointing the Fans.

WHEN Eugene O'Brien moved into his new apartment—and bought it on the co-operative plan, everyone whispered—a woman in the case! Eugene is to bring home a bride! I heard so many reports about the mysterious Mrs. O'Brien, I asked Eugene to tell me the truth one day when I happened to meet him in the street.

"Yes, I have a woman in my new home," he said, "and her name is Mrs. O'Brien."

"Why in the name of Sense didn't you tell me you were going to get married?" I gasped.

"Because I couldn't tell you a lie," he answered. "The woman is my mother!"

And those who say they know, declare the handsome Gene is not any nearer matrimony than he was a year ago.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

THIS WEEK'S PICTURE SHOWS

"The Brand of Lopez" .. .. .. *Jury.*
SESSUE HAYAKAWA.
"Foul Play?" .. .. *B.E.F.*
RENE KELLY.
"The Cost" .. .. *Paramount-Artcraft.*
VIOLET HEMMING.
"The Climbers" .. .. *Vitagraph.*
CORINNE GRIFFITH, PERCY MARMONT.
"Mary's Ankle" .. *Paramount-Artcraft.*
DOUGLAS MACLEAN and DORIS MAY.
"Her Benny" .. .. *Grangers.*
BABS REYNOLDS and STANLEY WOOD.
"The Devil Dodger" .. .. *Western Import.*
ROY STEWART.
"Edge of Youth" .. .. *Gaumont.*
JOSEPHINE EARLE.
"Faith" .. .. *Fox.*
PEGGY HYLAND.

THE "PICTURE SHOW'S" GUIDE TO PICTUREGOERS

The Heroine of "Daddy Long-Legs."

"FOUL PLAY?" by Charles Reade, directed by Edwin J. Collins, an all-British production by Master Films, Ltd., scenario by W. Courtenay Rowden, British Exhibitors Films, Ltd.

This is a fine dramatic film, released this week, and I am sure will be greatly appreciated by all PICTURE SHOW readers who are on the look-out for a good British film.

The story is written by that prince of theatrical writers, Charles Reade, and the story is full of action, which makes it eminently suitable for screening.

Many of the scenes are tremendously exciting, they include the scuttling of a ship on the high sea, then the encounter of the heroine with an enormous boa constrictor—but "Alls well that ends well."

The Rev. Silas Hocking's Disappointment

THIS is the ever-popular story "Her Benny." It was filmed in Liverpool, that great port on the Mersey, where the flotsam and jetsam of life flows along like a restless river.

"It may surprise you to know," the Rev. Silas Hocking told me the other day, "that I have no interest in the book or in the film, except a sentimental one. 'One sows and another reaps,' yet I loved the story.

"The principal characters I knew. I visited little Nelly in the hospital, and had many a long talk with Joe Wrag.

"The story is not very true to life in these days. Times have changed—but it was true forty years ago. The producer has done his work well. Joe Wrag was magnificently acted, so I think were the parts of the children Benny and Nelly.

"My only disappointment was in the Hospital Scene, which failed to convey what I think the book portrays. In all other respects I was delighted. I hear it is an enormous success in the North," the Rev. Silas Hocking added.

The author himself takes part in this film. It is a pathetic story of child life, in the Liverpool streets. Little Nelly Bates and Benny, her brother, sold matches and suffered cruel treatment from their father and stepmother. In one of the scenes Nelly is struck down by a passing motor-car. The story was filmed in the actual bustle of the streets, and so realistic was "the accident" that a policeman on duty thought it was real, and before anyone could intervene, the "patient" was driven off to hospital!



MORTON YORK in "Foul Play," by Charles Reade. It is an all-British production which is to be released this week.

An Exciting Story of Bull-Fighters.

ADMIRERS of Sessue Hayakawa will have an opportunity of seeing this versatile artiste in a new role in "The Brand of Lopez," in which he appears as a Spaniard. It is a thrilling story of outlaws and bull-fighters with revenge as the theme for many exciting incidents.

What Came of an Elopement.

THE story of an elopement with a young financier and its consequences enables Violet Hemming to portray some really fine acting in "The Cost." She pays the price of her youthful folly, though a dramatic incident in later life opens out the way to her happiness.

The Romance of a Sprain.

EVEN a sprained ankle can provide an interesting situation, especially when a young and impecunious doctor falls in love with the owner of it. This is what happens in "Mary's Ankle," in which Douglas MacLean and Doris May are featured.

A Village Play with Thrills.

"FAITH" is a play which ought to interest Christian Scientists and others. There are charming scenes of Scottish life in a village, and a pretty romance woven round a hard-working Scotch lassie played by Peggy Hyland.

The Result of a Decision.

IN "The Edge of Youth," a British play based on a story specially written for the screen, Josephine Earle is separated from her lover by a scheming aunt. The young man has no money, and in the years that pass the girl marries a man of wealth. It is a simple plot in which love, as usual, is on one side, but instead of the sort of ending that might be expected a decision on her part made at a moment of life and death gives another, though equally happy, close to the story.

A Matrimonial Mistake.

CORINNE GRIFFITH, always an exceptionally fine actress, is at her best in "The Climbers." It is a story of a girl who, encouraged by her parents, marries the wrong man for the sake of a social position. There are tense scenes in the picture when the financial crash brought about by his dishonesty towards others, reveals that he had married her only for her money.

EDITH NEPEAN.



A scene from "Her Benny," showing BABS RONALD and STANLEY WOOD, the clever child actors.



Another scene from "Her Benny," which is the film version of Silas K. Hocking's well-known novel.

BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TO-DAY.



The CALL OF THE ROAD



The Splendid New Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ALFRED TRUSCOTT, who has filled the Hall with card-playing friends; and is known amongst them as "The Lamb." He has been brought up by his uncle,

SILAS TRUSCOTT, who, returning one night, finds out the state of affairs, and orders his nephew to leave the house.

SIR MARTIN TREVOR, an inveterate gambler, is amongst a party at the Hall on the evening before Silas Truscott's return. He changes some dice for loaded ones, and the Lamb, roused to fury, attacks him. The result is that Sir Martin challenges him to a duel.

PAGANINI PRIMUS and PAGANINI SECUNDUS, an old fiddler and a young boy who are "gentlemen of the road," are joined by Alfred when he takes his uncle at his word and leaves the Hall, and Alfred appoints Paganini Primus as his second in the duel.

LADY ROWENA, Alfred's cousin, is told by her maid, of this duel, and determines to witness it, as she wishes to see of what mettle her cousin, whom she has never seen, is made. She and her servant, from behind a clump of bushes, watch the duel which commences with Sir Martin Trevor being full of self-confidence, but his sword is suddenly sent spinning in the air. The Lamb, instead of killing him, tweaks the nose of his enemy, who vows vengeance for this act. Two days later Lady Rowena sets forth on a visit to her godmother.

After the duel Alfred and the two Paganinis take to the open road and presently they come to a tavern owned by Punch Murphy, who is proud of his fighting abilities. He wagers a guinea that there is not a man living who can "tap his snout." Alfred walks quietly up to him and his fist shoots out, landing squarely on the landlord's nose. Punch pays his guinea and challenges Alfred to a proper fight.

The Fight in the Barn—The Genial Stranger.

THE young blacksmith was genuinely concerned on Alfred's behalf. He knew all there was to be known about Punch Murphy, and most of it was not to the old prize-fighter's credit as a sportsman.

Ten years before, Murphy's savage ferocity and his unscrupulous tactics in the ring had been notorious. Even in a proper fight with a strong referee to see fair play Punch Murphy had not hesitated to resort to some very ugly tricks. There was no knowing what he would do in an informal set-to of this kind in his own barn.

With these thoughts in his mind, Hammer John walked across to the foolhardy young stranger, who was already peeling for the fray.

"'Tis foolish of thee, lad," said the blacksmith bluntly. "It took me an hour to stop his gab."

Alfred grinned in his cheerful boyish way.

"Then, mayhap, 'twill take me two hours," he answered. "But even so, half-a-guinea an hour is no bad pay."

"It will not last so long," said Hammer John gravely. "He'll break or maim thee in the first five minutes. He has a punch like a mule's kick, and what's more, he'll fight foul when he gets the chance."

"I'll make a note of that, and many thanks," said Alfred as he stripped off his coat.

Hammer John was about to speak again, but checked himself as his gaze fell upon the half-stripped figure of the young man.

The huge yet shapely shoulders, the muscular arms, the splendid sinews gave a suggestion of extraordinary strength, combined with a cat-like agility and grace.

A puzzled expression came into the blacksmith's face.

"Hast ever been in the ring, lad?" he asked abruptly.

"I' faith, no!" replied Alfred, with a laugh; "'tis a sport I'd liefer watch than play at."

"'Tis a pity. Thou hast the makings of a good 'un. Put yourself under me for three months, and I'll match thee against Punch Murphy for twenty guineas. But this is a fool's game thou art playing now. Without experience——"



"Well, my coxcomb, art ready for thy trussing?"

Punch Murphy, leaving his friends, strode into the open space in the centre of the barn.

Now that he was stripped he looked a formidable character. He was shorter than Alfred, but the great knotted muscles stood out on his hairy chest, and he looked as solid as a rock.

"It's all in, mark you," he said with a cunning leer, "and we stop when one of us has had enough. You'll make a note of that, Hammer John, and not be interfering."

The blacksmith frowned, but said nothing.

He had done his best, and now the young fool must take the consequences of his own folly.

The two Paganinis were watching the proceedings with the keenest anxiety. Primus especially was very nervous as his champion advanced to meet the landlord.

Alfred's face wore its customary good-humoured smile, but his keen eyes were very watchful.

Punch Murphy was full of confidence. He was slow and dull-witted, and even his brute strength—his one great asset—had been sapped to some extent by years of soft living.

It was his over-confidence, however, which led to his downfall.

He advanced recklessly, with an exaggeration of the classical pose, as of one who is about to give an exhibition.

There was nothing classical in Alfred's pose. Ignoring the rule that a boxer should take full advantage of his height, Truscott came in crouching, standing square on with both hands advanced.

Punch made a feint with his left, and then sent in a savage blow with his right at the mark.

Alfred just saved himself, and then clinched. There was a wild wrestling scramble, and then to the amazement of all present the landlord was lifted bodily and flung heavily to the wooden floor of the barn.

Hammer John gave a gasp, and then a delighted, gurgling laugh.

"It's all in, Punch, and I'm not interfering," he shouted, with a chuckle.

Murphy scrambled to his feet, and blind with rage flew at his antagonist.

The whirlwind fury of his attack caused Alfred to give ground, and for several seconds there was a terrific rough-and-tumble, the two men trampling to and fro and round about while the audience shrieked and yelled encouragement and advice.

Then quite suddenly the end came.

Alfred, through his inexperience, missed many of the openings which his opponent gave him, but at last he brought round a swinging left which caught Punch on the very point of his bulldog jaw.

The old bruiser went down with a crash to the wooden floor, half-rolled over, and then remained quite still.

Alfred stood ready, that watchful look still in his eyes. He had not forgotten the advice he received, and he thought this might be a trick.

Hammer John joined those who were bending over the landlord and trying to bring him round.

After a very brief inspection the blacksmith turned, with a smile, to Alfred.

"Thy guinea is safe!" he said drily.

Alfred, quickly followed by the two Paganinis, walked across to the group.

Primus had put away his snuffbox and tried to look as though the result of the combat was exactly what he had expected.

The landlord was beginning to stir. When at last his little eyes opened he fixed them on Alfred in a dazed stare.

Alfred put out his hand.

"The luck was mine," he said good-naturedly. "Not badly hurt, I trust?"

Punch Murphy made no answer. His silence was not due to surliness. He was still dazed, and his expression indicated not so much anger or indignation as a kind of infantile wonder. He could not yet understand what had happened to him or how it had happened.

He allowed himself to be helped to his feet, and then still in a very groggy state, lurched out of the bar without a word.

In a moment Alfred was surrounded by a voluble throng of admirers. The most exuberant of them all was Ikey Barnes.

"Wonderful, my boy; wonderful!" he cried, dancing round the new champion like a cat on hot bricks. "One round! Punch Murphy in one round! And it took the Chicken twenty rounds to beat him. My boy, you're a marvel!"

"'Twas a different Punch Murphy who fought the Chicken," said Hammer John quietly. "All the same, sir, 'twas prettily done. Thou art a natural fighter, and hath the makings of a champion, if my opinion is worth aught."

"Meanwhile," interposed Primus, as he took a leisurely pinch of snuff, "methinks there was some talk of a guinea——"

"That's true," said Alfred, with a laugh. "Come, lads, let's get back to the bar and make a hole in that same guinea. Mayhap our good landlord hath a bottle of wine in his cellar."

They trooped back to the bar of The Two Fishes in a body, where they found Punch Murphy slowly recovering over a glass of neat gin.

He was not alone. At the little round table near the wooden settle sat a new customer.

He was a young man under thirty, smartly but soberly dressed. In a bold way he was handsome, with a pair of keen, sloe-black eyes. In spite of his attire and the easy self-assurance of his manner he did not look quite a gentleman. There was something about him—a slightly exaggerated swagger, perhaps—which marked him out as one who aped gentility, and was not to the manner born.

He looked up as the party entered, and surveyed each member of it with a bold yet friendly stare.

He was a man who got on well with strangers, and it was part of his business to make new acquaintances.

"Good-day to you, gentlemen!" he said pleasantly.

Most of the company eyed him suspiciously, as is the rustic manner, but Alfred acknowledged his salutation with a friendly nod.

"Good-day, friend. Our worthy landlord is about to treat us to a bottle of his best wine. Maybe you'll join us."

"That will I!" said the stranger. "These parts are new to me, but I like your customs.

(*Continued on page* 8.)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF WALTER HIERS *(Special to the "Picture Show.")*

WALTER HIERS

THE SMILING COMEDIAN OF THE SCREEN WHO STANDS FOR A LEAGUE OF RATIONS

"IT is better to be born lucky than rich," says the old adage, and it might be said with equal truth in these days of the cinema, "get fat and you may be famous." It was fat that made the late John Bunny, the late Smiling Bill Parsons, and Roscoe Arbuckle, popular stars of the screen, for though all of them certainly had acting ability, it was their fat that helped them to be funny on the film.

Another fat comedian who has made a great name for himself is Walter Hiers. Walter is really funny, whether he is laughing or wearing that pathetic look which begets the sympathy of his audience.

A Jolly Comedian.

STANDING five feet ten and a half inches in his socks and weighing over sixteen stone, Walter is one of our jolliest comedians of the stage. Being on the fat side, you can readily imagine he is generally smiling, and perhaps because this is his natural expression, the audience laughs loudest when he is not.

He began his professional career on the music-hall stage in sketches. His fate has always been farce, and he was a great acquisition to the screen when he was cast for a part in "It Pays to Advertise." Among the best known films in which we have seen him are, "What's Your Husband Doing," with Douglas MacLean and Doris May; "The Fear Woman," in which photo-play Pauline Frederick plays the lead; "Spotlight Sadie," a Mae Marsh film; "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," "An Experimental Marriage," a Constance Talmadge film; "When Doctors Disagree," "Hard Boiled," and "Bill Henry."

Real Fun.

"MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM" is one of the finest and funniest screen plays now before the public, and although Mr. Hiers plays with those splendid stars, Mr. Bryant Washburn and Miss Wanda Hawley, he is by no means a secondary character, as the genial ever-willing-to-oblige-a-pal kind of fellow, which lands him from one trouble to another with bewildering rapidity. Walter plays a part which is perhaps unequalled in that kind of comedy. There is nothing of the slapstick comedy about Mr. Hiers, he is really humorous.



A welcome.



Surprise.

The Ideal Figure.

WALTER'S fatness fits him like the proverbial glove. Like many other stout stars, his great weight is in no sense unwieldy. As a matter of fact Walter is an all round athlete, but though he takes an immense amount of exercise, he cannot grow thin, and since he receives such a good salary for being stout, he doesn't worry any more about his waistline. When you ask Walter the reason for his great girth, he will tell you with a solemn look that he considers his the ideal figure. "If the world were made up of men like myself and Mr. Arbuckle," he says, "there would never be any trouble. Wars would disappear, because fat men are too contented to quarrel. There would be no need for a League of Nations though there might be a necessity for a league of rations. Fat is the milk of human kindness made in the churn of laughter. I don't believe that any really fat man ever committed a serious crime. What did Shakespeare say?

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look," and later. "Would he were fatter."

Which shows he distrusted thin men, and believe me, William of Avon knew what he was talking about.



If you want to write to him address your letter—

WALTER HIERS,
Realart Picture Corporation,
469, Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

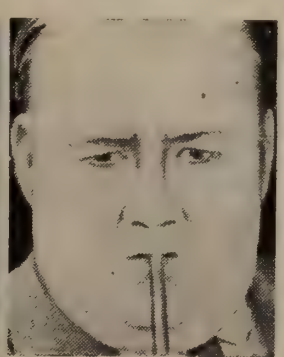
(Mention the "Picture Show" to ensure an early reply.)

A Universal Favourite.

LIKE all jovial people Walter is a great favourite with his fellow artistes of the screen. His chief recreation is aquatic sports, and he can often be seen on the Californian beaches indulging in his favourite pastime. He is now devoting all his working time to appearing on the screen, so we shall see him in many more laughter-raising parts. The above photograph was sent specially for readers of the PICTURE SHOW, and, humorous as ever, he had signed it "'Fat'-fully yours, Walter Hiers."



Suspicious.



Worried.



His smile.



Just wondering.



So innocent.

"THE CALL OF THE ROAD."

(Continued from page 6)

And when we have drunk to our better acquaintance in the landlord's best, maybe you'll break another bottle with me at my expense."

"The more the merrier," said Alfred cheerfully. "Landlord, we rely on you to treat us well. Glasses round, and see what you can find in your cellar."

Punch Murphy was able to execute the order, for although the bulk of his trade was in ale and cheap spirits he occasionally had to entertain the young bloods to whom he gave lessons in the noble art, and his stock of wine, though not extensive, was of excellent quality.

The party soon became a merry one, and even Punch Murphy brightened up. The guinea he had lost was soon swallowed up by the thirsty company, but the last arrival, whoever he might be, seemed well-supplied with money, and insisted upon following Alfred's example and playing the host to the whole company.

Old Primus played his fiddle, and the well-dressed stranger was loud in his applause. Then the latter told stories, and told them so neatly, and with such spirit, that he soon had everyone eagerly listening to him.

Alfred, especially, was attracted by the plausible good humour of the fellow.

Old Primus, too, was delighted, for in the old fiddler's philosophy all company was good as long as it was merry.

"Methinks, friend, if you stay long in these parts you'll be a godsend. Never have I seen The Two Fishes so merry.'

"Nay, I'm but a bird of passage. Forty mile have I ridden since sunrise, and in an hour or so I must be in the saddle again."

"To-night?"

"Ay!"

"In good truth thy business must be urgent!"

"Even so," replied the stranger with a whimsical smile.

But he gave no further explanation and presently broke into a drinking song.

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it does run over,
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it does run over,
For to-night we'll merry be,
For to-night we'll merry be,
And to-morrow we'll get sober.
For he who takes his pipe and pot
And goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to,
Lives like a Briton true
And dies a jolly fellow.
Landlord fill the——

He was in the very midst of the roaring chorus when he stopped abruptly, becoming aware that someone on the opposite side of the bar was staring at him with wide-open eyes.

He lurched over the table with a curiously impulsive movement upsetting his wine and at the same time his hand slipped to his pocket.

"Who are you staring at?" he growled, in an oddly changed voice, and his glittering black eyes were fixed on the startled face of Ikey Barnes, the man with the battered top-hat.

Mr. Barnes at once pulled himself together.

"'Twas the song," he muttered apologetically. "No offence. It reminded me of the time I heard it last. 'Twas in a tavern down Epping way. And him that sung it——"

"Well?"

There was a very menacing note in the stranger's voice now.

"'Tis naught," said Barnes, uneasily. "I've forgot already. My mind's a blank!"

"Then keep it blank for the good of thy health, friend," said the stranger with a sudden return of his good-humour.

The rest of the company were still roaring out the chorus of the song, and were quite unconscious of what had taken place.

The stranger rose.

"'Tis late friends," he said. "I'm loth to leave this pleasant company, but my business is urgent, and I have tarried too long."

He moved briskly to the door. He had been drinking heavily, but he was quite sober now, and all his movements were brisk and alert.

He ignored the noisy protestations of the company, and was about to step away when Alfred detained him at the open door.

"At least give us thy name, friend, that we may drink to thy health as we finish the bottle."

The stranger hesitated for a second, and exchanged a swift glance with Ikey Barnes.

Then he raised his head with a gesture that was half-defiant.

"My name is Shaw—Jacob Shaw, of Bristol, at your service," he said with a bow. "And now good-night, and thanks for thy good company."

"Thanks to thee, friend," said Alfred heartily. "And success to thy journey. May we meet again."

A sudden smile played about the stranger's lips and sparkled in his dark eyes.

"If we do, remind me of this night, and, maybe, you'll not be the loser," he replied, mysteriously, and the next moment he was gone.

Alfred looked round at the company.

"'Twas an odd saying," he remarked.

"'Twas an odd fellow, but a merry soul withal," said old Primus. "A good friend to meet on a dull day."

"Ay! or a dark night!" snapped Ikey Barnes, with a curious note of sarcasm in his voice.

At the same time he darted to the door, opened it just an inch and stood listening.

Presently was heard the clatter of hoofs in the yard outside, and then on the road beyond.

Barnes stood motionless until the sound had died away. When he faced round everyone was staring at him inquiring looks in their eyes.

A sneer came to his lips as he surveyed their puzzled faces.

"Mr. Shaw of Bristol!" he said with a snigger. "Why not? One name's as good as another."

"What ails thee, man?" demanded Alfred sharply. "Dost know aught against the gentleman who has just left us?"

"'Tis a gentleman I'm glad to see the back of," replied Barnes drily. "Though in truth, Punch, I'd sooner meet him in thy bar than on the King's high road. He's a merry gentleman, but a trifle too fond of making folks dance to his tune."

"You don't mean——" cried Hammer John, striding forward.

"Ay! that's what I mean," replied Ikey Barnes, with an emphatic nod. "'Twas Jerry Abershaw, the highwayman!"

On the Road Again.

THE three friends stayed the night at The Two Fishes, and they were somewhat late in leaving the next morning. Alfred paid the score out of the landlord's own guinea.

He then went across to the blacksmith's shop to have a parting word with Hammer John.

There was a merry look in the blacksmith's eyes as Alfred strode in upon him.

"None the worse for thy bout last night?" he said with a grin.

"Nay, though 'twas somewhat late and methinks I had my share of the wine."

Hammer John smiled again.

"'Twas not of the drinking bout I spoke. We all had our share in that, I'm thinking. Your set-to with Punch Murphy I had in my mind. You would pay for training, lad. Will nothing persuade thee to try thy luck in the ring?"

Alfred Truscott shook his head, laughing.

"What of thyself, friend?" he asked. "Hast thou given up the game for good and all?"

The blacksmith smiled.

"'Tis too early to talk, but there be rumours afloat. If there be aught in them you may hear of me anon. Meanwhile, I be keeping myself fit."

"The best of luck to thee when the day comes," said Alfred heartily. "And may I be there to see."

The two men parted in mutual respect. They had taken to one another naturally, but neither foresaw the queer chain of events which was to link their fates in the no distant future.

It was a fine, clear day, with the crisp tang of early autumn in it when Alfred and his two friends took to the road once more.

For some time their conversation chiefly concerned the mysterious stranger who had so entertained them the previous evening.

Was it possible that they had actually met and spent a whole evening in the company of Jerry Abershaw, the most notorious highwayman in England?

At this time Abershaw was almost a national celebrity, and his amazing exploits were discussed—often with a chuckle—in every class of society. Many of the stories told about him were, no doubt, inventions. Indeed, there was something mythical about the fellow altogether. No one could swear who he was, or what he was like. Half a dozen descriptions of him were current, and they all differed in material particulars. One said he had red hair and a florid complexion, another that he was dark and swarthy. One affirmed that he was young, a mere boy; another that he was middle-aged. One absurd and extravagant story—which, nevertheless, had many supporters—was to the effect that in private life he was a nobleman holding high office near the throne.

When following his occupation he always wore a mask, and he carried pistols which he never hesitated to use if his victims showed the slightest delay in obeying his commands.

"Had I known it was a footpad whose wine I was drinking methinks I should have enjoyed it less," said Alfred, with some disgust.

Old Primus gave a chuckling laugh.

"Why so? Who knows where the money came from? Mayhap, 'twas from the pouch of some fat old alderman Jerry chanced to meet on the road. Give thy fancy rein, Master Truscott. He who all unknowingly provided for our entertainment last night may have been some most worthy and illustrious person. Jerry was but the servitor, who handed thee the tankard. Of one thing you may be certain. 'Twas not his money that he scattered so freely."

"So much the worse," said Alfred, "such rascals are a plague to our English roads. 'Tis time they were all hanged so that peaceful folk could go about their business unhindered."

"All in good time," said the old fiddler cheerfully. "Jerry will hang when his hour comes. Meanwhile, there is one way of getting the better of him, and such as he!"

"How is that?" asked Alfred.

"By travelling as we travel—with no money in our purse," replied Primus with another chuckle, "you can't rob a naked man of his breeches, and you can't rob a traveller who has naught but a merry heart to see him on his way."

The delay at The Two Fishes caused an alteration in the old fiddler's plans.

When the three travellers reached a point where the roads crossed he paused and seemed to deliberate.

Alfred looked at him inquiringly.

"Lost thy way, Primus?" he asked.

The old man's droll smile crept slowly over his genial countenance.

"Nay, lad, there's not a lane nor a foot-path in the whole country that I don't know better than your stay-at-home knows his own back-garden. Yonder lies Fenhurst, but we be too late now for the wedding. 'Tis useless going there now. To the right is the road to Chiddingstone."

"Is there aught of interest there?"

"Not till a month or more, when we must be there for the faring. There will be great doings. It might be as well to find out, though, what preparations are being made. What say you to Chiddingstone?"

"All's one to me!" replied Alfred lightly. "How far is't?"

"Some twelve miles."

"Faith, but you mean to give me my fill of the open road!" cried Alfred, with a jovial laugh. "Twelve mile! And we've done as much already and 'tis but an hour or so to sundown."

"Nay, we'll break the journey," replied Primus. "I will deal gently with thee until thou art hardened and hath learnt the trick of covering a distance without wasting thy strength. There is an art in walking, mark you. We will stay the night at Friars Ford. 'Tis less than three mile along the road."

"Friars Ford? I like the name," said Alfred, "and I warrant it has an inn which meets with your approval."

The old fiddler shook his head, smiling.

"I cannot promise thee a highwayman and a bout of fisticuffs at every stopping-place, Master Alfred," he said. "Thou wilt find Friars Ford dull enough I'm thinking. 'Tis a quiet, English village, and offers naught to those who seek excitement. It has an inn in truth, but little else save the mill."

"Bless thy heart!" exclaimed Alfred. "I'm for a quiet life. 'Tis thou, you old rogue, who hast led me astray. Thy Friars Ford will suit me excellently well. Lead on!"

Less than an hour later, while the sun was still well above the horizon, the three travellers marched abreast into the sleepy village of Friars Ford.

(To be continued.)

TOM SANTSCHI

The Western Hero at Work and Play



TOM SANTSCHI made his first start in moving pictures owing to being a mechanic with Col. Selig.

YOU are all used to seeing Tom Santschi of the screen, so for a change here is a page of photographs of Tom Santschi at home.

Tom says that everyone should have a quiet retreat where they can shut themselves up when they are feeling grumpy and worried, and want to have a good old grouse. He himself chooses his study, a cosy room with walls hung with photographs of his many friends. He goes right away in there, and whilst he has a quiet smoke he tells his pictured pals all about his troubles. 'Twould be a far happier world if we all followed suit!

A Lover of Animals.

TOM SANTSCHI is a great animal lover, and this, of course, is the secret of his wonderful power over dumb creatures. In the days when he worked for the Selig Film Company he handled as many as twenty-two ferocious animals at one time. One has only to take a glance at Mr. Santschi's quietly compelling eyes to realise that he has all the courage necessary for training the wildest of beasts.

His Latest Films.

TOM is now engaged on a series of two-reelers of a Western type for Pathé. He is directing these films as well as taking the star part.



TOM SANTSCHI.
His favourite portrait.



Tom is a very keen motorist, and, having an iron nerve, he delights in driving at a terrific speed.



With a faithful friend. All animals will obey Tom, because they know that he loves them.



A snapshot of Tom at home.

DORALDINA AS A HAWAIIAN DANCER "CAN YOU REC



MADAME DORALDINA, the dancer, is now appearing in pictures for Metro, and her first film will be entitled "Passion Fruit," in which we shall see her do some wonderful native dances, dressed in Hawaiian costume. In the picture above you see Madame Doraldina doing her new dance, Hula-Hula, for the benefit of her leading man, EDWARD EARLE, and his wife.



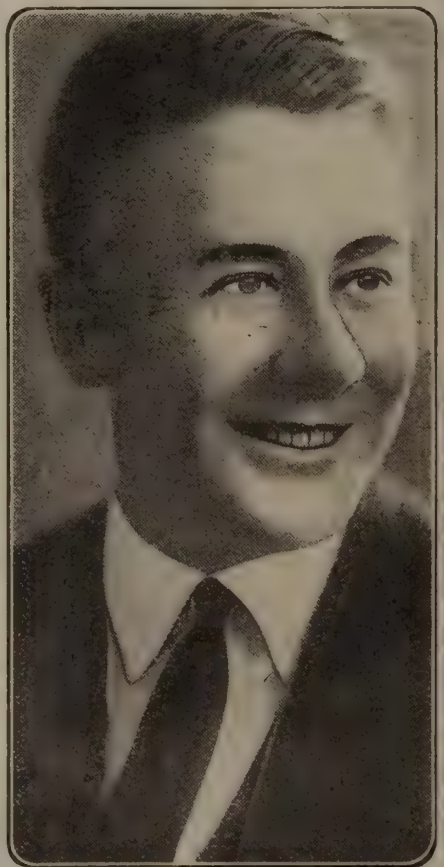
It would certainly be rather difficult to recognise PR photograph. The others, reading from left to right, SEDGWICK, and E



MILTON SILLS receives so many letters from admirers them all personally, and yet he likes to answer them all to get through his enormous correspondence. You can nov KIMBALL YOUNG. The story of this splendid pl



WILL ROGERS and a friend reading through his part in "Boys Will Be Boys," Will's latest picture for Goldwyn. His own boy Jimmie has appeared with him in several films.



TOM MOORE. This is the second of our series of Stars Favourite Photographs of themselves. Tom certainly looks very happy and smiling.



A scene from VIOLA DANA'S latest starring pict re for seen in the photograph with FRANCIS



ALICE LAKE. (Metro.)





THAT LAST LOOK. **MARY THURMAN** is not superstitious. Pearls are the only ornament to the bridal gown in which she is married and lives happy ever after—in "In the Heart of a Fool."

Screen Shocks

Some of the most amusing situations on the screen is when our hero or heroine is in trouble, and we can laugh when we know that it "all comes right in the end." Every one who has seen the incidents on this page depicted on the screen will remember the laugh or thrill caused by these screen shocks.



THOMAS MEIGHAN, as a butler in civilian clothes, shocks MARTHA MANSFIELD.



An awkward situation for CHARLES RAY in "His Mother's Boy."



WM. S. HART in trouble again. One of the many amusing situations in "John Petticoats."



BRYANT WASHBURN gets a shock from these stage sirens—in "The Sins of St. Antony."



(Photos: Paramount Artcraft.)

IRENE CASTLE, as a country mouse, has a peep behind the scenes—in "The Amateur Wife."

GNISE THEM ?"



LA DEAN, who is standing on the left of the CARMEL MYERS. CARL LAEMMLE, EILEEN ROBERTS.



wer the world, that he finds he cannot write to , so he employs a dictaphone, and thus manages MILTON SILLS in "Eyes of Youth," with CLARA ay you can read in the "Girls' Cinema."



, entitled "Sorrentina," VIOLA DANA can be NALD and JACKIE SAUNDERS.

WHEN A "PROPERTY" BABY IS NEEDED



How can HELENE CHADWICK and RICHARD DIX be so dramatic over a doll? In their ability to do so lies the main answer to the success of certain screen artistes—they can act! After a dozen rehearsals like this a real child would be in hysterics, so E. Mason Hopper, in directing "Dangerous Curve Ahead," a Goldwyn picture written by Rupert Hughes, ordered the doll baby instead.



MARIE PREVOST as she will appear in "A Small Town Idol," a Mack Sennett production. Marie does not look at all frightened of the animal that was photographed with her.



JOE RYAN has shaved off his moustache and beard to appear in hero parts, but in this picture with ELINOR FIELD was taken before the event.

"Double Speed"

A Splendid Story of a Man Who Impersonated Himself

HARRY WEBSTER CARR was well-named "Speed" Carr by his friends.

If ever a young man hustled through life it was Speed, as we will now call him, without the quotation marks.

He hustled from the first moment he jumped out of bed to the time he crawled into it the following morning.

Usually we associate a hustler with the pursuit of wealth, but Speed had no use for money, except to spend it.

This was not a wonderful virtue on Speed's part, for he had a comfortable income, and he was the favourite nephew of John Ogden, the millionaire financier.

Neither did Speed give up any considerable part of his strenuous days and nights to chasing the Blue Bird of happiness as represented by love in the form of woman.

Speed was no woman hater. In fact, he was very popular with women, and knew any number of pretty girls, but not one he had met had yet interfered with his digestion.

Speed was an average, clean-living young man. His ideal of woman was very high, but his idealism did not make him a fool.

And so at the age of twenty-six he had successfully eluded all the efforts of the many match-making mammas, and was still in the romantic stage.

He hoped to meet the "One" before he grew blase and developed a waist-line.

Speed was getting bored with the artificial social life of New York when he received a letter from his uncle, John Ogden, asking him to meet him in Los Angeles.

"In case I am delayed by business and cannot be there to meet you," wrote Uncle John, "I am sending a letter to my old business friend, Donald McPherson, instructing him to advance you all the money you require. When I do see you and have the chance of a talk with you, we will discuss your future, and I daresay we can manage a little fishing trip while we work out the business side."

"Just like good old uncle John," thought Speed. "Never preaches at one like the rich uncles in the play."

Speed got busy on his departure from New York.

He arranged for a farewell dinner, and determined to give his friends a good time. Among the many stunts he arranged to give the spice of variety to the dinner, was a model aeroplane which flew round the room dropping presents for his guests.

Among the presents was a lady's slipper, fashioned after the famous one in the story of Cinderella. It bore the inscription: "For the one whose foot it will fit." But after all the ladies had tried to wear it, Speed found it in his pocket, with the adventure before him of trying to find a girl whose foot was small enough to claim the distinction of being a modern Cinderella.

The slipper was forgotten by Speed till the following morning, when, in emptying his overcoat pocket, he came across it.

He pushed it into the pocket inside the door of his touring-car with a smile, and started on his journey.

Always in search of something new, Speed had determined to motor to Los Angeles. He carried on the back of the car a complete camping-out kit, including a tent to sleep in.

Speed was in no hurry, and the first two days went very pleasantly. On the evening of the third day he pitched his camp, and after a good supper went to bed. When he awoke all that remained of his elaborate outfit was the pyjamas he slept in. His clothes, money, car, papers—everything had gone.

As a matter of fact, they had been stolen by tramps, who had watched Speed making his camp and had despoiled him while he slept. A little way from his camp Speed found a blanket, part of which he wrapped round him and the remainder he cut up to make a sort of mocassins to save his feet from the rough roads. As Speed plodded on, thinking that the adventure he had always longed for might have had a beauteous princess in it instead of the painful blister on his heel, he saw a motor car approaching. In a modern fairy story a girl of radiant loveliness ought to have been driving the car, but to keep to the cold truth, the driver was a very ordinary farmer, accompanied by a very ordinary son, a stout wife, and a plain, homely daughter.

The romantic Speed sighed but brightened up when the farmer, having pulled up at Speed's signal of distress, said he was going to Los Angeles.

Speed explained his position.

There was something in his good-looking face and frank eyes that told the farmer Speed was speaking the truth.

He not only said he would give Speed a lift into the city of the cinema, but that he had a spare suit of clothes belonging to his son—who had bought a new outfit on the way, which he would be happy to loan to the stranded adventurer.

Speed changed behind a roadside tree and entered the car. When they got to Los Angeles the young man thanked the farmer and told him he would send on the borrowed suit to the address he had got from his benefactor (Speed also made a mental bet he would send a good cheque with the suit, and made his way to the bank, of which his uncle's friend was president.

An Adventure.

AS Speed strolled up to the cashier's window, in his usual light-hearted way, he gradually became aware of the fact that the other customers were looking at him in a way that people look at a freak in a circus.

Speed, catching a glimpse of himself in the dim reflection afforded by a picture, realised that his homespun clothes were not calculated to inspire confidence.

Still, there was assurance in his eyes and voice as, leaning on the ledge of the cashier's window, he said: "My name is Harry Webster Carr, known in New York as Speed Carr. I am a nephew of Mr. John Ogden, and I wish an advance of five hundred dollars."

The cashier must have been brought up a firm believer of the maxim, "Brevity is the secret of business."

He wasted no time on Speed.

"I don't know that you are a nephew of John Ogden, and if you told me again I shouldn't believe you. I have heard of Speed Carr, and you don't look a bit like him. Now get while the going's good."

Speed had a lightning thought of pulling the cashier out of his rabbit pen, but he decided not to do so, because at the precise second he raised his hand he saw that he had still on his wrist his watch.

Had he reflected another second he might have remembered that his initials were engraved inside the case, and that he might have established his identity in this way, but Speed realising that he was not cutting a very distinguished figure was only too anxious to get out of the bank and into a decent suit of clothes.

When Speed got to the pawnbroker's he decided that he would not use his own name in signing the pledge book.

Speed was a real democrat, which is another way of saying he was a bit of an aristocrat, and because he was very fond of his uncle, he did not wish to disclose his real identity, even to a pawnbroker.

So he gave the name of Barry Cole, a racing-man he had met when he was last in Los Angeles.

With the money he obtained on his watch, Speed got himself a suit and sent back the clothes the farmer had lent him, enclosing some money as an acknowledgment of the kindness.

The next day Speed found himself wandering about the residential district of the city, wondering how he could explain to McPherson that he had arrived.

As he stopped to light a cigarette opposite the drive entrance to a big house, a car came dashing through the shrubbery, crashed through some trellis-work, and brought up against a tree.

The driver was a girl, and Speed, with his customary quickness, decided she was the nicest girl he had ever met. She had that elusive type of beauty which makes a man discover a fresh charm with every glance.

Speed took a good many glances before he decided that the girl wanted help. When he reached the car he had a shock. It was his own, the one that had been stolen from him by the tramps. As he peered through the bushes he got another shock. The girl had got down from the driving seat and was tinkering with the engine. All that Speed could see of her was her feet and ankles, and her feet were shod with his Cinderella slippers.

"At last a fairy princess," said Speed to himself. "The adventure is progressing."

Aloud he said, "Can I be of any service?"

"If you know anything about cars you can," replied the girl. "This is a new one to me. My dad bought it second-hand, and I should have waited till the man from Judd's motor agency taught me how to drive it. I took a chance and I think I have smashed it up."

"Not quite that," said Speed, "though you have had a pretty good try. Let me help you."

He repaired some minor breakages and then took the driving seat. In a few minutes he had backed the car out of the shrubbery, and got it on the path.

"You do understand cars," said the girl, admiringly.

"Well, I am rather familiar with this car," said Speed.

"This car?"

The girl looked up inquiringly.



WALLACE REID as "Speed" Carr and WANDA HAWLEY as Sallie McPherson. (*Paramount-Artcraft.*)

"This make of car, I mean," said Speed. "I used to own one that was just like it."

"Oh, you're the man from Judd's agency," said the girl. "How stupid of me not to have thought of it before. You won't let father know that I tried to drive it before you came, will you?"

"An oyster would be talkative compared with me," said Speed.

At this moment a grey-haired gentleman came up, and Speed recognised him as Donald McPherson.

He was just wondering how he could introduce himself when McPherson put another idea into his head.

"You're from Judd's, eh?" said the banker. "I shall want you to teach my daughter how to drive the thing, and act as chauffeur till she gets the hang of the thing. What's your name?"

"Barry Cole," replied Speed promptly.

With his usual swiftness he decided that the position of instructor to the pretty banker's daughter was a better post than being the business representative of John Ogden. "I'll just go down to the garage, sir, and get a few tools. The car wants overhauling."

McPherson nodded. He was not at all concerned with the car. He was worrying about what had happened to another car—Speed Carr. Old John Ogden had departed without fixing up the contract the bank so much desired, because the millionaire was worried about the non-arrival of his nephew.

"I won't do a single thing till that boy turns up," he had said. "Something must have happened to him. I am going to put the police on the job. The worst of it is I have not seen him since he was a puppy, and therefore can't give them a description. If he turns up look after him."

McPherson knew that till the missing man was found John Ogden would not sign the contract which meant so much to the bank.

Speed, totally unaware that he was such an important person, hurried to the garage to tell Judd's that he had been engaged by McPherson. By agreeing to the firm's preposterous demand in the way of commission, he got them to give him a driving license as their representative, and taking a few tools he returned to his car. He found his new employer waiting for him and discovered fresh charms in her as he gave her the first lesson.

When they returned to the McPherson mansion, Speed had made two discoveries. One was that the girl was called Sallie, the other that he was in love, for the first time in his life. Speed determined that he would so do his job that there would be no chance of losing it, and he succeeded so well that as Sallie got out of the car she rewarded him with a dazzling smile.

"You're a wonderful driver," she said, "but what I like best about you is that you are proud of your job. Most chauffeurs I have known have wanted to give one the impression that they were dukes in disguise. I hate a man to pretend to be something which he isn't."

"Oh, I'm fond of my job," said Speed hastily. "I don't know that I've had a job that suited me better."

(*Continued on page* 18.)

Gossip about British Players.



EDNA FLUGRATH.



HAROLD SHAW.



GEORGE K. ARTHUR.



KATHLEEN VAUGHAN.

Keep Your Eye on George K. Arthur.

DO you remember some weeks ago I told you that there was a potential star in our own film world, who might one day rival Charlie Chaplin? Well, he has arrived. He leapt into fame at the trade show of "Kipps," and of course he is George K. Arthur. His age is twenty-two, and I shouldn't be surprised if he is earning as big a salary as any artiste in this country. There was at first a fear that this young genius would be whisked off across the "herring pond," but Fate is kind, and he has signed a contract with Stoll's.

His next picture will be "Dear Fool," by Artemas, whose satires on English life during the war caused so much amusement.

Miners' Swollen Head.

"KIPPS," as one feels inclined to call "George K," is the most unaffected of mortals, and he will tell you everything in the world but the fact that he went off to the war when he was just over fifteen, and won the Croix de Guerre.

Before the ordeal of that terrible trade show, which has the power to wreck or make a star, he gaily went to Switzerland for winter sports. Certainly he made things lively at the hotel—here are a few of his escapades after falling in love I might add—between ourselves.

A Novel Dinner Party.

GEORGE K. ARTHUR and some kindred sports decided to have a great rag one propitious night.

"I made up a dinner table of about thirty-four people, and every man had a girl each side of him; and after each course we shifted down two, so that we got two different girls every time the plates were changed, which we found most successful, as it helped to thaw the ice.

A Jazz Night in a Swiss Hotel.

"FUN waxed furiously. At a table near by, there were a party of Army officers from Cologne," said K. George. "One, a good sport, a major, had a fascinatingly bald head. When we reached the ice course, scooped out tangerines were served, with ice cream in the centre. The devil in me made me long to smash one of these things on the chap's bald head—it was irresistible—whizz! Over it went, and reached the spot!

Tit for Tat.

"I REMEMBER nothing more, for a champagne bucket full of icy water was banged upon my head like a hat, and it wouldn't come off for ages. I sat helpless, with roars of laughter in my ears, and cold water trickling down my face and neck.

However, at last all the staid persons retired for the night, and in due course we 'jammed' all the handles of the doors. And there was a certain professor who happened to be a bit of a 'kill joy,' so we put jam and cream into his bed, and he didn't know about it until he got between the sheets! Having exhausted our resources in the jam line, we hid all the boots under the lift, the next morning there was a general call for 'boots!'

A Grandfather's Clock.

"WE took the grandfather's clock from the first to the fifth floor, and hid it in the linen cupboard. The next morning the concierge came up to me, and said:

"'Have you got my clock, Mr. Arthur?'

"I searched my pockets, and assured him it was not there!

Hints for Fancy Dress!

"THERE were two gorgeous fancy dress balls," Arthur rattled on, with the vivacious enthusiasm of youth. "I went to one as Kipps. At the second, I won the first prize for originality. It was in a costume all covered with wood shavings, and called myself 'The Man from the Plains'!"

I am sure all my readers will wish our new star continued success in filmland.

Harold Shaw, the Producer of "Kipps."

THE famous producer, Harold Shaw, discovered George K. Arthur. Mr. Shaw's ideal in filmland is never to give to the public anything but a really clean and wholesome story. Nobody could persuade Harold Shaw to produce a sordid picture of life, or a travesty of it. He is not only a great producer, but a great idealist, too, which means much to the British picturegoer. Few of us care to see an unpleasant story, with the "seamy" side of life strongly coloured, for effect. It is a hateful thing to come away from the pictures with a nauseating memory, but there is never any fear of this in a Harold Shaw production.

What He Has Done.

ACTIONS are stronger than words, and here are a few of Harold Shaw's favourite productions. "House of Temperley," "Bootle's Baby," "V.C. Brother Officers," "Me and My Moke," "England's Menace," "Lil o' London," "Liberty Hall," "Heart of a Child," "True Tilda," and last, but not least, "Kipps." Edna Flugrath has been starred in many of the above pictures.

Realism.

EDNA FLUGRATH, who plays Emma so brilliantly in "Kipps," doesn't believe in wearing crepe de Chine underwear when she is playing the part of a little maid of all work! She likes to feel that she is suitably clothed throughout for the characterisation of her part. For the time being she is the person, the real Emma. She lifted up her skirt in explaining this to me, and showed me a torn frill in her little black petticoat, fastened with a safety pin.



Kipps (GEORGE K. ARTHUR) and Ann become sweethearts in "Kipps," the film version of H. G. Wells's famous book.

"I am usually the tidiest of persons,' she assured me; "but I feel that for a torn frill and possibly in a hurry, Emma would have used a safety pin!"

Another New Star on the British Film Firmament.

ABOVE is Kathleen Vaughan, an amazingly pretty Irish girl. With small, regular features, bewitching dimples, and the sweetest of smiles, to say nothing of merry brown eyes, and masses of dark hair. She has just signed a two years' contract with the Ideal Film Company. She is playing the lead in two of their films at the same time, something in the nature of a record, I believe.

One film is "The Old Country," under the direction of Mr. E. V. Bramble; the second, "Belphegor, the Mountebank," produced by Bert Wynne.

The Voice versus Films.

"AS far as actual work goes," Kathleen Vaughan told me, "I miss the words, the voice. All the same, film work is fascinating; the more one does, the more one likes it. My first film work was the lead in 'Handy Andy,' under Mr. Bert Wynne."

An Adventure.

"HANDY ANDY" was filmed in the Wicklow Mountains during the present disturbances. One night Kathleen Vaughan, with a friend, was held up by a masked man, who pointed two revolvers at them. This incident happened soon after the death of the Lord Mayor of Cork. Explanations followed, and they were allowed to pass on unmolested.

A Lover of Books.

KATHLEEN VAUGHAN tells me that she is tremendously fond of reading. She danced in the production of "Judith," at the Kingsway, and she played the lead in a real children's play at the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham. The artiste who was to play the lead in "Where the Rainbow Ends" was taken ill. At ten o'clock one morning, Kathleen Vaughan was asked to take her place, and at two o'clock she was due at the theatre, and took the part. She also played Miranda, in "The Tempest," at the Aldwych.

Had Not Seen a Horse.

KATHLEEN VAUGHAN lived in Africa until a few years ago. Before she left Africa for England, she had never walked upstairs, seen a horse, a boat, or train; she lived right up country, in a mining camp, and the mails were brought up to the camp in a cart drawn by mules. When they came to a river, they just swam across, with the cart behind.

A Wise Mother.

"I ALWAYS liked acting, and always wanted to go on the stage," Kathleen Vaughan told me. 'Luckily my mother was philosophical, and said: 'If the talent is there, you cannot stop it.'"

EDITH NEPEAN.

"DOUBLE SPEED." (*Continued from page 16.*)

There was something in his eyes as he spoke that rather confused Sallie. This young man was inclined to be daring, she thought, as she turned to go in the house, saying very stiffly: "I shall require you to-morrow at the same time."

The New Chauffeur.

A WEEK passed very pleasantly for Speed, and he began to fear that every morning he turned up to work Mr. McPherson would send for him and ask him how much longer it was going to take him to teach the girl to drive. As a matter of fact Sallie already knew everything Speed could teach her about a car, and a lot more about love, but so far as the young man was concerned he had made up his mind that he would carry on till he was stopped.

One morning there came the message that Mr. McPherson wished to see the chauffeur.

"That's done it," groaned Speed. "The old man has got wise to my game. I reckon there'll be a chauffeur at liberty in a few minutes."

But it was a totally different proposition that Mr. McPherson put before Speed.

"Sit down," said the banker as he eyed Speed narrowly. "You look fairly intelligent."

"I try to, sir," said Speed modestly.

The banker coughed, cleared his throat, and seemed at a loss to proceed.

"I am going to put a rather peculiar request to you," he said at last. "You may have heard of John Ogden, the millionaire?"

Speed nodded.

"The bank of which I am president has entered into a big contract with Ogden. The papers should have been signed over a week ago, but a fellow named Carr, Ogden's nephew, who should have met him in Los Angeles, did not turn up. The result is that Ogden will do nothing till this nephew is found. I have made certain arrangements, and Ogden expects to meet his nephew here when he arrives to-night. I fully expected that this Carr would have been here as my private inquiry agents as good as promised me he would, but they failed to get hold of him. So you will realise that I am in a peculiar position. The point is would you pretend to be Ogden's nephew just for a night, and do you think you could play the part?"

"Oh, I think I could play the part all right," said Speed. "In fact I'm rather good at playing parts. But wouldn't Ogden recognise me as a fraud?"

"No. That's where you have such an easy job. The old man hasn't seen his nephew since he was a kid."

"No more he has," said Speed absently.

"What's that?" said the banker sharply.

"Why I was thinking it very strange, sir, but I've got an uncle who hasn't seen me since I was a kid."

"Never mind about *your* uncle," said Mr. McPherson. "Will you do the job?"

"You can count on me, but what about clothes?" said Speed.

"Oh, you can get a dress suit down town. You've a figure that's easy to fit. What I'm worrying about is will you pass muster as a guest."

"I think you'll find me all right there," assured Speed. "You see, I used to be in a better position once."

Mr. McPherson looked up sharply. A thought had just crossed his mind that this chauffeur was a very good-looking young fellow, and Sallie was very romantic.

"By the way, how is my daughter getting on with her driving lessons? She ought to have picked up the thing by now."

"Well, sir, she has in a way. But I think it would be advisable for me to be in the car with her for a little longer, just to give her more confidence."

"We'll talk about that to-morrow, Cole. Now you had better get ready to go with me to fix up about those clothes."

That night Mr. McPherson and Speed had a sort of dress rehearsal before the arrival of Mr. Ogden.

"You'll do," said Mr. McPherson. "I don't suppose Ogden's real nephew would cut a better figure than you."

"I feel sure he wouldn't," remarked Speed confidently.

"Well, there is only one thing for you to remember. Your name is Harry Webster Carr and you are known as Speed Carr."

"That will be quite easy, sir."

Speed was in the reception-room when Mr. Ogden arrived. As he caught sight of the young man the millionaire rushed forward and grasped him by the hand.

"You're my nephew, Speed Carr. I should have known you anywhere. You're the living image of your mother."

"How simple it is to deceive people," muttered McPherson. "Ogden accepts this man as the real thing without a question."

As soon as he could get the millionaire to himself McPherson hurried him away to the library. Speed was playing the part so well that Mr. McPherson who had never really been happy with the business, began to have serious misgivings. He realised that the chauffeur, in the guise of the millionaire's nephew, could do a lot of harm. He might borrow money on the strength of Ogden's name. A cold shiver ran down the banker's spine as the possibilities of the

(*Continued on page 20.*)

Beauty for Everyone

By RUTH ROLAND



Beautiful RUTH ROLAND tells us how to take care of our complexions.

No. 6
CARE OF THE COMPLEXION

Read these helpful articles and be convinced that every woman can, if she wishes, be beautiful.

AS a tiny girl I was taught that one must be clean bodily, mentally, and spiritually, and to that splendid lesson I attribute my complexion, which enables me to face the merciless camera "close-ups" without grease-paint, powder, or rouge.

Treatment at Night.

EVERY night I take lukewarm (not hot) water, and pure soap (some prefer Castile, but personally my choice is Cuticura), and make a good, stiff lather, rubbing it well into the skin of my face and neck. After several rinses of cooler water, I make the flesh firm and close the pores with a bit of ice, rubbed gently until the cheeks glow. I follow this with a good nourishing night-cream. It is not possible to recommend any particular sort—some skins require one with a glycerine base, while others are less oily, and a cream with a cocoa-butter foundation is wiser. The sensible method is to find a good cream, and then adhere to that particular kind.

Choose Your Powder Carefully.

INVARIABLY before powdering my face (and I am most careful to use only a good rice powder as many powders which adhere well are apt to contain white lead or bismuth, both of which are injurious to the skin), I rub well into the pores a good cleansing cream—almost any reliable theatrical cold cream will do. After removing all of this that is possible with a soft cloth, apply the powder, which applied thusly does not clog the pores, as it would if applied without use of the cleansing cream previously.

For Enlarged Pores.

IF one notices any enlarged pores, or for the prevention or eradication of any lines on the face, a simple astringent—either witch-hazel, or a diluted tincture of benzoin, are excellent in toning up the skin and keeping it firm—the benzoin also has a pleasant fragrance, and its occasional use in the bath is also advisable.

Rouge.

PERSONALLY I do not use rouge, but I believe in many instances its use is permissible. A painter often touches up a lovely portrait, and if a touch of colour improves one's appearance, it is silly not to use it—only be careful to get rouge in harmony with your colouring, as Moore the poet has sung in describing a beautiful maiden:

"Cheek flushing white and softened red;
Mingling tints, as when there glows
In snowy white and bashful rose."

Do Not Frown.

POISE and a cultivation of calm means much for a countenance free from lines or wrinkles. People often get into careless habits of frowning over trifles, or letting their mouth sag at the corners. Gentle massage, if one has made a study of the facial muscles, is often good, but improperly or carelessly done it results in sagging muscles. A good facial massage once a month, and an occasional use (gently) at home of an electric vibrator—but it must be carefully given to a small part of the skin at a time, as the thing desired is to stir up the lazy muscles, and increase the blood supply of the part of one's skin. I find a good steaming once in a while most excellent as it rids my complexion of even the slightest impurity.

The Foundation of a Good Complexion.

THE radiant, perfect health which comes from proper exercise, right thoughts, and the avoidance of envy, hate, fear, self-pity, or cynicism, and a proper proportion of good honest work, and good, honest play, is the foundation of a good complexion. Also I am not a heavy eater, and am careful to avoid rich foods or an over-indulgence in sweets.

I never taste liquor in any form, nor do I smoke. A cup of coffee in the morning, with boiled milk, not cream, and plenty of good, pure water and fruit juices, comprise my liquid diet.

It goes without saying that as much out-of-door life as one can manage is excellent for health and complexion. Last, but not least, insist on plenty of good, fresh air in your sleeping room. Pure air, and an avoidance of heavy draughts, never give anyone a cold—on the contrary, lack of clean air is almost sure to result in illness.

While beauty is affirmed to be "only skin deep"—it is a fact that we all admire a lovely complexion, whether it be the velvety skin of a darling baby, or the still delicate texture of skin possessed by one's grandmother, reminiscent of the days when she was a reigning belle.

Everything that is worth while in this world takes time and care to achieve, and there are no cosmetics made—no matter how costly—that will disguise a neglected complexion.

ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The Third of This Series which Deals with the Love Story of Marguerite Clark and Lieut. H. Palmerston Williams

By LOUELLA PARSONS



MARGUERITE CLARK at home.

Read This First.

MARGUERITE CLARK was only a tiny curly-haired child when her father and mother died—but she was well looked-after by her sister, Cora, who was then eighteen. Cora realised her little sister's abilities, and had her trained to dance; and then one day came Marguerite's chance to dance on the stage, and from that day she began to climb the ladder of fame.

During the war Miss Clark was pressed into service at each Liberty Loan drive, and there was a good deal of rivalry as to whether she loved better the Army or the Navy. The Navy claimed her, because of the attentions of a young lieutenant-commander who had known her from babyhood; but when he was called to sail, the Army thought they had a good chance to get in some good work.

Marguerite Meets Lieut. Williams.

THE next stop on the Liberty Loan tour was New Orleans. A gallant young Southerner, Lieutenant H. Palmerston Williams was detailed to meet Marguerite at the train and act as her escort during the drive in the south.

"I have come in the name of the army to protect and help you," said the tall, handsome lieutenant, who towered over Marguerite. She measures just four feet eleven from the tiny toe of her satin slipper to her reddish golden head.

"Oh, thank you! The army is always kind," answered Marguerite, trying not to see the admiration in Lieut. Williams' eyes.

"We ask a fair chance with the navy," he said.

"You shall have it," was her answer.

This all happened in the month of April. For two weeks Lieut. Williams fought crowds, rushed Miss Clark through mobs and acted as her bodyguard. He saw men go down in their pockets and give every cent. they could afford for the glorious cause, and all because of the oratory and personality of a slender little girl. He saw her charm crowd after crowd, and never complain once of being tired.

"Isn't she marvellous?" he asked his brother officers.

They agreed with him, winking slyly at this eligible young man's obvious interest.

Marguerite began to dread the time when she would have to return to the north and take up her motion picture career. She took a real feminine delight in the protection and admiration of this stalwart youth who acted as if he were afraid a breath of cold wind might blow on her.

Cora Approves.

CORA, who had frowned at all other pretenders to the heart of the lovely Marguerite, favoured the lieutenant. His family, as good as her own, were of the old south; he had wealth, breeding, and every qualification for making an ideal husband.

On the eve of Marguerite's return home, Lieut. Williams said to her:

"May I come north and see you?"

"I hope you will," was Marguerite's earnest reply.

"I want you to meet my family. Unfortunately they are in the north now. May I bring my mother to see you?"

Marguerite blushingly admitted that was the one thing in the world she hoped he would do.

"I am coming north to see Miss Marguerite," the dashing young officer said to Cora, as he bade them farewell at the station. "I want to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your sister after I have brought my parents to call on her?"

In less than a week the lieutenant had kept his word. He had come north. His family, who own large lumber interests in the south, spend their winters in Washington, where they are very prominent socially. He startled his mother by walking in on her one day and announcing he had come to enlist her aid in helping him win a bride. At first—just at the very first—the aristocratic Mrs. Williams was not entirely pleased with her son's decision to marry an actress. But, then, she met our little Marguerite, and was so charmed with her breeding, her poise and her beauty, she entered into the love affair, and was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the romance.

A September Bride.

MARGUERITE and Lieut. H. Palmerston Williams were married in September. A quiet little wedding in the early morning at a little church. They had a brief honeymoon, and then Marguerite came home to finish her contract with Famous Players-Lasky. At the expiration of her contract her husband, who is, you may know, a millionaire, insisted his wife come south and take a long holiday. She has rested for over a year, and is just now returning to the screen.

"I always laughed at the women who do exactly what their husbands tell them to do," said Miss Clark. "But here I am, wanting to please Lieut. Williams in all things. I am an old-fashioned wife in every sense of the word."

The war, at the time of their marriage, took Lieut. Williams away. He never failed to call his little wife up on the long distance telephone every day. Marguerite used to wait at the studio, fearing she would miss one of those tender messages that floated over the wire.

As for her choice now, she says there was never any doubt in her mind she always loved the army best.

THE END

DO YOU KNOW?

—*That* J. Stuart Blackton, the well-known producer, is a painter, an author, and a yachting enthusiast as well?

* * *

—*That* it takes between four and five *thousand* drawings to make one reel of an animated cartoon?

* * *

—*That* the drawings are magnified on the screen at least 25 times?

* * *

—*That* Dorothy Dalton can wield a canoe-paddle like an expert?

FAT THAT SHOWS SOON DISAPPEARS

Prominent fat that comes and stays where it is not needed is a burden: a hindrance to activity and a curb upon pleasure. Many forms of advice to reduce weight have been advanced, such as starvation, dieting, dangerous drugs, excessive exercise, etc., all of which are either unpleasant or dangerous.

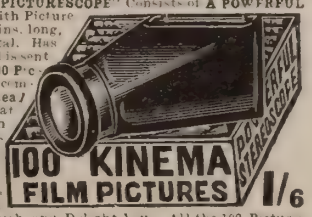
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SHOW YOUR FRIENDS

The "Picture Show."

"DOUBLE SPEED."

(Continued from page 18.)

scheme flashed across his mind. Cole seemed straight enough, but if he chose to abuse the confidence he had placed in him anything might happen. At all costs he must get Ogden to sign the papers and change Cole into a chauffeur again.

In the meantime Speed was having a good time, but though he went from room to room he could not find Sallie. At last he caught her just as she was descending the stairs.

"You?" gasped the girl. "What does this mean? If my father sees you he will send for the police."

"Oh no, he won't. I am here on your father's invitation," said Speed.

At that moment old John Ogden came out of the library, and with a happy smile on his face came up to Sallie.

"And what has this good-for-nothing nephew of mine been telling you?" he cried, giving Speed a playful pat on the back.

Sallie was too bewildered to reply, but Speed was quite cool.

"Miss McPherson and I are old friends, uncle. I was just telling her how wonderful she is looking."

"And you are quite right, my boy," said the old gentleman heartily. "Sallie is the prettiest girl in the room, or in the city for that matter. If I were only thirty years younger——"

Mr. Ogden went away beaming.

"How dare you pretend to be Mr. Ogden's nephew?" whispered Sallie indignantly.

"I am," replied Speed. "I mean," he added hurriedly, "I am obliged to say I am. Don't worry about it, Sallie. I'll explain all when we have a moment together."

"I can't bear the thought of you pretending to be what you are not," said Sallie tearfully. "You know it is the one thing I despise."

"But I can assure you that it can all be explained," said Speed skilfully piloting the girl into an alcove away from the reception-room.

"Sallie, you know I love you," he whispered, "and I feel sure you love me. I read it in your eyes yesterday. Say you love me. Say it, dearest."

"Yesterday I believed in you," said Sallie, turning away her head for fear he should read another confession in her eyes.

"But I promise I can explain all," said Speed.

He bent forward and kissed the girl.

"Oh, let me go," pleaded Sallie tremblingly. "Oh, look! There's Mr. Ogden and father!"

Speed turned to find the banker and Mr. Ogden looking at them. McPherson's face was purple with suppressed fury, but Ogden's was wreathed in smiles. He evidently approved of his nephew's choice.

Mr. McPherson was in a terrible dilemma. He wanted to get Speed alone so that he could tell him just what he thought of him, but that astute young gentleman always managed to keep close to his uncle. But at the same time he found an opportunity to speak to Sallie alone.

"There's nothing for it now, dear, but to elope. We must get married before your father can stop us. If you don't he will be sure to send you away."

At first Sallie would not entertain the suggestion, but Speed brought her to his way of thinking, and they made arrangements to meet early in the morning.

Speed had now to get out of the house before McPherson could collar him, and he achieved this by going up to the banker when his uncle was with him and saying he had received an urgent telephone message, but that he would be back in the morning.

"All right, my boy," said Ogden. "But don't be late. There are certain papers I have promised to sign and they require your endorsement. It is a pity you have to run off like this."

Speed gave his uncle a wink as he looked at McPherson, and the old gentleman nodded understandingly. He saw that Speed did not wish to talk to McPherson at that moment, and, anxious to help him in his love-affair with Sallie, he carted the banker to the buffet, while Speed made good his escape.

The Elopement.

It was very early next morning when Sallie stole out of the house and went to the lane where Speed was waiting with the car. Speed had explained the true story to her briefly on the previous night, and he went into details as they rode along.

"So you see, dear, when he finds out that I really am John Ogden's nephew he will forgive us and we shall live happy ever after as they do in the story books."

"I think we might have told him the truth and then got married without eloping," said Sallie but only half-heartedly.

"My dear Sallie, your father is in such a temper that he would not listen to reason now. I can't afford to take any risks of losing you."

Before they had gone many miles they saw a car following them.

"It's daddy!" cried Sallie.

Speed grinned.

"Then we'll give daddy a good run before he has his breakfast."

He had made arrangements with a minister overnight, and by dodging down a lane and throwing his pursuers off the track, Speed got to the minister's unmolested. Only then he remembered he required witnesses.

This was a set back, but Speed solved the difficulty by forcing two country people into the car. But as they were driving off to the church the pursuing car appeared round the corner.

Once again Speed acted up to his name.

"There's no law against being married in a car, I guess," he said. And with the car travelling at top speed, the witnesses trying to protest, and an angry father in pursuit, Speed and Sallie were married.

Dropping the minister and the witnesses, Speed tore along at a terrible rate, and once more dodging his pursuers, he reached McPherson's house.

After a bath and a brush down he went into the library.

His uncle was sitting at the table with a bundle of papers before him.

"Oh, here you are, Speed. Just countersign those papers. The money is part of your estate, and it needs your signature."

As Speed bent down to sign Mr. McPherson rushed in, followed by detectives who had been with him in the car.

"Stop this, Ogden. This thing can't go on. It was my fault. I got this man to impersonate your nephew and he has tried to ruin us all. But the scoundrel shall suffer for it."

"Don't forget you are speaking of my husband," cried a voice from the doorway, and Sallie walked in.

Old John Ogden looked from McPherson to Speed.

"Wait a minute!" cried the millionaire. "I can settle this. If you are my nephew Speed Carr, how many fish did you catch when you went with me as a boy to Cross Rivers?"

"Three shiners, a mullet, and a bad cold," replied Speed promptly.

"Guess you're Speed Carr all right," said the old man with a chuckle.

And later, when the detectives (who had been chasing Speed under the impression that he was really Barry Cole, who was wanted for robbery) found out they were mistaken, there was nothing left for Mr. McPherson to do but give Speed and Sallie his blessing.

(Adapted from incidents in the Paramount-Artcraft photo-play, featuring Wallace Reid as "Speed" and Wanda Hawley as "Sallie.")

LUPINO :: A LANE OF MANY TURNINGS



LUPINO LANE.

WHEN the stage-door keeper at the London Hippodrome, addressing me as his maternal parent, requested me to step back again in half an hour's time, as Mr. Lupino Lane was "resting," I nearly laughed—it seemed so absurd, somehow, to think of that little animated funniosity ever being in a state of repose. Many people, I imagine, share my feeling. Indeed, I have heard several express the belief that in the dead of night, when all the little Lanes are sleeping (assuming, of course, that there *are* any little Lanes), Lupino arises and beneath the silv'ry moon twists and twirls and charms his agile limbs into new and weird manifestations of the contortionist's art. "Otherwise, how does he keep so supple?" they plaintively demand, though at least one gentleman has grudgingly (and inelegantly) admitted to me that he supposes "the poor little bloke *does* rest sometimes."

Apparently he does. Anyway, I know I unwillingly explored Coventry Street for the space of thirty minutes while Mr. Lane completed his beauty sleep.

Conviviality and Comfort.

WHEN finally I was ushered into the presence chamber, it was to find my victim much refreshed and, seated on the arm of a chair, attired in a bath-robe, already engaged in the delicate art of make-up. Of his surroundings I can give no clear account. I seem to have the remembrance of a lot of comfort crowded into rather a small space—and yes, certainly I have a recollection of conviviality and a corkscrew on the dressing-table. But that's neither here nor there. (Decidedly it wasn't here.) In the background bustled a hefty dresser, while just behind the star himself sat a gentleman who appeared much interested in the proceedings, and secretly intent on discovering just how an "interview" is conducted.

The Fox Contract.

NOW, of all the "movie" gossip I have read lately nothing has interested me more than the announcement that during his recent trip to the States Mr. Lane was signed up for films by William Fox. I asked my host to verify this statement.

"Yes, it is quite true," Mr. Lane admitted. "I have a six months' contract with Mr. Fox, to take effect in the spring, after which I shall return to Mr. Cochran." And with that he applied a generous dab of grease-paint.

"Were you 'discovered' by Mr. Fox while you were appearing on the stage in 'Afgar'?" I asked, scenting a romantic "story."

Mr. Lane, however, is not romantic—at least, not in interviews. "No," he replied briefly, working assiduously on his features. "I received my introduction to him through my work over here." So that was that.

The Fairbanks' Principle.

THERE was a little pause. There are many such little pauses in Mr. Lane's conversation, which partly explains why he is at once one of the easiest and one of the most difficult people to interview. You ask him a question, he replies briefly and to the point, and while you are writing down the answer there is dead silence. He does his part, you do yours; no time is wasted. It is all very business-like and convenient.

After a moment, however, he volunteered a little bit of information.

"At present I am negotiating for the film rights of a very well-known book, by a popular author," he remarked.

"Oh," I ejaculated brightly, in a "*Do* tell me all" tone.

"But," concluded Mr. Lane imperturbably, "I am afraid I cannot tell you anything about it at the moment."

"Perhaps you will give me a little information about the type of work you intend doing for the Fox Company?" I suggested, trying to keep curiosity and disappointment out of my voice.

Mr. Lane embellished his cheeks with some rouge.

"I shall do a series of two- or three-reelers, with four- or five-reel pictures in between," he said, "and my work will be on the Fairbanks principle."

I carefully noted this down, Mr. Lane waiting patiently for me.

"May I say anything about salary?" I asked at length, with the impertinence inherent in interviewers.

Mr. Lane turned and gave me one of his very pleasant smiles.

"I'd much rather you didn't, if you don't mind," he said confidentially, "though you can say it will be a very nice one, if you like."

An Old-Timer.

MR. LANE'S dresser brought forth a black wig of startling appearance, and while the star adjusted it he became a little more loquacious.

"You know," he said, as though pursuing the previous train of thought, "I like film acting for its own sake. Have been at it for twelve years now, off and on. I started with the Ideal Company, under the direction of William Kellino who, like myself, is a member of a very old theatrical family. And then I played in the 'Homeland' and 'Kinekature' comedies. So you see I am something of an 'old-timer.'"

"Folks prophesy that you are going to do wonderful things in America, Mr. Lane. From all accounts Mr. Fox considers he has a tremendous 'find' in you," I remarked.

But Lupino would have none of that.

"Oh, no," he insisted, "I'm just an ordinary person, and will do nothing startling at all. Quite ordinary."

Well, he didn't look it—in that wig.

"There's one thing I am proud of, though," he said in conclusion, "and that is that I commenced my theatrical career at the age of three, when I appeared at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in Birmingham. 'Aladdin' is my twenty-second pantomime!"

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

NAVY BLUE
LIGHT NAVY
SAXE BLUE
SHELL PINK
OLD ROSE
RUST RED
GERANIUM RED
GRASS GREEN
RESEDA

LILAC
PURPLE
WINE
GREY
NIGGER BROWN
TABAC BROWN
DAFFODIL YELLOW
OLD GOLD
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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED. PORT SUNLIGHT.

"Shots" from Broadwest

WITH the completion of "The Loudwater Mystery," in which Gregory Scott and Cameron Carr play the leading parts, and "In Full Cry," which features Stewart Rome and Pauline Peters, two other films were immediately commenced at the BROADWEST Studios. One which is being personally directed by Mr. Walter West, and stars Violet Hopson and Gregory Scott, has a sporting flavour, and the other is an adaptation of D. C. Murray's novel, "The Penniless Millionaire."

Pauline Peters who plays her first big part for the BROADWEST Company in "In Full Cry," will appear in "The Penniless Millionaire." Although she has been playing for films for many years, it was not until Mr. Walter West cast her in a BROADWEST film, that Pauline Peters had her big opportunity to make good. Mr. West, who is one of the best judges of talent in Britain, now has the biggest Stock Company on this side of the Atlantic. It includes all the most popular English stars, Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, Gregory Scott, Cameron Carr, Pauline Peters, and Adelaine Hayden Coffin, are the most important members of the Company, and as they all will be exceptionally busy during the coming year, it is certain that the acting in BROADWEST productions will leave nothing to be desired.

Miss Violet Hopson has a very busy year before her, for it has already been arranged that she shall star in a series of five productions, the first of which will be the racing film, now being made under Mr. Walter West's direction.

As it has been found impossible to distribute any more postcards of BROADWEST Players free of charge (owing to the tremendous demand for them, and the big increase in the cost of photographic material and printing), those of you who are anxious to obtain portraits of any of these stars, should send an application for Portrait List to:—

DEPT C.

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The Children's Newspaper

Every Friday **2D**

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Beautiful Colours—Their Drawback and the Remedy—Simple Home Dyeing—How It Can Be Done Successfully—The Picture Girl's Overall.

GIRLS have far more choice in the manner of colouring nowadays than they ever had before. In years gone by, when a frock was worn for one, two or three seasons following before it was cast aside, it was essential that girls should select chiefly neutral shades that did not date too quickly, and of which one did not tire. For there is no doubt about it, continual wear of a bright colour soon becomes arduous.

The modern girl, however, prefers more change in her garments, and therefore takes full advantage of the lovely colours offered to her, choosing among the more subdued shades all the wonderful brilliant shades that are now manufactured in materials. But, unfortunately, they are liable to have a little more trouble with their garments when they choose these brilliant hues. Frequent washing will invariably eventually destroy the original beautiful colour of a garment and leave it a nondescript colourless affair. While the rays of the sun in the summer months will also affect the colour, even more drastically and harmfully than washing, for it bleaches the material in patches.

Perfect Home Dyeing.

THESE details will, perhaps, put girls off from choosing colours for their garments, especially girls with a small dress allowance, who cannot possibly afford to keep on replacing clothes before they are actually worn.

But in these days when dyes have assumed such perfection, and such wonders can be done with simple everyday commodities, there is no need for these details to stand in one's light.

One hears of clever girls dyeing their blouses in water in which some marking ink has been dissolved, and making them the most charming shade of mauve. Even the lead of an indelible pencil is sometimes called into play for the same purpose. But oftentimes, unfortunate results come from these experiments, the garment catching the dye in streaks. This is merely because the ink or pencil is not evenly dissolved in the water.

When ink or pencil is used you must be most careful that the colour is worked well into the water before the blouse is dipped, and that there is not any vestige of a blob of ink, or the tiniest grain of the pencil left on the side of the bowl. Red and green ink can be utilised in a like manner.

Cold tea added to hot water will make a good solution if you wish to dye anything a deep cream or ecru.

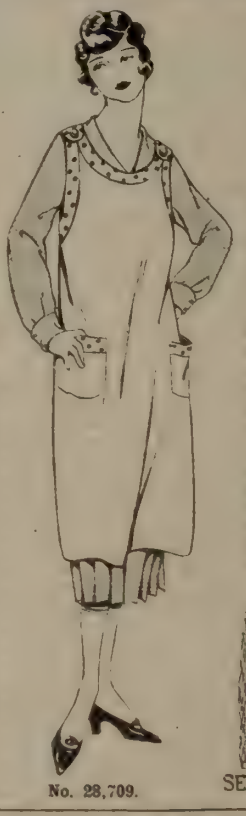
The majority of dyes stain the hands, and this is most objectionable, as it spoils the look of the fingers and nails for days. Rubber gloves can be worn by anyone who does not mind working in gloves, otherwise the material can be handled with a stick.

Rules to Remember.

THERE are a few important rules for the amateur to remember. It is because these are ignored, I think, that some girls make a hash of their dyeing, and declare it impossible at home. One is not to meddle with the recipe. Whatever the instructions may be upon the dye you use, follow them implicitly. The slightest guesswork is apt to ruin the work.

Another important rule is absolute cleanliness. The presence of the slightest dirty sediment in the receptacle in which the dyeing is being done inclines for failure. Many of the dyes tell you that the material, when in the dye, must be boiled for ten to twenty minutes. This is sometimes difficult, as the dye spoils the receptacle in which it is boiled.

Remedy this by boiling in an enamel bowl, which can be cleaned with a good cleansing powder so that no sign of the stain will show.

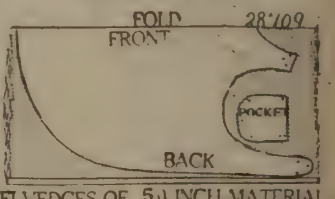


No. 28,709.

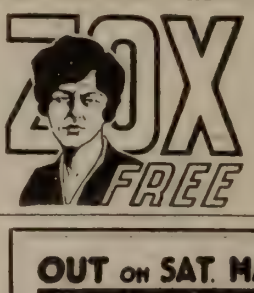
The Picture Girl's Overall.

ALTHOUGH the Picture Girl has no prospect of indulging in actual spring cleaning, she finds a pretty overall most useful to slip over her frock when dusting her own room. Her latest overall is quite simple, of fawn linen, trimmed with bands of brown linen, spotted with white. The overall is cut in one piece, and arranged with straps at the back which cross over and button on the shoulder.

You can obtain patterns of this overall, which has been specially designed by the Editress of "Home Fashions," in 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust sizes for one shilling each from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291A, Oxford Street, W.1.



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HARMSWORTH'S 3D HOME DRESSMAKER

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

HOW'S YOUR EYESIGHT?

IT used to be a frequent complaint in the old days of the cinema that even those with good eyesight experienced after a while the strain of looking at the pictures. Matters have improved considerably since then, and the projection of to-day is steadier and clearer in many respects. It must be admitted, however, that the fault has not been entirely remedied, for the blurred and jumpy picture may still occasionally be seen. The explanation of the cause would be too technical to interest the ordinary reader, but it will suffice if I say that it can sometimes be attributed to faulty setting of the parts of the projecting machine.

Yet, despite the fact that on the whole the flicker on the screen is now hardly noticeable, the point has often been discussed whether the pictures are injurious to the eyesight. Even oculists have been divided on this question, though it has yet to be proved that any definite harm has resulted. On the contrary, it has been established that the fault does not lie so much with the cinema as an entertainment as with the eyes. If your eyes are inclined to be weak, there is little doubt that a too frequent visit to the pictures will indicate, after a while, your need for glasses. The wisest course seems to be to enjoy your cinema shows in moderation like everything else. The following, which I have culled from a bulletin issued by the National Safety Council of Chicago, may be of interest:

"If your eyes are all right, it should not hurt them to look at moving-pictures for an hour or an hour and a half. If your eyes feel tired or if you have a headache after looking at clear moving-pictures, it may be that something is wrong with your eyes. Have your eyes examined by a competent eye-specialist."

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

"DORIS" (Oxford).—Jane Gail did play in "The Prisoner of Zenda." So now your father saves five bob on the bet, you lose a nice box of chocolates in consequence, and here am I without even a three-halfpenny bar with which I can console you. Your luck's completely out this time.

A. E. (London, W.C.).—John Bowers was the hero in "Easy Money." Yes, Godfrey Tearle is that artiste's real name.

"VICTORIA" (Bath).—Maybe since writing to me you saw the artplate of Anita Stewart. If not, it was given away with the issue for January 22nd. John Bowers, who has played in "Daughter of Mine," "The Pest," and "The Divorce Game," was born in Indiana on December 27th, 1891. His wife is Rita Heller.

M. C. (York).—Cameron Carr was born in 1876, and Antonio Moreno in 1888, Eugene O'Brien has light brown hair and blue eyes. Margaret Marsh, who will be twenty-eight this year, has auburn hair and dark blue eyes. Yes, "The Wonder Man" has been released.

"BUNTY" (Finchley).—So you have admired Stewart Rome since you were thirteen, and you are now nearly seventeen. Shows you believe in being faithful to one. Grace Darmond and Francis Ford were the leads in "The Purple Domino." In "Comin' Thro' the Rye," the artistes were: Alma Taylor (Helen Adair), Stewart Rome (Paul Vasher), Margaret Blanche (Sylvia Fleming), Campbell Gullan (George Tempest), and Lionelle Howard (Dick Fellows). Chrissie White and Violet Hopson were also in it.

"VIVIENNE" (Calcutta).—You say you wrote to Elmo Lincoln for a photo, and some time afterwards received, to your surprise, a photo of Edith Roberts, to whom you had never written. That's very curious. But if you still want a photo of Elmo Lincoln, you might now try writing to Edith Roberts. Wheeler Oakman was the hero in "Mickey." David Wark Griffith was born on January 22nd, 1880, in La Grange, Kentucky.

W. J. T. (Tenterden).—Yes, it was Helen Jerome Eddy. Holmes Edward Herbert is his full name. Walt Whitman and Alfred Whitman are two different artistes. Marcia Manon is the correct spelling. Dwight Crittenden was in "The Ragamuffin."

"KIT" (Brighton).—Impossible, young lady. Our large art plates are so admired by all that a return to the smaller size would not be welcomed. David Powell was the artiste in "The Firing Line."

"DER FREISCHUTZ" (Littlehampton).—I am not printing your initials as desired, but couldn't you have chosen a nom-de-plume in English for preference? Particulars of Lewis Willoughby may reach me later. About Edward Mackay, his films include: "Clothes," "The Clue," "Man and His Angel," and "The Window Opposite." His height is 5 ft. 10 in., and his colouring, light hair and dark eyes.

N. W. (Stockport).—Ronald Coleman was the artiste in "A Son of David."

"JOE" (London, E.).—You have been living in the past, Joe. I felt quite aged looking for those old films of yours, and now I can only offer you my regrets.

P. L. (Alexandria).—Glad to hear from you. You will find an article about Viola Dana in a previous issue. Antonio Moreno was born in 1888 in Madrid, Spain. Molly Malone comes from Denver, Colorado, where she was born on February 2nd, 1897. In "Cleopatra," the leads were taken by Theda Bara and Albert Roscoe.

"JEAN" (Glasgow).—So you decided not to bother me with hundreds of questions at once. I think you. By such little acts of kindness do I hope to live to a ripe old age. Miss Evelyn was the star in "The Jockey of Death." No other names are given.

"ALAN" (Harrow).—Buck Jones, the cowboy actor, was born in Vincennes, Indiana. Exact date not stated. He was formerly a motor mechanic, then became a cowpuncher, and afterwards did his bit in the war.

V. M. (Kensington).—I expect you must have looked in vain for an answer "next week." How could I have done it? Basil Gill is the only one of the three you mention who tells us his age. He was born on March 10th, 1877. Marjorie Hume and Cecil Humphreys in "The Swindler." Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid in "Joan the Woman," and Basil Gill and Peggy Carlisle in "Rocks of Valpre."

(More answers next week.)



JOY LET LOOSE

EVERY tin of SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE is full of little messengers who carry sunshine into the heart of some little boy or girl—or grown-up, as the case may be. Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee is so *thoroughly* good—good in every way. It nourishes the body as well as tickles the palate—it possesses nutritive value as well as the most charming, lingering, creamy flavour ever possessed by any confection. Look out for the orange tin with the parrot and the Knut upon it—and when you see one buy it.

See that name is on each piece of paper in which Toffee is wrapped.

Sold loose by weight or in 4 lb. decorated tins—also in ¼, ½, and 1-lb. tins.

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LAST SET. "PICTURE SHOW" COMPETITION.

First Prize £100

Second Prize £50

Third Prize £25

75 Prizes of £1 each.

THIS week we publish the eighth and last set of pictures in the "Goggles" Competition, for correct solutions of which the above splendid prizes are offered.

Efforts must now be gathered together in sets, and each set pinned together. The coupon on this page must be filled in and pinned to the top of each set of efforts submitted. Altered or mutilated efforts will be disqualified.

Sets of efforts should then be sent to:

"GOGGLES" COMPETITION,
Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.4,

and despatched so as to reach that address not later than Wednesday, March 23rd.

This competition is running in conjunction with the "Girls' Cinema" and the "Boys' Cinema."

The decision of the Editor of the PICTURE SHOW must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition and efforts can only be accepted on that distinct understanding.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

"GOGGLES" COMPETITION.

I enter "Goggles" Competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



57 .....



58 .....



59 .....



60 .....



61 .....



62 .....



63 .....



64 .....

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12.3.1921.

PICTURE SHOW, March 19th, 1921. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

MAY ALLISON.—Beautiful Picture Study, 16 x 10, INSIDE.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. MARCH 19, 1921.

No. 99. Vol. 4.

SWEETHEARTS IN THE MIRACLE MAN.



Thomas Meighan and Betty Compson play leading parts in the much discussed photo-play that has just been released by Paramount-Artcraft, "The Miracle Man." It was the play that made Betty a star. Other pictures appear inside.

"THE MIDNIGHT BRIDE." Splendid new serial begins in To-morrow's "GIRLS' CINEMA."



Icilma Beauty fascinates

The girl who uses Icilma Cream day by day has a complexion that wins admiration from the men folk. She is always sought after at the dance, and her "card" is full early in the evening. In fact, wherever she goes—"dance," "concert," or "dinner"—she fascinates.

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Get a pot to-day and judge for yourself; and a box of Icilma Bouquet Face Powder at the same time.

FREE TEST

Send a postcard for a dainty free sample, and a copy of our booklet, "The Icilma Way to Beauty," International Icilma Trading Co., Ltd. (Dept. 26), 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W 1.

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Cream

Price 1/3; large pot 2/-, everywhere. Flesh-tinted Cream, 1/9 per pot. Icilma Bouquet Face Powder (two tints—Naturelle and Crème), 2/6 per box.

Use it daily and look your best

—and complete your toilet with Icilma Bouquet Face Powder.

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Mrs. M. E. Thorp, 9, Meadow Place, South Lambeth, London, S.W. 8, says:—

"My trouble was due to reaction following war strain. I lost all my strength, and became terribly nervous and run down. It was an effort to do anything, even to go out, and as for housework, I don't know how I got through it. Then I began to have pain after food, and this soon developed into severe indigestion. Yet another trouble was sleeplessness, and naturally this weakened me still more.

"I kept trying all sorts of medicines, but nothing did any good, till one lucky day I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. In a very short time I felt better. My nerves were stronger and I steadily improved, until now I feel ever so well again. The indigestion is completely gone, and I am thankful to say I sleep well, too."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The Universal Home Remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown | **Kidney Trouble**
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Malnutrition | **Wasting**
Neurasthenia | **Palpitation**
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Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

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The 3/- size being the more economical. Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

TAKE TWO TABLETS

at bedtime and note how well you sleep; continue, and you will know the joy of health and vigour. EQUALLY SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN.

A Smart New Model Hat Free to the first 1000 readers who send for this velour cloth gown.



This charming new

MODEL GOWN

of beautiful Velour Cloth is a wonderful bargain at **37/7**, and to introduce it to the readers of "Picture Show" we will include with the first 1,000 orders the

FREE GIFT OF A SMART MUSHROOM HAT

to match the Gown. The Hat alone in a West End store would be anything from £1-1-0 upwards.

The Gown is a delightful creation of Velour finish cloth; it washes well, will not shrink nor lose colour. The material is of a delightful texture, strong and warm, ideal for Spring wear, and the cut and finish is all one can wish for.

It can be had in all the fashionable colours—

BLACK, JADE, DARK BLUE, WHITE, NAVY, CERISE, BROWN, MOLE, BRICK, SAXE BLUE, GREY, MAUVE,

Sizes: 36, 38 and 40 bust.

Would you like the Hat FREE?

Send 37/7 To-day and we will send the Gown and the FREE gift of the Hat to match, post free to your address.

If you are not entirely satisfied we will gladly refund your money.

The first 1,000 will probably be sold in a week or two. Be one of the first 1,000 and send remittance now, stating colour and bust measurement, to

HOWARD & SPENCER, 37, QUEEN'S RD., BAYSWATER, LONDON, W.



Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 62.—M. B. (LEFTY) FLYNN.

M. B., who is perhaps better known as Lefty, Flynn is a keen admirer of the PICTURE SHOW. Lefty gained this nickname when he was a famous football player. He is now playing for the films in Goldwyn photoplays.

—♦♦—

A Story You Mustn't Miss.

"THE MIDNIGHT BRIDE" is as thrilling a story as the title suggests. The story has also made a splendid film, with Gladys Leslie as the girl heroine. This story is now appearing in the "Girls' Cinema," beginning to-morrow, Tuesday. You'll regret missing it when you see the film if you do not buy a copy to-morrow.

—♦♦—

The Real Thing.

WHEN we see the "Purple Riders," with Joe Ryan in the star part, we shall see a group of real Westerners with whom Joe rode the plains before his motion picture days.

—♦♦—

How Lila Received Her Name.

LILA LEE, whom we can now see in "The Cruise of the Make-Believes," is, as you know, one of the youngest motion picture stars before the public. She is well known on the music-hall stage, where she has earned the name of "Cuddles."

When but fourteen years of age she was announced as a "find" by one of the largest producing companies, and she has certainly fulfilled their expectations since then.

As "Cuddles," Lila Lee was prominently identified for nine years with a vaudeville show. A song, "Look Out for Jimmie Valentine," needed a cute tot to properly express the humour of it. After a prolonged and unsuccessful search, Lila was discovered playing in the street, dancing and singing to a barrel organ. The consent of her parents was obtained, and Lila became "Cuddles" at four years old.

—♦♦—

Good Fun.

CULLEN LANDIS says there is nothing in the world that is better fun than collecting eggs from one's own chickens.

He has a large number of chickens working for him. He started with a few prize birds, then became interested in them, and gradually purchased more and more, until now, he says he will have to dispose of some of them, or buy a ranch on which to keep them.

—♦♦—

A Sensation in Lyndhurst.

MILTON ROSMER created quite a sensation the other day in the old market town of Lyndhurst, where he has been enacting scenes for his new film, "Belphegor, the Mountebank."

Mr. Rosmer, of course, plays the title role, and the whole town stayed up all night to see him sword-swallowing in the market place by the light of a brilliant portable arc lamp. Bonfires were lit, and there was a picturesque torchlight procession to add to the excitement.

Other scenes in the film, which is founded on the old stage play, were photographed in the fine galleried courtyard of the George Inn, at Huntingdon, where Milton Rosmer startled the inhabitants by performing the difficult feat of balancing upon his chin a pole supporting a tiny child. Mr. Rosmer asserts that he has had "no previous experience whatever," and Huntingdon still wonders how it was done.

—♦♦—

Modest Nazimova.

RECOGNISED as one of the greatest actresses on the American screen to-day, Madame Nazimova is said to be still as modest as on the day she first arrived in New York as a member of a Russian company of dramatic players, who embarked with borrowed capital upon a season of Russian presentations in the metropolis.

At that time her artistry and emotionalism, coupled with her type, compelled dramatic critics and exacting theatregoers to admit that she was something new and great.

This opinion she knew, of course, but when it was repeated to her, Nazimova protested:

"I am not great. I am not even well known in Russia. I have played in Petrograd, but only for a single season. In Moscow, and in some of the smaller cities, they like me a little, I think, but really I am not so great as some would believe."

—♦♦—

An Innovation in Picture Shows.

A NOVEL feature of a new picture theatre just opened in America is a room where mothers can leave their babies when they wish to go to the movies.

Many women, who would otherwise stay at home, now bring their little ones, and leave them in charge of the matron, while they proceed to enjoy themselves for a time in the theatre.

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Congratulations.

I AM sure all my readers join with me in sending congratulations to Louise Huff on the birth of a son.

Miss Huff, you must know, off the screen is the wife of a New York business man. She has only left the screen temporarily, however, and expects to be back in the studio shortly.



WILKIE LISTER, the well-known comedian, is now appearing in Cameo Comedies on the screen. His latest picture being entitled "Sea-side Frolics." Mr. Lister is also well-known in pantomime, taking Idle Jack in "Dick Whittington" and principal comedian part in "Little Jack Horner."



LYDIA YEAMANS TITUS, now appearing in Goldwyn pictures with her husband, first introduced a piano on the music-hall stage in England (at the Oxford). Each night for many months she sang "Sally in Our Alley" on the stages of the Pavilion, Mile End Road, and The Pavilion in Coventry Street.

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The Ill-fated Hope Diamond.

MUCH curiosity has been excited by the arrival and forthcoming exhibition of the "Memoirs of the Hope Diamond," the serial picture in which the history of the famous jewel which for centuries has exercised such an uncanny influence over many women, as related by May Yohe, one-time musical comedy actress.

May Yohe is now herself in Los Angeles with her husband, a nephew of General Smuts, and her personal supervision as well as the information she has been able to gather is of enormous value to the directors in the piecing together of this panorama of events, which for unusual interest and strangeness have never been equalled.

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Why He Followed.

IN a recent film a dog followed the hero around with a fidelity and devotion that was unusual, even for a faithful animal, and spectators wondered how the director had managed it, or how the actor in question had inspired such wonderful affection. But when it was explained it was simple enough.

The actor had a nice fresh piece of liver in his pocket, and it was not a case of any wonderful training, or unusual affectionate faithfulness, but simply one of "following the lunch basket."

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You Must Laugh.

NEWS has come through that "Seven Years Bad Luck," Max Linder's latest, is the greatest laugh-producer ever projected upon the silver screen.

As a matter of fact, the film has created a record, and if the old adage is correct, you will have the whole world laughing with you when you see the film, and begin to giggle.



CONSTANCE WORTH as a pierrette in the carnival scene from Harma's coming photo-play "The Education of Micky."

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

When Will Goes Home.

I HEAR that a big reception is being planned for Will Rogers in his own home-town. Rogers is now with his director, making exterior scenes for his newest film away in the country, and is to return to the Goldwyn studio by way of his old home-town in Oklahoma, where he expects to spend a short holiday. He'll be surprised and flattered at his reception.

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A Quick Rise.

NEWS has just reached me that Lon Chaney has just been signed to play the leading male role in a coming production entitled "The Night Rose" at a weekly salary about the same as that received by the President of the United States. Yet, four years ago, Lon Chaney was working as an extra. His rise is something like that of Cullen Landis, who, three years ago, was doing odd jobs round the studio, and is now one of the most popular juvenile stars of the screen. But, then, both Mabel Normand and Tom Moore started as extras.



VIOLA DANIEL, now playing opposite Roscoe Arbuckle. The first film in which we shall see her is "The Life of the Party."

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Just as Hard as They Appear.

"A KEEN eye and good judgment and instinct are needed by anyone who has hopes of becoming a good acrobat," said Buster Keaton, who is considered one of the screen's greatest tumblers.

"There are times when the best athlete, while performing some exceptionally difficult stunt, begins to feel a bit uncertain. But he must maintain a grip on his nerves, or get out of the game," he continued. "Most of the stunts done on the stage or in the films are just as hard as they appear."

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Charles Ray's Childhood.

FROM his early childhood, a friend tells me, Charles Ray wanted to be an actor, and his father's barn was always converted into a theatre on Saturday mornings. In fact, it once gained attention by being set on fire through the histrionic aspirations of Charles.

Young Ray started out in a small dramatic stock company. Sometimes they had a payday and sometimes they didn't.

But, anyway, Charles stuck to it, and afterwards made his appearance in musical comedy. Then came the pictures, Ray's chance, and subsequently his fame and torture.

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Charlie's Intentions.

I HEAR that, after the completion of three more short pictures to wind up his present contract, Charlie Chaplin intends to make only five reel pictures.

Only one of his previous comedies has run this length the coming, much-talked-of picture, "The Kid."

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Now in "Eyes of Youth."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO, whom you can now see as the rogue employed by Robert Goring in the third vision of "Eyes of Youth," was educated to become a scientific farmer.

Rudolph Valentino Gulielmi, to give him his full name, was born and educated in Italy, and went to the United States in search of broad acres on which to work. He discovered the screen offered opportunities, and his dreams of agriculture vanished.

British and American Titles.

"THE GENTLEMAN RIDER" has been re-named "Hearts and Saddles" for distribution in America.

A correspondent has written to the Broadwest Company suggesting some titles that could be used for other films going over there.

He says that "Under Suspicion" might be renamed "Nearly Had Her Then," "A Great Coup" called "I'm the Guy," "A Daughter of Eve" changed to "A Prize Petticoat," "Snow in the Desert" renamed "Always Boss Your Bride," "Her Son" might be called "The Kidd for Keeps," "The Great Gay Road" changed to "Happy Hobo," "The Case of Lady Camber" could be titled "Who Sent Her to Sleep?" "A Rank Outsider" graphically called "A Yellow Pup," and "Her Penalty" Americanised by "The Tweed."

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The Secret of Tom's Success.

MOST motion-picture directors rehearse every scene many times before "shooting," but there is one star who rarely goes through any bit of action more than once. He is Tom Mix.

There are certain scenes that, from their very nature, could not be rehearsed. For example, in "Prairie Flowers" there is a great dive over a cliff. The scenario at this point calls for Tom Mix, as Tex Benton, to scramble down the face of the cliff, leap upon a horse, and get away before the men who are fighting at the bottom are aware of what has happened.

When the director read the script and explained this scene, Mix remarked:

"Don't you think it would be better if I dived off the cliff?"

"What do you mean by dive?" asked the director. "The cliff is about forty feet high!"

"That's so," said Mix. "But I think I could do it."

"It sounds crazy to me," said the director, "but you know what you can do."

"Camera!" cried Mix; and over he went in as clean a dive as any expert swimmer ever took.

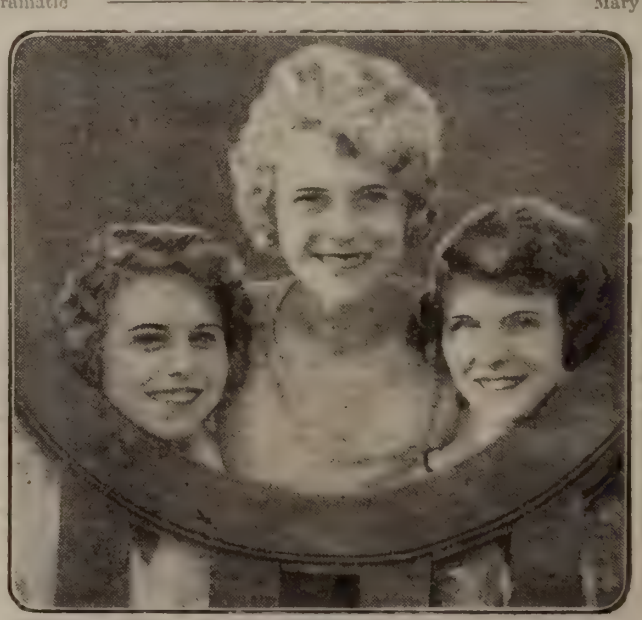
He landed on the shelving sand within a few feet of the struggling men, and, before they saw him, he had bowled them over with his fists.

Fay Filmer.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The result of our recent puzzle-picture competition will appear in next week's issue of the PICTURE SHOW.

If you entered our "Cinema Stars" competition, order your copy of the "PICTURE SHOW early. Your name may be among the prize-winners.



THREE SISTERS ON THE SCREEN.—Betty Francisco and her two sisters, all readers of the "Picture Show."

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

Signs Somerset Maugham.

MY last letter spoke of Somerset Maugham's determination not to be lured into pictures by any extravagant offers of fabulous salaries. But Mr. Maugham reckoned without the fascination of seeing one's own stories visioned in shadow drama. After watching Elsie Ferguson in "Sacred and Profane Love," he straightway signed a contract with Famous Players-Lasky, proving even an author can change his mind.

—♦♦—

Tired Out.

I WENT out to Madame Olga Petrova's country place for tea a few Sundays ago. She has only recently returned from an extensive vaudeville tour, and is resting, and trying to get back her strength. The two performances a day has been very strenuous for her, especially in view of the fact that enthusiastic crowds in every theatre kept her on the stage much longer than her time-schedule called for.

Her home at Great Neck is very beautiful this time of the year, with its alluring fires, in the open grates and artistic furnishings. She has a penchant for lamps, and one room, which she designed herself, boasts of twenty lamps, ranging in style from Chinese lanterns to tiny desk lights.

Madame has written a play for the stage which should be a great hit as soon as she gets a chance to revise it, and put it in shape. She is a very painstaking workman, and will not deliver any of her work until it is flawless in composition and style.

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Lillian Gish's Real Self.

EVERYONE has the idea that American film stars are the most mercenary wretches in the world. I happened to meet W. L. Sherrill last week, for whom Lillian Gish is now working. Mr. Sherill is president of the Frohman Producing Company, and he told me something of Lillian's character, which I think is worth repeating, although I am not sure I ought to tell it, since it was given to me more or less in confidence. Lillian is getting $3,500 a week. Her salary started August 1, but she returned her money for August, because she had a few scenes to finish for D. W. Griffith in "Way Down East." Then September came, and there was no story, Mr. Sherrill said he would have considered it was a wonderful thing if Lillian had offered to work on half-wages. What she really did was to come to his office and refuse all of her salary until she started on her picture.

"She is the most wonderful girl in the world," he said. "I have never known anyone to be so unselfish and so unmindful of her own interests, and I have been in this business for many years."

Mary Pickford, who adores Lillian, said to me one day:

"You will be good to Lillian, won't you? She is so gentle and good." I have always remembered the expression on little Mary's face when she asked me to be kind to her friend. There is a beautiful friendship between the two girls that fame cannot change.

Lillian's work in "Way Down East" has given her the title of America's great film star. This may be exaggerated, but one thing is certain there has never been any screen work to excel her performance of Anna Moore.

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Forsakes the Screen.

AFTER a season of uncertainty, Lillian Walker has decided it is useless to wait for motion-picture engagements that are slow in coming.

An attractive offer to join a stock company as leading woman was instrumental in having "Dimples," as her friends call her, come to this most sensible conclusion. She is now a member of the Shea Stock Company, touring the country, and the ovation she receives compensates for all the motion-picture heartaches for the past.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

THIS WEEK'S PICTURE SHOWS

"The Pride of the North" .. *Phillips.*
CECIL HUMPHREYS and NORA ROYLANCE.
"London Pride" .. .. .. *London.*
EDNA FLUGRATH and FRED GROVES.
"The Cruise of the Make-Believes" *Paramount.*
LILA LEE.
"Daughter Angele" .. *Western Import.*
PAULINE STARKE.
"The Glorious Lady" .. *Walturdaw.*
OLIVE THOMAS.

"The Miracle Man" .. *Paramount-Artcraft*
THOMAS MEIGHAN and BETTY COMPSON.
"The Third Kiss" .. *Paramount-Artcraft.*
VIVIAN MARTIN.
"The Will" .. .. *Ideal.*
MILTON ROSMER.
"Innocent" .. .. *Stoll.*
MADGE STUART.

Milton Rosmer.

THIS famous Ideal star tells me that he considers he has done some of his best screen work in Sir John Barrie's "The Will." He plays the part of a man who starts as a clerk at twenty-five and rises to prosperity at sixty-five, and later he is a lonely, embittered, and disillusioned millionaire. These are the three stages at which he makes "The Will."

"I acted these parts on the stage," said Milton Rosmer, "and so had some valuable practice in the make-up. On the stage I had less than two minutes between scenes in which to do a complete change of dress and make-up. For the film I used to take over one hour for the old man. Each eyebrow was stuck on separately, and each whisker had to be adjusted with infinite care for the sake of the searching 'close-up.' I did one day's take, but when I saw the effect on the screen I had to start again.

A Strange Producer and Professor Huxley.

"ONE day," Milton Rosmer went on, "a strange producer came into the studio, and asked me if I would consent to appear in a film giving the life of Professor Huxley, you may see some resemblance, although I do not aim at more than making an old man of Milton Rosmer. All the same, it was rather a curious coincidence that a likeness to Huxley should have been noticed, because in my early youth, Huxley was the writer who influenced my mind perhaps more than any other author."

A Magic Cabinet.

MR. B. V. BRAMBLE, the famous Ideal producer of "The Will," has a magic cabinet at the Ideal Studios at Elstree. In other words, it is a studio make-up table. The top portion opens and forms a mirror and a table, containing everything in the way of cinema make-up. Beneath, there are numerous drawers, and they contain everything that an artiste has ever forgotten to bring along to the studio.

THE "PICTURE SHOW'S" GUIDE TO PICTUREGOERS

"Innocent."

THE Stoll production of Marie Corelli's famous novel. The author herself has taken great interest in the adaptation of her book to the screen, and Maurice Elvey spared nothing to make the film a wonderful photo-play.

A Cockney Picture.

AMUSING scenes and humorous sub-titles are a feature of "London Pride," starring Edna Flugrath. It concerns the adventures of a British Tommy who, during the war, impersonated a dead friend. The manner in which he practises his deception, and his subsequent experiences, are well portrayed by Fred Groves as the coster hero.



MADGE STUART and BASIL RATHBONE in a scene from "Innocent."

Playing at Make-Believe.

BESSIE MEGGISON, the daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well, is only able to obtain happiness by indulging in a game of pretence. She has a wonderful ship constructed out of various objects on which she goes for a pleasure sail. But she never expected the spice of real romance which came to her in the end. Only Lila Lee as Bessie Meggison can tell you all about it if you see her in "The Cruise of the Make-Believes."

A Spy and a Girl.

WHEN one of the chief figures in a drama happens to be a spy, the interest in it is bound to be keen. But it is heightened also by the cleverness of the pretty girl heroine as shown by Pauline Starke in "Daughter Angele" when she seeks to establish a reunion between her grandfather and her mother. There are plenty of exciting incidents, one of which is in the defeat of the spy.

Love Knows No Law.

AND in "The Glorious Lady" we are shown how the love of a poor peasant girl successfully defies the law of tradition by marrying into a family of a much higher social scale than hers. But there follow intrigues giving scope for several thrills and adventures which keep one constantly in suspense. The only touch of regret will be in remembering that the delightful star in it—Olive Thomas—is no more.

An Historical Play.

"IF I Were King," featuring William Farnum, deserves the description given it of being a "super-special." Excellent characterisation, beautiful settings and details which are historically correct help to make it a picture really worth seeing.

Crooks and Cures.

AN all-star cast, with Thomas Meighan at the head, is to be seen in "The Miracle Man," the production of George Loane Tucker, an Englishman. Hearing of an old man who can perform marvellous cures by faith, a gang of crooks get hold of him in order to foster their "get-rich-quick" scheme. Their exploit provides a surprise, even for them.

A Dainty Romance.

"THE Third Kiss" is one of those dainty screen romances which leave behind it a pleasant memory as you wend your way homewards. This may be due, perhaps, to Vivian Martin for her acting in it, and her rendering of the love scenes can certainly be characterised by a truthful use of the adjective delightful.

EDITH NEPEAN.



MILTON ROSMER and EVANGELINE HILLIARD in "The Will." Scene from "The Will," by Sir John Barrie. MILTON ROSMER as an elderly man.

BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TO-DAY.



The CALL OF THE ROAD



The Splendid New Serial Story of the Famous British Film.

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM.

Characters in the Story.

ALFRED TRUSCOTT, who has filled the Hall with card-playing friends, and is known amongst them as "The Lamb." He has been brought up by his uncle,

SILAS TRUSCOTT, who, returning one night, finds out the state of affairs, and orders his nephew to leave the house.

SIR MARTIN TREVOR, an inveterate gambler, is amongst a party at the Hall on the evening before Silas Truscott's return. He changes some dice for loaded ones, and The Lamb, roused to fury, attacks him. The result is that Sir Martin challenges him to a duel.

PAGANINI PRIMUS and PAGANINI SECUNDUS, an old fiddler and a young boy who are "gentlemen of the road," are joined by Alfred when he takes his uncle at his word and leaves the Hall, and Alfred appoints Paganini Primus as his second in the duel.

LADY ROWENA, Alfred's cousin, is told by her maid of this duel, and determines to witness it. The duel commences with Sir Martin Trevor being full of self-confidence, but his sword is suddenly sent spinning in the air. The Lamb, instead of killing him, tweaks the nose of his enemy, who vows vengeance for this act. Two days later Lady Rowena sets forth on a visit to her godmother.

After the duel, Alfred and the two Paganinis take to the open road, and presently they come to a tavern owned by Punch Murphy, who is proud of his fighting abilities. He wagers a guinea that there is not a man living who can "tap his snout." Alfred walks quietly up to him, and his fist shoots out, landing squarely on the landlord's nose. Punch pays his guinea and challenges Alfred to a proper fight, in which the latter is again victorious, and wins another guinea, with which he treats everyone in the bar of the tavern. There is a very genial stranger amongst them, but after he has gone one of the party tells the company that he is none other than Jerry Abershaw, the highwayman.

The next morning before leaving Alfred says good-bye to Hammer John, the blacksmith, who wants to train him as a boxer. Alfred, however, refuses, and he and the two Paganinis set off on a tramp to the village of Friar's Ford.

A Free Man No More.

ON a low bench outside the Ford Arms, a very old man sat and warmed himself in the declining rays of the sun.

He was incredibly old. His lips curled in over his toothless gums, and his skin was like brown, wrinkled parchment. But in his withered cheeks there was the glow of health, like the faint, reddish tint on a russet apple, and his old eyes were clear and bright. He looked about him with the lively and cheerful interest of a child or a bird. From time to time he would pick up the empty mug which stood on the bench beside him and look into it. On finding it empty, his old face would express the most comical surprise, and he would put it down again.

At times he mumbled to himself, but always in a cheerful way, and the merest trifle that came under his notice was enough to set him chuckling. Obviously, the old boy still found life very entertaining.

He lifted the empty mug for, perhaps, the tenth time, when suddenly he paused without looking into it and pricked up his ears.

He heard voices, and they were the voices of strangers. Grandpa Mullins knew quite well the voices of every native of Friars Ford.

Even as he replaced the mug on the bench the owners of the voices turned the corner of the building and confronted him.

He looked up, and his old face beamed as he recognised the two Paganinis.

Primus at once saluted him.

"How ails the Grandpa Mullins?" he asked.

"I be very well, considerin' my years; very well I be," replied the old man; and then, glancing at Alfred, he touched his hat.

Alfred dropped on the bench beside him.

"You look well, sir, well and hearty; and it's a pleasant spot you've found here."

As he spoke, he looked out across the road to the lush meadows, the winding river, and the picturesque mill on the other side.

Grandpa Mullins gave an interested look at the young man and then, without the least hesitation, began to feel his arm and his leg.

"Hard," he commented judiciously, when he had finished the examination. "Hard! It ain't the big 'uns as is allers the hardest. But you be big and you be hard, too. A fine lad you be, and so would I," he added, with sudden and most unexpected fierceness, "but for the plaguey gout! My eyes be fine, my ears be fine; but darn the gout, says I!"

Alfred laughed, and Primus handed his snuff-box to the old boy.

"Did you try the nettle tea?" asked the fiddler.

The old boy took a pinch, sneezed violently once or twice, and then replied:

"The old lady made 'un, and, says I, drink it thyself! Darn the nettle tea!"

They all laughed, but the old boy's attention was now directed elsewhere. He was gazing out across the river towards the mill, and there was a keenly interested expression on his old face.

Alfred followed the direction of his gaze, and became aware of a most extraordinary scene.

In the open space outside the door of the mill a big man was hopping and dancing and waving his arms, while a little woman was flogging him unmercifully with a thrashing-cane.

The frenzied antics of the big man and the grim determination of the little woman made a scene indescribably comical.

To add to the absurdity, the man was shouting indignant protests, while a torrent of shrill upbraidings poured from the woman's lips.

"'Tis Miller Jones receiving his weekly dole," said Primus, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Grandpa Mullins laughed till his old body shook.

"He desarves it, says I, for letting her wear the trousers! Three wives I've had—nay, four, now I comes to think on't—but never did I let one of them wear the trousers. Eh, but she's taken a rest at last," he added; for, even while he talked, he was still following every detail of the scene at the mill with the liveliest interest.

"'Tis only to give her tongue the better chance of wagging, I'm thinking," said Primus drily.

The woman was now standing with her hands on her hips, leaning forward and hurling reproaches at her lord, who stood some distance away glowering back at her.

Her shrill voice came clear across the water.

"I'll learn thee, thou great slobbering loon! If thou wilt not do thy work, thou lazy loafer, get a man as will! I'll slave myself to the bone no longer for such as thee!"

She went in at last, slamming the door behind her, and the miller drifted away mournfully and disappeared.

Old Primus took up his fiddle, and, with a twinkle in his eye, began to play.

Alfred, recognising the tune, gave a laugh, and then, in a lusty voice, started to sing:

"There was a jolly miller once lived by the river Dee:
He worked and sang from morn till night—
no lark more blithe than he.
And thus the burden of his song for ever used to be:
'I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.'"

He was still shouting the lines, to the great enjoyment of the company, and especially of Grandpa Mullins, when Miller Jones himself appeared upon the scene.

He was a big man, with a round, fat face—meant, one would say, for placid good-humour. Just now, however, it wore a very doleful expression.

Alfred finished his song, and everyone applauded except the miller.

"Yours is a pretty wit," he said, with a wry smile. "'Tis plain that you are single."

Alfred looked up with a careless laugh.

"I cannot earn enough to be otherwise," he said lightly.

The miller, who was turning away, looked back and surveyed the speaker attentively.

Into the big, simple face there came a look of eagerness, and into the mournful eyes a gleam of hope.

Miller Jones had but one passion—he wanted to be left alone. He yearned for a quiet life, with plenty of leisure in which to smoke his pipe in peace. He was one of those few people who can only be perfectly happy when they are perfectly idle, and Fate had tied him to a shrewish, energetic little woman who made him work. That was his trouble, and now, when his gaze fell upon Alfred, there seemed to open before him a way of escape.

"Thou be a hefty lad," he said. "It should not be hard for thee to find work if thou art really seeking it."

"I'm easy suited," replied Alfred. "Dost know a master who needs a man?"

"What say you to ten shillings a week?" suggested the miller cautiously.

"Ten shillings?" said Alfred judiciously. "'Tis a goodly sum. If thou art in earnest, I'll see thee later."

The miller nodded and entered the inn.

Alfred remained for some time in thought, while old Mullins continued to chatter in his genial garrulous way, and Primus went on playing.

There are times when the old fiddler forgot everything in his music. Much as he loved good company, his favourite companion was ever his beloved instrument. It seemed to talk to him in a language which only he fully understood, and it always responded to his mood. It could be gay or it could be sad, just as he chose.

As the sun sank out of sight behind the mill, Grandpa Mullins rose and hobbled away.

It was nearly dark when Primus stopped playing and looked about him. He was surprised to discover that he was alone.

He rose, shook himself, and prepared to enter the inn; but on the threshold he met young Secundus coming out.

Something unusual in the boy's expression attracted the old man's attention.

"What ails thee, lad?" he demanded.

"Naught," was the curt and rather surly reply.

"Boy, thou liest!" said Primus calmly. "'Tis a bad habit in the young. To lie with success one must have a wide knowledge of the world and much experience, and then it's scarce worth the trouble. What ails thee?"

"Naught."

"Hum!" mused the old man thoughtfully. "Did I not know, boy, that thou art happy in possessing naught save the clothes you wear, I should say thou hadst lost something."

The boy gave a quick nod.

"Ay, and that's true, master," he replied. "I have lost something, and so hast thou. We be poorer than when we came to Friars Ford an hour ago."

"What's thy riddle, lad? What is't we've lost?"

"Master Alfred."

"Eh?"

"He hath just bound himself to the miller Jones, and he is a free man no more."

Rowena's Plan.

"MY child, how beautiful you are!"

It was an old lady who spoke. She herself was strikingly handsome, and in her youth had been the belle of three seasons.

Her old eyes were full of admiration as she gazed down upon her godchild, who was smiling up at her from the depths of a low armchair.

(*Continued on page* 8.)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF THEDA BARA



Pensive.



In repose.



Thoughtful.



Her smile.



Wistful.



Supercilious.

THEDA BARA

THE WORLD-FAMOUS SCREEN SIREN'S ADVICE

IT was due more to Theda Bara than to any other siren of the screen that people on this side of the Atlantic came to know the modern meaning of the word "Vamp."

Probably there is no woman in the world less like a "vamp" than Theda Bara, when she is her natural self. I had been told this some considerable time before I had the pleasure of meeting this distinguished artiste, but when I saw her, and talked to her, and found her such a charming, unassuming woman, with a great interest in the simplest things of life, I could not refrain from putting the question that she must have answered thousands of times, why did they make you a vamp?

"Did you take to vamp parts yourself?" I asked.

"Not any more than a child would take to measles," she replied sadly. "The directors and producers decided that I was to be the worst woman on the screen, and I think they succeeded. All I can say is that I should not like to meet a woman half as bad as some of the characters I have played. But whenever I made a similar remark to a producer, he said, 'Don't worry, Theda. There are plenty worse women in mansions than you have ever been on the movies.'"

So we let it go at that.

Hard-Won Fame.

THEDA BARA became a world-famous star overnight, but it was no accident. She had spent years preparing herself for the work, and gained her experience in the workshop of the world. She has travelled to the ends of the earth to gain a more comprehensive understanding of life.

The first record we can find of her professional life was about eight years ago in New York, where she played small parts on the stage as Theodosia de Coppete; her real name, as you may know, is Theodosia Goodman.

Her Favourite Role.

IT was her first picture that decided Theda as a vampire of the screen, which was entitled "A Fool there Was." She has starred as most of the famous sirens that have made history: Cleopatra, Madame du Barry, Salome, etc. Her favourite role is that of a bad girl with a good heart.

Although Theda has won countless admirers through her characterisations of sirens, she does not advocate the girl of to-day to copy her methods.

Nobody Loves Her.

SHE says that a vamp might just as well go into the garden and eat worms—she is as badly off as the fat man—nobody loves her. For one thing, Miss Bara says that the vamp is too wise, and although it is her wisdom that attracts, it cannot win the heart of a man, as can the winsome smile of the schoolgirl.

A man may be a vamp's abject slave, but the first little girl who looks like an angel, and who can make a cake, is the girl who wins his love. A man after all loves the quiet, unassuming little girl, whose charm lies in her simplicity; the vamp may entertain him, but he rarely marries her.

Her Second Time on Earth.

MISS BARA is a firm believer in theosophy, and is well versed in every argument for reincarnation. She discusses the theory of transmigration much as you or I would discuss the latest novel. She says that she has the feeling that she has lived on this earth a long time ago.

"I can't explain it," she says. "But of this I am sure. I lived on earth, and ruled a people not by love but by fear. I firmly believe that, when I die, I shall return to this earth again, in some other person."

If you want to write her, address your letter:—

THEDA BARA,
c/o Fox Film Corporation,
130, West Forty-sixth Street,
New York City, U.S.A.

(Mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure an early reply.)



THEDA BARA

'THE CALL OF THE ROAD." *(Continued from page 6.)*

The scene was Rowena's own boudoir at Ulleswater House. Her maid was waiting on her when Lady Ulleswater came in. The girl now placed a chair for the elder lady, and then silently withdrew.

"You spoil me, Lady Ulleswater, and you will make me vain," said Rowena, laughing happily. "I wonder——"

She paused and the flush in her cheeks deepened and spread all over her face.

"Well, my dear?"

"I was going to say," said the girl, lowering her eyes, "I wonder if there is anything in the world you would deny me?"

Lady Ulleswater laughed.

"Upon my word, child, I don't think there is."

Rowena looked up quietly, and there was a mischievous gleam in her bright eyes.

"Be careful," she exclaimed warningly. "Perchance I may put you to the test."

Lady Ulleswater, who was a very experienced old lady, a woman of the world with somewhat unconventional views, at once seated herself, carefully arranged her gown, and then folded her hands.

"Dear me, this is very interesting," she said. "My little Rowena actually has a secret, and she is now burning to tell her old godmother all about it."

For a moment the girl looked positively vexed. Was she so transparent as all that? She trembled to think that this shrewd old woman might at any moment penetrate the secret which she kept so secretly locked up in her bosom.

"Indeed, you are mistaken," she said promptly. "What secret could I positively have?"

"One never knows, my dear. My experience teaches me that a woman is always falling in love, and if she is pretty she gets a lot of encouragement. You are sure you are not in love?"

"Quite sure, dearest."

"Well, that's a comfort in one way, though something of a disappointment, too. I thought I knew the symptoms. Well, my dear, it won't be long before you have plenty of suitors now you have come to stay with me. You only have to be seen. Do you know when Dick told me this morning that he had to go to London those tiresome lawyers, my dear—I experienced a positive feeling of relief."

Rowena opened her eyes wide in her astonishment. She knew how devoted Lady Ulleswater was to her only son, and how she could scarcely bear to have the young man out of her sight.

The old lady nodded mysteriously.

"It is true, my dear. His engagement to Delia is not announced, but it is quite a settled thing, you know. It would be tragic if anything happened to—to disturb that."

"But what could happen?" began Rowena, and then suddenly she burst into a delighted laugh.

"Ah, you darling!" she cried, springing from her seat and kissing her godmother impulsively. "I vow you are accusing me of setting a trap for Dick!"

"Hush! My dear, hush!" exclaimed Lady Ulleswater in shocked tones. "How can you suggest anything so immodest? If anything happened, my love, I am quite sure you would be as innocent as a new-born babe. But, my dear, young men are so impressionable and you are so—so very beautiful."

"You foolish darling!" cried Rowena. "Dick and I are like brother and sister."

The old lady sighed.

"Yes, dear, that is what I wish, but—well, I vow I am glad he is called to London."

"Perhaps he will hear news of my cousin Alfred," said Rowena, in as indifferent a tone as she could assume.

Lady Ulleswater raised her hands in a despairing gesture and shook her head sadly.

"Poor Alfred! His conduct must have been a great shock to thee."

"Strange to say we do not know each other. I have but seen him in the distance," replied the girl with studied carelessness. "A rough, brutal fellow, is he not?"

"Oh, scarcely that, my child, scarcely that," protested the old lady. "A little wild like his poor father, but a fine figure of a man and high spirited. I cannot but think he has good qualities, and that thine uncle was a little hasty. Silas was ever quick of temper. I would gladly see him reconciled to the lad."

Rowena's heart was beating fast.

"So would I for mine uncle's sake," she said.

Then suddenly she leaned forward and placed her hand on the elder woman's.

"Lady Ulleswater," she said, with an eagerness she could not conceal, "if I thought of a plan by which this reconciliation could be brought about, would—would you help me?"

The old lady returned the girl's gaze with a look of undisguised astonishment.

"A plan?"

"Yes, dearest," went on the girl excitedly. "You see, Uncle Silas is very obstinate, and so is Alfred. They are both proud. Neither will yield or make the first advances, but you may be sure they are both sorry for what has happened. Mine uncle will never confess it, but in truth he is heartbroken. Can naught be done? When children quarrel 'tis woman's part to make them kiss again and be friends, and what are men but children? 'Tis woman's wit that's needed now to bring about a reconciliation."

Lady Ulleswater looked very thoughtful.

"'Twould please me well," she said after a pause. "Then not thinking of thine uncle, and that is only natural, but, Alfred, too, is worth a thought. He is not the worthless rogue you imagine him to be. For the lad's sake I would do much to restore him to his uncle's favour. But what can we do? Alfred has disappeared, and we have no means of finding him."

"Then knowest Tony Ronald?" said Rowena.

"My servant!"

"Yes, and formerly my cousin's. He is a faithful fellow, and deeply attached to Alfred. He is seeking him."

"By thy command?"

"Yes," replied Rowena, meeting the old lady's shrewd gaze with unflinching eyes.

"In truth, child, then hast lost no time. I fear thy cousin little deserves so much consideration at thy hands."

"My Uncle Silas——"

"To be sure—to be sure. A reconciliation would be desirable for all concerned, but how can you hope to achieve it? Even if your servant discovers where he is we are little nearer. It is not thy purpose, child, to take thy cousin by the hand and lead him back to Truscott Hall?"

"Why not?"

There was a bright, eager look in the girl's eyes as she uttered the words.

Lady Ulleswater was amazed.

"Rowena, are you mad?" she exclaimed. "Alfred is proud and——"

"Listen, dearest," interrupted Rowena, falling on her knees at the other's feet. "He knows me not, his eyes have never rested on my face."

"Had they done so, child, methinks he would not have left Truscott Hall in such haste," said the old lady.

Rowena preoccupied by her own thoughts ignored the compliment, and went on.

"Why should I not seek him, meet him as a stranger, become acquainted with him, and, having learnt his nature and the workings of his mind, use my woman's wit to make him think more kindly of his uncle?"

Lady Ulleswater stared at the eager face of the girl in astonishment.

"And is this thy plan? A wondrous plan truly. You, the Lady Rowena, will follow thy worthless cousin into the gaming houses of the town and the other low resorts, where no doubt he seeks his vulgar pleasures. Of a truth, Rowena——"

She stopped abruptly as the door opened and young Ulleswater came into the room.

He bowed in a courtly fashion to both ladies in turn, and then kissed his mother on the brow.

"I come to say farewell. I am sorry, mother mine, but this call to London is imperative."

He kissed her again, and then bowed to Rowena once more.

"I shall look for your return," said Rowena. "You may have news of my cousin."

Young Ulleswater looked doubtful.

"Not from London, dear lady, if I know Alfred," he said.

"Why say you that? Dost know where he is?" exclaimed Rowena.

"Nay, but London is no magnet for thy cousin. 'Tis the open life, the field and the woods that appeal to him," answered the young man. "But still, if I hear aught, I will acquaint thee."

He was bowing himself out, but at the door paused and spoke again.

"I had forgot. Thy servant is without, and would speak with thee."

"Ronald?"

"Yes, he hath news it seems, and in his own opinion at least 'twould appear to be of some importance. Doubtless he seeks some favour, but when you have leisure——"

"I will see him, I will see him now," interrupted Rowena impulsively.

The young man bowed again and withdrew.

Rowena turned to her godmother.

"Ronald!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "And he brings news. 'Tis of Alfred."

The old lady looked curiously at the girl's animated face, but did not speak.

A few moments later Tony Ronald entered.

"Thou hast news?" exclaimed Rowena before the man could speak.

"Ay, my lady, and 'tis of Master Alfred."

"Well?"

Tony Ronald seemed to hesitate for a bare second, and then answered bluntly.

"He is working as a labourer, my lady, at Jones's mill in Friars Ford, near Chiddingstone."

"A labourer?"

Both ladies uttered the word together.

"How—how dreadful!" exclaimed Lady Ulleswater.

"How splendid!" murmured Rowena under her breath while her bright eyes glistened.

"Tell me what you know," she commanded, addressing Ronald.

The man then related how he had tracked his late master to Friars Ford, and how himself unseen he had watched Alfred at work.

Rowena listened with glowing eyes, and when he had finished she dismissed him with a word.

Then she turned quickly to her companion.

"Dearest, what think you?" she said excitedly. "Wilt thou help me now with my plan?"

"Thy plan?"

"Ay, didst thou not note the name—Chiddingstone?" went on the girl eagerly. "Twixt Chiddingstone and Friars Ford there is a cottage where lives my old nurse, Mrs. Merridew. You remember Margery Merridew?"

"Ay, a good woman."

"Indeed she is, and would do aught for me. Now list, godmother of mine. I will go and live with old Margery, but not as the Lady Rowena. I will be a simple country girl, and in that guise I will meet my cousin, and then—who knows what—what may chance?"

"Who, indeed!" exclaimed Lady Ulleswater indignantly. "Child this is midsummer madness. What you ask is impossible. Think no more of it."

(To be continued.)

Popular Fiction at a Popular Price!

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Get these splendid stories TO-DAY—

No. 45.—The Eternal Enigma—By Esther Miller

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NILES WELCH

NILES WELCH was born in Hartford, Connecticut, was educated in England and France, and later at Yale and Columbia. He appeared on the stage for several years, but lately he has been acting in motion pictures. He and Mrs. Welch have just bought a very attractive home on the coast.





NILES in a love scene with VIVIAN MARTIN in "Jane Goes A-wooing," a Paramount photo-play.

NILES WELCH with his wife, whose stage name was Dell Boone.



A studio portrait of NILES WELCH. *Photo: Melbourne Spurr*



A scene being filmed in the Great North-West by the Vitagraph Co. for "The Courage of Marge O'Doone," adapted from the famous story by James Oliver Curwood



With VIVIAN MARTIN in a scene from that delightful film, "Little Comrade."



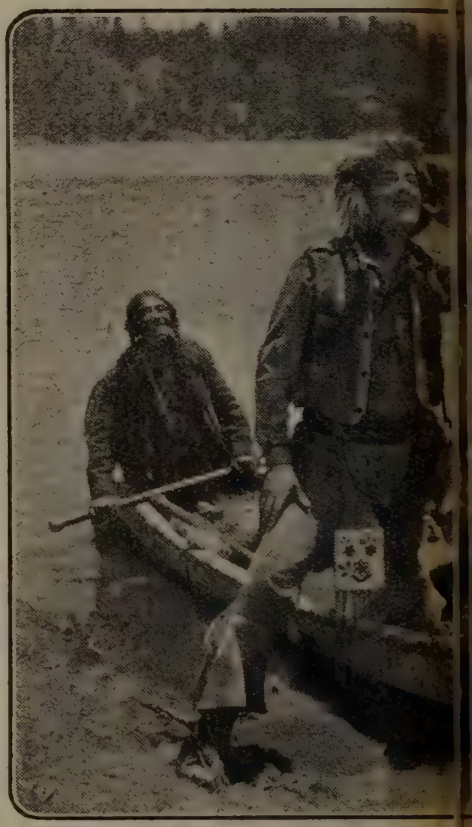
Niles amongst the snows in a scene from "The Courage of Marge O'Doone."

"THEY'RE OFF!": A TORTOISE DERBY



Quite a new type of race for TOD SLOAN! Some of the principals in the forthcoming Tod Sloan Picture act as "starters" in a tortoise race. From left to right can be seen: TOD SLOAN, FRANCIS FORD, KINGSLEY BENEDICT, famous author and actor, and L. MILLER.

MONROE SALISBU



MONROE SALISBURY, as he will appear in "Th formed his own company. This picture is being p and white print, and the second preparing for colo sheet in t



TOM MOORE, a Goldwyn star, purchases a present for his lady love in "Mr. Barnes of New York."



VIOLA DANA. The third of our series of Stars' Favourite Photographs of themselves. Viola Dana is one of a famous tric, her sisters being Shirley Mason and Edna Flugrath. She first appeared on the stage at the age of eleven years. Some of the films in which she has appeared are: "False Evidence," "The Gold Cure," "The Night Rider," and "Please Get Married."



WANDA HAWLEY has a few moments well deser rest while her coiffure is being attended to between scenes of her latest Realart picture. She takes advant of the few minutes to have a quiet read.

The "MIRACLE MAN"

The wonderful story of a white-haired patriarch who heals the sick and the crippled, and who works a transformation in the hearts of a gang of crooks, and brings love and happiness to a beautiful decoy and a hardened criminal by reforming them.



THOMAS MEIGHAN as Tom Burke and BETTY COMPSON as Rose.



BETTY COMPSON as Rose, the decoy of a gang of crooks, with THOMAS MEIGHAN as Tom Burke, head of the gang.



Betty with her beautiful dog.





The Frog, now a reformed character, embraces his adopted mother.

Paramount Artcraft.
LON CHANEY as the Frog and JOSEPH J. DOWLING as the Patriarch.





MAY ALLISON. (Metro.)

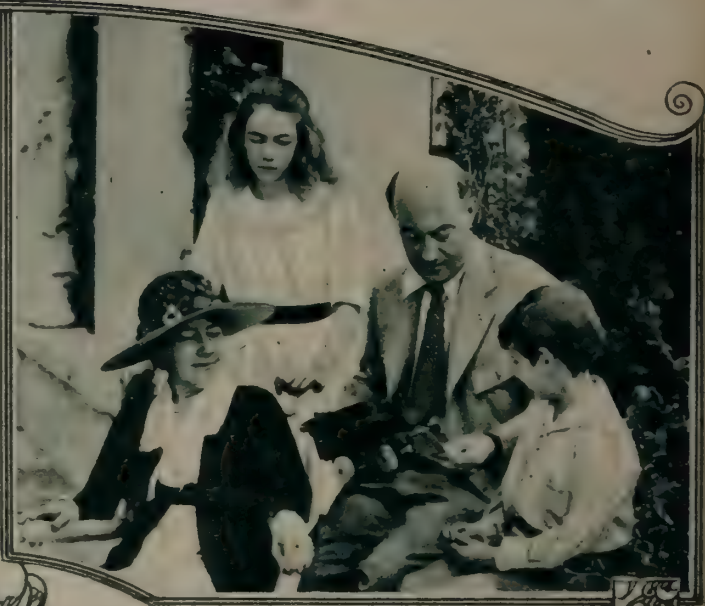
HUSBANDS AND WIVES

NOT TO MENTION THE LITTLE ONES.

Here are some interesting home pictures of famous Stars, chosen specially for PICTURE SHOW readers.



CONRAD NAGEL and his wife, RUTH HELMS, both of whom play in "The Fighting Chance." With them is Charles Mayne, their director.



Mr. and Mrs. CECIL B. DE MILLE, the famous director, with Cecilia and John.



JACK and BUNTY MULHALL, with four-year-old Jack Junior.



M. B. (Lefty) and BLANCHE FLYNN, with baby Barbara. (Goldwyn.)

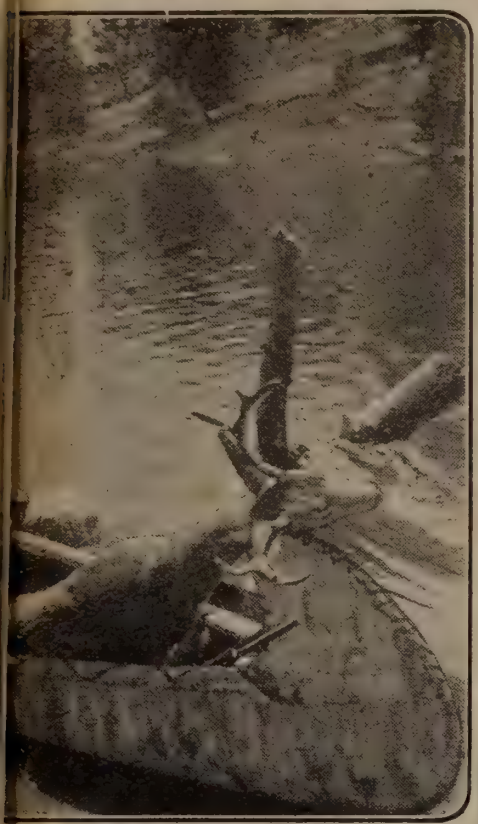


MILTON SILLS and his famous actress wife, GWLADYS WYNNE, with eight-year-old Dorothy.



BILLIE BURKE shakes hands with her gymnast master while husband FLORENZ ZIEGFELD looks on.

IN "THE BARBARIAN" "OH, MARY! HOW COULD YOU!"



an," which will be the first of the films since he ed in double, one camera making the regulation black work, by which the scenes will appear on the silver l colours.



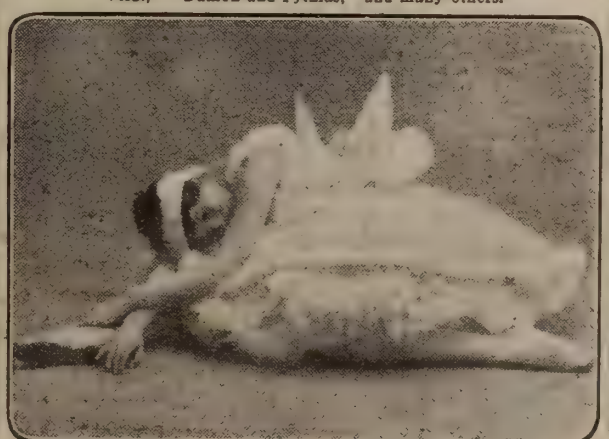
Who would believe it! MARY MILES MINTER is putting her tongue out at the camera! Perhaps she didn't like being snapped while she was eating her lunch. On the left is CHARLES MAIGNE, her new director.



FRANK LLOYD, Goldwyn director, looks very puzzled. Perhaps he is wondering how any baby could sleep in such a position. The baby and its mother formed part of the Chinese atmosphere in "A Tale of Two Worlds." Frank Lloyd appeared in pictures before he became a director and producer. His first film was "Shadows of Life," and others in which he acted are "Open Shutters," "Across the Veldt," "Damon and Pythias," and many others.



An unusual dolly! This little Universal player has a big choice of pets at the Universal Studios and seems very fond of the one she has chosen. She is to appear in Frank Mayo's film, "The Tiger."



EILEEN DENNIS, besides being a popular Hepworth player, is a talented professional dancer. The photograph shows her as she appeared in her imitation of Pavlova's Swan Dance, which she danced on the English and American stage.



MALVINE POLO, daughter of Eddy Polo, is to appear in a film entitled "Foolish Wives."

"Mary's Ankle"

A Story of the Plotting of Three Impecunious Chums.



DOUGLAS MacLEAN as Arthur Hampton and DORIS MAY as Mary Jane Smith.

THERE are many stages to the state of impecuniosity, but Dr. Arthur B. Hampton, Johnny Stokes, and Stub Masters had travelled them all till they had arrived at the last one, when one not only has no money, but is unable to raise any.

Hampton was a doctor without a patient, Stokes a lawyer without a client, and Stub an estate agent without so much as a cottage to look after.

Their trouble was that they were too young—all of them were well under thirty—and most people have a prejudice against youth when it comes to trusting their lives or their money.

The three chums were discussing the situation in Hampton's surgery.

"I feel desperate enough to try blackmail!" said Johnny Stokes.

"There's nothing I would stick at to get a steak!" commented Stub Masters.

Arthur Hampton turned from a gloomy contemplation of his medicine cupboard.

"There are some chocolate-coated pills in here. If I were only certain what I put inside them, we might try a meal eating them."

"I suppose it's no use suggesting that your landlady——" said Stokes.

"Not an earthly," replied Hampton. "Poor old soul; she has done everything she could. I am ashamed to look her in the face."

"You'll have to, I'm afraid," said Johnny. "If I'm not mistaken, that is she arriving on the landing. That bronchial accompaniment to her steps is a real winner as a warning."

The next second Johnny was on the operating-table, and Arthur was bending over him, stethescope in hand, while Masters looked on with an agonised waiting-for-the-verdict expression.

It was an old dodge of the chums to make believe Arthur really had a patient.

There was a knock, followed by heavy breathing.

"Come in!" cried Arthur.

Mrs. Huggins, a stout, motherly-looking woman, entered, but gasped out an apologetic "Oh!" as she saw the "patient."

"Pray take a seat, Mrs. Huggins. I have just finished with this gentleman," said Arthur.

Then, turning to Stokes, he said gravely:

"You have improved wonderfully since I last examined you. I should continue on the same diet. Steak, varied with game and a little fish occasionally. Burgundy with every meal."

There was a real, agonising look on Stub Masters' face as he heard Hampton speaking so glibly of dishes that were to them but a mere memory.

Stokes looked up to the young doctor with a murderous glare in his eyes.

"You're sure you haven't forgotten anything, doctor? I understood from you on my last visit that I was to have pate de foie gras and caviare."

"Well," said Hampton, swinging his stethescope thoughtfully, "only a little of each, just to stimulate the appetite, you know."

"Oh, for a piece of just ordinary bread-and-cheese!" murmured Stokes, as he rose from the table. "Even a suet dumpling three days old wouldn't be bad just now."

Arthur had turned to his landlady with his best professional manner. But as he did so, he gave a start. Mrs. Huggins carried in her hand a wooden perch, on which sat a most unhappy looking parrot.

"It's not for myself, doctor," said Mrs. Huggins. "It's Polly, I've come about. The poor dear seems to have lost her appetite. She can't eat anything. I've tempted her with all sorts of dainties. Nice fresh eggs boiled fit for a millionaire to eat; bits of the best kidney chopped up and seasoned, but she won't touch a thing!"

The three young men groaned as Mrs. Huggins went on describing other little delicacies which she had made to tickle the jaded appetite of the dejected-looking bird.

Arthur made a desperate effort, and maintained his professional manner.

"This is an interesting case, Mrs. Huggins," he said.

What he really thought was:

"If only that bird had eaten all the good things offered him, what a feed he would have made for the three of us!"

Johnny Stokes murmured:

"Birds refuse while humans lack dry bread!" and Stub Masters tried to conceal his real thoughts by suggesting that if the egg had been poached Polly might have fancied it.

"Of course, I know you don't doctor birds, Mr. Hampton," said Mrs. Huggins, "but I thought I would ask your advice."

"You couldn't have come to a better man, Mrs. Huggins," said Arthur. "In fact, before I decided to take up ministering to the maladies of man, I made quite a name as an authority on birds. If you will leave Polly with me, I will take her to a friend of mine who keeps a bird hospital. I can promise you that she will eat anything when I return her to you."

"Oh, it is good of you, doctor!" breathed Mrs. Huggins. "You've got a real kind heart!"

She gave a mysterious nod, indicating that Arthur should follow her to the door.

Once outside, she whispered:

"As for the rent, sir, it doesn't matter for another week or so, though I think that gentleman that takes up so much of your time ought to pay you a little."

"It is merely thoughtlessness, Mrs. Huggins," said Arthur. "These young millionaires never think that a doctor may be in need of money, and of course it would never do for us professional people to press for payment."

He bowed the landlady downstairs, and entered the room with a triumphant smile.

"Boys, we are saved!" he cried. "The situation is solved. Don't interrupt me, please. I wil. explain."

"If you can explain why this dyspeptic thing on the perch should be offered minced kidney, while my stomach is sending wireless to my brain for something to keep its sides from caving in, I will be as silent as the grave," said Stokes.

"You've hit it, Johnny," said Arthur. "It is this horrible bird that is going to save us. Polly's gluttony shall spread a feast before us.

"We shall feast while she fasts. This is no bird of ill-omen for us, my friends, but a dove of peace-and-plenty. To drop the high faluting stuff and get down to brass tacks, this is what I am going to do. Polly refuses her food because she has had too much. I can cure her. As I promised Mrs. Huggins, when she returns to the dear old perch in the dear old home she will eat brick-dust and think it the best bird-seed. The hospital I am going to take her to is the pawnshop round the corner. She is a bird of good family, and our friend will advance us dollars in plenty. I shall give him strict instructions that Polly shall live on water till she begs for crumbs. In a few days her appetite will return. We will redeem her, and take her back to her loving mistress completely cured. In the meantime we shall feed."

"Arthur, if I had twenty hats I would take them all off to you," said Johnny solemnly. "I see in your face a distinct resemblance to the great Napoleon."

"Let us sally forth with Polly," said Stub Masters. "A lesser man would ask how we are going to raise the money to redeem the charming Polly, but why worry."

The pawnbroker advanced five dollars on Polly, and the three friends made fast time to a little restaurant, but their good-fortune received a check. It happened to be a flag day, and within a hundred yards of the place they were seeking they were held up by four girls.

Arthur Hampton thought the leader was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and though he knew it was madness, he paid a dollar for a flag. It cost half a dollar each for the other two, but three dollars sufficed to get a real meal, with a few cents over for cigarettes.

All through the meal, Arthur Hampton was very silent.

He was thinking of the girl who had sold him the flag, and wondering if he would ever see her again.

He would have gone out in the hope of meeting her in the street, but he reflected that his only excuse to speak to her would be to buy another flag, and he had not the money to do that.

The next morning, when the three friends met to discuss the question of raising the wind, Arthur produced a letter he had received from his uncle George.

Arthur had written explaining that patients were very scarce, in the hope that Uncle George, who was very rich, would send him a cheque, but the appeal had failed.

"When you marry and settle down," said his uncle, "I will set you up. At the present time you are simply fooling around."

"That's another avenue closed," said Arthur, as he showed his chums the letter.

"On the contrary," remarked Stub Masters, "I see in this letter the road to prosperity. Your Uncle George wishes you to marry. Right. He shall have his wish. You shall be married to-morrow, Arthur."

"Don't talk rot!" said Arthur. "I have not the slightest intention of getting married. There are limits to what I will do for friendship."

"When I say 'married,' I don't mean it really," said Stub. "This is my plan. I will get a pal of mine to put a paragraph in the paper announcing the marriage, and I will prevail on my printer to do us some dinky wedding-cards.

"One of these, with a copy of the paper we will send to Uncle George; the other cards we will send to your friends. George and friends will send presents; we will sell or pawn them, and there you are."

"Delightfully easy!" said Arthur, sarcastically. "But have you thought about the lady? There usually is one, you know, in a marriage."

"Surely between the three of us we can invent a name," replied Stub.

"And land yourself into a nice little action for libel for using a girl's name for such a purpose," said Johnny Stokes.

"I hadn't thought of that," said Stub, scratching his head. "But I say," he added brightly, "couldn't we get a common name—Smith, for instance? There are so many thousands of Smiths. Mary Jane Smith, we will say. There must be as many Mary Janes as Smiths in the world."

"Not a bad idea, Stub," said Arthur; "but why shouldn't you be the bridegroom?"

"You forget I have no rich uncle George. No, Arthur, you are the man."

After a little persuasion Arthur consented to the scheme, which was duly carried out. The presents began to arrive, but the first batch were very disappointing. Still there were enough to raise sufficient money on to tide over temporary difficulties. Then came a telegram from uncle George.

"Leaving for Honolulu with my bride-to-be and her niece. Expect me at three o'clock with wedding present."

"Good old Uncle George," chirped Stub. "May it be a nice fat cheque."

The three did a war dance round the room, but suddenly Arthur stopped.

"We've done it!" he cried. "Fools, idiots that we were not to have thought of it. Where is the bride? Uncle George will insist on seeing the bride. We can't say she's dead already. You've landed me in a nice mess, Stub."

"It is a bit awkward," agreed Stub. "Let me think a minute."

"There is only one thing to do. We must say she is out. Gone to her relatives. Uncle George can't stop long if he is off to Honolulu. We will put a few of the presents in the wardrobe and you can show them, casual like."

Arthur was more than dubious about the success of the bluff, but there was nothing to do but try it. It was too late to draw back now.

Uncle George Arrives.

WHEN the hour approached for the arrival of Uncle George the surgery was scrupulously tidy, and in a wardrobe at the end of the room were placed some articles of feminine attire, chosen from the presents, the door being left open a little as though by accident.

Arthur was standing at the window when he saw a crowd surge into the street.

"It's an accident," said Stub Masters. "See, there is a girl being helped along. What a bit of luck. We must get her in here. It will help to put off Uncle George a bit. He can't question you too closely when you are busy with a patient."

He ran out, followed by Arthur and Johnny.

When Arthur had pushed his way through the crowd he gave a start, for the injured girl was the one who had sold him the flag.

"I am a doctor," he said. "Help me to carry her to my surgery."

Stub and Johnny picked up the girl and carried her in the surgery.

Then Arthur waved them away as he saw the girl looking at them in a puzzled way.

"Fetch a glass of water," said Arthur to Stub.

"Hadn't we better fetch a doctor," said Stub mischievously as he ran out of the room.

The girl gave a twinge of pain as he bent over her.

(*Continued on page 18.*)

Gossip about British Players.



PAULINE PETERS.



FISHER WHITE.

"Her Penalty."

THIS Broadwest film met with a fine reception at the trade show recently, and I shall have more to say about it on release. The production has been directed by Mr. Brunn, under the supervision of Mr. Walter West. It is a thrilling plot, the heroine, Pauline Peters, unwittingly committing bigamy. Some wonderful exterior scenes, with grounds of a beautiful old country mansion, have been obtained—and one is carried from the whirl of London to the loneliness of a sandy desert. Stewart Rome, Clive Brook, Pauline Peters, and Philip Hewland play principal parts.

Basil Rathbone.

DO you remember the beauty and dignity of Basil Rathbone's acting in "Peter Ibbetson," Du Maurier's exquisite play? His scenes with Constance Collier leave an undying memory behind. I was surprised when he told me that Peter Ibbetson was his first big part in London.

"After the Army," Basil Rathbone said, "I went down to Stratford-on-Avon: that was in August 1919. Constance Collier saw me there," he told me, "when I played Romeo, and she engaged me to play Peter Ibbetson. After this I played Alfred de Musset with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, under Fagan's management. Then I went on to Viola Tree, and played the sceptical atheist in 'The Unknown.' Then I played with Marie Lohr in 'Fédora' at the Globe. After this followed Prince Henry in 'Henry IV.,' for Mr. Fagan at the Court, and also an interesting series of Ibsen matinees at the Court, 'Lady Ingar of Ostratt,' in which I played Nils Likke, the part played by Henry Ainley when it was produced by the Stage Society."

My First Film.

"IT was 'Innocent,' Basil Rathbone answered, "and I have found that filming is of great value to the actor and actress, for the simple reason that it makes you express in your face all that as a rule you express with words. English actors and actresses so often don't give sufficient attention to the eye. Frequently the face doesn't express the words. Repose is one of the greatest assets on the screen. There seems to be tremendous possibilities in film work. There is no time limit. On the stage so much must be expressed in a short space of time. A book can be unfolded chapter by chapter—on the screen, and this is not possible on the stage."

The Author of "Innocent."

BASIL RATHBONE told me that when he was at Stratford he often saw Marie Corelli in her gondola on the Avon; and usually she wore a white linen dress. And Basil Rathbone himself? He is tall and dark, full of energy, full of ambition, and tremendously handsome—as no doubt crowds of my readers know.

An American Star Visits a British Trade Show.

THE other afternoon, after an important trade show, I was introduced to Wyndham Standing, who, as many of you remember, made a big hit in that remarkable picture "Earthbound." Of course I wanted to know what Wyndham Standing thought of "our pictures," and he said crowds of nice things, amongst others that he was surprised that we knew so much about American films and artistes over here. Wyndham Standing, in a grey lounge suit, a soft grey felt hat, and a smartly cut grey overcoat, was tremendously at home amongst our stars—Victor Macl.aglen, Frank Petley, Roland Myles, and Evelyn Boucher—and he was particularly delighted to meet his old friend Martin Thornton once again.

Still Another British Star.

SHE is Pauline Peters. Ages ago I told you the exciting story of how she commenced to act in the pictures. Luckily, her adventures ended happily, which is not always the case with film aspirants. Pauline would not listen when she was warned not to go on the films. Like Julius Cæsar, however, she could easily exclaim of her success, "I came—I saw—I conquered!"

Her first real great chance was "Her Penalty," and I hear that she is playing a still more important part in the Broadwest production, "Full Cry."

Pauline Peters is dark, and reminds me just a wee bit of Mrs. Patrick Campbell; perhaps her great, dark, haunting eyes give me this impression. She has a slim, graceful figure, and wears a coat and skirt of the simplest make, but the smartest cut, with real distinction. She is full of unaffected gaiety, and will certainly make a stir upon the horizon of filmland.

Madge Stuart.

SHE plays "Innocent" in Marie Corelli's famous novel, which, by the by, is released this week. So I expect thousands of PICTURE SHOW readers will be charmed by her delightful and vivacious personality. By the by, Madge Stuart had bad luck a few weeks ago. Whilst doing exteriors in a new production, all her pretty clothes were stolen from her flat. Unkind, was it not? But it was just as well, if such a misfortune had to happen, that the theft was committed at the end of a season instead of at the beginning of one, when all one's frocks and frills have been replenished.

Madge Stuart is an indefatigable worker, and she doesn't mind riding a horse in a biting wind for the glory of her work.

"Innocent" gives Madge Stuart great opportunities for displaying her emotional temperament. "Innocent" has all the real Marie Corelli sentiment, with a strong love element, which appeals to the majority of mankind—although they will not always admit it.

Fisher White.

THE famous actor who caused such a sensation with his fine acting in "Damaged Goods," plays one of the leads in "The Will," and, like most great artistes, he is the most unassuming of men. He recently told me that his first experience of screen work was in a charity film called "Masks and Faces,"



PAULINE PETERS and CLIVE BROOK in a scene from "Her Penalty."



EVANGELINE HILLIARD.



BASIL RATHBONE.

which he assured me was an excellent lesson. "It showed me what not to do," he explained. "Then I played the part of an old Chelsea pensioner for Samuelson's in a film called 'God Bless our Red, White and Blue,' which apparently went all over the world, for within three weeks of each other I received three letters of congratulation, one from India, one from South Africa, and one from South Wales. Later I played in a film called 'Nobody's Child,' with Godfrey Tearle and José Collins. In the screen version of 'Damaged Goods,' I played my original part of the doctor."

Fisher White thinks that a new art of writing should be developed for the films; that the author should strive to gain his effects throughout his story without sub-titles. Charlie Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms" had few, if any, sub-titles.

At First Despised.

"I USED to rather despise films at one time," Fisher White went on to tell me. "But there is no danger of the screen killing the stage; it is a real asset to the actor. I find film work a great art, and it is so entirely different from stage acting that what holds good for one art is quite the reverse for the other.

Not Too Big To Learn.

FISHER WHITE says that he is still in the process of development in filmland, so that he is quite interested to see if he has advanced in this great new art when "The Will" is shown.

"I make a point of seeing myself on the screen, as I always do, to know if I have advanced or otherwise."

Fisher White found "The Will" very interesting, in view of increasing age, as the plot unfolds itself. Although there is a lack of exciting incidents, it is full of psychological interest, and if this subtle atmosphere is expressed, it will be a triumph for the camera.

February 1st was Fisher White's twenty-ninth anniversary on the stage. He started his career at Ipswich in 1892. His favourite parts have been the doctor in "Damaged Goods," David Roberts in "Strife," and he added, with his quiet smile:

"'Macbeth. I loved 'Macbeth'!"

Evangeline Hilliard.

"I PLAYED in 'The Shepherdess Without a Heart,'" Evangeline Hilliard told me the other day. "Then during the war I did some nursing, and afterwards I thought that I would like to do film work. I was asked to play Emily in the Ideal Film version of Sir James Barrie's 'The Will,' and it is interesting because I play three different periods. In the first part I am supposed to be in 1888, and I am twenty-four; then follows 1908, when I am forty-four; and, best of all, in 1920, when I am fifty-six. It's just a wee bit difficult to get one's features quite right to go through the three stages, but it is tremendously interesting—although I admit it's a very tough job to go through three different ages."

Evangeline Hilliard is the granddaughter and the daughter of clergymen, which is another strange coincidence which goes to show a subtle kind of affinity between church and stage.

EDITH NEPEAN.

"MARY'S ANKLE."

(*Continued from page 16.*)

"It's my ankle," she said. "I sprained it trying to avoid a motor-car."

"You ought to have taken the driver's name," said Johnny Stokes, who had returned with Stub. "I am a lawyer and could advise you. There is a clear case for damages."

"I am afraid I could not spare the time," said the girl. "I am sailing for Honolulu this afternoon with my aunt, Miss Burns."

"Honolulu!" cried the three.

"Aunt and niece," thought Arthur. "Can this be the girl Uncle George spoke of?" Aloud he said: "Did you mention your name, miss?"

"No, but it is Smith—Mary Jane Smith," replied the patient.

The three chums changed colour.

Here was a pretty state of affairs with Uncle George expected at any moment.

"I think we had better leave this to Arthur," whispered Stub to Johnny. "He is so tactful."

Arthur made a despairing appeal in his eyes as the two left the room, but the two ignored it.

"What can I do?" thought Arthur.

At any moment his uncle might come in, and if he began to talk he would be sure to find out that he had been deceived. If he could only get rid of the girl, but she was not fit to be moved yet.

A wild idea came into his head. He would ask the real Miss Smith to help him.

"I am expecting a relative—er—a patient of mine, every minute," he said. "He is very rich but very eccentric. Suffers a lot from delusions, you know. One of them is that he fancies everybody he meets is married. He is sure to think we are. Most awkward, you know."

"Very," said the girl drily. "Still, between us we ought to be able to tell him that we aren't."

Arthur rumpled his hair in his distress.

"That's just the difficulty. He gets frightfully angry if he is told the truth or contradicted. Quite violent, in fact."

"Do you think the man ought to be allowed loose?" said Mary Jane. "It seems to me that he is dangerous."

"No, not dangerous, really," said Arthur hurriedly. "I was wondering if you would help me? You see, I don't care to offend him. He won't be here more than a minute, and if you could—er—could, well, just pretend, you know, that we were—er—that you were my wife."

"What an extraordinary request," replied Mary Jane severely, but there was a mischievous look in her eyes that belied the tone of her voice.

"It would only be for a minute or two," pleaded Arthur.

"Well, since you helped me with my flags I don't mind," said the girl.

"You remember me, then?" said Arthur. "I was hoping you had."

"Mind you, I won't tell this crazy patient of yours a lie, but I won't undeceive him if he thinks we are married," said Miss Smith.

"You're an angel," cried Arthur.

Miss Smith blushed, but as Arthur was bending down attending to her ankle he did not see her face, or he would have decided that she looked prettier than ever.

A few minutes later Uncle George rushed in.

He looked at Miss Smith with an approving glance and then shook hands with Arthur.

"Congratulations, Arthur. Most sensible thing you ever did. Your wife is the prettiest girl I have seen for many a long year. A kiss for Uncle George, my dear."

Before Miss Smith could protest Uncle George had kissed her on the cheek. The girl blushed again.

The deception was calling for more than she had bargained.

"Haven't a moment to spare," went on Uncle George. "You must come with me to Honolulu. I'll arrange everything. Meet me at the docks as soon as you can."

He rushed out like a whirlwind.

Arthur looked at Mary Jane admiringly.

"However can I thank you? You were a brick. I must tell you the whole story and then you will understand."

When she had heard all about the supposed marriage and the fictitious Mary Jane Smith, the girl burst out laughing.

"It is really as good as a play," she said. "Your uncle George is going to marry my aunt, but he has never seen me before to-day. Can't you imagine the scene when my aunt sees me on the boat and your Uncle George introduces us as man and wife?"

"I can, and I can just hear Uncle George telling me what he thinks about me and how much I can expect from him," said Arthur dolefully. "He's always been crazy about me getting married, and when he finds out I've pulled a joke on him on his big hobby there's going to be a whole lot of trouble in the family."

Mary Jane looked sympathetic and Arthur took courage.

"There's one way things might be straightened out if you would only help me again. I've thought of you ever since you sold me that flag. You must have seen it, Mary Jane, I love you. No, don't run away. It's nothing to do with this trouble I'm in at all. I just fell in love with you the first time I saw you. Don't you think you could get to care for me?"

"I think I do care," said the girl shyly; "but this is all so so extraordinary."

"I know, I know," broke in Arthur, "but if you care for me we can get engaged, and then we could get married after."

"We shall have to get to the docks," said Mary Jane, "but what we are going to do when we get there I really don't know."

"I'm not so worried about Uncle George now you say you care," said Arthur. "Something will happen to clear things up."

And something did happen when the two young people got aboard. Uncle George had engaged for them a double cabin, telling the purser that it was his nephew and his wife.

After that there was nothing for Arthur to do but to make a clean breast of the whole affair.

At first Uncle George stormed and raved, but when Arthur told him how he had really fallen in love with Mary Jane at first sight he began to relent.

"Well, I might forgive you, Arthur," he said. "But look at the unpleasant position you have placed Miss Smith in."

"I think that can be remedied, sir," said Arthur. "The Captain of this ship is empowered to perform the marriage ceremony, and since Mary Jane has promised to marry me why not let us?"

And married they were just as the sun was setting on the water, and with signs in the sky of good weather for their honeymoon.

(*Adapted from the Paramount-Artcraft photo-play by permission.*)

A TALK WITH THE TERRY TWINS

"In face and feature, form and limb, I grew so like my brother,
That folk kept taking me for him, and each for one another."



FRANK and CHARLES TERRY.

WHEN I called upon the Terry Twins the other evening it was a good thing for me that Frank remained standing while Charlie was seated, and that they kept their respective positions; otherwise this interview and I might have got into I know not what difficulties. For these celebrated twins are just what twins should be—as like as two peas. Even to their clothes, which they can exchange without causing the slightest inconvenience to each other, though, as Charlie pointed out, sometimes it is a bit disconcerting to go to bed in the happy knowledge that you have five pounds in your pocket, only to find that it is missing from the coat you put on in the morning, your twin having got up a little earlier.

"Yes," put in Frank brightly, "funny things are always happening through the striking resemblance between us. And then the things we *might* do! Why, Charlie suggested, the other day, that we could easily travel as one man, for when the inspector came round——"

Further utterance was interrupted by Charlie's hat suddenly flying in Frank's face.

"He's always saying absurd things like that," remarked the former gentleman bitterly. "Thinks them funny, I suppose."

"Well, it *would* be funny," persisted the dauntless one. "Especially," he added in a soft voice, "if you were the one under the seat."

"The Fordington Twins."

THINKING bloodshed was imminent, I deemed it high time to remind Messrs. Terry that I had come for an interview, and that I should like to hear something about their film "The Fordington Twins." Whereupon Charlie reminded Frank that he would be glad to have his hat back, as it was a new one, and the brothers buried the hatchet.

"'The Fordington Twins' is the only picture in which we have appeared so far," said Charlie, before Frank could get in on the interview, "and we think it is something of a record to have appeared in the title role of a six-reel feature at the first go off."

"Very well expressed," remarked Frank *sotto voce*. "Except the end bit."

"It is a comedy drama," went on Charlie unperturbed, "and though it contains many funny things, they are hardly funnier than the experiences we have almost every day of our lives. Mary Brough plays the part of our aunt, and a very excellent aunt she makes, though I guess she's mighty glad she isn't saddled with such nephews in real life. The film contains many beautiful features other than our own, including some lovely scenery shot at Grantham."

"Very good," commented Frank, as Charlie paused for breath. "Only a bit stilted. Now it's my turn."

Concerning Make-Up.

"YOU observe," he said, making a sweeping gesture towards a singularly bare dressing-table, "that we use no make-up for our work on the halls. Only vaseline for our hair, and a becoming touch of powder on our faces. Why do we never make up?" he demanded.

I shook my head foolishly.

"Because we never quarrel!" he returned triumphantly.

Tactfully I refrained from comment.

"However," he resumed, when the applause had died down, "for the screen we were obliged to break our rule, though the only time we have ever used make-up during our professional career was for 'The Fordington Twins.' And on the screen it was a real difficulty, I can tell you, to appear exactly alike."

"About our only difficulty," Charlie supplemented, "and I think we have got over it quite successfully. Say, Frank," he observed, tenderly eyeing the huge beaver powder puff I had been given to admire, and which I was unconsciously caressing, "some girl will be taking a fancy to that puff one of these days."

The feminine element gently deposited the puff back upon the table. Somehow puffs are irrelevant to interviews. And, anyhow, swansdown is prettier than beaver. At least, I have always thought so.

Difficulty of Getting Right Scenarios.

"ARE you thinking of appearing in any more pictures?" I asked, suddenly grown very professional.

"Oh, yes," the brothers replied simultaneously. ("You see, we even speak together," Charlie pointed out with pride.)

"The difficulty is to get the right scenarios, though," explained Frank, "which you can readily understand, in view of our peculiar needs. Catering for twins is something of a novelty, isn't it? Still," he added obligingly, "we could save quite a lot of time and trouble in the matter of double exposures if the scenario demanded anything of the sort, for, of course, where we were concerned, there would be no need for 'em!"

"When do you think you will appear on the screen again?"

"Well," said Charlie, before Frank could reply, "I am afraid we can give you no definite information at present, but it is quite possible that before very long we shall appear in some American pictures. More we cannot say."

That being so, I figured out that it was about time I took my departure, especially as I knew that the brothers had an appointment before their second evening performance. Very politely they escorted me to the front entrance of the Palladium. In the midst of farewell handshakes, Frank remarked:

"It is a good job you saw both of us, to-night."

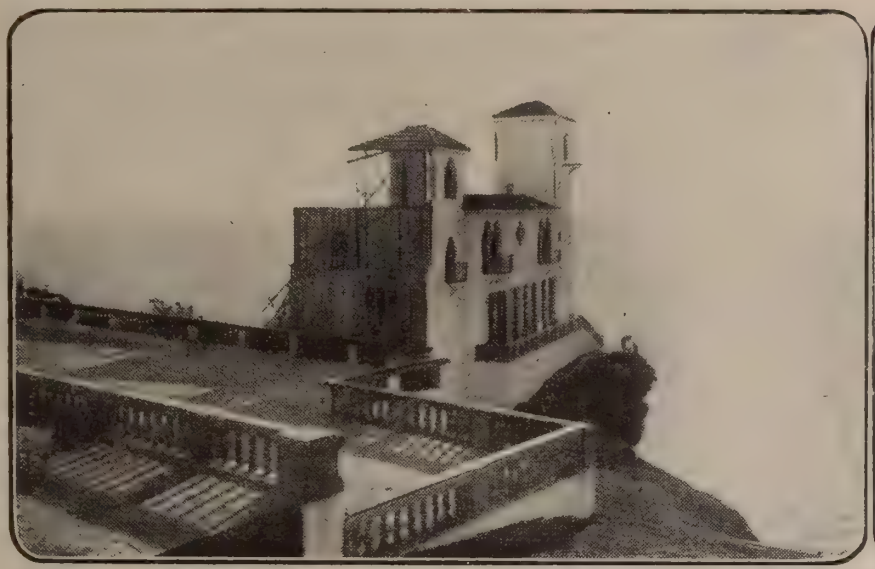
"Why, yes," I assented. "Of course it is."

"You see," he said, "if you have anything to tell us you must tell us together, because" here he winked at the moon—"you can't tell us apart!"

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

BUILDING THE SET

Photographs Showing the Wonderful Sets Erected for an Eric Von Stroheim Production



It is really surprising to learn what wonderful and realistic sets are erected for just a single film. When photograped they will bear comparison with the real thing, and the cost of some of these film "marvels" must be stupendous. Here you see a set in the course of construction for an Eric von Stroheim Universal production, at Monterey, in California.



How the set looked when finished. Nobody would realise that this had been hastily constructed and was not a strong castle built on a rock that had weathered many an angry storm.



For another scene in Eric von Stroheim's new production, the Casino was required. One would naturally imagine that it would be almost an impossibility to build a set such as this. But no, nothing daunted, they built a replica of the Monte Carlo Casino at Universal City, and in this photograph you can see this wonderful example of film sets being built.



Another set which was built for the Von Stroheim production amidst the beautiful, rugged, scenery of Monterey.



In this photography you see ERIC VON STROHEIM, for whose production all these sets were made, with his wife in their car.



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Beautiful Under Garments Chosen by Violet Hopson.

MOST women have a hobby of some kind or the other. They are as diverse as the poles, and often totally different to what you would expect from that particular person. Some girls select a strenuous hobby—long games on the golf course, or a hard game of hockey—while others prefer something a little more restful and quiet. It is the quiet hobby, I think, that generally appeals to the busy woman, and as I come under that category, my particular hobby is a most ordinary one, yet to me it is exceptionally pleasing, and a restful change after a hard day's work at the studio. I love making dainty undies. It is such a fascinating pastime, and so useful, too. But what I like best of all is thinking out new plans of decoration for them. I find that in some cases the simplest hand embroidery looks perfectly beautiful, and gives the garments the style and finish of Bond Street without the exorbitance of their price.

Your Everyday Undies.

FOR everyday hard wear, I do not think crepe-de-Chine undies are sensible. Garments worn when one is at work are bound to pick up a certain amount of dust, and they must be fairly durable to stand the amount of washing they demand. A jolly good nainsook, or fine madapollam, are admirable for undies that demand hard wear, and much washing. You can buy these fabrics nowadays of such a fineness that they feel just like silk in the hands, and retain that asset even when they have been washed dozens of times. And for good, hard wear, there is absolutely nothing to beat hand embroidery. Perhaps the work is a bit tiring for the girl with little time on her hands, but it is so charming when it is completed, and even outlasts the material, that it is well worth the time spent upon it. And after all, the simplest hand work is the prettiest. What do you think of the set of undies on the right-hand of the sketch on this page? They are as charming as you could wish for, and yet their decoration did not take long to do.

The edges of the garments were finished in scallops. This work you will find quite quickly done if you hold the top of the scallop facing left, and work with the thread beneath your left thumb, instead of working in the usual buttonhole stitch. It has the same effect in the end.

A Hand-Embroidered Set.

HERE you will see the garments are quite simple. I always choose simple ideas for my undies, even if for dressy wear I decorate them a little more elaborately. Arduous seams, and difficult joins only spell failure, and are difficult to fit.

The embroidered design on the front of both the camisole and chemise is arranged as an oblong, with a circle running into it at either end. You could pencil out this simple motif yourself upon your work. The actual design is first of all outlined with stem stitch, and at intervals a couple of stitches are taken out to the side, to give the appearance of small leaves. One set of undies that I decorated with this design—they were of white silken material—I outlined with very pale mauve silk, and interspersed occasionally with the merest pale blue forget-me-nots, with pink centres. They looked so effective, and yet the actual work took under an hour. Talking of the embroidery upon undies, I must tell you of another design that I loved doing. It was just a small bunch of four roses. These I outlined in different pastel shaded silks, with a simple running stitch, taking out a couple of green leaves at either side of each bunch.

I have chosen this particular set of undies because I thought they were just the very things you would like. The camisole is so easy fitting with its circular neck. The lower edge is gathered into an elastic, and allows you to slip it over the head, and avoid fastenings. The chemise has a square-neck part, while the admirable knickers are of the charming French order. Never was there a prettier design than the full Directoire knickers—that is if they are cut fairly short—say a couple of inches above the knee.

A Crepe-de-Chine Petticoat.

UNDIES are certainly rather scanty in these days, still there is no reason for them not to be moderately substantial. When you wear a thin evening frock, you must have a little substance to your undies, even if they are exceptionally dainty. Why not indulge in a very nice white crepe-de-Chine petticoat—a fairly thick one that will give body to your flimsy frock? It will not run you into much, and will last such a long time. Don't decorate it too lavishly with lace. I must admit that a little good and fine lace looks beautiful upon undies, but it can never appear so alluring as hand embroidery. The work upon this particular petticoat (which is fitted with a couple of points that extend well up to the shoulder, and connect by satin ribbon) is worked by hand, in Broderie Anglaise.

A Lace-Trimmed Petticoat.

SOME girls favour the undergarment with very small sleeves, especially beneath the arm for evening wear. The second petticoat design will appeal to this girl. I have selected this style specially for the slim girl. The straight bodice part is gathered all round into a band of lace at the neck, and a band of material at the waist line. A small piece of material forms an undersleeve, and both the top of these and the shoulder parts are connected with straps. The straight skirt is gathered on to the lower edge of the material waist band.

You can obtain patterns of any design on this page in 22, 24, 26, and 28 inch waist sizes for one shilling each, from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Department, 291a, Oxford Street, W. 1.



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ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The Fourth of This Delightful Series. Telling of the Meeting and Marriage of Thomas Meighan and Frances Ring

By LOUELLA PARSONS

ABOUT the time certain male stars were announcing in public their freedom from matrimonial ties, Thomas Meighan surprised everyone by boldly giving out long interviews on his happy married life. This smiling acknowledgment of a wife was no pose with Tommy, who was sincere in his conviction the world had a right to know there existed such a person as Frances Ring Meighan.

"They must be bride and groom," said a writer on a motion picture publication. "No good-looking chap with Tommy's popularity is going to confess to being handicapped with a wedding ring standing between him and his public."

Instead of being honeymooning at the time this statement was made Tommy had been married nine years. His was a love match pure and simple, and during that time there has never been any other woman who measures up to his Frances.

Both the Meighans were professionals at the time they met. Frances Ring, slim, pretty, and with an undeniable charm, was the flirtative girl in the "College Widow" who buried a lover each season, when school ended. Tommy was the student whom she vamped to the point where he forgot his school and followed in her wake even to playing in a rival college football team.

Frances, a sister of Blanche Ring, and descended from four generations of actors, knew all the tricks of her profession. Tommy, a young Irishman whose family were all in professional life, watched the young actress with admiring eyes. She knew so much more than the average girl he met on the stage. One day she smiled encouragingly at him, and his heart beat high. Five minutes later she gave the same smile to another man in the cast, and the sun didn't seem to shine quite so brightly.

Cave-Man Tactics.

FOR some weeks Frances scattered her smiles without partiality, just like the girl in the play, and Tommy's hopes alternately rose and fell. He knew she was the one girl in the world for him. He liked her brains, her smile, and her womanly interest in all her fellow players.

"Finally," said Tommy, "I couldn't endure the thought that she might like some one else better than she did me, so I decided to try some cave man tactics. I put on my most ferocious air one night after the performance and said:

"'Come here Frances Ring.'

"'Yes, Tommy,' she answered.

"'Get your hat; we are going to find a priest and make arrangements to get married.'

"'Why, certainly,' she answered, 'I always expected to marry you.'

"That was over nine years ago," said Tommy, "and I don't know how she feels, but I have never regretted our marriage for an instant. She is the best pal and friend I have in the world. She is my best critic. I never select a story without her approval. Every play and book is handed promptly to her, to decide if she thinks it is suitable for me. I have learned a lot from Frances. I might say I owe any success I may have had in the world to my wife and David Warfield. They both have given me constructive criticism, and told me frankly and honestly just where my stage faults lie."

Mrs. Meighan continued playing for many years, helping the family treasury by bearing her share of the burdens. She has not played during the past few years, because Tommy has made enough to support two not only in comfort but in luxury. But he isn't selfish. He permits her to play on the stage now and then, only he prefers to have her travel with him on his picture engagements.

"My contract specifically states that Frances is to come with me wherever I may be sent by Famous Players-Lasky," said Tommy. "I can do better work with her by my side. She is an inspiration, and she understands me better than anyone else."

Mrs. Meighan is mother, wife, sweetheart, and friend to her big Irish husband. She is tactful, sensible, and wise. There is not such a thought as jealousy in her head. She is always interested in Tommy's feminine admirers, and keeps in the background whenever she feels a wife is in the way. During Mr. Meighan's public appearances she discreetly withdraws from public notice, and permits the thousand and one Meighan admirers to see her husband without having a wife in the offing.

"You know," said Tommy, "if there were more wives like Frances there would be less divorces in the world. She isn't in the least jealous, or if she is she has never shown it. I always tell her any adventures I may have, and no one laughs more heartily than she when I tell her of things that happen when I am appearing at theatres or receptions. She has made

(*Continued on page* 22.)



THOMAS MEIGHAN enjoys a quiet smoke by the fireside of his own den.

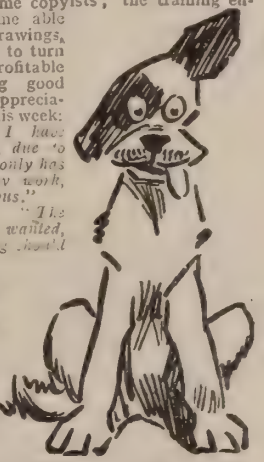
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PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

THE WEEK'S BEST JOKES

By permission of Messrs. Pathe Freres

"Ma, didn't the missionary say that the savages don't wear any clothes?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Then why did Pa put a button in the missionary-box?"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

* * *

"Do you care for Maeterlinck?" asked the poetical person of his fair companion.

"S'sh! Not so loud, please," she whispered. "My husband is fearfully jealous."—*Le Rire.*

* * *

THE SHOPPER: "I want a fashionable skirt."

THE SHOP GIRL: "Yes, madam. Will you have it too tight or too short?"—*Life (New York).*

* * *

"I've just about decided to open a butcher's shop," said the barber, reaching for the powder.

"And will you close this one?" his victim gasped feebly.—*Passing Show.*

* * *

IN A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

THE INSPECTOR (in despair): "Can anyone tell me the name of any animal—any beast whatever?"

BOY: "Please, zur, a wurrum."

THE INSPECTOR: "Good. Can any boy name another?"

BOY (after a long pause): "Please, zur, another wurrum."—*Auckland Weekly News.*

* * *

BOOTBLACK: "Shine, sir?"

UGLY GENTLEMAN: "No, thanks."

BOOTBLACK: "Shine yer boots so's yer can see yer face in 'em, sir?"

UGLY GENTLEMAN: "No, thanks."

BOOTBLACK: "Yah, coward!"—*Montreal Star.*

* * *

LITERATURE MISTRESS: "What could be more sad than a man without a country?"

PRETTY SCHOOLGIRL (feelingly): "A country without a man."—*Karikaturren, Christiania.*

Romances of Famous Film Folk

(Continued from page 21.)

herself absolutely indispensable to me. I simply could not do without her."

After Frances and Tommy were married in Cleveland, Ohio, they finished their season in "The College Widow." Then came an offer to go abroad with a company and play George Ade's famous comedy in London.

"We had never had time to take a honeymoon," said Tommy, "so we planned to cross with our company and call our sea voyage our wedding trip. We stayed abroad for some time, and liked it so well that we went back in 1913 and played with Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terris at the Punch and Judy theatre in 'Broadway Jones.'"

The Meighans have no children. Frances says she is kept busy looking after her big boy, and Tommy finds Frances sufficiently interesting to make any other factor unnecessary. Once a year the Ring family have a reunion at Blanche Ring's country place, and the one who has the best time of anyone at the party is our friend Thomas, who is as popular with his wife's family as he is with his wife. That you will admit is some accomplishment, for the average in-law is looked upon as an unwelcome necessity.

The Meighans have frequently been asked to give their recipe for a happy married life. They say they have none. They simply believe in living and let live. They admit they have had the usual number of family jars and misunderstandings.

"If we never quarrelled," said Tommy, "we would never have the fun of making up. The man who says he has never quarrelled with his wife is either a liar or a fool. It would be exceedingly stupid to always agree, and I for one could not endure a monotonous existence. Disagree once in a while just to make life a little exciting. Only don't forget to kiss and make up—that is the only thing that makes a disagreement permissible.

THE END.

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

AN OVERCROWDED PROFESSION.

SEVERAL readers have been anxious to know why it is that I do not encourage film aspirants to try their luck at the studios. Here, for instance, is a letter from a lady reader, H. A. F., who writes to me from Highbury :

"I noticed in a recent reply to a correspondent a statement to the effect that only a quarter of the people desirous of screen work could obtain it, owing to the supply, I suppose, exceeding the demand. Now, I would very much like to know if a trained, moderately talented, good-looking beginner, has any chance of earning a livelihood this way, or must she have influence or money to aid her? Is this profession one wherein a girl cannot succeed solely on her own merits? Also, perhaps, you would be good enough to tell me if a long period of training is required by the girl of average intelligence? Could one become a proficient beginner after twelve lessons of an hour each?"

The prevailing idea, which I have already endeavoured to dispel, is that there are plenty of openings at the studios. Nothing, in fact, could be further from the truth. Let us, therefore, get down to the cold, hard facts. Every film company in this country receives direct several hundreds of applications from would-be artistes every week. They are people in every station in life, and range in age from the schoolboy who has not yet reached his teens, to the man or woman on the shadier side of forty. Many of them, obviously enough, are without any acting experience; and, what is worse, they have no special qualifications to fit them for camera work. Let us remember, too, that the film profession is not elastic. It can absorb only a certain number and no more. And, as the position is at present, many film companies have no vacancies at all.

My correspondent asks whether influence or money is necessary. The answer is that no reputable producer to-day wants either. An applicant must be able to prove the possession of real merit, for it is merit first and foremost that will keep the motion-picture industry on its feet. If he or she is also the particular type the producer may be looking for, then the chance to "make good" is open to the one who has the physique to stand the strain of hard work and the talent that will survive the test of competition. As regards training, the best is that which a beginner receives at a studio after having been selected.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

J.P. (Liverpool).—Roger Lytton was born in New Orleans, Pa., and is 5 ft. 11 in. in height. Your other question he does not answer. Same with Raymond Nye, who was born in Tamaqua, Pa., and is just half an inch taller than Roger.

"GINGER" (Whetstone).—I don't know whether old Job ever had any questions to answer, but when you kindly suggest that I must be a descendant of his, I am glad to think, at any rate, that I don't suffer from his complaints. Claire Adams is doubtless as fine as you say. She is a Canadian by birth, Winnipeg being the place. Received part of her education in this country. Among her other films are "Lord Jim," "Invisible Bond," and "The Desert of Wheat."

M.W. (Cambridge).—Ella Hall was the actress in question in "Beauty in Chains." She was born in New York, and will be twenty-four this year. Her screen career includes the following films: "Heart of Rachel," "Which Woman," "Under the Top," and "Gates of Doom."

"CHERRY RIPE" (Manchester).—As far as I know the lady you mention has been married only once.

M.H. (Wallsend).—"The Bridal Chair" featuring Miriam Sabbage, the winner of the "Daily Mirror" Beauty Competition was released in February last year. Exhibitors as a rule book so many films at once that several of these pictures cannot be shown to the public till months afterwards.

"CURIOSITY" (Macclesfield).—For your appreciation, many thanks. For news of any artiste, that is whether he or she is still playing, etc., you should watch the other pages of this paper.

"MUGSEY" (Durham).—The cast of "Danger—Go Slow" is as follows. Mac Murray (Muggsy Mulane), Frank Brownlee (Big Bill Jorgins), Alfred Allen (Silent Jake), Jack Mullhall (Jimmy, "The Eel"), Joseph Girard (The Judge), Lydia Knott (Aunt Sarah Judkins), Lon Chaney (Bud Spencer), Martha Mattox, Evelyn Selby (Miss Whitherspoon).

(More answers on back of cover.)



Miss Helen M. Barker, wearing the PICTURE SHOW fancy dress for which she gained a prize.

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Answers to Correspondents (Continued from page 23.)

"PUNCH" (Harrogate).—Janet Alexander and A. E. Coleby in "The Treasure of Heaven." In "The Lyons Mail," the leads were played by H. B. Irving and Nancy Lee. The others are old and difficult to trace so we'll turn to something more modern. Gregory Scott is a bachelor.

J. H. (Newcastle). Thomas Ince, the producer, was born in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1882, and had a stage career before he entered filmland first as an artiste and later as a director and producer.

K.C. (Reading). John Bowers was the hero in "Through the Wrong Door."

"DOT" (Acton):—You know a young lady who wants to get on the films. You'd be surprised if I told you, but I have heard of her. I note you say that she can swim beautifully, is a beautiful diver, and has won some beautiful prizes. Altogether beautiful, in fact. Juanita Hansen gives no matrimonial particulars.

"MOVIE FIEND" (Edinburgh). Your opinions of certain artistes do not offend but interest me. But I shall spare you the brickbats that would follow if I printed them. "The Ironmaster," was released last November. The leads in it were Pina Minichelli and Amleto Novelli. The chief characters in "Huckleberry Finn" were: Lewis Sargent (title role), Gordon Griffith (Tom Sawyer), and Frank Lanning (Huck's father).

M.B. (Bournemouth).—Carlyle Blackwell has appeared in "Hit or Miss," "Love in a Hurry," "Courage for Two," and "Three Green Eyes." Ask the manager of your local picture theatre.

H.B. (Burnley).—On the contrary you are quite modest for a beginner. All you want is just a description of Constance Talmadge. She has golden hair, brown eyes; and in height is 5ft. 6in.

"GWEN" (Calcutta).—Ah, you are an old friend. How's the heat and the mosquitoes? Sorry, but cannot discover anybody whose birthday falls on the same day as yours.

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country; and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

MARGUERITE COURTOT, care of Pathé Exchange, 25, West 45th St., New York City, U.S.A.

JACK HOLT, care of Lasky Studios, Vine St., Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

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(More addresses next week.)



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N/Y 19.8.1922.

PICTURE SHOW, March 26th, 1921. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

£150 WON.—Prizewinners in our recent Cinema Stars Competition — SEE — PAGE 3.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. MARCH 26, 1921.

No. 100. Vol. 4.

You Dirty Boy! Mary Pickford puts the finishing touch to the toilet of Herbert Ralston.



Mary Pickford has a real little mother part in the coming photo-play, "Pollyanna." Here you see one of the many amusing situations in which Herbert Ralston is the "victim" of Mary's mothering.

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—♦♦—

Important.

QUITE one of the best British pictures yet produced is the Alliance production of the famous play "Carnival," which drew big houses to the theatres, added to Matheson Lang's reputation as an artiste, and gained universal praise for the emotional acting of Hilda Bayley. Next week this film is released, so you will be able to see it for yourself. Matheson Lang and Hilda Bayley have their original parts supported by Ivor Novello. The story of this film has been secured for readers of the PICTURE SHOW, and will be in next week's issue. It is one of the most human stories ever written, with the old and ever-new theme of the eternal triangle. Don't miss next week's story of "Carnival."

—♦♦—

The Lucky Prizewinners.

A GOOD many readers of the PICTURE SHOW will be made joyous by finding their names among the prizewinners in our recent "Cinema Stars" Competition,

—♦♦—

£150 Won.

IN this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of all the six sets of pictures. The First Prize of £100 has been awarded to: Mrs. May Watson, 63, Queen's Road, Reading.

The Second Prize of £25 has been awarded to: Miss Louie Hawkins, 92, Albert Street, Ramsbottom, nr. Manchester, whose complete set of solutions come next nearest, with three errors.

—♦♦—

Fifty Prizewinners of Ten Shillings.

THE fifty prizes of 10s. each have been awarded to the following competitors, whose solutions came next in order of merit: Edith Nichols, Stockport; Lilian Black, Wigtownshire; G. C. Waters, Northfleet; Annie Shimmin, Douglas; Margaret Featherstone, Birkenhead; Mrs. Bevington, Burton-on-Trent; B. S. Baimforth, Morecombe; Lydia K. Scott, Torquay; Edith C. Oulton, Staffs; Lily Morkunas, Bristol; Jack Maunders, Swansea; Jean Swan, Wimbledon; T. Allan, Liverpool; Dora Ayres, Liverpool; Vera Hannam, Leicester; P. Stokes, Port Talbot; Winifred Heath, Nottingham; Miss I. Dawson, Manchester; Chrissie Chisholm, Glasgow; P. Lucas, Leeds; Miss D. Richardson, Twickenham; Mrs. A. Robertson, Arbroath; Miss Gwen James, Birmingham; Hilda Jarvis, Bromley; Miss K. M. Spencer, Spennymoor; Miss K. Fennell, Goodmayes; Nellie Maskell, Plymouth; Miss Doris Ainslie, West Kirby; Sidney Johnson, Edmonton; Miss M. A. Yapp, New Cross; Mrs. Maddox, Darlaston; Joseph A. Wood, Fife; Ethel Nicholson, Carlisle; Grace M. Binyon, Victoria Park; G. Perry, Grimsby; Ena Easter, Walthamstow; Rose Masters, Stepney; Eva Rubridge, Brighton; H. Goldthorpe, Bradford; Irene G. Tocher, Aberdeen; Gladys L. Wix, Brighton; Ida Shaw, Shirebrook; Dorothy Dewey, Poole; Ada Ball, Wolverhampton; Violet Brace Ystrad; Mabel Martin, Shanklin; Annie Taylor, Morecambe; Mrs. Frank Moore Lytham; Edie Garner, Leighton Buzzard; Alice Turner, Watford.

The correct solutions of these puzzles will be found on page 22.

Our Competition dept. is now busy finding the prizewinners of our "Goggles" Competition.

I must also tell you that another and even more fascinating competition is now being prepared, and will shortly be announced. Look out for it.

—♦♦—

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

A Narrow Escape.

SEENA OWEN narrowly escaped death the other day in the Bahamas, according to a letter received by a friend of hers in Los Angeles. The mishap occurred near Sassau.

The company were working on a cliff fully 200 feet high, when the ground began giving away and they were carried down with the sliding earth into the ocean. Mr. Vignola, who is an expert swimmer, rescued Miss Owen, who insisted on continuing with the day's work in spite of the shock. Native divers recovered the cameras.

—♦♦—

Coming Over Here.

PAULINE BUSH is making a tour round the world.

She has already arrived and departed from Honolulu. This trip is to take her two years, with the chief purpose of gathering new material for stories to be filmed by her husband, whom you know is Allan Dwan, the well-known producer director. The trip includes South Africa and winds up in Great Britain.

—♦♦—

Charlie's Ambition Fulfilled.

CHARLES RAY has spent such a busy life since he first entered pictures that up to recently he had never yet been able to spare time for a trip to New York, although the journey can be done in four days. For seven years it has been Charlie's ambition to visit America's greatest city, and at last his wish has been fulfilled.

—♦♦—

Betty Scored.

A WITTY conversation was overheard the other day by a friend visiting the Rockett studios. As near as can be remembered it went like this.

"Are all men, devils?" Betty Blythe asked Mahlon Hamilton, as they were watching the filming of a dramatic scene where a man ill-treats his wife.

"I'm not sure about it, Miss Blythe, but I am sure that all women are angels."

"I know that isn't true," smiled Betty, "but I'll listen."

"Well, first of all, they are always up in the air."

"Yes."

"And they are forever harping on something."

"Not so bad."

"And they never have anything to wear."

"Quite so."

"Yes, and this reminds me that I had a terrible nightmare the other night."

"Well?"

"Seemed like I was in heaven and couldn't get my coat on over my wings. It was awful."

"Sure it wasn't your hat you couldn't get on over your horns?" asked Betty blithely.



RUTH ROYCE—the latest photographic study of this fascinating star.

Sessue's Strongest Role.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA'S next part is the story of a love struggle against the iron will of Chinese tradition which enacts from its victims sacrifice without question. The working title of this film is "East is East."

Sessue tells me he believes it is the strongest role in which he has yet appeared.

—♦♦—

Another Famous Play Filmed.

THE illness of H. V. Esmond, the well-known actor, reminds us that he is the author of that charming play, "When We Were Twenty-One," which is now being filmed as a Pathe Special, with H. B. Warner in the starring part.

—♦♦—

Snowbound.

ALICE LAKE had the unpleasant experience of being snow-bound for eight hours during taking scenes in Arizona, for her coming picture, "Uncharted Seas."

Midway between the station and their destination, the sledges in which she and her company were travelling, were caught in drifts, and forced to turn back. Several hours late temporary quarters were found, for the drift of the snow made movement absolutely impossible.

The only consolation that was got from this experience was some of the most remarkable winter scenes ever pictured, as there was a fall of nearly five feet of snow.

—♦♦—

It's Sentimental Value.

VISITORS to Eugenie Besserer's ranch are always puzzled by a picture frame containing an



MARJORIE HUME, LEWIS DAYTON, and other members of the Grainger-Binger Film Company snapped in Italy, where the exterior scenes of the coming film, "Kitty Tailleur," were taken.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (*Continued from page 3.*)

ordinary paper bag instead of a painting like others in her cosy home.

Miss Besserer's reply to the curious is that there is a lot of sentiment attached to that old bag, because her father invented the machine for making paper bags and this was the first one made.

—♦♦—

Fads and Fancies of Film Artistes.

HERE are some of the "fads and fancies" of film stars.

June Caprice is a perfume fancier and an ardent worshipper of apple pie. Marguerite Courtot is insane over hats. Harry Semels, the screen villain, is either occupying the ring-side seat at a prize fight, or else singing his kiddies to sleep at the home fireside.

—♦♦—

He's a Red Head.

DO you know that Wesley "Freckles" Barry is a Red Head?

I hear he has just been made honorary member in a Red Head club. Wesley's mother says his hair is a peculiar shade of crimson which might be called a Californian sun-kissed red.

In his next picture we see Wesley minus most of his hair, as his head has just been shaved clean. Several "scars" adorn his cranium at present, indicating marks from mules' hoofs and mountain lions, for in his next part Wesley is a "wild and woolly" cowboy.

—♦♦—

A Postponed Christening.

THE clever child actress whom we shall see in the coming film version of "Carnival," is Florence Hunter, well known in the theatrical and film world as "Twinkles." When in Venice with Alliance Film Corporation's producing staff, to do exterior scenes for "Carnival," she had rather an usual experience by being christened at the famous St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice.

This little artiste, who portrays the character of Nino—the small son of the leading character—was dressed and made up ready for some scenes, and during a "wait" it was discovered that she had not been christened. Hilda Bayley and Ivor Novello, who also appear with Matheson Lang in this production of "Carnival," suggested that the ceremony should take place at once, and promised to stand as godparents to this attractive and talented child.

The party hurried to the world-famous cathedral, where an officiating priest was quickly pressed into service, and, much to his consternation, when arriving at the most solemn part of the ceremony, he discovered that "Twinkles" was wearing a wig, which is part of her make-up. This having been removed, the service was concluded, and the party wended their way back to "face the camera."



MISS JEAN BUTT, the violinist, who has won a reputation for herself by her star turn in the foremost cinemas of London, Scotland, and the provinces. Her playing has made a great impression among musical critics. She has just returned from a tour in Switzerland.

—♦♦—

Another New Dress Paper.

DON'T choose your style for your new costume this spring before you see No. 1 of "Harmsworth's Home Dressmaker." It contains pictures of over *sixty* of the new and most attractive costumes.

If you are thinking of making your costume, this new paper will be more valuable than ever, as perfect paper patterns have been prepared of each of the sixty designs, and with this first issue a very attractive Free Pattern of a new spring Coat and Skirt is given away inside.

There's sure to be a rush for this new dress paper, so make sure of your copy to-day. Ask for "Harmsworth's Home Dressmaker." Price threepence, at all newsagents and bookstalls.

Fay Filmer.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

JOHN BARRYMORE put an end to all wagging tongues this past week by signing a contract with the Goldwyn Company for a term of five years. The busybodies who shook their heads mournfully at the mention of Mr. Barrymore's name, and declared he would never come back to the screen again, will have to swallow all these false prophecies, and gaze upon the popular John heading his own producing company. He returns with the John Barrymore Productions, especially formed to star him in pictures.

Possibly it was the lovely Mrs. Leonard Thomas, now the wife of Mr. Barrymore, who caused all this chatter. Mrs. Thomas writes under the nom-de-plume of Michael Strange. She writes beautiful verse and prose, but the screen drama has never been included in her literary attainments. At the time Mr. Barrymore was forced to take a rest from his nervous breakdown, he was at the high tide of success with "Richard the Third," many of America's foremost dramatic critics declaring his performance the finest interpretation of the Shakespearean play ever given in United States.

It was the exactions of this tragic role that brought about Mr. Barrymore's long and serious illness, and our merry gossipmongers say Mrs. Barrymore is very ambitious to have her husband, now that he has fully recovered his health, come back to the stage and play a return engagement, and ignore the films. Despite these rumours it may be Mrs. Barrymore that is the cause of her husband's returning to the screen. The expense of matrimony has driven many a man to work.

—♦♦—

Mabel Does the Honours.

I HAD a chatty little note from Mabel Normand from the coast. Leave it to Mabel to find any excitement turned loose, it is food and drink to her. The amusing thing about Mabel's quest for excitement, when anyone has any sort of a party or ceremony, Mabel furnishes so much good nature and so much real hilarity she is at once pressed into service. When Tom Moore decided it was useless for him to wait any longer to marry Renee Adoree, the musical comedy favourite, Mabel was invited to be the maid of honour. She accepted, and was so full of life, and so good to look at, she nearly took the honours away from the bride. Jack Pickford was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Moore have gone to Honolulu on a honeymoon.

—♦♦—

Welcoming George Arliss.

GEORGE ARLISS has been assured of a screen reception seldom equalled in this country. His "Devil" has been heralded as one of the big pictures of the year. Curiously enough, he was not especially sanguine over his work before the camera.

"I talk too much," he told me. "My lips seem to be constantly moving. I had no idea every movement photographed so distinctly."

He has been rehearsing in a new play, so that his affections have been somewhat divided between pictures and the stage.

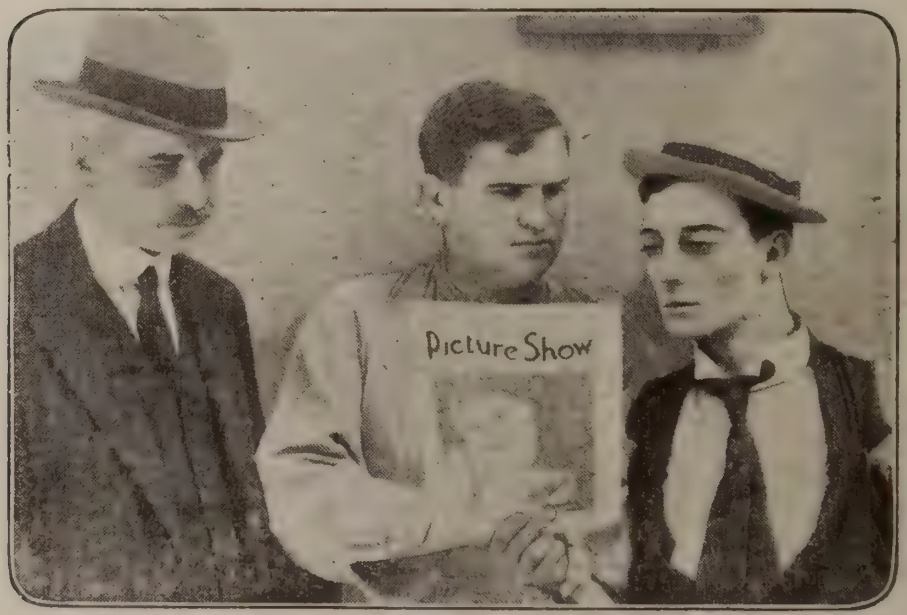
The Arlisses are charmingly English, with that delightful hospitality that seems such a part of every well-regulated English home. I dropped in for tea one afternoon, and spent such a pleasant hour I barely gave Mrs. Arliss time to change her frock for dinner.

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Claire Whitney Married.

CLAIRE WHITNEY, who has been called Mary Pickford's double, and who has played in many Fox and Metro productions, was married October 2nd. Miss Whitney stole a march on her friends, and married Robert Emmett Keane, who was playing with her in the stage production, "The Innocent Idea." I say stole a march, because she had quite a romance with Eugene Pallette, with whom she played in "Fine Feathers," a Metro feature, and everyone thought if wedding bells rang they would ring forth for Claire and Eugene. But the young lady evidently had her own ideas in the matter, for she is now Mrs. Robert Emmett Keane.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.



The PICTURE SHOW'S Los Angeles correspondent calls at the studio and finds BUSTER KEATON and his director arguing as to who shall read the PICTURE SHOW first.

THIS WEEK'S PICTURE SHOWS

"Excuse My Dust" .. *Paramount-Artcraft*
WALLACE REID.
"Please Get Married" .. .. .. *Jury's*
VIOLA DANA.
"The Midnight Bride" .. .. .. *Vitagraph*
GLADYS LESLIE.
"The Amateur Wife" .. *Paramount-Artcraft*
IRENE CASTLE.
"The Last Rose of Summer" *Granger-Samuelson*
OWEN NARES.
"Once Aboard the Lugger" .. .. *Hepworth*
EILEEN DENNES, E. HOLMAN CLARK & EVAN THOMAS.
"A Question of Trust" .. .. *Stoll*
MADGE STUART.
"Hell's End" .. .. .. *Western Import*
JOSE SEDGWICK & WILLIAM DESMOND.

OWEN NARES, beloved by thousands of picturegoers, plays the part of Oliver Selwyn in Samuelson's five-reel super-production, "The Last Rose of Summer," by Hugh Conway and Roland Pertwee. The world's rights owned and controlled by Granger's Exclusives, Ltd.

"The Last Rose of Summer," Mr. Owen Nares told me the other afternoon, was taken at the fall of the leaf. Unfortunately, before the film was completed, most of the trees were bare, so that artificial leaves had to be taken down to the spot where we were doing exteriors, and attached to the trees."

Holman Clark and the Cat!

MR. HOLMAN CLARK tells me that when "Once Aboard the Lugger," was being filmed, he was terrified of the cat, which tore large holes in his trousers and knees when reclining in his lap, and he felt it hard to express an affection he did not feel for the beautiful but ferocious beast.

"Once Aboard the Lugger."

"THE ROSE OF SHARON," dwelt at Haron's Holt. Mr. Marrapit (E. Holman Clark) loved her. Mr. Marrapit's household consisted of George, his nephew (Evan Thomas), Mrs. Major (Gwynne Herbert), "The Rose," by the bye was a beautiful cat! George failed in his medical examination, and aroused Mr. Marrapit's anger. But, in spite of empty pockets, George had managed to fall in love with a poor little governess, Mary Humfray—and she loved George.

George passed his next examination. There came an offer of a good practice for £400. George hadn't 400 shillings. Marrapit refused help. "The Rose of Sharon" disappeared, Wybern suggested a reward of £200 for its return.

After many vicissitudes and trials, the reward reached £400, meanwhile George had temporarily disappeared. Later he acknowledged that he had borrowed the "Rose," and then Marrapit turned up trumps for £500. Bliss, and George, for Mary!

THE "PICTURE SHOW'S" GUIDE TO PICTUREGOERS

Madge Stuart.

SHE plays Stephanie, in the Stoll production. "A Question of Trust," by Ethel M. Dell. It was produced on the shores of the Mediterranean. A story of the fierce loves of the Sunny South. Madge Stuart is particularly fine when she has a real chance for emotional acting—she is delightful in "Stephanie," and her vivacious manner endows her part with particular charm and grace.

Exceeding the Speed Limit.

"TOODLES" is a keen motorist who loves racing not only for the sport of the thing, but because of the excitement it affords. But his wife does not believe in excessive speed, with the attendant risks which he must necessarily face. So between her and the tempting offer of a motor firm, "Toodles" finds himself in an interesting situation. When you learn that the hero is Wallace Reid, you will know what good entertainment to expect. There is a real thrill and some daring riding over a bridge closed for repairs. The dramatic effect, however, is lightened by plenty of occasions for laughter in "Excuse My Dust."



HARRY BRABAN and MADGE STUART in the Stoll film, "A Question of Trust."

A Matter of Dress.

THERE are three chief characters in "The Amateur Wife," which though constructed on a plot not wholly new, is, nevertheless, presented in a fresh and attractive manner. Justine has been brought up in a convent, and therefore, her ideas of dress when she leaves it, chill the affections of her mother and the husband whom the girl eventually marries. The mother meets with a startling end, and there are some excellent scenes showing how Justine alters her views. Irene Castle is the star, and the opportunity of showing her as an exquisite dancer is not lost.

A Bogus Marriage.

AS the title suggests, "The Midnight Bride" is a story of intrigues and complications. Gladys Leslie as "Joanne Stirling," is portrayed as a country girl, who after a brief acquaintance with a man is persuaded to marry him. His end, however, is swift and dramatic, and even when the girl learns that the marriage ceremony was not genuine, there are still further intrigues she has to fight against.

An Exciting Honeymoon.

"PLEASE GET MARRIED" is a comedy, and though sometimes the humour appears exaggerated there are several really amusing scenes. A young couple decide to get married despite parental opposition, and the chance appearance of a clergyman enables the ceremony to be performed. The parson himself, however, gets into hot water and a hotel fire gives the play excitement as well as humour. Viola Dana as the star sustains her reputation.

A Drama of Fights.

THE gentleness of love and the rough atmosphere of a Western saloon are effectively introduced in "Hell's End," in which dainty Jose Sedgwick and burly William Desmond move as the central figures. Once they were boy and girl sweethearts, but Time separated them and brought its changes, handing wealth to the once poor girl and a saloon proprietorship to the hero. Their meeting is marked by some exciting scenes, and those who love witnessing a good fight will be able to see two real ones in this picture.



OWEN NARES in "The Last Rose of Summer," a Granger-Samuelson film.



A scene from "Once Aboard the Lugger." EILEEN DENNES is seen with "The Rose of Sharon" in her arms.

BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TO-DAY



The CALL OF THE ROAD



The Splendid New Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM

Characters in the Story.

ALFRED TRUSCOTT, who has filled the Hall with card-playing friends. He has been brought up by his uncle.

SILAS TRUSCOTT, who, returning one night, finds out the state of affairs, and orders his nephew to leave the house.

SIR MARTIN TREVOR, an inveterate gambler, is amongst a party at the Hall on the evening before Silas Truscott's return. He changes some dice for loaded ones, and Alfred, roused to fury attacks him. The result is that Sir Martin challenges him to a duel.

PAGANINI PRIMUS and PAGANINI SECUNDUS, "gentlemen of the road," are joined by Alfred, who appoints Paganini Primus as his second in the duel.

LADY ROWENA, Alfred's cousin, is told by her maid of this duel, and determines to witness it. The duel commences with Sir Martin Trevor being full of self-confidence, but his sword is suddenly sent spinning in the air. The Lamb, instead of killing him, tweaks the nose of his enemy who vows vengeance for this act. Two days later Lady Rowena sets forth on a visit to her godmother

LADY ULLESWATER.

After the duel, Alfred and the two Paganinis take to the open road, and presently they come to a tavern owned by Punch Murphy, who is proud of his fighting abilities. Alfred however, beats him, and with the money he wins treats everyone in the bar of the tavern. There is a very genial stranger amongst them, but after he has gone one of the party tells the company that he is none other than Jerry Abershaw, the highwayman

The next morning before leaving Alfred says good-bye to Hammer John, the blacksmith, who wants to train him as a boxer. Alfred, however, refuses, and he and the two Paganinis set off on a tramp to the village of Friar's Ford, where Alfred accepts a job as labourer to a miller

Lady Rowena learns of this and suggests that she might go and stay with her old nurse who lives near Friar's Ford, but not as the Lady Rowena. She would be a simple country girl, and in that guise meet her cousin and endeavour to bring about a reconciliation between him and her uncle. Rowena's godmother tells her it is madness and to think no more about it.

Love Will Find a Way.

LADY ULLESWATER'S manner was so decided, her tone so emphatic, that any ordinary well-brought-up young lady would have come to the conclusion that further discussion was useless.

But Rowena was not quite ordinary, and, moreover, she had very strong personal reasons for desiring to get her own way.

Ever since that hour when she had seen Alfred Truscott's laughing face as he stood confronting one of the most deadly swordsmen in Europe she had never been able to get his image out of her mind.

She wanted to see him again in the flesh, and she was quite determined that nothing should prevent her from doing so.

Lady Ulleswater's objection was an obstacle she had foreseen, and she deliberately set herself to overcome it.

"Alfred and Uncle Silas will drift further and further apart," she said sadly. "My cousin, the hired servant of some petty taskmaster, will sink lower and lower; and, perchance, like his father, he will marry a gipsy. Unable to support her as he would wish, his health will break down, and he will die broken-hearted by the roadside. 'Tis a great pity."

She sighed, and, folding her hands, gazed out mournfully in front of her, carefully avoiding meeting her companion's eyes.

"Yes, indeed, 'tis a great pity," said the old lady primly, pursing up her lips.

Especially as it could so easily be remedied," murmured Rowena.

Lady Ulleswater tapped nervously on the floor with her foot, and on her fine old face there was a look of distress and uncertainty.

"Master Silas would never forgive me if a hair of harm came to thee," she said presently. "Yes, yes, 'tis quite impossible!"

"What harm think you could come to me from a visit to my old nurse, Margery Merridew, dear godmother?" inquired Rowena innocently. "Of course, I should take Hulda with me," she added, watching the other from under her eyelids.

"Little harm, maybe," said the old lady, after a pause. "But what good? Why art thou so set upon this foolish notion, child? Thy cousin is naught to thee."

"Oh, naught—naught whatever!" declared Rowena, with rather unnecessary emphasis.

"If thou hast a romantic picture of him in thy mind, child, do not destroy it by seeking him out and seeing him as he is. Thou wilt find him engaged in menial tasks and mixing in low company."

"I would see him as he is," said Rowena gravely, "and if I find him worthy, I would do my best to reconcile him to mine uncle. Ah, dearest, let us be frank! This reconciliation is what we all desire. Canst thou think of any better plan? Let me try. I shall meet my cousin on his present level. He will not act a part with me, and I shall learn what manner of man he truly is."

"'Tis hardly fair to the lad," said Lady Ulleswater, with a change of tone.

Rowena smiled.

"I will not be inconsiderate, nor judge him too harshly. You say he is not wholly bad. Mayhap I shall find something in his favour."

"'Tis a strange thing for a lady to do," said Lady Ulleswater doubtfully.

"Naught may come of it. I may never even speak to my cousin. Do thou but consent that I pay this visit to old Margery. I ask no more. Ah, dearest, I am set upon this thing! Do not say me nay!"

As she spoke, she put her arms coaxingly round the old lady's neck.

In the end, Lady Ulleswater, though much against her better judgment, yielded and gave her consent.

The truth was that the old lady was curious, also, to know what manner of life young Truscott was now living.

"You will send me all you learn concerning the lad?" she said.

"Ay; I will keep naught back," replied Rowena, not knowing what promise she was making.

Three days later, two simply dressed girls knocked at the door of a cottage which stood alone on the high road some mile and a half from Friar's Ford.

There being no answer from within, the taller of the two girls pressed the latch, pushed the door open, and entered, followed by her companion.

They found themselves in an old-fashioned cottage parlour or living-room, comfortably and neatly furnished and spotlessly clean.

Seated in an ancient, well-worn armchair, with a piece of knitting on her lap, was an old lady, fast asleep. Her head was nodding, and her glasses had slipped to the tip of her nose. She had a round, fat face which now wore an expression of placid contentment, and, somehow, gave her the appearance of a comfortable, well-fed baby.

"Isn't she a dear?" whispered one of the visitors. "I vow, Hulda, 'tis a shame to wake her."

"Your ladyship should have allowed me to come on in advance of thee and make the arrangements. Nothing is prepared, and Mrs. Merridew will be at a loss to provide what is fit and proper for thy entertainment."

"Peace, child!" retorted the other impatiently. "I want no special entertainment. I would have thee bear in mind what I have told thee."

She spoke sharply and unconsciously raised her voice. The old lady stirred in her seat, raised her drooping head with a little jerk, and opened her eyes.

For a moment she stared at her visitors, a look of blank astonishment on her simple face.

Then, in a state of great agitation, she clutched the arms of her chair and raised herself to her feet.

"The Lady Rowena!" she exclaimed.

Rowena placed her finger on her lips warningly.

"Hush!" she said, in a mysterious whisper. "Who lives with thee in this house?"

"No one, my lady. My daughter, Molly, hath left me but a month ago to enter service in the town, and I am quite alone. 'Tis best for her and I do not complain, and the neighbours are friendly. Praise be to God, I am still active and can do for myself. If your ladyship will honour me by resting here while I prepare a dish of tea——"

"Nay, nurse; Hulda and I will get the tea. Do thou but tell us where to find the things. We propose to stay with thee some time, if thou wilt have us."

"Her ladyship wishes to stay with thee some days as a relation," explained Hulda.

Margery Merridew's simple face wore an expression of such utter bewilderment that Rowena laughed.

"You darling!" exclaimed the girl, pressing the old lady back into her chair, and then slipping down in a kneeling posture at her feet. "You will help me, I know!"

Then, in a flood of eager words, she told her story and explained her plans.

Mrs. Merridew's eyes glistened with excitement as she listened.

It was an adventure after her romantic old heart, and she entered eagerly into the spirit of the thing.

"'Tis happy and proud I am to help thee, my lady," she declared. "I have three nieces of whom I have oft spoken, but whom I have not seen this ten or twelve years. Thou and Hulda shall pass as the two elder, and 'twill be a pretty comedy. Alice Grey is the name of my oldest niece. Wilt thou take her name?"

"Alice Grey?"

Rowena repeated the name and smiled.

"'Tis a pretty name," she said musingly. "Remember, Hulda, to call me by no other."

And so it was arranged, and it soon became known in the district that old Mrs. Merridew's two pretty nieces from London had come to spend a holiday with her.

So far, Rowena's plans had succeeded remarkably well; but now she was confronted by the most difficult and delicate part of her self-imposed task.

How was she to become acquainted with her cousin? An unaccountable shyness took possession of her. She became alarmed at her own boldness. What would he think of her if he knew? Would he dare to think she was running after him? Would he refuse to believe that she was only thinking of her uncle's happiness?

She found herself blushing hotly, even when she was alone, as these thoughts crowded into her mind.

She even half-persuaded herself that she really did not want to meet Alfred, and had only come here so that she might enjoy for a while the company of her old nurse.

At any rate, she decided she would take no steps to become acquainted with her cousin.

On the morning after their arrival, she and Hulda went out for a walk to explore the neighbourhood.

From the middle of the road in front of the cottage they could see quite plainly a mile and a half away the sails of the old mill, but when Hulda suggested going towards it, Rowena deliberately turned and proceeded in the opposite direction.

Mrs. Merridew, watching from the window, looked puzzled, and was about to tap on the pane, but a thought entering her mind, she

(Continued on page 8.)



His frown.



Suspicion.



His winning smile.



In a dangerous mood.

THE EXPRESSIONS OF WILLIAM FARNUM

(Special to the "Picture Show.")

WILLIAM FARNUM

The Strong Western Hero of the Screen

WILLIAM FARNUM has won much praise during his screen career, but the praise of which he is most proud is a letter from the well-known author, Zane Grey, when arrangements were being made to film his novel "Riders of the Purple Sage."

In this letter Mr. Grey wrote: "I regard William Farnum as the best interpreter of our Western life, and think he will make a wonderful Lassiter in 'Riders of the Purple Sage.'"

It is in strong parts like these that William Farnum excels. You will remember him as Sidney Carton in "A Tale of Two Cities," as Jean Valjean in "Les Miserables," as Ben Hur, and Francois Villon in "If I Were King," as the adventurer in the film of that name, an adaptation of the famous opera "Maritana," in "The Rainbow Trail," "The Lone Star Ranger," and other Zane Grey stories.

Feats of Strength.

IT is parts like these that have won for William Farnum the title of "the strong hero of the screen," for William Farnum is strong. You have only to remember his feat in "Les Miserables," when Jean Valjean lifts a heavy waggon that had sunk into the mud by raising it on his shoulders.

This was a real feat of strength, and William Farnum did it. It was not camouflaged for the film.

A Lover of Music.

WILLIAM FARNUM was born in Boston on July 4th, 1876, so he will be forty-five years of age this July. He is very musical—in fact, he says he doesn't remember the time when he couldn't play the piano, though he plays all by ear, and is proud of the fact that his first professional appearance was in a cornet band.

When fourteen years of age he began his theatrical career. His father had a stock company, and William got a part to play. Later he organised his own company, and succeeded so well that at the end of a few years he secured his own theatre in New York City. Now he is one of the best known screen stars.

A Traveller.

WILLIAM FARNUM likes change, and moves from New York to California, and then to Florida for the production of his pictures.

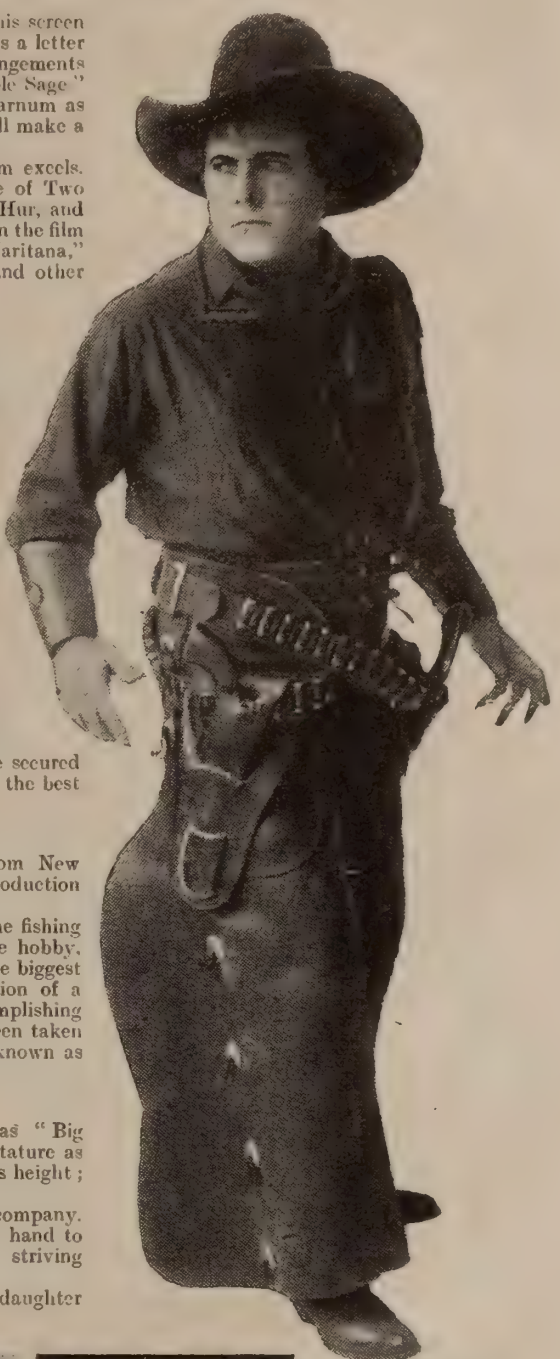
When he goes to California, he spends much of his time fishing in the waters of Catalina Island. That is his favourite hobby, and he has several times broken the record for landing the biggest fish in the shortest time, and shows a proud decoration of a little red ribbon which has been given him for accomplishing this feat. Many of his finest fishing expeditions have been taken in company with his brother, Dustin, who is also well known as a film star.

A Great Favourite.

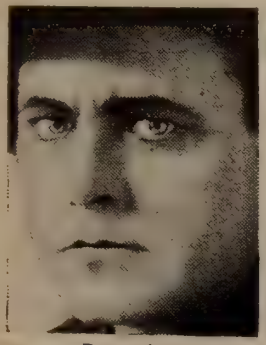
WILLIAM FARNUM is known to all his friends as "Big Bill," but his bigness consists not so much of stature as of spirit, though his strength is prodigious for his height; he is just under six foot.

He is a great favourite with other members of his company. He is so full of good humour, and ready with a helping hand to less fortunate members of the profession—those who are striving for success.

As you know, William Farnum is married, and his little daughter Olive is the apple of his eye.



WILLIAM FARNUM



Determined.



Enquiry.



Doubtful.



Good-bye.

If you want to write to him, address your letter:—

WILLIAM FARNUM,
c/o Fox Film Co.,
130, West Forty-sixth Street,
New York City, U.S.A.

(Mention the "Picture Show" to ensure an early reply.)

"THE CALL OF THE ROAD." (*Continued from page 6.*)

restrained herself and returning to her chair by the fire, sat down to think the matter out.

She was a simple old soul, but no woman can reach the age of sixty-five without acquiring some knowledge of human nature, and before long some glimmerings of the true state of affairs penetrated her slow-working mind.

"It's my belief," she declared to herself, as one who makes a great discovery, "that my lady has a tender feeling for this ne'er-do-well cousin of hers."

And then Hulda returned alone with the information that my lady had expressed her desire to continue her walk unattended.

"My lady seems less light-hearted this morning than she was when she arrived," remarked Mrs. Merridew, without looking up from her knitting.

"My lady, methinks, does not know her own mind," replied Hulda pertly.

The old nurse frowned her disapproval.

"It is not becoming to speak thus of thy mistress," she said coldly.

"Nay!" replied the girl, impulsively, "I love her ladyship as much as you ever did, but is she not perverse? The trouble she hath taken to bring this thing about! The planning and the scheming to be near Master Alfred. And now, forsooth, she must pretend she does not wish to meet him. No such thought ever entered her mind. I must be mad to suggest such a thing. What is Master Alfred to her, indeed? Am I crazy? Crazy indeed I must be, but not so crazy but that I can tell when a maid's in love."

At this point Mrs. Merridew looked up from her knitting.

"I thought my lady had never seen Master Alfred?"

"Ay, she's seen him."

"And he, I'll warrant, made love to her?"

"Indeed, he did not. He gave her not so much as a glance. 'Tis all on her side, and 'tis that, perchance, that vexes her. To dote upon a man who knows thee not must be provoking."

Old Margery Merridew bridled up at this.

"What mean you, girl?" she said sharply. "He knows her not, you say?"

"'Tis true: he hath never seen her."

Then she glibly told the story of the duel in the field of the stunted oaks.

The old lady listened with the greatest attention.

"He must be a goodly man," she said, when the girl had finished.

"Ay, he is good to look upon, and he hath a fine spirit. 'Twould be a good match even for my lady, and since her fancy sets that way, why will she not seek him out and let him gaze upon her beauty? Methinks——"

"Peace, girl! You do not understand thy mistress. 'Tis maiden modesty, and if thou hadst a little of it 'twould do thee no harm."

The old lady would discuss the matter no further then, but her brain was busy and she, too, began to make plans.

Rowena came in just before the midday meal. It was a simple meal to which they all sat down in the little parlour, and Rowena was delighted with the novelty of it all.

When it was over, and Hulda was clearing away, Mrs. Merridew turned to her ladyship.

"Alice," she said, with a smile, "I wonder if you would mind doing a little service for your old aunt?"

"You know, dear aunt, nothing would delight me more!" cried Rowena eagerly.

"I promised to let Mrs. Gripper of the rectory have two score eggs last week, but could only make up thirty. I should like her to have the balance to-day, for I know she needs them, with all her little ones, poor thing. I would go myself, but my rheumatism has caught me again, and I would rather not go out if I could get someone to go for me."

"My dear, of course you must not go out! I will take the eggs. Where is the rectory? How do I go?"

Mrs. Merridew packed the eggs securely in a basket, and handed it to the girl, and then led her to the door.

"Thy way is down the road towards the village till you reach the Ford Arms. Then you turn and go along the footpath through the woods by the mill. When you pass the mill, you will see the rectory on the brow of the hill."

Rowena nodded, and taking the basket, smilingly set forth on her trip.

The old nurse, turning back into the room, found the laughing eyes of Hulda fixed upon her.

"Methinks, Mistress Merridew," said the girl, saucily, "thou art trying to help the course of true love to run smooth."

"Peace, girl!" replied the old lady, severely. "He has but to look upon her fair face and the love-making will need no help from me or thee."

The Footpath by the Mill.

IN the bar-parlour of the Ford Arms two gentlemen were seated at their liquor.

They were garbed like men of fashion, and were strangers to the district.

"'Tis a wild-goose chase, Geoffrey," said the taller and most distinguished-looking of the two. "And yet I'll swear we are not far off the scent. When Delaval made the match with me, 'twas just after he had paid a visit to these parts. I vow I'm not mistaken. His man is hidden somewhere hereabouts, and we must get sight of him and see what kind of a champion it is my lord hath discovered."

"Lord Delaval is a sportsman, but over-fond of backing his fancy," returned the other. "I'll warrant the man he has found is nothing great."

"That may be, but we must be sure."

"Do you doubt the quality of the Pigeon, Trevor?"

There was a note of anxiety in the speaker's voice.

"Nay, man. Pigeon Williams is the best in his class. If I didn't know him to be a good 'un he wouldn't carry so much of my money. But we can't afford to run even the slightest risk. 'Twould be a bad business for both of us, Geoffrey, if aught went amiss."

It was indeed business of a very important character which had brought Sir Martin Trevor and Geoffrey Ralston to the sleepy village of Friar's Ford.

Lord Delaval was a famous Corinthian and one of the finest sportsmen in England. One day in a London club-room the merits of a newly arrived prize-fighter, Pigeon Williams, were being discussed, and Sir Martin Trevor was loud in his praises of the man.

Lord Delaval, a little bored by the baronet's enthusiasm, broke into the conversation and in his careless way offered to produce a man who would beat Williams in a fight to the finish. Trevor, keen as ever, at once took up the challenge, and a match was arranged. At first the general opinion was that Trevor had made another victim. Williams at once became a strong favourite. And then suddenly and for no apparent reason, the betting took a queer turn, and it was found that the Jews were backing Lord Delaval's unknown champion very heavily.

"There must be a reason for it," said Sir Martin to his friend and confident, "and the sooner we find out what it is, the better. We must discover Delaval's man, and have a look at him."

The present fruitless journey to Friar's Ford was the result of this decision.

Ralston had ferreted out some information which indicated that Lord Delaval's nominee was in training somewhere in this part of the country, and Friar's Ford had been selected by Sir Martin as a likely spot.

"We had best get back to London," said Ralston, "and set a watch on Delaval. He is sure to visit his man sooner or later."

"Ay! But it grows late to travel, and the horses need rest. We'll set out for town to-morrow early. I would there was some way of passing an hour or so in this dull hole. There's little entertainment in cards or dice with thee, Geoffrey!"

The other laughed, and Sir Martin, yawning, strolled to the window and gazed out moodily upon the deserted country road.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation, and leaned eagerly forward.

"Geoffrey!" he cried excitedly. "Come hither quickly!"

Ralston moved to his side.

"Look! Do you see that?" demanded Sir Martin.

"I see a wench," replied the other.

"A wench? Man, didst ever see a daintier morsel?"

The girl in her simple country frock carrying a basket on her arm, who was walking quickly past the inn, made indeed a very pretty picture.

"She's pretty enough," admitted Ralston.

"Ay! Methinks there's entertainment here, Geoffrey, I'll see thee anon."

So saying, the baronet strode rapidly to the door and passed out of the inn.

Meanwhile Rowena, on passing the Ford Arms, easily found the footpath and entered the woods.

There was a smile on her lips and a happy light in her eyes, while her colour came and went in response to the thoughts which passed through her mind.

She was approaching Jones's Mill. She saw by the turn of the footpath that she would have to pass quite close to it. Of course, she would not go too near, and she would not even look in its direction. Also it was very unlikely that anyone working there would see her.

Still, she would not hurry by. To do so would only make her the more conspicuous. She slackened her pace. Now she was walking very slowly indeed.

Suddenly she became aware of hurried footsteps behind her, and turning in some alarm she beheld a stranger rapidly overtaking her.

She stood hastily aside that he might pass by, but instead of doing so, he stopped immediately in front of her and raising his hat, smiled boldly into her frightened face.

"Good-day, mistress. This is indeed a fortunate meeting."

Shrinking away from him, she stared back into his bold, dark eyes.

"I—I do not know you, sir," she said in the tone of one who is puzzled rather than angry.

The truth was that the face of the man seemed somehow familiar. She was almost sure she had seen it before, but she could not remember where.

"That is a matter which can soon be remedied," returned Sir Martin, still smiling. "In a little time I promise you we shall become great friends. I am but a poor gentleman dazzled by thy wondrous beauty."

The fear deepened in the girl's eyes as she retreated from him.

With that smile half of mockery and half of admiration on his handsome face, he advanced upon her until she stood with her back against a tree and could retreat no further.

"Fear naught, you bewitching little fairy!" he said. "Thou hast many a rustic lover, I warrant, who is less gentle than I shall be. I seek naught but a kiss!"

As he spoke, he made to take her hand.

Then it was that Rowena's terror gave way to indignation and anger.

She raised the basket she was carrying and dashed it with considerable force in the smiling, leering face.

In his time, Sir Martin Trevor had met many ladies who resented his advances, but never one who had done so with quite so much emphasis as this.

His smiling expression turned to one of savage fury, and leaping forward, he seized the girl roughly in his arms.

She struggled violently, and in her terror screamed for help, but Sir Martin, still smarting from the blow, was now quite reckless, and obstinately determined to conquer the little rustic fury.

Her struggles grew feebler and an awful horror assailed her as she realised that her strength was failing her. In her despair she cried again for help, but it was a faint, pitiful cry, and the man's low, triumphant laugh sounded in her ears.

And then suddenly there was another sound like the angry growl of a wild animal, and it did not come from her assailant's lips. The next moment the man was seized by the back of the neck and by the loins, swung into the air like a sack, and dashed to the ground.

White, trembling, and breathless, Rowena staggered back against the tree and stared at her deliverer.

He stood there erect between her and her assailant, a tall, powerful figure, and her heart beat fast as she looked into his strong, handsome face.

It was the face she had seen once before in the field of the stunted oaks, but it was not laughing now.

(*To be continued.*)

WALLACE BEERY

WALLACE BEERY started his dramatic career with a circus, where he was initiated in the art of elephant training. Later, he discovered he had a voice, and decided that comic opera would be the right channel for his talents. He did not find it difficult to obtain a hearing with producers, and appeared in many stage entertainments. His great chance came when he understudied Raymond Hitchcock, and he awoke one fine morning to find himself famous. He advanced very rapidly after this, and finally, like so many other successful stage actors, he started film work.

Studies His Characters.

HIS first real screen hit was in "The Unpardonable Sin." For several years now Mr. Beery has been acting unusual characterisations. He makes a great point of studying his characters well before he commences a film. Once he had to make up as a Dickens character, and spent several days with a set of Dickens, studying all the old pictures.

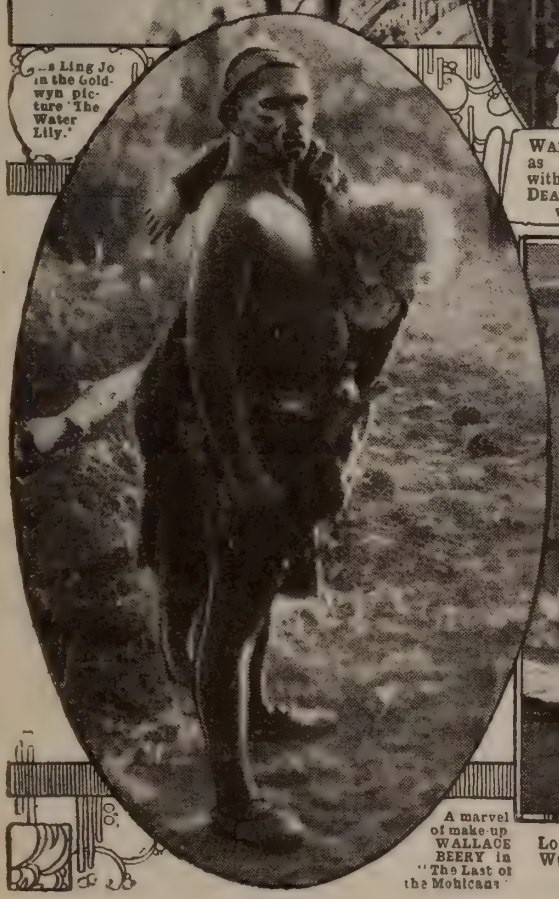


WALLACE BEERY in one of his famous character parts.



—a Ling Jo in the Goldwyn picture "The Water Lily."

WALLACE BEERY as he appeared with PRISCILLA DEAN in a Universal film.



A marvel of make-up WALLACE BEERY in "The Last of the Mohicans"



Long-suffering WALLACE BEERY allows Rex Ingram to dab on a little more latter. Wallace has an important part in the super-special production of Metro's "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which Mr. Ingram directed.

A "RAG" AT THE GOLDWYN STUDIOS — MAKING-UP



There is a jolly atmosphere about a film studio, and the players are always ready for a joke. IRENE RICH and her director, FRANK LLOYD, were snapped the other day at the Goldwyn studio, whilst Frank was pretending to be a mad horse and endeavouring to give Irene a fright. This "ragging" took place between the scenes of "A Tale of Two Worlds," an original photo-play by Gouverneur Morris.



NORMA TALMADGE had plenty of help wh an important point of film work, as in close-u paint had been put on carelessly, and many they are s



The bashful lovers. An amusing incident in a new film in which TOM MOORE and NAOMI CHILDERS are playing. Other films in which these two have played together are "Gay Lord Quex," "Lord and Lady Algy," and "Duds."



Two favourites of Charles Ray, who also seem to be on very good terms wit one another—his little niece, ELEANOR, and his dog WHISKERS. Charl and the latter are very good pals, and whenever the busy film star can spare few minutes he loves to teach his dog a new trick.



There are many kinds of animals at Universal City which are used for th wonderful serials. HOPE HAMPTON, J. BERNSTEIN (manager), a Detective BURNS are here seen with three little lion cubs.



MARY THURMAN



THE VILLAGE S



LILLIAN GISH and RICHARD BARTHELMESS as Anna Moore and David Bartlett—in "Way Down East," the next big D. W. Griffith release.

WEETHEARTS.

EAST & WEST in Screenland

For "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," wrote Kipling. This theme is a fascinating subject for novelists, and many tragedies in real life owe their origin to ignoring Kipling's words.



SESSUE HAYAKAWA and his Western friend, THEODORE ROBERTS in "Hidden Pearls."



MARY PICKFORD, when still believing she is a native in "Less Than the Dust."



ETHEL CLAYTON meets with Oriental craftiness in "Crooked Streets."



East (TSURO AOKI) listens to the call of the West (JACK HOLT) in "The Call of the East."



ELSIE FERGUSON and RUDOLPH DE CORDOBA in "Barbary Sheep."



DOROTHY DALTON tries not to show her fear in "Black is White."

(Paramount (tricraft).)

R THE FILM WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE HIS PLACE ?



up for "The Branded Woman." Make-up is such ly, it would be most noticeable if powder or grease nd quite a long time in their dressing-rooms before h their make-up.



Not exactly the kind of pet everyone would choose with whom to lark about! CURLY STECKER is the chief animal trainer at the Universal studios, and he must certainly be kept very busy with the numerous animals there. He has wonderful control over them, and they all love him, which probably accounts for their obedience. Even so it is not everybody who would take the risk that Curly appears to have done when being photographed.



hat a difference a wig will make! One uld scarcely recognise this to be a otograph of MARY MILES MINTER.



"Brewster's Millions," which had a great success on the stage, has been filmed, and ROSCOE ARBUCKLE and BETTY ROSS CLARK are appearing in this Paramount production.



TOM MIX. The fourth of our series of Stars, Favourite Photographs of themselves.

A Splendid Complete Story, Telling How a Spirited Little Girl Restores a Long Lost Son and Renews a Happy Romance.

"True Tilda."

IN a ward of one of London's largest suburban hospitals, a girl of about fourteen sat watching a woman in the next bed.

The girl was pretty, with dark eyes and a wealth of black, curly hair.

She had been carried into the hospital by some circus folk, who explained that she had broken her leg while performing.

When asked for her name, all they could say was that she was known as True Tilda. She was a foundling who had been picked up when quite a baby.

She had never had a surname and none of the circus folk had troubled to give her one.

During the days that followed the setting of Tilda's leg she had become a great favourite with doctors, nurses, and patients, for she never complained, and as soon as she could hop about on a crutch she was anxious to help both nurses and patients.

The woman in the next bed had been one of Tilda's special favourites. Child though she was, Tilda knew that the woman would never get up from her bed of pain.

She had heard the doctor tell the nurse that the woman was ill in mind as well as body, and as Tilda sat watching her now the patient was muttering in her sleep.

"Holness, I must take Arthur to Holness, Holness," she kept repeating.

As Tilda hopped out of bed to smooth the sufferer's pillow, a shabby purse dropped from the woman's hand, and the cheap clasp opened.

Inside were a few coppers and a piece of paper.

Tilda had had but little education, but she could read remarkably well.

On the paper was written: "Arthur Miles, surname Chandon. Born Kingsand, May 1st, 1910. Rev. Dr. Purdie J. Gasson, Holy Innocents' Orphanage, Bursfield."

"Bursfield," thought Tilda. "That's queer. That's the Orphanage just where we pitched the circus. It can't be far from here. I'll bet the poor woman is worrying to see her boy."

The girl's active mind began to work out a plan.

She tried to get the woman to speak, but she could only moan in her delirium, and as Tilda was trying to make her understand that she wanted to help her, she heard the doctor coming up the stairs.

Tilda promptly hopped into bed, but the thought of bringing the boy to the sick woman was with her.

When the doctor came to her bedside she begged him to let her go out for a little while.

"I'm quite all right with my crutch, doctor," she said. "I feel that I could walk without it, but I don't because I promised you I wouldn't."

The doctor smiled.

Like all who work in hospitals he had a soft spot for a cheerful patient.

"Very well, Tilda, a breath of fresh air will do you good, but be careful, and don't get in the way of the traffic."

In a very few minutes Tilda was in the street and making for the Orphanage.

She had no clear idea of what she was going to do when she got there, but she was a great optimist, and a firm believer in her luck.

At the gates of the hospital she met Dolf, her dog, which had evidently deserted the circus to wait till she came out of the strange place, and the tears came in Tilda's eyes as she hugged him for his faithfulness.

"You're a wonder, Dolf, but I can't stop to pat you now, for we've got to get real busy," she said.

Dolf was quite happy at seeing his mistress and, wagging his tail, he set off in front.

As Tilda had surmised, the Orphanage was not far from the hospital.

Tilda looked at the forbidding building and gave a little shiver.

"Crikey, I shouldn't like to be in that place," she muttered.

But she went up to the front door and gave the bell a big pull.

The door was opened by a slatternly dressed, but kind-faced woman, who stared blankly when Tilda told her she had come to see Dr. Gasson, but Tilda, telling the woman it was very important, persuaded her to take her to the doctor's study.

As they got there a severe-looking man in parson's clothes came in through the other door.

"Now, then, Sarah Huggins, what is the meaning of this?" he asked sharply. "Is this one of your relatives that you've brought in to eat my food?"

"I don't know who she is," said the woman, shivering as though she had been struck. "She said it was important. That's all I know."

"It's about a boy," broke in Tilda. "A boy named Arthur Miles."

Dr. Gasson started.

There was a boy in the Orphanage of that name, and only that morning he had told him that because no money had been sent for his keep for the last quarter, he would have to work in the kitchen for his keep.

"What do you know about Arthur Miles, my girl?" said Dr. Gasson, giving her a terrifying look. "Who sent you?"



True Tilda and Arthur Miles find a mother in Mrs. Mortimer. (*Jury.*)

Tilda's hard life had made her a good judge of character and she promptly decided that Dr. Gasson was a hard and cruel man. Then her gamin wits came to her aid.

"Why, hasn't my aunt been yet? I was to meet her here at half-past twelve. She's got the message. I think I'm to be an orphan, too."

"There's some mystery here," thought Dr. Gasson. Aloud he said to Sarah Huggins:

"Keep the girl here till I've finished my lunch."

And with another scowl at the trembling Sarah he left the room.

As the door closed on him, Sarah Huggins came up to Tilda and in a scared whisper told her to go to the other end of the room.

"If you've come tec 'elp Arthur Miles, I'll let yer see 'im. I will if 'e kills me for it. 'E's a cruel beast, an' 'e treats that boy suthin' awful. Foller me, an' I'll show yer Arthur."

She led the way on tip-toe to a side door, and beckoned to a boy who was marching up and down the playground with a score of others.

Sarah Huggins ushered the two into a side garden and left them with instructions not to be long, as Gasson would skin her alive if he found out.

"If you're Arthur Miles," whispered Tilda, "there's somebody at the hospital wants you. How can we get out?"

The boy, a bright-faced intelligent-looking lad, about ten years old, shook his head.

"There isn't any getting out of here once you're in," he said sadly. Tilda looked around at the high wall which surrounded the playground and her heart sank.

Just then there was a loud barking, and Dolf, whom Tilda had left outside, sprang up in the air apparently from the centre of the lawn.

"Look! That's my dog Dolf!" cried Tilda. "If he can get in we can get out."

She ran to the spot where Dolf had appeared, and saw it was the open trap-door of a coal-cellar.

Tilda would have delighted the author of that widely advertised business motto: "Do it now," by the rapidity of her movements.

She did not talk to Arthur Miles, she just pushed him down the coal hole, clambering in herself with crutch, followed by Dolf.

Thus it was that Sam Bosson, a young man who was engaged in delivering coal to the orphanage, was startled by seeing a boy, a girl (with crutch), and a dog (wagging his tail to tell the world that he had done it), scrambling up the manhole.

Sam could not show his surprise because his face was covered with coal dust, but he shouted it in one word, "Lummy!"

It was the only word Tilda allowed him to speak.

In hurried sentences she explained that she and Arthur were escaping from the orphanage, and that they were likely to be followed.

Sam put another ounce of coal dust in his hair as he scratched his head and promptly decided he was on the side of the climbers to liberty.

"If they're after you through this hole they'll cop it," he said. "Now hop it!"

Unfortunately for Dr. Gasson, after he had discovered the absence of Tilda from the study and Arthur from the playground, he did try that hole.

Sam was as good as his word.

He promptly tipped a full sack of coals on the top of the pursuer's head, which gave the fugitives a good start.

Tilda left Arthur outside the hospital with Doli while she went to see the woman in the next bed.

The little gamin had not been long in hospital but she knew too well the meaning of the screen round the bed.

She who had moaned in her pain the name of Arthur would call no more.

Tilda saw the men coming to carry her down, then she ran out to Arthur.

She wanted to say so much, but she didn't know how.

"Seems I made a mistake. You wasn't wanted in there," she said.

Few of us could have done Tilda's duty so well.

Arthur looked up bewildered.

He didn't understand why they had come, but he knew he did not want to go back.

As Tilda hurried him along he expressed the latter thought with an appealing look in his eyes.

"Don't you worry. You ain't going back. I've adopted you," said Tilda confidently.

And so they hastened along till Tilda gave a glad shout at the sight of a man who might have posed as a model for Mr. Micawber. He wore a crushed hat and threadbare clothes with a jaunty air that defied the poverty of his apparel.

"Mr. Mortimer!" cried Tilda.

"True Tilda, unless these old eyes deceive me!" replied Mr. Mortimer, adding with an expressive gesture, "And your friend?"

"Arthur Miles. He's run away from the orphanage, and I've adopted him," explained Tilda. "We're being pursued; like *you* was in the play, Mr. Mortimer."

"Pursued? And I am being detained!" mused Mr. Mortimer. "It would seem that the three of us are in need of assistance. Let us wend our way to Mrs. Mortimer. I used the word detained, Tilda, to express the fact that Mrs. Mortimer and myself are held up in a sort of coal yard with our caravan because we have not the needful to pay one, Hucks, who let the ground to us for our world-famous, absolutely unrivalled show, 'Shakespeare and the Classics for the Masses.' But I fear me that this young man is more in need of sustenance for the stomach than the mind. When I left the ever-charming Mrs. Mortimer, there was little in the larder, but what little there is can be shared."

"He's an actor, but one of the best," whispered Tilda to Arthur.

Mr. Mortimer led the way to a carvaan which rested (and rested in the full sense of the word as used by theatrical people) in a small field.

On the steps of the caravan sat a lady stout and smiling.

If ever goodness shone in a woman's face it lighted up Mrs. Mortimer's with a five-million candle-power light.

Mr. Mortimer explained the situation, emphasising the point Tilda had made that she and Arthur were being pursued.

Like Tilda, Mrs. Mortimer was a woman of action.

"Pursued? Hide them in the caravan, Horatio, and if any Peeping Tom can see them while I'm sitting on the steps, may I never play Ophelia any more."

"Always the same; equal to any emergency," murmured Mr. Mortimer as he helped the children into the caravan. "Why such a woman should have saddled herself with such a man is a mystery to me."

Leaving the children safely screened by the ample proportions of Mrs. Mortimer, we will take a look in the office of Mr. Hucks, remarking that as we walk along that Sam Bosson, the coalman, is in the employ of Mr. Hucks.

This being a very short story of a long sequence of events, we must pass Mr. Hucks with the word that instead of being a hard-hearted villain as you might have supposed from the remarks of Mr. Mortimer, he is really a decent man, moved to do certain things in business that his heart objects to with such violence that he is perpetually seeking guidance in the solace of tobacco.

A Friend in Need.

DR. GASSON, having discovered the secret of the fugitives' escape and forcibly reminded of it by the sack of coal that Sam poured on his head, has found a clue that leads him to Hucks.

Mr. Hucks, knowing something about the rascally methods of Gasson, listens politely and says if he sees the children he will let Gasson know.

Being something of a humourist as well as a philosopher, Mr. Hucks adds this remark:

"Of course, sir, I quite understand that you want to get this Arthur Miles back. He might talk, mightn't he?"

"It is for his good that I seek to get him back to the fold," remarked Dr. Gasson.

Mr. Hucks made no reply to this until his visitor had left.

Then, addressing the cat who was warming herself in the fender, and taking out his pipe to emphasise his words, he said deliberately: "I don't think."

The upshot of it all was that Mr. Hucks became an ally of the fugitives, though, as he confessed to

(*Continued on page 13*)

Gossip about British Players.



OWEN NARES.



MADGE STUART.

A British Super-film.

IT has arrived in the shape of the Alliance "premiere" Carnival. Already it has been stated that this British masterpiece, "is eighteen months ahead of any production of to-day, and this does not only apply to Great Britain but to every country at present producing films." My readers will have an opportunity next week of judging for themselves. It is emotional, ambitious, enthralling.

When I entered the Alhambra for the trade show a few weeks ago, there was a tense hush over the packed building, and one had a curious sensation of feeling that, had there not been music, one could have heard a pin drop.

Soul Stirring.

IT is not an easy matter to describe the wonders of "Carnival," or the subtle effect it casts upon the emotions. It leaves one breathless, amazed. The onlooker is bewitched; he, too, is flung into Carnival. Marvellous coloured waves of mauve, rose and gold glow upon the screen. Then there is Venice, Venice rare, and beautiful, a Venice never seen to such effect in filmland before.

Matheson Lang.

DO you remember how he endowed his "Silvio Steno," with all the fire and passion that made his part so true to life in "Carnival" upon the stage.

This art seems intensified in the great film. He has added fresh laurels to his long list of character studies, and it will be surprising if "Silvio" of the screen is not placed first amongst his many great triumphs.

The Story in the "Picture Show."

THE story of "Carnival" will appear in next week's PICTURE SHOW, and I am sure you will all want to read this.

Hilda Bayley.

SHE will bewitch you completely as "Simonetta," in "Carnival." She is exquisite, pathetic, childish, passionate, a dream of beauty in her glittering carnival dress, which shows off the charm of her dainty, graceful figure. Her acting is wonderfully artistic.

As Bacchante she dances at the Bal Masque, a thrilling dance of joy and abandonment, before the revellers.

Venice.

MANY scenes of "Carnival" were taken in Italy.

"I certainly did feel the spirit of Venice," Hilda Bayley told me. "It seemed so beautiful, such an ideal city, that one felt its influence so great, that one desired beauty in life and mind. Seeing Venice in sad mists made me feel restless, and accentuated, to me, the tragedy of its beauty. In early morning I looked through my window across the Grand Canal, and perhaps I would see a gondola, with monks in their black cassocks, paddling themselves along to the beautiful old grey church, Santa Maria della Salute. Such a gorgeous picture!"

Moonlight and Stars.

HILDA BAYLEY went on to tell me that when they arrived in Venice to film the Venetian scenes, it was a warm night, with a clear indigo sky, brilliant stars and moon. "We glided through innumerable canals before we reached our hotel, and when we turned we were always confronted with bridges, and beautiful old doors with steps leading down to the water, and the narrow dimly-lit passages between the houses added to the picturesque loveliness of the scene."

The Pigeons.

"WHEN we were doing some scenes at St. Marks, and the pigeons fluttered around, the Venetians were so interested that they simply surged upon us. The child, "Nino," of the play, and the maid and myself, had to be extricated and hidden in a shop. But even when the crowd was addressed by our interpreter it would not go away! In the end the Venetians had to be roped back.

"At last Mr. Novello and two or three others went over to the other side of the square and started an imitation scene with a mock camera, to entice the crowd from us. But they were obliged to keep it up for three quarters of an hour."

To be a Successful Film Artist.

"YOU must have an extraordinarily quick brain," says Hilda Bayley. "You have to think of all the wonderful things you have to do, without rehearsal. You have to pick up the emotions of the situation, and reflect them. The producer knows what he wants. The artist must respond, and portray the subtleties and emotions the character requires.

Dress and Hilda Bayley.

"I BELIEVE in good lines," says she. "Dresses that are either picturesque, or very simple, so that they are not dated, and hats with a sweep, and a good decided line." Everyone who sees Hilda Bayley's Simonetta will acclaim her to be one of our very greatest artists.

Ivor Novello.

THE popular author, composer and film star, makes an ideal and romantic Count Andrea Scipione, Simonetta's lover. In one of the scenes, Ivor Novello had to sing a serenade to Simonetta outside her window, and this handsome lover promptly decided to compose a special melody for the occasion. When the scene was "shot" Novello, aided by his own accompaniment on the guitar, sang an exquisite serenade to the lady of his heart, and the whole studio suddenly stopped to listen to the enchanting music he had specially written.

Harley Knowles.

DIRECTOR-GENERAL of productions for the Alliance Film Corporation, Ltd., and producer of the super-film "Carnival" is an Englishman with ten years American experience. Stirred by patriotism for his country,



MATHESON LANG made up as Othello, reading the script of "Carnival" with his producer, HARLEY KNOWLES.



EILEEN DENNES.



MATHESON LANG.

he was released by the Famous Players and came home. "Many of the leading stars in motion production have come under my direction," he told me recently, "and I have produced stage plays for some of the foremost stars in America. 'Carnival' I hope to follow up with others, with wonderful scenery. The 'Carnival' set was the finest that has ever been put up in any studio." Certainly Harley Knowles is to be warmly congratulated on his great success. At the end of the trade show, Hilda Bayley and Matheson Lang received a tremendous ovation when they appeared in person on the stage, but the concluding scenes when the producer took his bow in response to repeated calls, is beyond description.

"The Last Rose of Summer."

OWEN NARES, now appearing in "The Last Rose of Summer," had an offer during the war from Griffiths to go to America for five years. "Perhaps I was foolish to refuse," said Mr. Nares.

Owen Nares has a passion for blue, either pale or dark, Oxford or Cambridge. His "Aura," so a psychic friend assures him, is pale blue, and I believe such a shade is supposed to possess all sorts of delightful qualities.

Eileen Dennes.

IT was whilst Eileen Dennes was dancing on the American stage that she found her way into filmland. One day Charles Frohman offered her a part in a film, and she confesses she found it quite the most difficult and terrifying she had ever played; however, at the end, the producer declared: "I see you are not new to film work, Miss Dennes. Thanks! Splendid!" And that's just how she arrived!

Later she joined the Hepworth Company, and she has already proved her versatility. Her first picture with Hepworth's was "Bessie Saxton," in Sheba, later "Audrey Leaman," the country girl in "The Forest on the Hill," and the "Prettiest Girl in London," in "Alf's Button." In "Once Aboard the Lugger," produced by Gerald Ames and Gaston Quiribet, under the personal supervision of Cecil M. Hepworth, she played the part of Mary Humfray; in this production E. Holman Clark played a star part.

Chrissie White and Powder Blue.

THE other morning I saw Chrissie White, in the highest spirits, going off to do exteriors.

I am sure her thousands of PICTURE SHOW admirers would have been more than ever enchanted by her beauty and sweet girlish charm if they had seen her in a coat of powder blue, trimmed with grey squirrel, and the dearest little powder blue toque, trimmed with grey fur on that beautiful golden hair of hers!

A Carnival at the Harma Studios.

THERE were gay doings at the Harma Studios not long ago. A scene of a big carnival was "shot," to use the technical term. Arthur Rooke, the well-known producer, had spared no pains in making his ballroom "set" as perfect as possible.

Marjorie Villis, radiant and beautiful in a wonderful gown and head-dress, was there as Cleopatra, and James Knight was a fascinating Anthony.

EDITH NEPEAN.

"TRUE TILDA."

(Continued from page 16.)

Mr. Mortimer, he did not know exactly how he could help.

Tilda supplied the solution to this problem.

"Keep the caravan for security for what Mr. Mortimer owes you, and let Mr. Mortimer have a canal boat so that he can give shows in the villages on the bank. If you think Mr. Mortimer will run away with the barge, send Sam Bossom with us."

"You oughter have been in bu-iness," remarked Mr. Hucks. "It's a bet."

Then passed many pleasant days.

Mrs. Mortimer, with the children, sunned herself on the top of the cabin of the barge while her husband drove the horse and contemplated life as represented by the greenery of Surrey, wondering how he was going to make that pair of stockings cast off by his wife fit him as tights in the garb of Romeo.

Mrs. Mortimer had no such doubts. She simply cooked in the day and played by night. If the people who saw her as Juliet or Ophelia happened to have seen Ellen Terry in the same parts, she was unlucky. The main point was, had they paid, and if so, how much?

Only those who are vagabonds at heart can appreciate the wonderful time Tilda and Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, and Sam Bossom had on this trip.

But the pursuer was fast approaching.

Dr. Gasson first caught up with the fugitives when they were alone on the barge.

Mr. Mortimer had gone for a contemplative cordial, and Mrs. Mortimer had hied her to the market for a bit of steak.

Once again Tilda solved the problem by pushing Dr. Gasson off the barge into the water, just as he had "s-s-s-z-z-ed" Arthur, as Mr. Mortimer would have expressed it, had he been in the cast of this real play.

The two children ran along the bank in search of Mr. Mortimer, and as they neared the town Tilda gave a whoop of delight.

"There's old Maggs' Circus. You'll be safe there. Old Maggs won't let Dr. Gasson touch you, not if he was the Archbishop of Canterbury."

When they got to the circus they saw a placard setting out that Sir Elphinstone Breward was giving his annual feast to his tenants, and that the circus was part of the entertainment. As they passed in they saw Sir Elphinstone talking to a lady.

Arthur tugged Tilda's arm.

"That gentleman is the chairman of the Orphanage," he whispered. "He comes every year when we are inspected, and the lady, Miss Sally, is his sister."

"Well, he won't be likely to twig you, and we've got to get in the circus. Just watch me, and say nothing."

"Please, lady, we want to go into the circus. I belong to it," said Tilda.

There was a smile on Miss Sally's beautiful face as she looked down at the little girl.

"Everybody is supposed to pay, you know," she said kindly. "You may belong to the circus, but how can I be sure you do?"

"Just watch me, miss," replied Tilda, as she turned a catherine wheel. "There! I couldn't do that if I wasn't an acrobat, could I?"

"Quite right," laughed Miss Sally. "Just wait a moment and I will pass you in."

She turned to Sir Elphinstone, who resumed his conversation with her.

Tilda, standing close to them, started as she heard the baronet say: "Has Miles Chandon come back to Holness?"

"Holness!" thought Tilda. "That is the name the woman in hospital was always repeating."

Ever since her first meeting with Arthur, Tilda had felt sure that he was not a poor boy. Could it be possible that he was related to this Miles Chandon of whom the baronet was speaking? She had half made up her mind to speak to Miss Sally when she remembered that if she told her tale she would have to confess that Arthur had escaped from the Orphanage, and if Sir Elphinstone was chairman he would send Arthur back. No, the safest thing to do was to get into the circus before Gasson came along.

Miss Sally passed them in presently, and Tilda and her chum received a warm welcome from the circus folk. To their delight, they learned that Mr. Mortimer had taken one of the booths, and after they had witnessed a performance they went to find him. Mr. Mortimer decided that it would be safer for them to hide in the circus till Gasson went away, a plan which delighted Arthur, who had never before seen a circus.

They saw nothing of Gasson till after the evening performance, when he came upon them suddenly as they were standing by Miss Sally.

Before Tilda could give a warning shout, Dr. Gasson had pounced on Arthur.

"This is a wicked boy who ran away from the Orphanage, Miss Breward," he said. "He has given me a long chase, but I have caught him at last."

Tilda caught Miss Sally by the arm.

"Don't let him take Arthur back, miss," she pleaded. "He's cruel to the boys. Arthur ran away because he was cruel."

Miss Sally hesitated. She had no liking for Dr. Gasson, and was one of the few members of the committee who was not bluffed by his hypocrisy. But she realised that he had the right to take the boy back.

"I am afraid your little friend will have to go

(Continued on page 20.)

A CHAT WITH BOBBY ANDREWS



BOBBY ANDREWS.

BOBBY ANDREWS is such a very likeable young man (I almost said "boy") that I am not at all surprised that the walls of his dressing-room are adorned by the portraits (charmingly inscribed) of some of the greatest ladies in Stageland. These Bobby exhibited to me with tremendous pride when I called upon him at the Gaiety Theatre the other afternoon, making appropriate comments as I paused before each one. First there was Mrs. Patrick Campbell, a beautiful study at which, I feel sure, Bobby is never tired of gazing.

"Isn't there something about love in it?" I asked, when I was trying to decipher the remarkable but somewhat illegible handwriting of the great actress.

"No," Bobby admitted: "I only wish there was! But wasn't it sweet of her to give it to me?"

Obviously, his admiration for "Mrs. Pat" is unbounded.

The Beautiful Gladys—and Others.

"HERE," continued my young host, "is José Collins. She's a darling! Yes, you may say that I called her a darling! And here is the beautiful Gladys!" (Certainly, Miss Cooper looked very lovely.) "And here—look! she's put, 'To dear Bobby'—is Fay Compton, a great friend of mine. And this"—here we paused before a portrait simply inscribed "Viola"—"is Viola Tree. She is one of my very greatest friends."

Miss Tree's portrait brought us to Mr. Andrews's dressing-table. Above this table, pinned to the wall (doubtless to its detriment), were rows and rows of telegrams, all from theatrical celebrities, and all wishing Bobby luck in "The Betrothal." But the one which I fancy, he treasures most runs thus:

"The Tye-Tyl of 1908 wishes the Tye-Tyl of 1921 the greatest of success and good luck.—OLIVE WALTER."

There were various other things of interest in Bobby's dressing-room, including a quaint, very fat doll, sent to him, he explained, by two little sweethearts of his.

"I have six little sweethearts altogether!"

But time being somewhat limited, I was reluctantly obliged to bring Mr. Andrews to earth and this interview.

Flannels in Winter.

HE has appeared in three films so far—"Colonel Newcome, the Perfect Gentleman," an Ideal picture; "The Sword of Damocles," with José Collins and H. V. Esmond; and "The Joan Danvers," with Malvina Longfellow.

"Most of the scenes were taken at the B. and C. studios at Walthamstow," said Mr. Andrews, referring to the last-named film: "but those dealing with the river were shot at Bray, down the Thames. I remember that it was icy weather at the time, and yet we were attired in flannels and had to simulate heat by puffing a great deal and fanning ourselves with our handkerchiefs.

"I also remember the sensation we caused in the streets of Bray, and how many of the scenes had to be shot three times on account of the traffic and the crowds that *would* gather."

"What were your impressions of Miss Longfellow?" I inquired.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I had very little to do with her," Mr. Andrews confessed. "I was just about to begin rehearsals in 'Columbine,' and on that account my part in the film had to be got over as quickly as possible. One thing about Miss Longfellow has always struck me, though, that she has a face of extraordinary interest."

If the Wire Had Snapped!

CONCERNING "The Sword of Damocles," another B. and C. film, Mr. Andrews had something rather amusing to say, though, as he pointed out, the incident in question might have had anything but amusing results.

"In several scenes a sword of enormous size was employed as a symbol of judgment and death. José Collins, as the heroine, was supposed to be dreaming continually of being hanged, at which times this terrible sword of judgment would appear to be hanging over her; and it *was* hanging over her, just above her head, suspended by a wire. Anything stronger, such as rope, could not, of course, be used; and, considering the weight and size of the sword, it is not surprising that poor José really did experience great anguish of spirit during those scenes, while the rest of the company—well, I know we used to look on with our hearts in our mouths, dreading that the wife might suddenly give way."

A Very Good Time.

ASKED whether he intended doing any more film work, Mr. Andrews said that he hoped to do so, and that in all probability he would appear later in the screen version of a very popular novel, though at present he was not at liberty to give me any details concerning it.

"I like the work," he said, "but if one is playing on the stage at the same time it is very trying having to get up early in the morning to go to the studio, and then rush back at night just in time for the performance. Film work is very tiring, you know; but, all the same," he added, with a little reminiscent smile, "you have a very good time while you are doing it. At least, when you are working in the country, where, perhaps, some beautiful residence has been lent for certain scenes. On such occasions the owners are usually most kind, and a very nice lunch is invariably provided by them."

"You don't appear to have encountered any difficulties in the work, Mr. Andrews?"

"No," replied Bobby, with his pleasant smile; "I can't say that I have. Naturally, there are little things which seem strange at first—acting in so small a space, for instance, after the freedom of the stage—but, on the whole, my experiences have been most happy. Yes, certainly I like film acting."

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

THE WEEK'S BEST JOKES

By permission of Messrs. Pathé Frères

MOTHER: "What do you think of the new nursemaid?"

FATHER: "Looks capable, dear, but she's terribly tall. Think what a distance poor Baby will have to fall when she drops him."—*La Semaine Amusante.*

* * *

The carriage was crowded, and the train was just emerging from a tunnel.

"D'you know, darling," he whispered, "if I'd realised that tunnel was so long, I'd have kissed you."

"Good heavens!" she gasped. "Didn't you?"—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

"You can't have your wife arrested for rocking you to sleep."

"Can't I? You should have seen the rock."—*New York World.*

* * *

THE DOCTOR: "You're coughing more easily this morning."

PATIENT: "M'Yes. I practised a lot last night."

* * *

It isn't manly to deceive your wife. And, besides, you can't.—*Douglas Despatch.*

(Continued on page 23.)

BEHIND THE SCENES
OF THE CINEMA WORLD

WHEN we see a finished film we little realise all that goes on behind the scenes, and it is very interesting to see some photographs of the different sets in construction, and to learn how various scenes are made and filmed.

Train Scenes.

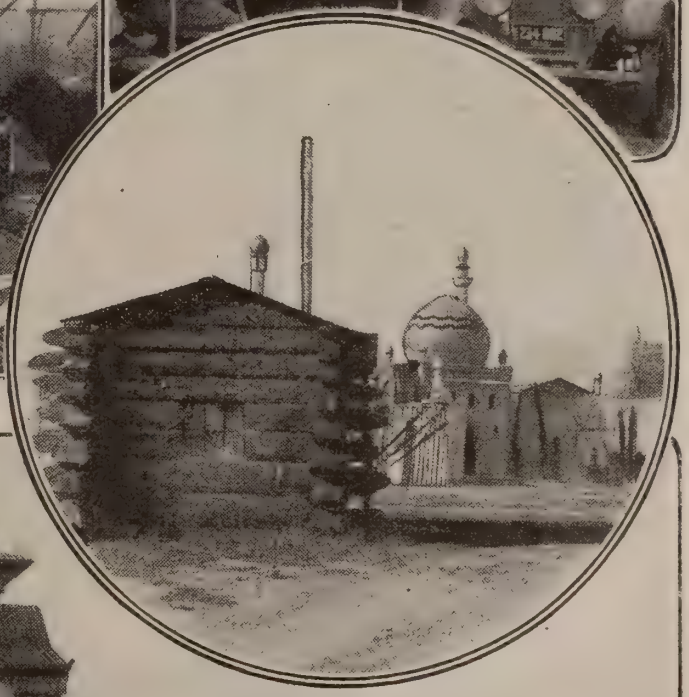
WHEN you have seen some of the train "thrillers" on the screen, and have perhaps had the impression that you yourself are riding in the train, you may have wondered how it is filmed. Some people would probably think that the camera-man was on a car, dashing alongside, or that he was in the train itself. He certainly is on the train, but in a perilous-looking position on a tiny platform attached to the side.







Part of the Ford studio in course of construction showing rocks and trees large enough for the taking of railroad scenes. Above you see TOM MOORE and NAOMI CHILDERS in a travelling coach of the 1883 type.





To visit a film studio almost gives one an impression of a trip round the world. For instance, this photograph was taken at the Goldwyn studio, showing a beautiful Chinese temple right next to a sea-going ship.

"TRUE TILDA." (Continued from page 18.)

back," she said gently. "But do not worry. I will see that he is not ill-treated."

She gave a meaning look at Dr. Gasson as she spoke, and that wily rascal at once assumed an expression of unctuous piety.

"It grieves me to hear that this boy has dared to suggest there is any cruelty at the Orphanage," he said. "It is base ingratitude, as I have been especially kind to him."

"You know my views on this matter," said Miss Sally coldly, "and I shall take a special interest in this boy's future."

Tilda burst into tears as Arthur was taken away, and she followed Miss Sally to the entrance of the booth.

"He shouldn't be at that Orphanage," she sobbed. "His mother is dead, and his real name is Arthur Miles Chandon."

"What is that you say?" cried Miss Sally excitedly. Then, seeing that a crowd had gathered around, she added: "You must come home with me and tell me all you know."

When Tilda had told Miss Sally her story, the lady at once sought her brother, to whom she repeated what she had heard.

"If this girl's story is true—and I believe every word of it—that boy is the long lost son of Sir Miles Chandon," she said. "You have often wondered why I never married Miles Chandon. I will tell you. When he was little more than a lad, while serving in the Navy, he made a bet with a brother officer one night when they had all taken more wine than was good for them, that he would marry the first girl he met when they went ashore the next day.

"As they stepped ashore they saw the pretty daughter of a coastguard, and Miles Chandon kept his word.

"He courted and married the girl and then, when his uncle died, and he came into the title, false pride made him write to the girl, saying that they would have to part. He did not know till later that a son had been born to him, and when he tried to find his wife and child, they had disappeared."

When Sir Elphinstone and his sister paid a surprise visit to the Orphanage the next morning they were just in time to save Arthur from a brutal flogging by Dr. Gasson, and that rascal was discharged on the spot.

Inquiries proved that Arthur was indeed the son of Sir Miles, and great was his father's joy when they were united.

Sir Miles gave handsome rewards to Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, Sam Bossom, and Mr. Hucks, and also adopted Tilda as a daughter.

It was some months afterwards when Miss Sally, now engaged to Sir Miles, strolled with him through Holness Park.

She pointed to a bench on which Arthur and Tilda were sitting.

"I think you will find that Tilda will become your daughter-in-law, Miles, if Arthur's love for her grows with the years," she said.

"There's plenty of time for that, Sally," laughed the baronet. "And, besides, she is a nobody's child."

"You forget, Miles," said Sally gently, "that had it not been for Tilda your son would have been a nobody's child."

"You're right, Sally, as you always are," said Sir Miles. "Tilda is well named 'True,' and if in years to come Arthur wants to marry Tilda I promise you I won't stand in their way."

(Adapted from incidents in the Jury photo-play, featuring Edna Flugrath as "True Tilda.")

CINEMA STORIES.

The following story of the Films of Sessue Hayakawa has been sent by Edith Gandell.

Films of Sessue Hayakawa.

"HASHIMURA TOGO" met "The Man Beneath." He is "The Dragonpainter," and knows the "Tong-Man." "The Honourable Friend" of "The Courageous Coward" answered "The Call of the East," and paid "The Debt" to a man who is well-nigh in "The Temple of Dusk." In trying to get "Honour Redeemed" he sold "The Soul of Nura San," and had to forget "His Birthright" to save "The Honour of His House." When he was caught in "The Typhoon" he found the "Hidden Pearls," near "The City of Dim Faces." He went as he thought "The Bravest Way" to save "Alien Souls," but was persuaded to give up this thought by "The Beggar Prince."

From "The Count" comes a story of the Films of Charlie Chaplin.

Films of Charlie Chaplin.

I WAS on my way to "Easy Street," when I saw "The Tramp" with "Champion Charlie." They seem to like "The Perfect Lady," but when they saw the "Police," they ran. I saw Charlie the other day, he says he's had a "Dog's Life," but he's got "The Cure," and is going out on "A Day's Pleasure." But I am afraid his day is done now, as I caught sight of him at "The Pawn Shop," but I've seen him to-day, and he tells me he has a job which is "Doughnut Designing." Anyhow, he takes the "Sunnyside" of life, although he is "The Kid" of the town.

Good Luck to him!

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Blouses Specially Chosen : by Norma Talmadge. :

I LOVE pretty blouses! Perhaps you will wonder at this statement from one who seldom wears them upon the screen. I think it is because I so seldom wear this type of garment in films that I appreciate them so much. You see, although I do not believe in dressing to appear taller upon the screen—to do so only spoils a picture—I always choose frocks, because they give a much more attractive line in a photograph. That is, when the picture is full length, anyway. And, as you know, a film play is not like an ordinary photograph. The latter will perhaps only show head and shoulders, or three-quarter length, whereas a film shows the entire person, and when it is divided in the centre it is apt to look ungainly and even grotesque. This is particularly the case where a light-coloured blouse is worn with a dark skirt.

It is perhaps because I prefer not to wear blouses for my work, that I appreciate them so much for private wear. Although such small garments they have a charm all their own, and it has delighted me to select my favourite styles for you.

Georgette and Lace.

ALTHOUGH the ordinary shirt blouse is more useful and serviceable. I prefer to talk about dressy blouses first. They are so absolutely adorable just now. I am glad that the vogue for lace upon blouses is again becoming popular. It is a pity that it is not always so, for there is nothing daintier and more feminine than a touch of real good lace upon a dressy blouse. Especially is this so when the foundation is of the finest georgette. And although this fabric is particularly filmy and transparent, it is none the less good wearing, which I know is an essential where garments for the girl with a small dress allowance are concerned. But I've found that it stands frequent washing, and even takes a dye remarkably well when the original colour has faded. True it is that with some of the georgettes one is apt to get a shock when they first enter the water, and the blouse shrinks up to the size to fit a new baby! But one touch of the hot iron immediately remedies matters, and brings it back to its original size.

Maybe it is because I am dark that I show preference for pale lemon georgette for blouses. There is something so remarkably refreshing about this colour, which lends itself so well to the trimming of a piece of soft cream shadow lace. There are many hues of yellow, that even the fair girl will have little difficulty in finding a shade of this colour to suit her.

A Household Word.

OF course, I must not forget to give a word about the blouse of crêpe de Chine, although this is such a household word that there is hardly any need for it even to be mentioned. It is truly one of the most admirable fabrics ever woven for blouses, on account of its serviceableness as well as its beauty. I like it best when it is made up into a simple blouse, with shoulder yoke and pleats at either side, the neck being finished with a long roll collar that terminates in points.

When, however, it is chosen for afternoon wear, then I think nothing can beat hand embroidery as a decoration, especially when it takes the form of *broderie anglais*. While a soft, satin ribbon of either black or any pastel shade, slipped under the collar and tied over in the front gives a charming finish.

You will see that I have selected a blouse of this description for you upon this page. In this instance the collar and cuffs are edged with fine silken lace, a small design in *broderie anglais* being applied to either corner of the pointed collar.

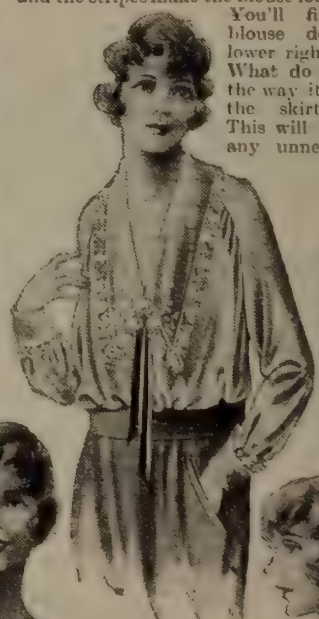
A Braided Jumper.

JUMPERS are fast usurping the place of the usual blouse style. Where these garments are concerned I am inclined to favour soft washing satin. The substance of this fabric lends itself so appealingly to the application of bold silken embroidery or braiding. Every girl should aim for novelty when selecting a jumper. They have become so general that it is quite possible to meet your double, unless you show a little originality.

What do you think of my jumper design on this page, then? It would look charming in grey soft satin, with the lower part and the sleeve edges trimmed with narrow silken soutache braid in self colour, and any shade that attracts you, as far as that goes. It is fitted with a rounded neck, and has a row of small bobbly buttons upon either shoulder. The slim girl should bear this idea in mind, because it adds width to the wearer. Note the arrangement of the braiding in the front, and the manner in which the side straps draw in the fulness, and tie over at either side. It would make a really serviceable garment if carried out in navy blue satin, trimmed with brilliant colourings, and could be quickly slipped over a navy gabardine skirt if any hasty invitation came your way.

The "Song of the Shirt."

LAST, but not least, I must sing the "song of the shirt." Personally I always think of shirt blouses as made of striped fabric, although they look smart in plain colours. Still, there is nothing to beat the shirt of striped spun silk. There's any amount of scope for the choice of individual taste where colouring is concerned, and the stripes make the blouse look businesslike.



You'll find my shirt blouse design in the lower right hand corner. What do you think of the way it fastens below the skirt waistband? This will do away with any unnecessary bunging at the normal waistline.

You can obtain patterns of any of the blouses on this page in 22, 24, 26, and 28 inch waist sizes, for 1s. each, from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.



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No. 29,612.

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A PLEA FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED HERO.

NOT more than a few years ago there came the whisperings of what was termed the "revolt of Youth." The claims of Age that it could alone govern the world were to be seriously challenged. Youth demanded the right to prove its abilities, and so, flushed with the wine of its enthusiasm and confident of its power, it threw down the gauntlet. In reality, the revolt was nothing new, for this contest between Youth and Age is as old as man. Yet it must be admitted that the modern youth has creditably upheld his claim to progressiveness, and during the war he certainly proved his worth in high places.

But even before these latter-day signs we had been accustomed to see Youth glorified in entertainment, but only because that was considered to be the proper thing. Age was there to be amused; Youth to perform most, at any rate, of the entertaining. Yet now it would appear that the younger man has had too much of the limelight, for, according to a Manchester reader giving the nom-de-plume of "English," there is a feeling that Age should be given more opportunity to assert itself. My correspondent confesses that she has grown a little weary of always beholding the "young and handsome hero" strutting across the screen. She makes no secret of the fact that she herself is on the shadier side of forty, and, in common with others, would welcome more heroes of the older type like W. S. Hart, William Farnum, and Tom Mix. Let her, however, speak for herself:

"Undoubtedly there are millions of young people who, quite naturally, want always to see the young, handsome hero of the Wallace Reid and Charles Ray type. Still, people of all ages frequent picture theatres, and I think the taste of the older ones might be considered also. I thoroughly enjoyed a film I saw the other week—'The Husband Hunter,' a Samuelson picture—the hero being a middle-aged man, played by C. M. Hallard. At the close, I was surprised when a stranger next to me—a young girl not more than twenty—remarked, 'What a splendid film! I have quite enjoyed it.' So even the young people may relish a change occasionally."

Perhaps by quoting the above I am setting fire to a controversial subject. If so, may the flames at least reveal some interesting opinions.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

"RANEF" (Cardiff).—William Scott is an American. He and Gladys Brockwell were featured in "Thieves." Louise Lovely was opposite William Farnum in "Wolves of the Night."

"PAULINE'S FAN" (Birmingham).—Glad you were so lucky. Willard Mack was formerly married to Pauline Frederick.

L.S. (Bowes Park).—It's really surprising how many people one comes across who claim to have known such and such a film star in his or her younger days. Perhaps there is a Charles Bray in this world, but your informant certainly never went to school anywhere in the United Kingdom with Charles Ray, who is a different person. This notable Charles was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, U.S.A., and has not visited these shores as yet.

"NULLI SECUNDUS" (Hampton).—Alas, fair one, that you should fall so passionately in love with Richard Barthelmess. Now if it was the young man who looks so like him there might be a chance. One never knows. Anyway, here's all about Richard the original. He does not give his birthday, but his age this year will be twenty-six. He spent five years on the stage, was formerly Marguerite Clark's leading man, and has also played opposite Lillian Gish, and others, Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid in "The Devil Stone." You think I have a clear-cut profile, keen grey eyes, and dark hair brushed back with Anzora or something. Well, I am flattered, though I really shouldn't know myself in that disguise.

E.W. (Merton).—"The Lone Star Ranger" (taken from Zane Grey's novel of that name), and "The Last of the Duanes" are two different pictures. But in both William Farnum and Louise Lovely were the leads.

M.C. (Bristol).—No recent information about Helen Badgley.

"JOSH" (Hereford).—The exact locations where scenes are taken are not always disclosed. The British films you mention were certainly excellent.

"PEGGY" (Ruddington).—I expect the lovely boy you refer to in "Blue Jeans" was Robert Walker. Yes, Jane Novak was opposite Hobart Bosworth in "Behind the Door." Some list of favourites.

"IRISH PEARL" (Dublin).—Theda Bara was the star in "The Two Orphans." Pearl White's two five-reelers since she completed "The Black Secret," are "The Tiger Cub," and "The White Moll." Dorothy Gish was born in 1898, and her sister, Lillian, two years before. Who are my favourite artistes? Why, the whole bunch of them! I could never be satisfied with only a few.

A.E.D. (Oxford).—Very likely Terence Cavanagh is the one you refer to. He was born in Oxford, was educated there, and held a commission during the war.

"ROSE" (Earlestown).—The male lead in "Round the World for a Wager" was played by George B. Seitz, but he was not in "Barabbas."

"DIMP" (Birmingham).—Awfully pleased to hear you have dimples, though I grieve to think I cannot see them. Yes, Wallace McCutcheon can be seen in "The Black Secret" as Frederick Vaux. One of the large booksellers may be able to get you Pearl White's story of her life in book form from America.

"CLEMENTINE" (Gand).—You can get a copy of the "Girls' Cinema" for 3d. post free from the publisher, 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4. Norma Talmadge is the wife of Joseph Schenck.

"GOSPORTITE" (Salisbury).—Yes, Harold Lloyd is American right enough, and his home town is Nebraska. Besides "Tih-Minh," Rene Creste has appeared in "The Broken Bond," "Judex," "Further Exploits of Judex," "Beyond the Pale," "The Man in the Mask," and "The Usurer."

"PET RABBIT" (Hetton Downs).—Whose, I wonder? Sorry I do not remember your previous letter, but I am glad you say now all is forgiven. That makes me feel immensely relieved. Are you thinking of "In the Gloaming"? No, I cannot agree with you about Charlie, for there are two sides to every story. This is what I can tell you about Ruth Clifford. She was born on July 17, 1900, and likes literature and painting for hobbies. She has a sister seventeen months older than herself. Two of Ruth's films are "The Savage" and "The Highest Card."

L. M. (Saltcoats).—Yes, it was Ann Little in "Lightning Bruce," so you can tell your chum gently that you are right.

"KEM" (Yate).—Sorry, and all that, but questions concerning the religious faith of artistes are strictly barred. Besides, I don't keep such information. Alan Forest was born in 1890 in Brooklyn, New York, and has appeared in "The Walk-Offs." No Gladys Cooper's husband is a non-professional.

"KIKI" (Hitchin).—I cannot tell you how many cars Henry Edwards and Stewart Rome possess. I know I have several (some of them fine double-decked affairs), and I generously allow quite a crowd of people to ride home with me of an evening. Henry Edwards is a Hepworth player and Stewart Rome is with Broadwest. Both are single.

H. P. S. (Barry).—Thomas Meighan is an American and was born in Pittsburg.

L. F. (Winchester).—What a shower of compliments. I had to hide my cheek for fear someone might accuse me of blushing. You want more about Marjorie Daw and Charles Hutchison. As regards the former, she was born in 1903 in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and her real name is Margaret House. Has light brown hair and hazel eyes. Charles Hutchison was born in Pittsburg, Pa., and has dark hair and eyes. He is married.

G. B. R. C. (Kensington).—"The Tree of Knowledge" was released last January.

L. A. S. (Glyneath).—Douglas Fairbanks was first married to Beth Sully, who is now Mrs. James Evans. Some of Doug's recent films are: "Down to Earth," "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo," and "When the Clouds Roll By."

"GLADYS" (Clapham Park).—I seem to remember you. Madge Stuart was opposite James Knight in "Nature's Gentleman." Winkle is Harold Lloyd.

"TEDDY-BEAR" (Oswestry).—Glad you know how to take me, and that you never miss the "P.S.," your Monday morning tonic. Gladden James was Roy Martin in "Thou Shalt Not." Yes, he was in "The Mystery of the Double Cross." Alma Taylor is single. Henry Edwards spent fifteen years behind the footlights.

"BETTY" (Chester).—You consider Ashton Dearholt is dreadfully good-looking. I'll agree with you just to show I am not jealous. Yes, he is married, and Helene Rosson is the lady's name. I am glad to hear he sent you a real beauty of a photograph. May the others you are expecting be just as nice.

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

MARY PICKFORD, Mary Pickford Studios, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

JACK HOBBS, care of British Actors' Film Co., Melbourne Rd., Bushey, Herts.

JUANITA HANSEN, care of Pathe Exchange, 35*, West 45th St., New York City, U.S.A.

WALLACE REID, care of Lasky Studios, Vine St., Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

* New number indicates change of address.

(More addresses next week.)

Correct Solutions of Our "Cinema Stars" Puzzle Competition.

1. Alla Nazimova, the star of a thousand moods, fought her way from the foot of the ladder to the dizzy heights of international stardom by sheer, hard work. She was born in Russia, and at the age of twelve made her debut on the concert platform. Next she took up dramatic acting, and eventually deserted the stage for the screen, where her success was instantaneous.

2. Charles Ray is inimitable in the particular parts that he portrays. In fact, he is often called the "Home Town" boy. He was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in the year 1891. After playing on the stage for seven years, he deserted it for the screen. His height is six feet, and he has brown eyes and brown hair.

3. Geraldine Farrar, the wonderful emotional actress, is also a splendid operatic singer. She was born in Melrose, Mass., in the year 1882, and made her operatic debut in Paris. She is a beautiful woman, and acts for Goldwyn films. Her acting as Joan in "Joan, the Woman," was wonderful.

4. Mabel Normand, the merry madcap of the screen, commenced her career as a chorus girl in musical comedy. Her beauty and vivacity stood her in good stead, and she was soon enticed into the film world, where her performance never fails to bring laughter to all who witness it.

5. Bert Lytell, the popular screen actor, was born in New York, in the year 1888. Although he comes of a stage family, he started his theatrical career as an assistant property man. Later he became an actor, and finally starred on the screen.

6. Alma Taylor is one of the loveliest of British artistes. She entered filmland as a child via a Christmas party that was given in the Hepworth studios. She was born in London, in 1895, and has light brown hair and blue eyes.

(*The names of the prize-winners will be found on page* 3.)



A New Silk JUMPER In Knitting and Crochet

ANYONE can make up this new jumper, which is quite the latest and prettiest model for knitting in silk or artificial silk with delightful crochet edgings. Full instructions are given in Thursday's

BOW BELLS 2°

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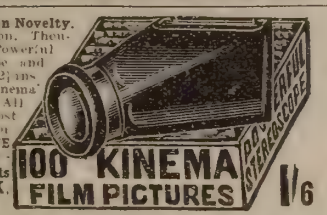
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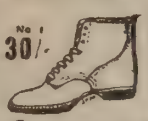
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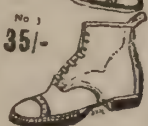
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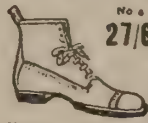


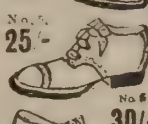
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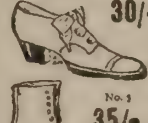


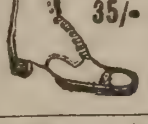


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MASTERS, LTD.,
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Keep Your Boys at Home!



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16/- RILEY 'Home' DOWN Billiard Table

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Let your boys find their amusement at home; they will have no desire to "wander" if they can enjoy so estimable a recreation as "Riley" Billiards at home.

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WHEN communicating with Advertisers, please mention the Picture Show.

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS.

(Continued from page 18.)

"Return me to Parliament," bleated the candidate, "and I'll make my voice heard from Land's End to John o' Groats."

Plaintive voice from the back: "Speak up, guv'nor, we can't 'ear yer." *Toronto Evening Telegram.*

* * *

"Women bear pain more heroically than men."

"I suppose a doctor told you that?"

"No, a shoemaker." *L'Asino, Turin.*

* * *

ARTIST: "Do you want your portrait done in oils?"

MR. MONEYBAGS (spluttering): "Oils? What d'yer take me for—a sardine?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

IRENE: "What a lovely fresh complexion Miss Peachblossom has."

"Yes, fresh every morning."—*Cape Argus.*

* * *

"Mr. Grouch went to the fancy dress dance disguised as a bear."

"Did anyone recognise him?"

"Only his wife."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

* * *

ANGRY MISTRESS: "What! Do you call yourself a lady's maid?"

MAID (sweetly): "Not at present, madam."—*New York American.*

* * *

ARTIST: "This is my best picture, old man. I'll let you have it for half the catalogue price."

FRIEND: "Right! What does the catalogue cost?"—*Le Rire.*

* * *

"Your fish won't be long now, sir."

"Tell me," said the patient diner, "what—er—bait are you using?"—*Tit Bits.*

* * *

SHE: "Women are more forgiving than men."

HE: "Well, I admit they make up oftener."—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

"And how much are you paying your new maid?"

"I don't know. We haven't dared to ask her yet."—*L'Echo de Paris.*

* * *

FORTUNE TELLER: "I see riches. I see a happy future, a grand marriage——"

CLIENT: "You don't happen to see a flat without a premium, do you?"—*La Vie Parisienne.*

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"He gave everyone to understand that he was the Big Gun at his office."

"Perhaps that's why he got fired!"—*Toronto Globe.*

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THE SQUIRE: "You say you're delicate, and can't do heavy work. What can you do?"

WEARY WILLIAM: "Well, what's the matter with smokin' cigars in the greenhouse to keep hout the hinsects?"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

* * *

"But do you really refund the price of these stockings if they fail to prove hole-proof?"

"Madam, we do it every day."—*L'Asino, Turin.*

BEAUTIFUL WAVY CURLS

enhance your personal appearance and are always much admired



WAVINE

will turn the straightest and most obstinate hair into NATURAL GLOSSY CURLS.

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Try also the very latest in sweetmeats——————Mackintosh's Egg and Cream-de-Luxe.

Also Chocolate Toffee-de-Luxe, a blending of the finest of Chocolate with the best of Toffees.

P.1 ✓

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PICTURE SHOW, April 2nd, 1921. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

"WHO WILL SPEAK FIRST?"—Beautiful Art Picture, 16 x 10, IN THIS ISSUE.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. APRIL 2, 1921.

No. 101. Vol. 4.

CHARLIE'S CHEERFUL CHUM——

Little Jackie Coogan, "The Kid."



CHARLIE CHAPLIN with JACKIE COOGAN, of whom Charlie expects great things. Jackie appears opposite Charlie in the much-talked of coming photo-play, "The Kid," which is having a great success in America, but has not yet come over here.



WELCOMING CHARLIE HOME.

Above are some scenes from "The Kid," which is the story of the adventures of Charlie and the Kid, whom he finds as a baby abandoned in a dustbin, and after many unsuccessful and ludicrous attempts to dispose of it adopts it. Later we see the Kid as a very imp of mischief. The adventures of the small boy and his guardian trying to obtain their daily bread, make the film a long laugh from beginning to end.

(More Pictures Inside.)

IT'S ALWAYS "HALVES PARTNER."

"THE AMATEUR WIFE." Splendid, long, complete story, featuring Irene Castle in this week's "GIRLS' CINEMA."

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DAISY will cure the most persistent headache you ever had—quickly because Daisy is a *real* scientific specific *for* headaches.

For value, too, Daisy is exceptional! 500 °/o better value for an extra ½d. FIVE TIMES as much is paid for the exclusive, costly ingredients used in Daisy as for those used in "cheap" headache cures.

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Doctors approve Daisy

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And then to complete your toilet use the fascinating *silk-sifted* Icilma Bouquet Face Powder. Soft as velvet. The *Naturelle* tint suits most complexions, is practically invisible, and *entirely supersedes and replaces* white or rosé powder. Try them both to-day.

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Icilma Cream

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—after using Icilma Cream complete your toilet with Icilma Bouquet Face Powder.

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The Children's Newspaper

Every Friday 2D

SHOW YOUR FRIENDS

The "Picture Show."

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

Carnival Filmed.

IN this copy of the PICTURE SHOW is the story of "Carnival," just released as a screen play, after a record success on the stage. The story of Carnival is full of tense human interest—the tragedy of a young wife who craves for love, and into whose life comes the other man. Don't miss this story, or the beautiful Art Supplement containing pictures from the film of Matheson Lang, Hilda Bayley, and Ivor Novello (who play the chief parts in this story), which will appear in the PICTURE SHOW next week.

Competitions in the "Picture Show."

OUR recent "Goggles" Competition is now being judged, and the result is promised shortly. The task of finding the prize-winners for our competitions is a long one on account of PICTURE SHOW competitions being very popular. I have also been asked to tell you that another is in the course of preparation which you will find equally fascinating. Look out for it!

Special Notice.

IF you like long complete stories don't miss the one in the "Girls' Cinema," out to-morrow. It is the story of the photo-play, "The Amateur Wife," in which Irene Castle plays the leading part. Another exclusive feature in this fine picture paper is an article by Constance Talmadge on "Getting and Keeping Love." Constance has some really illuminating things to say on this important feminine topic.

A June Bride.

I HEAR that the wedding day of Natalie Talmadge is expected to be in June. Buster Keaton says that they have been acquainted for many years, though, unlike most movie folk, they did not owe their introduction to the screen.

Buster proposed to Natalie by wire, as they have not seen each other for two years. At present Buster is laid up as a result of torn ligaments. He is utilising his idle time in sending love missives, by wire, to Natalie, who is in Florida with her sister Constance.

Must Have Thought It Bad.

WILL ROGERS has less vanity than any other actor of stage or screen. His success has not spoiled him. He is just plain Will Rogers. He wears cowboy clothes, never wears a "hard" collar, and spends most of his leisure time around the studio with his cowboy pals.

His comment on his own work is never boasting, but always deprecatory. A New York theatrical manager recently wired him an offer to return to the stage. Rogers sent back the following laconic telegram:—"You must have seen my last picture."

"The Cheshire Cheese" Screened

WAITERS at the world famous "Cheshire Cheese" were taken to the Astra studios the other day to take part in a scene for a coming film.

The replica of "The Cheshire Cheese" has been built in the studio, and I hear Mine Host of that ancient hostelry supervised the details of the settings.

The scene I saw taken showed the modern journalist dreaming of his famous predecessors, and we are to see Dr. Johnson and his confreres in this film.

Helen Better.

HELEN CHADWICK has been dangerously ill with pneumonia, but I am happy to tell you that she is on the road to recovery, and unless there is a relapse, she will soon return to work at the studio.

Miss Chadwick is appearing opposite Tom Moore in "Made In Heaven," the film in which Rene Adoree, the pretty French actress Tom Moore married on St. Valentine's day, is also playing.

A Police Film.

UNDER the title of "For the King, the Law, and the People," an official six-reel film record of the activities of the Metropolitan Police Force has been produced by the authority of the State and the Commissioner of the Metropolican Police.

The film, which is intended for universal exhibition, is full of intensely illuminating and interesting facts about the police training, and this is the first time Scotland Yard has ever allowed its methods to be photographed.

London Scottish in Film Play.

THE other day I met a detachment of the London Scottish on the march, and noticed that they were being filmed. Later, I learned that these pictures are to be included in a Westminster film version of the novel, "The Fortune of Christina MacNab."

I hear the officer in command appreciated the recruiting value of the picture, and personally interested himself in the taking, giving directions in order that the producer might get the effect he wanted.

Bill's Escape.

FOR twenty minutes the other day a lion, supposed to answer to the name of "Bill," terrorised the Hampton film studio, and agonised its owner, who was full of fear that his pet might escape.

The lion, who was playing in the film version of Zane Grey's novel, "The Men of the Forest," behaved admirably until it was time for him to return to his cage for the night. "Bill" was shown as the pet of the hero, who was given the task of nonchalantly patting and stroking the animal in certain scenes. In others, the lion was seen slinking through the forest after his master, like a dog that has been told to stay at home. He showed his dislike of a certain friend of his master's by growling and spitting at him, and in the end had to make a spring on one of the villains.

Captured by the Fire Hose.

ALL this "Bill" did, and did so well that the directors praised him highly. Perhaps it was this that made him turn temperamental. At any rate, when it came to returning to the cage for the night, he rebelled. The trainer tried to use force, and the animal broke away, making for a group of ladies who were watching, and who obligingly scattered out of his path.

A big trained dog, which acts in the same picture aided the men to chase his lionship up a tree, where he refused to answer to "Bill," or any other of the names that were hurled at him. A number of cowboy lariat experts tried to lasso him, without success, when the studio volunteer fire department got into action. Two big fire hose were turned upon the unfortunate "Bill," who tumbled and partly scrambled to the ground, was lassoed, and returned in a subdued state to his cage.

All About Arthur Cullin.

ARTHUR CULLIN, whose photograph appears on this page, has had a long stage experience, his latest being in "East is West," and there have been few producing companies with which at some time or another he has not had a part as either a clergyman, banker, lawyer, doctor, father, or a priest. Now we are to see him as an Earl in the Famous Players-Lasky British Production of "The Mystery Road."



ARTHUR CULLIN playing the part of the Earl of Farringdon in "The Mystery Road."



LEWIS GILBERT as Jean Sarget in the Paul Powell production, "The Mystery Road."

An Awkward Predicament.

THE part of the father in this film is taken by Lewis Gilbert (also pictured on this page). Born in Paris, Mr. Gilbert has been for many years a noted actor. He had a big part in "The Land of Mystery," and tells of two exciting experiences when playing scenes for this film. The first was when the company were on their way to Kovno, via Berlin, when they were caught in a "Revolution." He took some photographs of the fighting and was arrested with the unpleasant prospect of cold lead before breakfast. However, he managed to bluff the Hun. "I am not certain that I did not threaten that England would immediately declare war again if anything happened to me!" he said. "During the six hours they held me, they developed my films, and actually showed them to me, and then—burned them! After a lot of palaver, and a strong demand to see Lord Kilmarnock, I was escorted back to our hotel, and told that if I was seen in the street again that I would be shot at sight. I stayed in!"

Even Worse.

HIS second adventure was even more exciting, and was in Kovno. The producer wanted to take a picture of a wild Bolshevist hauling down the Russian flag, and hoisting the red flag in its place. As no one in the company seemed keen on what appeared to be a somewhat risky job, Lewis Gilbert volunteered. All went well till Mr. Gilbert came to the part where he had to fire a revolver in the air. What happened subsequently is best told in Gilbert's own words: "All went well until I heard some peculiar "Ping, Ping" all round me, then our producer shouted for me to come down quickly. I suddenly realised that the "Ping, pinging" was bullets hitting the roof! That roof was at an awkward angle, and I am no acrobat, but I got off that roof in record time. It appears that the troops had orders to take the most drastic measures to put down any attempt at revolution, and as they had not been warned that we were working on this "location," they naturally thought that the Bolsheviks had captured the place, and let fly. I had two bullet holes in my coat!



EVA NOVAK and EILEEN SEDGWICK. Have you noticed how alike are these two film favourites?

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (*Continued from page 3.*)

Tod Sloan—Screen Star.

THERE is not a turf man or a racing enthusiast who does not remember Tod Sloan, the most famous of living jockeys. Tod has been out of the saddle for several years.

He has recently made his début on the films, playing the part of a jockey in a film version of the well-known novel, "The Killer." There is some strenuous riding in this film, and the first few days Mr. Sloan showed all his old form and speed wizardry, but at the end of the day the director observed him walking rather stiffly.

Sloan grinned ruefully.

"You have to ride a lot to keep in shape. I eat standing up to-night!"

—♦♦—

Diamond of Ill Fate.

MAY YOHE, the one-time queen of musical comedy, who has sprung into notice again as author of the coming big new serial film, "The Romance of the Hope Diamond," will actually be seen upon the screen in this picture. May Yohe has a little chicken farm on the outskirts of the great film city, Los Angeles, and within easy distance of the studio where the "Hope Diamond" has been produced. She has thus been able to watch the progress of the film, and to keep the producers fully supplied with information which she has been busily collecting for the last ten years. In private life she is Mrs. John Smuts, having married a nephew of the famous South African general.

—♦♦—

A Fascinating Story.

"THE Romance of the Hope Diamond," the latest thing in film serials, gives some interesting glimpses into the history of this famous stone. Perhaps the most fascinating is the theft of the jewel from the breast of the goddess Sita, where it was reputed to have rested for over two thousand years. The image stood in the temple of Rama, Sita, near the town of Pagan in Burmah, and the diamond was removed by Jean Baptiste Tavernier, a famous French traveller, and adventurer, in the year 1642. The anger of the Hindoos, and of the goddess herself, was said to have been kindled against the sacrilegious Frenchman, who narrowly escaped with his life. In the film Tavernier will be impersonated by George Chesebro, a young screen actor, who won warm approval by his skill and daring in that other exciting serial, "The Lost City."

—♦♦—

Twice Built Ship.

THE making of the big Italian film, "The Ship," which is to be shown in this country during the next few weeks, has been as exciting in its way as the life of its famous author, Gabriel D'Annunzio. Work was commenced on the picture nearly two years ago in the islands of the Venetian Gulf, which are as weird and barren to-day as in the distant period when the founders of Venice built the ship which gives the title to the film.

For some six months an army of workmen laboured to build a full-sized reproduction of this vessel. One night, when it was all but finished, a storm arose and the mighty waves of the Adriatic swept the huge vessel from the stocks, and wrecked it upon the mainland, some twenty miles distant. With the dauntless spirit of his father, the poet's son, who was directing this production, promptly set to work upon a second model. Again the weather interrupted his plans, but despite minor mishaps, this time the task was carried through successfully, the launching of the picturesque craft forming one of the most important episodes of the film.

—♦♦—

A Modernised "East Lynne."

"EAST LYNNE" is once again to be seen on the screen, the cast to be headed by Mabel Ballin and Edward Earl.



MABEL JULIENNE SCOTT is enjoying a real laugh, but Charles Clary doesn't seem to have seen the joke in the coming photo-play "Noblesse Oblige."

Of this famous story, by Mrs. Henry Wood, it has been said that it has been read and played in every city and town in the United States, and in Great Britain.

The film version now being made is said to be a modernised version.

—♦♦—

He Got the Worst of It.

ALTHOUGH many persons get pictures on the brain, this does not often happen to screen artistes, yet picture-making got on William Russell's nerves to the extent of interfering with his sleep.

Whilst making scenes for "The Iron Rider," he received a souvenir in the shape of a badly damaged hand, and the strangest part is he did not get it in a fight with a villain. It happened in the middle of the night whilst he was asleep.

The only reason he can give is that during the day he had had several fights, and must have gone to bed thinking about the film. After a while the villain, attired in the long black robe of the Iron Rider, came into his dreams. There was no acting then, as he knew the villain was out to kill him. They had a scrap, and Bill can just remember knocking the other man unconscious with a good hit on the jaw. Just then the pain in his hand wakened him, and when he turned on the light he discovered he had landed a knock-out punch on the side of the wall opposite his bed!

Fay Filmer.



Another shapshot of film players enjoying a joke. This is JOE RYAN, the "bad man" of "The Purple Riders," and his leading lady, ELINOR FIELD.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

Lillian Gish to Play Marguerite.

IT took the failure of the William Sherrill Motion Picture Company for Lillian Gish to realise just how popular she is, and how many producers are holding out tempting starring engagements on silver platters. There isn't a company in the business that hasn't made some sort of an offer for Miss Gish's services. Lillian isn't the sort of girl who boasts about any of these things, and if I hadn't coaxed her to tell me why she didn't announce her plans, I might never have learned the true state of affairs.

All the time Lillian was shaking her pretty blonde head and saying no she was negotiating with David W. Griffith to play Marguerite in "Faust." I don't believe there was much negotiating, for Lillian has told me, time and time again, she would rather play for David Griffith for less than for any other producer for six times the amount he could pay her. At the time she signed the contract with Mr. Sherrill she did it with many misgivings, preferring to remain in the Griffith fold; but it was David himself who persuaded her to accept the fabulous amount offered her by the Sherrill organisation.

Mr. Griffith will take Goethe's dramatic poem and Gounod's operatic version, and combine them to get an effective screen story of "Faust."

—♦♦—

Mrs. Herbert Rawlinson on the Stage.

"THAT is Roberta Arnold's husband," said a woman, pointing to Herbert Rawlinson.

The screen star, who is so accustomed to having folk single him out as "Herb Rawlinson, surely you know him," nearly dropped dead of shock the first time he was thus identified.

"Do you mind?" I asked him.

"At first it was a surprise, now I am used to it," he answered.

"It is the penalty of having a famous wife," I told him.

"You know," said Herbert Rawlinson, "I don't care a bit so long as they don't call me Mr. Roberta Arnold."

—♦♦—

Viola Dana Seeing New York.

VIOLA DANA, who came to New York for the frank and open purpose of having a good time, seems to be getting what she wants. She has made a round of the theatres, and if there is anything she has missed, it is because she crossed it off her list as not being what she wanted to see. Viola would rather dance than eat, and she has dragged all her friends to the cafés every night, after the theatre, to dance with her. She looks very pretty, and little—a small girl in the gorgeous frocks she wears. There is a different one every night, to say nothing of furs worth a king's ransom.

—♦♦—

Charlie and "The Kid."

LITTLE JACKIE COOGAN, who has taken everyone by storm with his irresistible childish appeal, is on the road to recovery in a Los Angeles hospital following an accident. Charlie Chaplin who loves this youngster so much he willingly shares honours with him in "The Kid," sent daily wires asking to be kept informed of Jackie's condition. A friend of mine who happened to be in the Chaplin studios while "The Kid" was being filmed, tells a funny story on Charlie and Jackie.

"Here, Jackie, walk up to the stove and turn the flapjacks in this manner," prompted Director Chaplin.

"See here, Charlie," said the wee boss of the studio, "let me do it my way, and then, if you do not like it, we will do your way."

Jackie directed himself so well, the crank was turned on the camera and the scene made according to the small boy's idea.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

THIS WEEK'S PICTURE SHOWS

"Black is White" .. .. *Paramount-Artcraft.*
DOROTHY DALTON.
"The Heart of a Child" .. .. *Jury's.*
NAZIMOVA.
"The Haunted House" .. *Western Import.*
WINIFRED ALLEN.
"A Norway Lass" .. *Western Import.*
LARS HANSON.
"Carnival" .. .. .. *Alliance.*
MATHESON LANG. HILDA BAYLEY.
"Young Mrs. Winthrop" *Paramount-Artcraft.*
ETHEL CLAYTON.
"Won by a Head" .. .. *British Exhibitors.*
REX DAVIS.
"The Manchester Man" .. .. .. *Idcal.*
AN ALL-STAR CAST.
"A Lot About a Lottery" .. .. *Ideal.*
LUPINO LANE.

An Alliance Super-Production.

"CARNIVAL," produced from the great stage success with Matheson Lang and Hilda Bayley in their original parts is a production that has proved that this country *can* compete with America in photo-plays. It is the human story of a young wife who believes herself neglected and unloved—and a young lover who comes to her at carnival time. The scene is laid in Venice. The acting of Matheson Lang as the husband, Hilda Bayley as the young wife, and Ivor Novello as the young lover leaves nothing to be desired. The photography is excellent, the lighting in the carnival scenes at times really marvellous—a wonderful British production, the story of which you can read on page 16.

Won by a Head.

IF you like horses, girls, spills, and thrills, you will love this sporting drama, "Won by a Head," British Exhibitors' Films, Ltd. There is some fine emotional acting in this film, and Rex Davis is at his best.

"The Manchester Man."

A ROMANCE of the great cotton city, produced by Bert Wynne, scenario by Eliot Stannard, Ideal Films, Ltd. It is a good, hearty, honest romance, written by the late Mrs. Linnæus Banks. It tells the story of a devastating flood, a raging torrent that carried away the humble effects of many a poor cottage, also a wooden cradle sheltering a baby. Simon Clegg (Hubert Willis) found it. He reared the child, and, as his foster-son, Jabez Clegg (Hayford Hobbs), he became the light of his eyes.

And Jabez, by steady service and long toil, became a partner in a great Manchester house; but he only reached wealth and love along a hard path, albeit a path that glitters with flowers of romance.

THE "PICTURE SHOW'S" GUIDE TO PICTUREGOERS

The cast is a strong one, and the entire production is another triumph for Ideal films.

Lupino Lane and "A Lot About a Lottery."

IF you are lovers of Lupino Lane—and I can guess that many of my readers have laughed at his brilliant acting in the pantomime "Aladdin" at the Hippodrome—you will be tremendously amused by his humour and merriment in the Ideal film released this week, "A Lot About a Lottery." It is all about a lottery, a lost ticket, a ticket found, and, last but not least, a ticket without the winning number.

A Child of the Slums."

THOSE who have seen Nazimova will be delighted with her interpretation in "The Heart of a Child" of Sally Snape, who, born in the slums of London, is befriended by a peeress as the result of a street accident. Sally has a wonderful voice which gets her into a revue, but treachery lies waiting in her path, providing her with anxious moments in which emotion and pathos are admirably portrayed.



A tragic scene in the British Exhibitors' film "Won by a Head." There is some fine emotional acting in this production.

A Mischievous Telephone Call.

A HUSBAND whose heart is in his work and a young wife given to a butterfly existence form the subject of "Young Mrs. Winthrop." Naturally, they drift further and further apart, even the death of their only child failing to bridge the gulf. But there is an old lawyer who discloses at the critical moment that the real cause of all the trouble was a telephone call. Ethel Clayton and Harrison Ford are the leads, and two particularly good scenes are a large toy-shop and a jazz party.

A Norwegian Love Story.

LARS HANSON is rapidly becoming a favourite with British picturegoers, and in "A Norway Lass" he is certain to gain still more admirers. As Jörn, the son of a farmer, he has been brought up somewhat strictly; but, through the plotting of another farm labourer, Jörn gains a bad reputation. Only his sweetheart believes in his real character. The charm of the story is added to by picturesque scenes of Norwegian peasant life, and the beautiful backgrounds of the mountains and valleys of that country.

Couldn't Recognise His Wife.

JEALOUSY is the theme of "Black is White," in which Dorothy Dalton is the star. A jealous husband turns his wife adrift, but when they meet, fifteen years later, she is so transformed that he falls in love and marries her again without recognising her identity. The plot is somewhat out of the ordinary, and there is a dramatic scene in which he shoots a man whom he believes a rival, and then learns a startling truth. It is a problem drama above the average of its kind.

A Friend of Ghosts.

GHOST stories will always possess a certain amount of attraction, and, whether you believe in "spooks" or not, you will find "The Haunted House" full of interest. "Spooky Ann" is a village girl who, left with a taciturn father, gains comfort by conversing with her dead mother. Then report comes that a certain house in the village is haunted, and "Spooky Ann," not being afraid, decides to become one of the ghosts. The scares that follow are amusing and exciting, and Winifred Allen, as the heroine, keeps you interested till the end.



WARWICK WARD and AILEEN BAGOT, in "The Manchester Man."



LUPINO LANE in a funny incident from "A Lot About a Lottery."

BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TO-DAY



The CALL OF THE ROAD



The Splendid New Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM

Characters in the Story.

ALFRED TRUSCOTT, who has been disinherited for being a ne'er-do-well by his uncle, Silas Truscott.

LADY ROWENA, Alfred's cousin, who is fascinated by the stories she hears of her cousin. In order to meet him, she uses the name of Alice Grey, and goes to stay with her old nurse, Margery Merridew, near where Alfred has got work.

PAGANINI PRIMUS and PAGANINI SECUNDUS, "gentlemen of the road," and friends of Alfred.

SIR MARTIN TREVOR, an inveterate gambler, who cheats at cards. He is beaten in a duel by Alfred, and vows vengeance. One day he meets "Alice Grey" in the woods, and tries to make love to her.

Becoming Acquainted.

AS Rowena stood leaning against the tree, trembling and exhausted, she watched the man who had come to her rescue, and in her eyes there was a look akin to fear.

Never could she have believed that the boyish, laughing face she remembered could wear an expression so grim and terrible.

It was ever said of Alfred Truscott that he was too good-natured, too much inclined to treat an injury done to himself as a thing for laughter. Even when his anger blazed up, it soon burnt itself out and he bore no malice, and to his bitterest enemy his last word was more often than not a jest.

But the ill-treatment of a woman or a child had a different effect upon him. It made him another man, and roused all the slumbering tiger in his blood.

He looked very ugly indeed as he stood glowering down at Sir Martin Trevor.

The baronet, in spite of the violence with which he had been hurled to the ground, did not long remain prostrate.

As he fell, he recognised the man who had so rudely interrupted his affair of gallantry, and his present mortification was increased tenfold by the memory of what had happened in the field of the stunted oaks.

Mad with rage and humiliation, he forgot all prudence, and, scrambling to his feet, flung himself recklessly at his enemy.

The two men gripped, staggered and reeled, murder gleaming in their eyes as they strove to get at one another's throats.

Rowena gazed upon the scene, aghast. Never had she seen men in this mood before. The men she had met had been polite, ceremonious, artificial. Now she saw them stripped of the flimsy covering of civilisation, revealed in all their naked savagery, and she was frightened, even shocked.

How terribly like animals they were!

In the first fury of his onslaught, Sir Martin Trevor contrived to close and get a grip on Alfred's throat. The baronet's handsome face was livid and distorted by a look of wolfish rage. His thin lips peeled back, revealing his gleaming teeth, and, to the terrified girl, he seemed transformed from a polished gentleman into a snarling beast of the jungle.

Alfred Truscott was outwardly calmer, but in his grey eyes there shone a cold anger which in its way was more terrible even than Sir Martin's hysterical rage.

It seemed to Rowena, as the men reeled and swayed before her, that this mad conflict could only end in the death of one or other of the combatants, and her heart grew sick with terror.

Then, suddenly, in a flash, as it were, the end seemed to come.

Sir Martin was lifted clean off his feet, his body described a circle in the air above Alfred's head, his legs flying wildly, and then he fell with a crash into a mass of dead bracken and briar.

After his amazing feat of strength, Alfred staggered back a pace, and then stood motionless, his muscles tense, his eyes alert.

He thought his enemy had had enough, but his own anger was unquenched; and when



PHILLIP WILLIAMS as Sir Martin Trevor.

the baronet, dazed but still mad with fury, tottered to his feet and prepared to resume the struggle, Alfred made a savage rush at him.

His impetuosity was his undoing. Just before he reached his enemy, he caught his foot in a bramble, stumbled, and then pitched headlong and fell sprawling at the feet of the baronet.

Sir Martin Trevor had the true gambler's brain. He was ever swift to seize any advantage which chance threw in his way.

Lying on the ground where he had dropped it was his riding-whip. Swift as lightning, he seized it, and with the butt end of it struck Alfred a savage blow on the head, just as the latter was springing to his feet.

It was a merciless blow, and, without a groan, the victim dropped beneath it unconscious to the ground.

With an angry and indignant cry, Rowena sprang forward and confronted the perpetrator of the brutal act.

"You coward!" she cried, with blazing eyes.

Sir Martin Trevor, still viciously clutching the whip which had saved him, gave a sneering laugh as he fell back a pace before her.

"When one is attacked by a mad bull, one uses whatever weapon comes to hand!" he said, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Rowena turned from him scornfully and fell on her knees by the side of the unconscious man.

The baronet stepped forward and looked down at them, and for a moment seemed to hesitate. Then he gave another short laugh.

"He will want more than thy help!" he said. "I will go and fetch it. Stay you here with him till I come back."

He turned on his heel as he spoke and strode away into the wood, glad to be rid of an adventure that had turned out so unfortunately.

Alfred had fallen upon his face, and lay inert. The terrible thought crossed Rowena's mind that he was dead. Exerting all her strength, she strove to turn him on his back, and at last contrived to raise his head so that it rested on her lap.

The unbidden tears rushed to her eyes as she saw the ugly wound on his forehead and a trickle of blood matting his soft brown hair.

She took her handkerchief and very tenderly wiped away the blood, and, as she did so, his eyes slowly opened and he looked up at her.

Immediately she experienced a feeling of shyness, and, to her great vexation, she knew the colour was coming to her cheeks.

Then he smiled, and it seemed to Rowena that she had never seen so beautiful a smile on human face before.

"'Tis good of thee to help me," he said faintly.

"'Tis but little return for thy great kindness to me," she answered tremulously.

He smiled again as he looked up into her fair face, and then he strove to rise. He was so weak and giddy that he stumbled and would have fallen, had she not held him.

Anxious as she was, she could not resist a feeling of blissful satisfaction at the thought of this great, strong man being in need of her assistance. It was delicious to feel, as his strong hand clutched her arm, that she was supporting him.

"Pardon me, I lean too heavy!" he said, striving to stand alone.

"No, no; I—I like it!" she replied confusedly; and then blushed hotly at her own words. "I mean," she added hastily, "it gives me pleasure to make some slight return for the great service thou hast rendered me."

"'Twas naught," said Alfred lightly. "But 'tis a pity the brute got away. He deserved a sounder trouncing for his insolence!"

"'Twas a coward's blow that laid thee low!" said Rowena, her voice thrilling with indignation.

Alfred laughed.

"I blame him not for that," he said lightly. "You cannot expect a cornered rat to fight according to rule. 'Twas mine own fault. I lost my temper. 'Tis best to keep cool when one plays any sort of game with Sir Martin Trevor."

"You know his name?" said Rowena, endeavouring to put a note of surprise into her voice.

"Ay; we've met before," replied Alfred carelessly. "But think no more of him. He'll not trouble thee again, I'm thinking."

They had only moved a few paces along the footpath through the woods in the direction of the mill when Alfred again became faint and giddy.

He sank down on a fallen tree, and, sitting there, rested his head for a moment on his hand.

It seemed to Rowena's anxious eyes that he swayed and was about to fall backwards. In a moment she was by his side, with her arm protectingly around him.

Her slim white hand fell in front of him and Alfred, gazing down as through a mist, suddenly found himself looking at it.

What a delicate, white, pretty hand it was!

Alfred could not take his eyes off it, and, as he gazed, he forgot the pain in his head and smiled.

Then he looked up, and beheld two big blue eyes full of sympathy and concern looking down at him. Instantly he experienced an irresistible desire to become better acquainted with the owner of those wonderful eyes.

"Will you tell me thy name?" he asked.

Rowena hesitated for a bare second, and then replied steadily:

"Alice Grey."

Alfred rose to his feet and looked at her.

"And mine is Alfred Truscott," he said, "known as the Lamb, a ne'er-do-well, at thy service."

He bowed as he spoke and laughed in his boyish way.

"And now I must see thee from the woods," he went on, "and get back to my work, or my master's wife will beat me."

(*Continued on page* 8.)

"THE KID."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN Wrote, Directed, and Played in this Film Himself, and He Called It "The Kid," as a Tribute to the Extraordinary Cleverness of the Little Boy Actor, JACKIE COOGAN, who was a Discovery of Charlie's.



We shall all look forward to seeing "The Kid," Charlie's latest film when it comes over here. It has already been released in America and was an instantaneous success.



Charlie looks on while little Jackie moulds weird figures in clay. These two became great pals during the filming of "The Kid," of which this is one of the many humorous scenes between Charlie and the little boy he adopted.



Charlie Chaplin first saw Jackie Coogan in 1919, when the little fellow was only five years old, and was immediately struck with his personality.



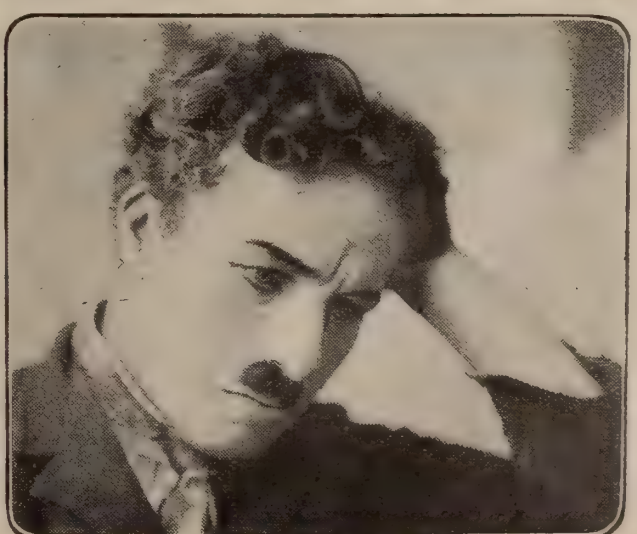
Charlie endeavours to tie himself into knots, as he climbs the face of a wall, much to the consternation of the folks below. Under the circumstances Charlie does not look at all unhappy!



The little pathetic touches in Charlie's films are just as wonderful as all the humorous ones. Here you see him with the little baby he finds in a dustbin.



Many humorous effects in Charlie Chaplin's films are obtained by his wonderful power of facial expression.



Sad and perplexed! Perhaps the pranks of the Kid have worried Charlie?

"THE CALL OF THE ROAD." (Continued from page 6.)

Rowena smiled and surveyed his big, strong frame and laughing face incredulously.

"You jest, sir!"

"'Tis no jest, I promise you!" replied Alfred, with mock seriousness. "I would sooner deal with a dozen Sir Martin Trevors than Mistress Jones in her tantrums! But there," he added hesitatingly, and avoiding her gaze, "I was ever somewhat timid with the ladies."

Rowena made no reply, though she would liked to have spoken could she have thought of anything suitable to say; and they walked along in silence, side by side, until they came to the mill.

Then Alfred shyly held out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said.

Rowena took the proferred hand and gave it a little timid shake.

"Good-bye," she replied.

Then they both stood awkwardly looking at everything within sight except one another.

"You belong to these parts?" said Alfred at last.

"I am staying with my aunt, Mrs. Merridew, for a few weeks."

"Then, maybe, we'll meet again?"

"Maybe."

Rowena tried to speak as though she thought such a meeting extremely unlikely.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Good-bye," said Alfred.

At that moment the miller's wife came out of the mill, and her face grew dark as she perceived how her new hand was employing his time.

Hurriedly she advanced towards the young couple.

Rowena turned quickly, and walked away.

Alfred stood gazing after her, a very rapt expression in his big, honest eyes.

"How now, thou lazy loon! Is this the way to earn thy salt?"

Alfred roused as from a dream, turned, and beheld the infuriated face of Mistress Jones.

"Pardon me, mistress," he said, with a sigh. "I was but thinking how nice 'twould be to have a wife—like thee, for instance!"

The good-humoured grin which accompanied the words for a moment disconcerted the angry dame, and before she could think of a suitable retort Alfred had left her, and was singing over his work.

Meanwhile, Rowena, with her head filled with all sorts of new and wonderful thoughts, hurried on her way, and she had reached the rectory gates before she remembered that her reason for going there no longer existed. Margery Merridew's half-score of new laid eggs were lying all smashed and useless somewhere in the woods.

"I must be losing my wits," said the girl to herself, as she retraced her steps. "There is naught of sense in what I do or say. He must think me a foolish maid. 'Tis no matter. Mayhap we shall not meet again."

Sir Martin Trevor Spends a Guinea.

SIR MARTIN TREVOR was in no pleasant humour when he arrived back at the Ford Arms.

He had brushed his clothes, and, as far as possible, removed the outward and visible marks of his encounter with the Lamb, but he was still in a very rumpled condition, both physically and mentally.

"Back so soon?" exclaimed Geoffrey Ralston cheerily.

Sir Martin Trevor tried not to scowl.

"Ay! 'twas wearisome. There's naught of interest in this dull hole. Let's get out of it."

Ralston shrugged his shoulders.

"These country wenches are all the same. They have no spirit. They are not worth the chase."

"'Tis true. Pay the reckoning, Geoffrey, and bid the horses be brought."

"You ride to-night?"

"Ay!"

"But why? We cannot reach town before dark, and I have no fancy for crossing Putney Heath in the small hours. I' faith, I should see Jerry Abershaw himself skulking behind every hedge twixt here and Westminster."

"We will put up at the first likely inn," said Trevor shortly, "but here I will not stay. Enough! Don't argue, I pray thee. The place is not to my fancy."

His friend gave him a shrewd look, and then turned and went into the inn.

A few minutes later the horses were brought round, and the two men rode out of Friars Ford.

For some distance they rode at a sharp trot, Sir Martin apparently being anxious to leave the scene of his late adventure well behind him with as little delay as possible.

At length, however, it became necessary to give their mounts a breather, and they proceeded at a walking pace.

"'Tis a lonely bit of road," said Ralston nervously, as he looked about him, first at the barren fields on their right, and then at a stretch of shrub-dotted common-land on their left.

"Bah!" exclaimed the baronet contemptuously. "Thou art womanish in thy fears. Like the rest of the world thou hast Jerry Abershaw on the brain."

"Well, he hath been busy of late, and in these parts," muttered the other.

"So 'tis said! I warrant half the villainies put to his credit were wrought by lesser rogues."

"It may be so; but I have no fancy to be robbed by any kind of rogue, big or little. 'Twill be sundown in half an hour."

Sir Martin Trevor laughed.

"Well, have your way. We'll rest for the night at the next—— Look yonder! What's that? A roof, yes, and surely 'tis a tavern. Can you mark the sign?"

"Ay!" replied Ralston, after straining his eyes for a moment, "'tis the Two Fishes."

"Then there we will rest," said Trevor, "and if the accommodation is not to your liking you must blame your fears and not me."

When the two well-dressed strangers entered the inn Punch Murphy bustled out from behind his bar to attend to their needs.

"Step this way, gentlemen, if you please. This way. You'll find more comfort in the parlour," he said obsequiously.

Sir Martin waved him aside, and seated himself at the little wooden table in the bar.

"If thy liquor is good, mine host, 'tis all one where we drink it," he said lightly. "This place will serve well enough. Get us of the best."

While the landlord went to his cellar to execute the order, the two travellers surveyed the dingy bar.

There was only one other customer present—a shabby fellow, with a battered top-hat, who sat on the wooden high-backed settle, and nursed an empty ale-mug.

He said nothing, but his keen little ferret eyes watched the newcomers furtively.

Punch Murphy returned with the wine, and then, learning that his visitors wished to stay for the night, went off again to make the necessary arrangements.

"'Tis a dreary place to spend a night," said Sir Martin, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Geoffrey Ralston nodded.

"Ay, our luck is out. Naught but discomfort on our journey, and failure into the bargain. Methinks——"

He stopped abruptly as the door opened and another customer came in.

The newcomer was a stalwart, muscular young fellow, wearing the apron of a blacksmith.

He nodded to the man on the settle, and then, striding to the bar, hammered upon it until Punch Murphy arrived and served him with a mug of ale.

Sir Martin glanced at his companion.

"A proper sort of man," he said, in a low tone.

Ralston made no immediate answer, but fixed his eyes upon the young blacksmith.

"I've seen him somewhere before to-day," he said at length, "but for the life of me I cannot mind where 'twas."

At this the man with the battered top-hat and the cunning eyes cleared his throat.

"If I had money in my pouch I'd ask thee to drink with me, Hammer John," he said drily.

Ralston clutched his companion's arm, and gave him a meaning look.

The blacksmith laughed, and ordered another mug of ale.

"'Twill take more than lack of money to keep thee away from thy liquor, Ikey Barnes," he said good-humouredly. "Didst ever do a day's work in thy life, man?"

"Once, in the days of my youth," replied Ikey coolly, as he slowly raised the brimming mug to his lips. "But 'twas not to my liking. 'Tis a dull fool who works for his living when he can fare better by the play of his wits."

"Thy wits will get thee hanged some day," retorted the blacksmith; and soon afterwards he took his departure, returning to his work at the forge.

Geoffrey Ralston watched him till he disappeared, and then turned sharply to Ikey Barnes.

"That man—was it in jest you called him Hammer John?" he demanded.

"Nay, 'twas no jest. 'Tis his name," replied Ikey, as he surveyed his questioner shrewdly.

"Hammer John who killed his man some three years ago?"

"The same. That was why he gave up the ring, and swore he'd never fight again."

"D'ye think he could be tempted to break his oath, at a price?"

"Not by thee."

Ikey Barnes picked up his mug, which was now empty, and looked into it significantly.

"What do you mean by that, my man?" said Sir Martin Trevor, now for the first time joining in the conversation.

Ikey Barnes, who was not slow to detect the eagerness behind the stranger's casual question, shrugged his shoulders, and made no answer.

"You mean that naught would induce him to fight again?" persisted Sir Martin impatiently.

"I said not that."

"You said——"

"I said he would not fight for thee nor thy companion."

"How know you that?"

Again the provoking Mr. Ikey Barnes shrugged his shoulders, and picked up his empty mug.

"Some men will do aught for money, some will not. If Hammer John goes into the ring again, 'tis not money that will put him there."

"What then?"

"Gratitude."

"Eh?"

Mr. Ikey Barnes gave a little sniggering laugh.

"'Tis true. When a man lives by his wits he must learn to read the minds of other men. Hammer John is a simple soul. He pays what he owes and takes a pride in't. When he killed Ted Watson of Clare Market there was like to be trouble, but a noble lord came to his aid, and John hath never forgot the service. If so be his lordship—but there, I know naught, and 'tis none of my business."

He broke off suddenly, and lapsed into silence, while a cunning leer lapsed into his little eyes.

Geoffrey Ralston's villainous face darkened, and he was about to make some impatient remark when his companion silenced him with a look.

Sir Martin Trevor filled his glass again, and sipped it thoughtfully, at the same time looking over it at Mr. Ikey Barnes.

By this time he had summed up the fellow pretty accurately.

"You know naught, and 'tis none of thy business," he said, "but maybe you have heard rumours, and perchance if I were to make it thy business——"

"Ay, that were another matter," interposed Barnes promptly.

The baronet produced a guinea, and toyed with it between his finger and thumb.

"What has thou heard?" he asked.

Mr. Ikey Barnes gave a quick glance round to see that Punch Murphy was not in the bar. Then he leaned forward, and held out his hand.

Sir Martin dropped the guinea into it.

Ikey Barnes, still leaning forward, spoke in a hurried whisper.

"Two noble Corinthians have made a match. Each is to produce a fighting man, and on the result a fortune hangs, they say. I know no more. 'Tis being kept precious dark. But Hammer John, 'tis said, is one of the two men. I'm here to watch him. He says naught, but he behaves as though there was something in the wind."

"Don't know the names of the Corinthians who have made the match?" asked Sir Martin quietly.

"Nay, but if Hammer John goes into the ring again I know who'll send him there."

"And that is?" said the baronet, successfully concealing his impatience.

"There's only one man living he'd do it for," replied Ikey Barnes emphatically, "and that's his friend and patron, my Lord Delaval."

(To be continued.)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF ELSIE FERGUSON

(Special to "Picture Show.")



Troubled.

ELSIE FERGUSON

The Graceful Star of the Silver Screen

ELSIE FERGUSON, although she has only been associated with the screen for the last few years, is now one of the most popular film stars. She came to the screen with the reputation of being one of the most beautiful women on the speaking stage, and may be remembered by many as Ella Seaford in "The Earl of Pawtucket," when that play was at the Playhouse Theatre, London.

Her Screen Successes.

HER first screen success was in "Barbary Sheep," the screen adaptation from the book by Robert Hichens. A few of the other films she has made successful are "Rose of the World," "His Parisian Wife," "The Rise of Jenny Cushing," "The Song of Songs," "The Lie," Ibsen's "A Doll's House," "Heart of the Wilds," "Under the Greenwood Tree," "The Danger Mark," "Counterfeit," "The Witness for the Defence," and "Eyes of the Soul." Next week we are to see her in the film version of that famous play "His House in Order."



Pensive.

Stage versus Screen.

MISS FERGUSON says that playing for the films was very confusing at first. For one thing, she missed the use of her voice. She has never yet got used to watching herself on the films, and to seeing a sub-title flashed on the screen cutting into a most dramatic situation, instead of listening to the human voice.

By nature, Elsie Ferguson is very quiet. Her chief pleasures during the summer are cantering through a quiet country lanes on horseback, swimming, walking, or spending hours curled up in a hammock with a good book.

The winter, whenever possible, she likes to spend in New York. Then her chief recreation is going the round of the theatres and operas.

A Sensitive Disposition.

SHE is very sensitive, so much so that she absolutely refuses to be watched whilst she is playing for the camera. Visitors to the studio have often marvelled at this, considering Miss Ferguson is so used to audiences on the stage; but Miss Ferguson says it is quite a different matter. On the stage, she doesn't think of the audience as individuals; she thinks of it as one person who has come to see the performance, and is entitled to the best that she can give.

Acting before the camera, she has in mind all the audiences that will see the picture. She plays for millions, not for a few, and it bothers her to hear people whispering while she is enacting a rôle before the camera.



Fear.

An Arnold Bennett Heroine.

MISS FERGUSON is now busy finishing a film version of Arnold Bennett's story "Sacred and Profane Love." This is a story of a woman's unselfishness under the stress of a great love. Carlotta, the heroine of Mr. Bennett's story, undergoes a series of intensely emotional situations, and, on top of a great injustice, she finds the man whom she had loved years before a drunkard in Paris. Her fight for the man's regeneration, coupled with the power of the earlier scenes, combine to make it one of the strongest bits of fine drama we are afforded in recent literature.

You will remember, when this play was produced here, Iris Hoey played the part of Carlotta. Elsie Ferguson has also played this part on the speaking stage in America.

Miss Ferguson is supported in the production by Conrad Nagel as her leading man, Thomas Holding, Clarissa Selwyn, Helen Dunbar, and Raymond Brathwayt.



The dawn of a smile.

Her Ideal.

MISS FERGUSON has often been asked who is her ideal leading man. But she says that she has not one. If she had, she would have tried to have had him to play opposite her in every picture.



Pleased to see you.



Innocence.



In a dangerous mood.



"But who could have played the fascinating Arab as did Pedro de Cordoba in 'Barbary Sheep,' or how could I have run away with anyone else than Elliot Dexter in 'The Rise of Jenny Cushing'?" she says. "Then there was Percy Marmont, as Noll in 'The Lie,' and Wyndham Standing in 'Eyes of the Soul'; all were ideal for the parts they had to play."

In a Nutshell.

AS you may know, Elsie Ferguson is married. Her husband is Thomas B. Clarke, a New York banker. She is taller than the average screen star, being 5 ft. 6 in. in height, has sympathetic blue eyes, a wealth of golden hair, and is the personification of grace.

If you wish to write to her, address letter—

ELSIE FERGUSON
c/o Lasky Studios,
Vine Street, Hollywood,
California, U.S.A.

A FRIEND IN NEED



Who would mind a nasty speck of dust in the eye if a nice boy were on hand to endeavour to extract it? BEBE DANIELS had to pretend that she had a little eye trouble for the purpose of a scene in a Realart film, entitled "Oh, Lady, Lady."



This photograph was taken at the Robertson-Cole studios, and from left to right you can see J. ALLEN BOONE, representing Robertson-Cole, Inc.; HARRY HOUGH, studio manager; PAULINE FREDERICK; MRS. FLETCHER, authoress of Miss Frederick's latest film; S. F. JACOBS, the Californian representative of the PICTURE SHOW; R. J. TOBEN, representative of Mr. Cole; and Mrs. CORBALLY, representing Palmer Photo-play Corp.



CONSTANCE TALMADGE with CONWAY TEARLE who is now leading man in all her pictures. You may have seen them in "Virtuous Vamp" and "Two Weeks."

OFF FOR



ALICE LAKE and her leading man, JACK DOU[illegible] first appeared in Mack Sennett comedies with Ros[illegible] is a wonderful emotional actress, and has great s[illegible]



MABEL NORMAND, "the madcap of the screen." series of Stars' Favourite Photographs of t[illegible]



Mahlon Hamilton PHOTO BY MONROE LA



WHO WIL



SPEAK FIRST?

A Lovers' Quarrel between ANTONIO MORENO and JEAN CALHOUN—in "Three Sevens."

He loves me—
He loves me not

However sure a maid is that her sweetheart is true, she can never resist the old-time method of testing his love when she sees a daisy.



There is no doubt in EVA NOVAK'S mind—in "The Feud." *(Fox.)*



BILLIE BURKE tries the test with her lover—in "Wanted a Husband." *(Paramount Artcraft.)*



ETHEL CLAYTON fears for the result—in "A Lady in Love." *(Paramount Artcraft.)*



PHYLLIS SHANNAW as the Lady Rowena in "The Call of the Road." *(Granger.)*

HONEYMOON



a scene from Miss Lake's latest starring film. Alice
e, and she is now one of Metro's leading players. She
ering all the varying moods called for in the parts she
ys.





ith of our

WILLIAM DUNCAN, the Vitagraph serial king, enjoying a quiet half-hour.

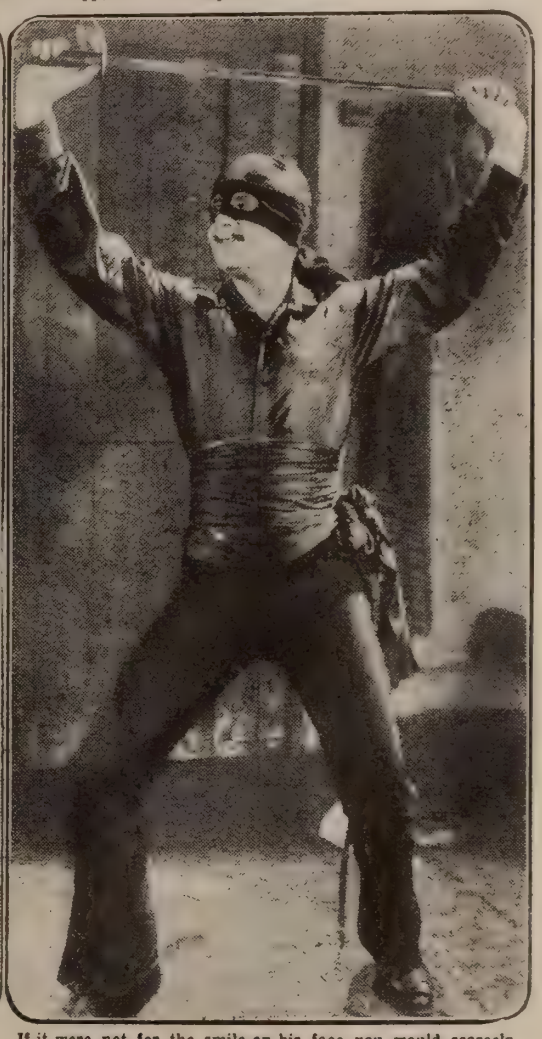
DISCRIMINATING KIDDIES



Children are wonderful character readers, and baby film artistes will do anything for a director they love, but nothing for a "cross" director. You can see that Victor Schertzinger is on the best of terms with little IDA and AGNES STEELE, aged four, who are to appear in a Goldwyn film.



In "Man who had Everything" JACK PICKFORD takes the part of Harry Bullway, who is a crack polo player among other accomplishments.



If it were not for the smile on his face you would scarcely recognise this terrifying masked man as DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS. As he will appear in "The Mark of Zorro."

SPLENDID COMPLETE STORY, TELLING OF A WOMAN'S LONGING FOR LOVE.



HILDA BAYLEY as Simonetta and IVOR NOVELLO as Count Andrea in the Alliance Super-Production.

Before the Carnival.

"DON'T you think, Silvio, that you ought to look after Simonetta a little more?"

Silvio Steno, the great Venetian actor, looked up from his desk, where he was working out ideas in connection with his coming production of "Othello," and regarded his sister Ottavio inquiringly.

"Why?" he asked.

Ottavio hesitated, and then, looking straight at her brother, she said frankly:

"I think she is too much in the company of Count Andrea Scipione. Simonetta is very young and the most beautiful woman in Venice. You are always engaged with your work. It is not fair to her to leave her so much to her own resources."

Silvio threw back his handsome head and laughed easily.

"You are a very wonderful business woman, Ottavio, and an ideal secretary; but you don't understand Simonetta. We are in love with each other, and I would trust her to the ends of the earth. Because I have to spend so much time at the theatre, it would be churlish to expect Simonetta to stay at home. She does just what she wants, and so long as she is happy I am content. Besides, Andrea is my friend; he is a man of honour. Let us hear no more about it."

Ottavio knew her brother so well that she realised she could do no good by continuing the discussion, so she shrugged her shoulders and went on with her work.

Presently the subject of their discussion came into the room. Ottavio Steno had not exaggerated when she said Simonetta was beautiful. A brunette, with exquisitely delicate features, big dark eyes, and a wealth of black hair which clustered on her white brow in tiny tendrils, Simonetta would have attracted attention anywhere.

She leaned over her husband and gave him a look which bore out Silvio's words that she was in love with him.

Had Silvio had the slightest suspicion of his wife's loyalty—which he had not—it would have vanished as he looked into her eyes.

"Well," he asked, "what has Simonetta been doing?"

"Spending money, shopping. Ever such a lot!" she responded promptly. "And it is such a beautiful day; I do wish you could have come with me!"

Silvio pointed to his papers.

"I have such a lot to do, dear, and the production is due shortly," he said.

Simonetta gave a little pout.

"I think I shall hate 'Othello'! It has kept you so much away from me. I am jealous of the play!"

"But it is sure to be a big success, Simonetta. My old master, Donati, always said 'Othello' would be my greatest triumph, and I am certain there could not be a more wonderful Desdemona than my Simonetta. Did you see anybody in the city?"

"Only Andrea. He is coming to see you this morning."

"Then I'll get him to take you out this afternoon," said Silvio.

"The fool!" thought Ottavio. "He is forcing Andrea on her almost!"

Simonetta did not seem pleased at the suggestion.

"I may stay in," she said. "Where is Nino? But you have not noticed my new hat yet. Isn't it a perfect dream?"

She pointed to her hat, which was trimmed with wonderful bird of Paradise plumes, and which added a certain piquancy to her beautiful face.

"You would look well in anything," said her husband admiringly.

"You'll be shocked when you know the cost!" remarked his wife. "But where is Nino?"

As she spoke, a little boy about seven years old came running into the room, and, when he saw her, flung his arms round her.

"Nino! Nino! Mind my dress!" cried Simonetta.

The boy's smile faded away, and a hurt look came into his eyes.

The next moment Simonetta was on her knees beside him, regardless of her beautiful dress. With a sweep, she threw her new hat on the floor and took Nino in her arms.

"Naughty mummie, to hurt Nino's feelings!" she said. "Here are some chocolates I brought for my boy!"

She gave Nino a big one, and wiped his mouth with the lace of her dress, because she could not find her handkerchief quickly enough.

Silvio looked on with a pleased smile.

"You spoil him as much as you do me, darling!" he said.

As the three stood there, smiling at each other, even a hardened cynic would have laughed at Ottavio's fears that any man could part Simonetta from her husband.

While they were talking, Count Andrea Scipione came in.

He was very young, almost boyish.

Many women would have called him handsome; nearly all women would have agreed he was good-looking. Athletic men would have smiled and said "Pretty."

He was the type that the old masters chose as a model for "Youth," and the modern theatrical manager decides will make a matinee idol.

Silvio nodded a friendly greeting and went out with Ottavio.

Andrea went over to where Simonetta was sitting.

"Are you angry because I cannot go to the carnival ball to-night?" he whispered, as he bent over her chair.

"No; but I am angry at what happened on the lagoon the other night."

"Can you wonder that I forgot myself, Simonetta? Think of it—alone on the lagoon at night with you!"

"I have tried hard to forget it, Andrea. I, too, was not myself. It was the moonlight on the water—the silence. It soothed the ache in my heart. Oh, if only Silvio would try to understand!"

"Silvio is no lover," said Andrea, with something like contempt in his voice. "He lives for his work; his heart is in the theatre. But when I held you in my arms the other night and kissed you, and realised how much we might be to each other——"

"Don't, Andrea!" broke in Simonetta, as she rose from her chair. "You must go away. You know I love Silvio. Forget that night on the lagoon, when I forgot myself."

"I won't! I love you! I *shall* stay for the ball! I must see you!"

He came nearer to her, with a passionate light in his eyes; but Simonetta turned away with the whispered word "Lelio."

Andrea looked round and saw Simonetta's brother in the doorway.

With a muttered "I must be going now," he picked up his hat and went out, pretending surprise at seeing Lelio as he greeted him in passing.

A subtle smile passed over Lelio's handsome but dissolute face as he approached his sister.

"I want some money for my costume at the ball to-night, Simonetta," he said.

"I haven't any," replied his sister, keeping her eyes fixed on the floor as she wondered what Lelio had overheard.

"That's just what Silvio told me this morning," said Lelio easily. "By the way, Silvio has got a weird conception of his new part. He is going to play it according to Shakespeare, but he does not hold with the idea that Othello was justified in killing Desdemona. He said, 'If one's wife prefers another man, it is better to separate; but to take a woman's life—no. Othello was a barbarian.' But to return to the question of money for my costume—"

"I have none to spare," said Simonetta, now certain that Lelio had overheard Andrea, and that his reference to Silvio's conversation in the morning was a veiled threat, but determined to bravely face the situation. "You had better leave, before I tell Silvio!"

"I, too, could tell Silvio something!" said Lelio. "Something about a lagoon at night, a pretty woman, a kiss——"

"You wouldn't dare——"

Simonetta stopped suddenly as Silvio came into the room with Ottavio.

"Silvio, I want to ask you about something that took place on the lagoon the other night," began Lelio.

Simonetta took out a bundle of notes from her bag, and stopped her brother with an agonised appeal in her eyes.

"Well?" said Silvio, as he seated himself at his desk.

"Oh, I bet Simonetta that the swiftest gondola could not go from here to Lido in twenty minutes!"

"You win, of course!" remarked Silvio, as he took up his pen.

"And I have paid you, Lelio!" laughed Simonetta, as she handed her brother the notes.

"That was not a fair bet. He forced her to give him the money," whispered Ottavio to Silvio. "He holds some secret over her. Find out what it is."

Silvio calmly went on with his writing till Ottavio and Lelio had left the room; then he wheeled in his chair and faced Simonetta.

"Why did you give Lelio that money?" he said quietly.

Simonetta flared up, but evaded the question.

"You have been listening to Ottavio again! You do not trust me, Silvio!" she cried.

"I do trust you, Simonetta," replied her husband, still more quietly, "but I don't wish you to have any secrets from me."

Simonetta made a gesture as if to speak, but thought better of it and left the room.

Carnival Time.

THERE was a strained atmosphere about the house all that afternoon. Simonetta, in her own room, fretted because Silvio did not understand that why she was lonely was because she hungered for his love.

She knew he did not neglect her consciously.

She knew that if she had asked him, he would have sacrificed the theatre, his career, everything for her.

But a woman can't ask—at least, not such a woman as Simonetta.

She can only appeal dumbly, or try to forget by flinging herself into a whirlpool of gaiety, feigning an attitude of unconcern while that which we call soul cries out for love and the great content which comes from the sympathy of understanding.

But her eyes brightened as she went to a wardrobe and brought out her carnival dress.

It was the scanty costume of Bacchante, but on those few yards of flimsy fabric Simonetta had staked her desire to bring her husband back to her as she had known him when the Eve within her had whispered, "This is the man!"

"If he only knew how much I love him!" she thought, as she put back the costume.

Down below, Silvio was working, but working slowly.

Despite the perfect faith he had in Simonetta, he was worried.

(*Continued on page* 18.)

Gossip about British Players.



DOROTHY MOODY.



WILLIAM BURCHILL.

David Hawthorne.

HE is one of our most promising young film stars, and he has had a decidedly interesting career.

He tells me that he was in America with Billie Burke for a year, and with J. C. Williamson in South Africa. He has toured almost every part of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, with various companies. Then, of course, came the great break, and from 1914 to June, 1920, he was occupied with matters military. In his own words he confesses to having been more or less "knocked out" in France, in 1916. Then he was sent to India, and eventually he found himself in Burma.

After Demobilisation.

DAVID HAWTHORNE secured an engagement with George Clark Productions, in "Testimony," followed up with "The Sword of Fate," British Exhibitors' Films, then came "The Fortune of Christiana McNab," for the Gaumont Company. I expect numbers of my readers have at some time or another seen David Hawthorne in one or more of the numerous parts he has played on the legitimate stage, amongst these may be mentioned, "Under Two Flags," "The New Boy," "Dolly Reforming Herself," "Prisoner of Zenda," "Mind the Paint Girl," "Under Cover," "Yellow Ticket," and various Shakespearean plays.

"Twinkle Toes."

WHEN Dorothy Moody was fifteen, her little toes brought her fame at Drury Lane! She had the reputation of being the youngest English première danseuse. She remained at "The Lane" for three years, then this clever young artist tripped off to Manchester, and played in the Repertory Theatre, in productions like "Fifanella," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," she played Titania in the latter. Later came the call of the films! She played the juvenile lead in "Calvary," and "Laddie," and she was starred in the "Channings."

"That Thoroughbred."

"I PLAYED Grace Repton in "The Sword of Fate," she told me the other morning, "and I had a nasty fall from a horse; I think he must have been hungry, for it was just before lunch time, when I was thrown, and I landed on my head. No, it wasn't a bit nice," she laughed; "as a matter of fact, I was unconscious for a time." However, "All's well that ends well," and after a little rest Dorothy Moody was able to go on with her work.

And now this versatile little lady has her finger in another pie, about which I will tell you later on.

Sir Simeon Stuart.

HE told me the other day that he had a very fine acting part in the British Exhibitors' Film, "The Sword of Fate," because it had the possibility of portraying emotion, grief, despair, loss of memory, returning sanity—in fact so it seems to me, the whole gamut of human emotions!

The main interest in this film, which is an all-British production in five parts, from the ever popular novel of Henry Herman, joint author of the "Silver King," centres round Ralph Usselby, so ably portrayed by Simeon Stuart, and around the villain Daniel Huncoat (Lionel D'Aragon).

It so Happened!

AT a trade show one day the producer of the "Sword of Fate," saw Simeon Stuart in "Inheritance," before she had ever met him, she marked him down for Ralph Usselby, if it was possible to get hold of him!

The Producer?

THAT is the surprise for my readers—the "she" of the previous paragraph is the first British woman producer, petite, dark-eyed, and vivacious, her name, Miss Frances Grant.

The Way of a Woman.

FRANCES GRANT made a sensational debut in Filmland, as the producer of "The Sword of Fate." She tells me that she has been in the cinema business for eight years. She commenced with Maurice Elvey.

"I started looking after the props, and then I began to assist Mr. Elvey, and gradually began to learn more and more. I think that every one should start from the beginning," Miss Grant declared. "I was going into the Civil Service, so I had the necessary qualifications for a secretarial job. When the London Film Company closed down, it was rented by Maurice Elvey, and I rejoined him. We worked for Butcher's, The Ideal, and Stoll's. In March, 1919, I took up scenario writing, and it was through selling a scenario that I tried my luck as a producer. When it was suggested that I should produce my own scenario, I said, 'Very well, I will!'"

And only those who see behind the scenes in Filmland know what pluck and infinite patience is required for this engrossing art.

"The Sword of Fate."

IT is full of interest, thrills, and tragedies. First of all there is "Ralph Usselby," played by Simeon Stuart. Parted from his first wife, Marion Grey (Norma Beryl), he hears of her death, and marries Mary Mortimer (Mabel Archdall), and they have a son Frank (David Hawthorne). In due course he becomes engaged to his father's ward, Grace Repton (Dorothy Moody).

The Villain.

HE is Daniel Huncoat (Lionel D'Aragon), Ralph's manager, and he unsuccessfully tries to interest Ralph in a company promoting scheme. However, the climax is reached when a strange woman turns up at the inn, and events prove later she is none other than Ralph's first wife!

The Triangle.

A VERY knotty problem follows, knotty and terrible, which ends in Marion's death. Suspicion falls on Ralph, he loses his reason, and after much tribulation "The Squire" recovers, is cleared of suspicion, remarries Mary Mortimer, and Frank and Grace find the happiness they deserve.



SIMEON STUART, DAVID HAWTHORNE, DOROTHY MOODY, and MABEL ARCHDALL, in "The Sword of Fate."



DAVID HAWTHORNE.



EVELYN BRENT.

William Burchill.

WHO plays a lead in the "Manchester Man," is delightfully entertaining, so full of humour, with a very prepossessing personality. I met him at the Ideal Studios, Elstree, not long ago. He produced "Trimmed in Scarlet," at the Globe Theatre, and played the leading character part, in which he made quite a hit—as Benjamin Ebbing—and then, those of my readers who saw Peter Ibbetson, will remember he played the Major, with great distinction and charm.

A Private in the R.A.F.

DURING the war William Burchill was a private in the R.A.F. Before the war he produced and acted for Arthur Bourchier. He also took part in Tree's famous production of Henry VIII., and not long ago played Tree's part in "Oliver Twist," in the cast there were other stars like Leslie Henson, Lynn Harding, and Constance Collier. When my readers see William Burchill in a "Manchester Man," I know they will agree with me, that he is a very great artiste.

Cinema Plays.

SO many people have asked me if I know anything about writing for the Cinema. Oddly enough, a wonderful little book has been sent to me entitled "Cinema Plays." How to write them. How to sell them. It's published by Stanley Paul.

Evelyn Brent.

I WAS at the Ideal Studios at Elstree the other morning, and I had luncheon in the canteen with Evelyn Brent; she is small, dainty, with glorious curly hair, which is so luxurious that at first I thought it was a wig! But it isn't, it's her very own!

Over a frilly butter coloured muslin frock she had slipped a gorgeous moleskin cloak, so she wouldn't feel chilly whilst away from the studio.

She Told Me.

THAT she played in "The Law Divine" for the Masters, and in "The Shuttle of Life" for the British Actors, and in "The Door that Hath No Key," for the Alliance.

One day a chance came to Evelyn Brent, to play the part of Mayne, an American chorus girl, in the legitimate stage production, "The Ruined Lady."

"I just loved it," she cried enthusiastically, "because it was such a wonderful part, and I had such wonderful Press notices."

Music Hall Turns for the Cinema.

THE Ideal Films, Ltd., have thought out a brilliant idea which make a delightful variation to ordinary cinema productions. A series of screen versions of well-known music hall turns of every kind—from the ordinary knockabout to the wonderful animal performance, from the juggler to the acrobat. They will be released at the rate of one a week, and are marvels in expert and beautiful photography.

EDITH NEPEAN.

"CARNIVAL."

(Continued from page 16.)

"What hold has Lelio over her?" he kept asking himself, as he worked on the script of a play about a wife and a husband—a play which is still being enacted in millions of homes to-day.

When Simonetta came into the room where Silvio was still working on the play, her eyes were bright with hope.

"You will come to the ball with me to-night?" she whispered caressingly, as she pushed away his papers and sat on his knee.

Silvio smiled at her tenderly.

"There's all this work to do yet, dear!" he said. "I ought——"

"Oh, do come, Silvio! There's my costume; I designed it specially for you. You must come!"

"Very well," said Silvio, kissing her. "Get ready. I'll forget the play for to-night."

Simonetta rushed to her room, mad with excitement. She felt sure she would bridge the gulf of misunderstanding that night.

But when she came down with her costume covered by a cloak, Silvio met her with a telegram in his hand.

"I can't go, Simonetta," he said. "I'm very sorry, dear. My old master, Donati, is dying. He has sent for me. I would have given everything to have gone with you to-night, but——"

"Silvio, go to-morrow!" cried Simonetta, rushing to him and throwing her arms round his neck. "Don't leave me to-night! You must go with me!"

"I must go to Donati," said Silvio quietly. "I could not refuse the dying wish of the man who made me, the man who taught me all I know. Be reasonable, Simonetta!"

But Simonetta only clung closer to him.

"Don't leave me, Silvio! Don't leave me—not to-night!"

She was beginning to get hysterical now. Silvio sat her in a chair.

"Child," he said, "if I didn't go to-night, I should remember it all my days. I must go."

Simonetta's pride would not allow her to plead further. Stunned by the terrible disappointment she sat huddled in the chair. She did not respond to Silvio's parting kiss, and as the sound of his footsteps echoed down the stairs that led to the canal, she felt that his gondola was carrying away all hopes of their future happiness.

The time passed, but Simonetta had no knowledge of it. Her bitter disappointment had drugged her into a state of insensibility to all feeling.

She was aroused from her stupor by the soft tinkle of a mandoline. Someone was singing a love-song under her window.

The voice was the voice of Andrea. He was singing of youth, of love, of carnival time.

The blood came back to Simonetta's pale cheeks. She tried to force herself not to listen, but the haunting melody, which spoke of moonlight, softly moving gondolas over the placid waters of the canals, the scent of flowers, arms round one, passionate words, deep silence of love—everything she had missed because an old man had chosen this night of all nights to die—held her entranced.

She was powerless; the melody of love bound her, not the love she wanted, but still love, and all the lights that love brings to warm the chilled heart of a woman neglected and alone.

And then Andrea's head appeared over the coping of the balcony. He sang as he climbed the rope-ladder which he had bribed Lelio to hang over.

He was a passionate lover, this youth with the angel face.

Simonetta shuddered as he climbed over the balcony, pushed open the window, and came towards her.

She forced herself to speak in the language of Silvio's wife.

"You must go; I am alone! Silvio has had to go to the bedside of Donati. I cannot go to the ball!"

"Then we can go together! You are dressed for the carnival; you must come with me, Simonetta. Listen to the music; the night is calling us!"

"Go away, Andrea! You know I love Silvio! Go away!"

There was fear in Simonetta's voice, but this only seemed to make the man more eager.

"Let me see your dress! Just let me see your dress, Simonetta!" he begged.

He moved forward as he spoke. Powerless to move stood Simonetta.

He unfastened her cloak.

Simonetta stood before him in tights and a scanty tunic.

"Bacchante!" he whispered, as he took her in his arms and kissed her.

She felt his hands touching her face and arms. She felt his kisses on her hair, her lips.

Then, with a cry, she pulled away from him.

"Go away! Go away! We are both mad!" she said, as she thrust him from her.

She hid her face in her hands as she heard him step back, but she turned in time to see his face looking at her over the top of the balcony, speaking love with his eyes.

It was over. He had gone.

She was still Silvio's!

Then from below came the love-song again.

Simonetta thought of Silvio, of her child; but still the melody whispered. It was intoxicating.

(Continued on page 20.)

SNOW FUN.

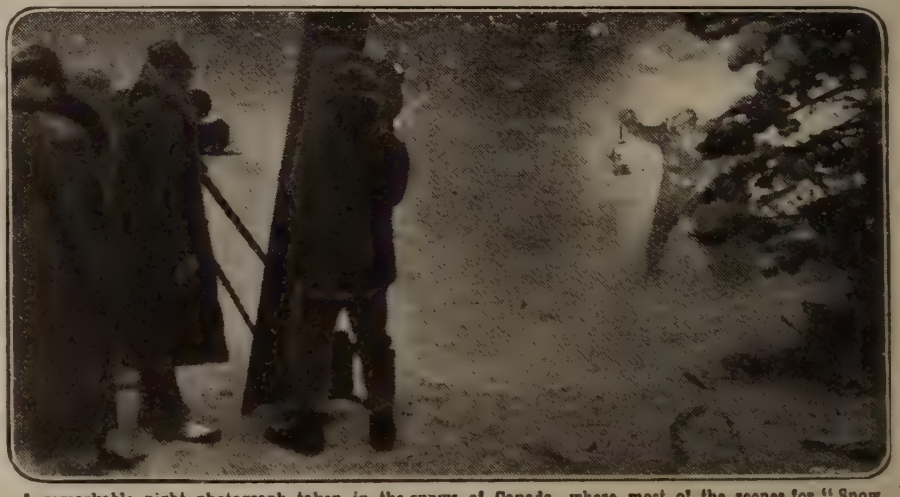
Scenes in Canada Where Most of "Snow Blind" Was Filmed by Goldwyn.



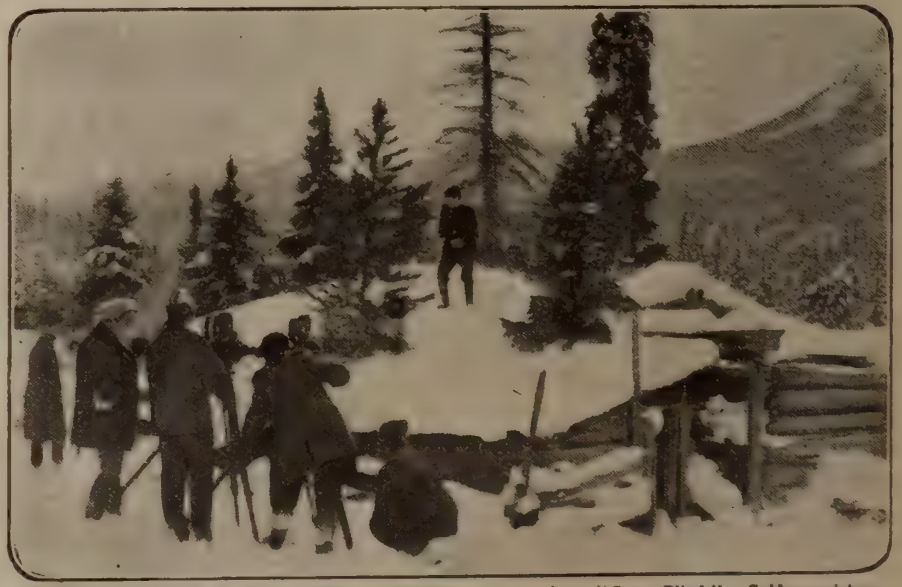
CULLEN LANDIS as the pilot, with MARY ALDEN and RUSSELL SIMPSON as passengers in an exciting mode of travel.



Falling stars! CULLEN LANDIS, MARY ALDEN, and RUSSELL SIMPSON came a "cropper" at the end of the run.



A remarkable night photograph taken in the snows of Canada, where most of the scenes for "Snow Blind" were filmed. This is a Goldwyn picture by Katherine Newlin Burt.



REGINALD BARKER directing RUSSELL SIMPSON in a scene from "Snow Blind," a Goldwyn picture. It was a case of making pictures under difficulties, for it was so cold that the oil would freeze in the cameras.

A CULINARY INTERVIEW WITH WANDA HAWLEY

Who Can Cook a Dinner as Well as She Can Act on the Films

By EMMA LINDSAY SQUIER

WHEN I opened the door of the Hawley bungalow, in response to a summons somewhere from within, I was greeted only by the sound of footsteps in the room overhead, and a great clamour of pots and pans in the kitchenette. I pictured the steps above as belonging to Wanda, who was doubtless getting into some charming frock in honour of my presence at dinner, and I was about to go on up, this privilege being mine by right of having known Wanda for many years, when the tumult in the kitchen ceased suddenly, and from the open door there emerged not the Chinese cook or coloured maid that I had imagined, but Wanda herself, flushed of face, dishevelled of hair, wearing a dress torn in several places, flecked with flour and spotted with grease.

"Oh, Emmy," she greeted me hastily, "you *will* excuse the way I look, won't you? You know I cook my own dinners——"

"You do?" I demanded incredulously. "I was told by a press agent that you did, but I didn't think it possible."

Wanda laughed, and her dimples appeared automatically.

"Why, of course it's possible," she assured me. "I always cook dinner unless I'm working awfully late, and in that case we go out to a café. You must remember that I was brought up in the good old-fashioned way, and my mother taught me how to *cook*. Why, Burton and I,"—Burton is Friend Husband, and he belonged to the footsteps in the room above—"we'd much rather eat here in our own little bungalow than at a hotel or restaurant. Sit down, Emmy. Dinner will be ready in just a minute. Burton, darling, won't you please hurry!" she called up the stairway, then flitted into the kitchenette again, where the clamour of pots and pans began again with a vengeance.

Wanda, it might be remarked, in passing, is not the type of person that one would take to be domestic; one can as easily imagine a Bird o' Paradise in a hen coop. Yet, when it comes to that, she is a deceiving little sort of person in many ways. She is just a wee bit of fluff with pale gold hair, sky-blue eyes, and a cream and rose complexion that is light-proof and time-defying. She looks like a Dresden doll—and has the mind of a Portia; she can quote Latin until your head swims, and she plays the Rachmaninoff Prelude with the bold, powerful technique of a maestro. One would imagine, to look at her, that her chief delight would be in dining at a fashionable café, with pink lights and a decolleté gown to enhance her charms. Yet, here she was, in a soiled blue housedress, entirely happy and unashamed, flitting from kitchenette to dining room, laughing and chatting, and sending occasional calls to the room above for Burton to please *hurry*, just like a regular housewife whose only knowledge of the movies is obtained from the audience side of the silver screen.

"Now, then, we're all ready!" she announced, as she deposited three plates of steaming hot soup around the table at correct intervals. "Burtie, darling, if you don't come quick, we won't wait for you!" she called warningly, and this last threat brought a quick response of feet clumping down the stairway, and Friend Husband appeared. He is young, and good-looking enough to be taken for a movie star, and he is, as Wanda will tell you proudly, a "*wonderful* business man!" Since his return from the army he has bought a garage in Hollywood, and that, says his wife, solves the petrol problem—for her.

Kisses.

"WE will have been married just exactly four years this next month," she told me, as we started in on the soup. "And I will say this—even for publication—I'd rather have my husband kiss me than any man I know.

"What I mean is," she hurried on, and Friend Husband swallowed his soup with a startled gurgle, "any man in the movies—no, that's not it either. Burton, darling, *please* don't choke. I mean that movie kisses don't mean a thing in my young life, but that I'm as fond of Burton's as ever—you *do* know what I mean, don't you?"

We said we did, and Wanda removed the soup. It was replaced by casseroles of cold salmon, most delectably cooked.

"Salmon a la Wanda!" gaily announced the little cook.

"Salmon a la Wonder!" paraphrased Burton. "You wonder what's in it."

"Everything but the gas range," returned Wanda. "But if you really want to know how to make it——" She turned to me.

After one satisfying mouthful I intimated that I did.

"You take a can of salmon," she recited, while I snatched at a scrap of paper, "and you make a cream sauce for it, then you cut up olives and mushrooms, a little onion if you like it, a bit of parsley helps out, too; you mix it all together and put it in casseroles. Then you grate cheese over the top and put the casseroles in the oven to get thoroughly heated through, and you serve it cold or hot."

"Say, what is this, an interview, or a cooking school?" demanded Friend Husband, who had finished his Wanda salmon, and was waiting for the next course.

"Well, we can't talk shop *all* the time," Wanda reprimanded him, as she cleared the table for the next course, a juicy steak with trimmings, and an assortment of vegetables, all piping hot and appetisingly arranged.

"What do you want to know?" she asked me, as we commenced on the succulent dish.

"Oh, the usual thing," I told her. "What pictures you like best, how you got into the movies, and—have you any more recipes as good as the one you gave me?"

"Indeed I have," she assured me, answering, woman-like, the last question and disregarding the others. "Let me tell you how to make noodles à la Hawley——"

"Wanda, dear," her better half broke in gently. "Pictures are more important than noodles."

She smiled and dimpled—the two go together in Wanda's case—and then she looked thoughtful for a moment.

Her Career in a Nutshell.

"WHY, Emmy, you know as much about my career as I do. You know I went through grammar school and high school just like everyone does, and that I went to New York to study voice and piano, and got married on the way." This last with a fond look at Burton, which was returned in kind. "And you know how hard I studied to make a success in music, and how I accompanied for Albert Spaulding, and then how, just on the eve of my vocal début I had laryngitis.

"That sort of discouraged me for going on with music, though I could have been a concert pianiste; but Norma Talmadge took me to the Fox studio, in New York, and they liked my face, and gave me a leading part right off the bat. It was in 'The Derelict,' supporting Stuart Holmes."

"And your name used to be Selma Pittack," I interpolated, "and you changed it——"

"In the usual matrimonial way," she finished. "But I took the name 'Wanda' at Douglas Fairbanks' request when I was his leading lady in 'Mr. Fixit,' and I've kept it ever since.

"Burton, dear, will you serve the salad while I clear off the table?"

Burton would and did, and I quizzed him in the meanwhile. It is not every day that one may interview a star's husband.

"I suppose you're a picture enthusiast?" I asked, and he shook his head emphatically.

"I am—not!" he denied. "One picture person to a family is enough.



A charming portrait of WANDA HAWLEY enjoying a quiet read.

"CARNIVAL."

(Continued from page 18.)

She flung out her arms; then, thrusting all thoughts back, she hurriedly wrapped her cloak around her as she ran down the stairs.

Carnival had called her.

And Afterwards.

AND as she danced with Andrea, Silvio came back. A crush on the canal, a little interference with mad revellers had caused him to miss his train.

He had done his duty to Donati, though he had failed to get to him. Now he wished to take Simonetta to the ball.

He searched the house. Perhaps in the nursery, where Nino was sleeping, he would find her.

It was Nino who told him.

"She went with a man. I could not sleep, so I looked through the window at the lights. I saw them get into the gondola," said the child.

Silvio dashed from the house to the ball. Iago's words to Othello came to him:

"In sleep, I heard him say, 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary; let us hide our love . . . .
O cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'"

Unconsciously, he found himself muttering Othello's words:

"I'll tear her to pieces!"

Mad with the torment of jealousy, he thrust himself through the dancers, asking everybody, had they seen Simonetta? But they only laughed, or told him to find another partner.

It was carnival!

He did not find her. She was not there when he returned home.

It was dawn when she returned, still in her carnival dress. As she came into the room, Silvio put up the lights.

"You went, then? With whom did you go?" he asked, sternly.

Simonetta did not answer. She just looked at him, terror in her eyes.

"Nino told me," he went on. "It was . . . . horrible . . . . the child saw you get into the gondola with a man. Who was it? Answer me!"

Still no reply from Simonetta.

Then, as Silvio watched the face of his wife he noticed a rent in her dress at the shoulder, exposing the white flesh. The sight turned him crazy with rage. With a savage cry he threw himself on Simonetta and caught her by the throat. Fear gave Simonetta strength, and she broke from his grasp and with a shriek she ran to her room.

Othello.

IT was the night following the carnival—the night of the production of Othello.

It had been a terrible day for Simonetta.

She had decided that the best thing she could do was to say she had been to the ball with her brother Lelio, but from the manner Silvio received her explanation she knew he did not believe what she said.

To make matters worse she could not get in touch with Lelio, and she dare not attempt to go out for Silvio looked at her so strangely that it seemed he was reading her very thoughts.

When the curtain went down on the first act there was tumultuous applause.

Simonetta hurried off the stage hoping to find Lelio in the Green Room so that she could tell him what to say if Silvio asked him.

He was not there, and she wrote a hurried note to him explaining what she had done and gave it to an attendant, telling him to find Lelio at all costs and give him the note.

When she got to her husband's dressing-room she found him pacing up and down the room.

"You still insist that you went to the ball with Lelio?" he said abruptly.

"Yes, Silvio."

"I have sent for Lelio," remarked Silvio quietly. "Wait here."

A few minutes later Lelio appeared.

"With whom did you go to the ball last night Lelio?" said Silvio.

"With Simonetta. Did she not tell you?" he answered.

"Then you brought her home?" Silvio's voice was very quiet.

"Certainly."

"You lie, Lelio. Simonetta came home alone. You can go, and go quickly."

Silvio paid no attention to Simonetta, but calling a dresser he told him to find Count Scipione and tell him to come and see him.

Simonetta went to her own dressing-room and on her way saw Andrea in the corridor.

"Silvio has sent for me" he said. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Silvio was waiting up for me last night. There was a terrible scene. See him after the next scene, and be careful what you say," whispered Simonetta. "Do not let him suspect we were together."

The next scene was a triumph for Silvio.

He held the house spellbound.

There was something uncanny about his performance.

As one of the actors said: "It is terrifying. He acts as if he were living the part."

Andrea tried to appear cool when he arrived in the dressing-room but there was something in Silvio's face that made him change colour.

(Continued on page 22.)

THEODORE KOSLOFF

Film Actor and Teacher of Dancing.

THEODORE KOSLOFF, the Russian dancer, must spend a very busy life in Los Angeles, for besides appearing in films, he has a school of aesthetic dancing, which countless members of the film world attend.

Kosloff told an interviewer that Nazimova has a lesson a day and she works so very hard. Of course, Nazimova is already a beautiful dancer but she learns new and very difficult steps. Amongst other pupils from Filmland are Gloria Swanson and Ruth Stonehouse.

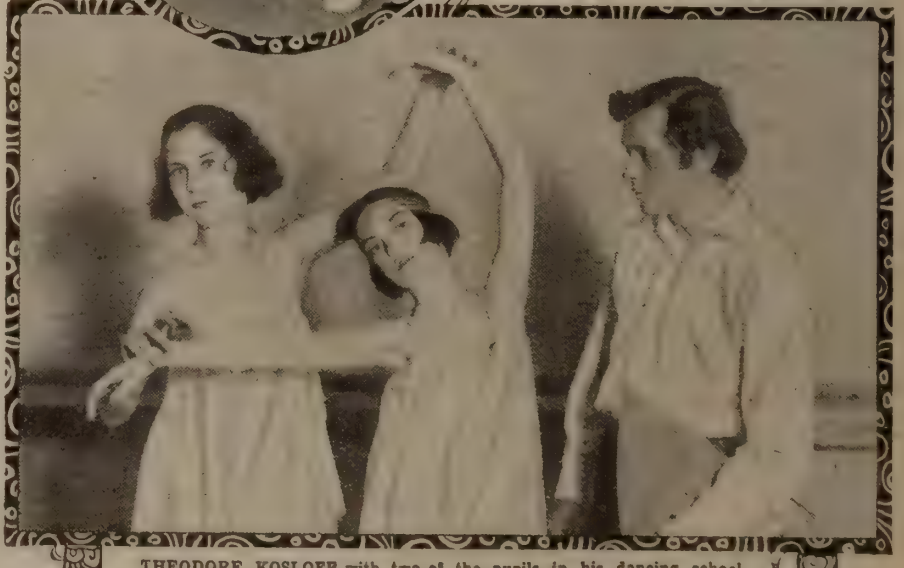
His Career.

THEODORE KOSLOFF commenced his career on the stage in Russia, then he played in grand opera in Paris, and later appeared in London and New York.

Films in which he has had a part are "The Woman God Forgot," "Why Change Your Wife," and "Something To Think About."



THEODORE KOSLOFF in a typical dancing pose, while on the left you see him in a wonderfully effective Russian costume.



THEODORE KOSLOFF with two of the pupils in his dancing school which he runs in Los Angeles. Many film folk attend this school, and among his pupils are Nazimova, Gloria Swanson, and Ruth Stonehouse.

REAL LIFE DOUBLES

An interview with the Dolly Sisters appearing in the "League of Notions," at the Oxford Theatre, London.

REALLY, even now, I feel bewildered at the mere thought of it!

Imagine a brilliantly lighted dressing-room, which appears much smaller than it really is by virtue of its being *crammed* with human beings of various sizes, ages and appearances, clothed theatrically or otherwise, which, upon closer investigation sort themselves into the respective types of actress, dresser or visiting friend. Add to all this a babel of talking and laughter, and you have some idea of the scene and atmosphere of this interview with the Dolly Sisters.

Which is Which.

NEAR the dressing table in a corner I espy two butterfly maidens, whom I take to be the objects of my quest.

"Which is which?" I ask, with true John Bull bluntness, making my way towards them.

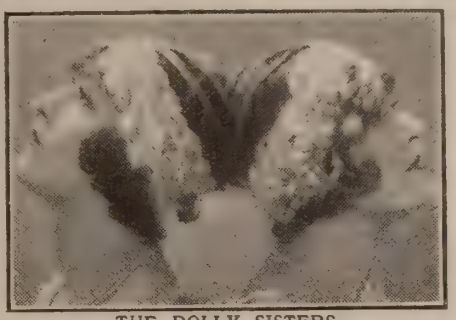
"I'm Rosie and this is Jennie," says one, shaking me warmly by the hand. (No one by the way, dreams of calling the Dolly Sisters by other than their Christian names.) "And oh, you wicked woman," she adds, "you're late."

I humbly deny the soft impeachment, pointing out that 4.45 p.m. may safely be called "between two o'clock and five o'clock," the elastic time previously appointed for the interview. Whereupon Rosie graciously accepts my explanation, subsides into a chair, and begging me to excuse her a minute, commences to answer a note which her dresser has just brought her from an admirer.

"She's always getting letters like that," says Jennie, with a laugh, as she makes various little dabs at the powder and grease-paint on the dressing-table by which I am sitting, for the two sisters have shortly to take their cue.

Torn between envy of Rosie and anxiety concerning the fate of the interview, I then turn my attention to Jennie.

"You and your sister have appeared in a picture, haven't you?"



THE DOLLY SISTERS.
(*Photo: Foulsham & Banfield.*)

"Yes," she replies brightly, as she dabs more powder on her young shoulders and arms, which her gay-hued, diminutive frock shows up to perfection. "'The Million Dollar Dollies,' produced by M. Leonce Perret. It is a comedy-novelty picture, in which we do a lot of dancing, swimming and skating, and so on. We both enjoyed the work very much indeed. This is the first and only picture in which we have appeared together, and my initial film appearance. But Rosie had made one previously——"

"Hey, Rosie!" I cry, wagging my pencil accusingly in that young lady's direction, "this is where *you* come in!"

"Yes," replies Rosie, flitting, like the merry little soul she is, over to my corner.

"I appeared in a film called 'The Lily and the Rose,' with Lillian Gish. A very clever, truly wonderful girl!"

"And what sort of part was yours?"

Vampires *v.* Ingenues.

"OH, I was a vamp," unconcernedly explains this blooming young creature as she bends her rosy face towards me, while she does something to the back of her hair.

"A vampire!" I exclaim foolishly, staring at those soft, rounded features. "Did—did you like it? Somehow, I can't imagine you in such a role."

"Can't you indeed?"

"You look so young," puts in a friend close by.

"Yes, that's it," I hastily explain. "There is a something about you that somehow doesn't suggest a vampire."

"Well, anyhow, I prefer such a role to that of an *ingenue*. I'm *not* a 'baby' type——"

Chorus of dissent from friend and myself.

"*And* I can't dress to look like one," finishes Miss Rosie unperturbed.

(Well, since you're so emphatic, young lady. But we're two to one, you know.)

The Inseparables.

"ARE you two thinking of doing any film work over here?"

"We've had two good offers," answers Miss Jennie, "but we've been advised not to consider anything at present. For one thing, we are far too busy, even when we are not actually on the stage, we are always leading this rushing sort of life, so that we feel just like *falling* into bed at night, and then again the weather has not been very favourable to picture making."

"*And*," adds Rosie, "we colud not take a long contract in pictures because now we never separate, and naturally we could not go on playing twin roles in films indefinitely. Why, even on pleasure, one never goes without the other. We eat, sleep, act, do *everything* together. So you can understand we should refuse to be parted now."

And the devoted Dollies, being ready to take their cue, flit away, like two beautiful butterflies.

MAY HERCHEL CLARKE.

The Hepworth Magazine

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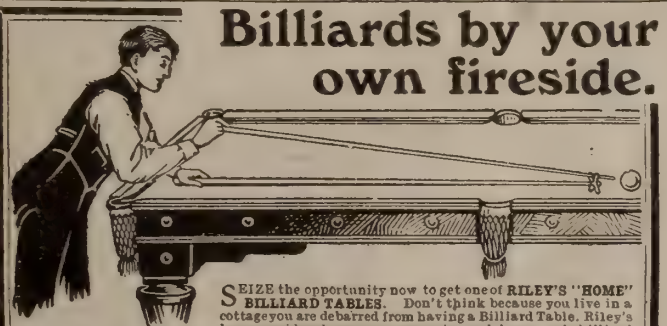
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EDITED BY CECIL PALMER.

The Hepworth Magazine

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"CARNIVAL."

(Continued from page 20.)

Simonetta was sitting there, but Silvio paid no attention to her.

"Andrea, Simonetta has a lover, and I want you to help me to find him," said Silvio, without any fencing with words. "If I could find him, I would kill him."

"Then you don't know who he is?" asked Andrea, exchanging a quick glance with Simonetta. Then, turning to Silvio, he went on: "Are you quite fair to Simonetta, Silvio. Have you not treated her like a child for years, promising her things and then denying them? Simonetta had looked forward to the carnival for months—designed the special Bacchante dress——"

"Bacchante?" broke in Silvio. "What do you know about the Bacchante dress?"

"Why, you told me. Don't you remember?" stuttered Andrea.

But Silvio turned on him in a fury.

"You lie. I told you nothing. *You* are the man!"

Silvio advanced with clenched fists towards Andrea, but Simonetta sprang to her feet and went between them.

"Wait, Silvio," she said. "I'll tell you the truth. I went with Andrea to the ball," she said quietly.

"The truth at last!" exclaimed Silvio hysterically. "My wife and my best friend!"

Andrea waited a second, and then he said:

"If you want me, Silvio, I shall be at my hotel."

Then, without glancing at Simonetta, he left the room.

Revenge.

IT was the last scene in the play.

Simonetta as "Desdemona" was lying on a couch waiting the entrance of Othello.

There was such a murderous look in the eyes of Silvio that the audience shivered, and many turned their heads away.

Then as the play went on the audience turned to each other with frightened faces.

Silvio was not addressing Simonetta as "Desdemona," but by her own name.

What did it mean?

"And now, Simonetta, thou diest!" almost screamed Silvio, as he hurled himself on his wife and pressed the pillow over her mouth.

A cry of horror rang through the theatre as the stage-hands and actors ran on the stage and pulled Silvio off by main force.

The curtain was rung down, and the horrified audience went out.

In the Green Room Simonetta lay like one dead, while a doctor tried artificial respiration to bring her round.

"She lives," said the doctor. "In a little while she will be all right, but it was a close call."

Simonetta presently opened her eyes and noticed the actors and actresses standing round. In a weak voice she called the doctor.

"Send them all away, please. I wish to be alone with my husband."

The doctor hesitated, but one look at the face of Silvio told him that he was already bitterly repenting what he had done.

When the room was cleared, Simonetta beckoned to her husband.

"Silvio, I do not blame you for what you tried to do, but I am not guilty. For months I have been fretting under your treatment. I wanted to share your hopes, your work; to be your wife in everything. But you treated me as if I were a child. I made that dress hoping to win back your love, and when you did not go with me I was so bitterly disappointed that I went with Andrea. On the way back on the canal Andrea forgot himself, but my love for you was so strong that I easily repulsed him. His passion awakened no echo in my heart. I love you, Silvio, only you. If you believe me, take me home; if you don't, leave me."

Silvio looked at her without speaking, then turned and walked towards the door. Simonetta heard him go, but dared not turn her head. He reached the door, and as she heard the click of the latch she closed her eyes and clenched her teeth to prevent herself from screaming. Then her head fell forward as she heard her husband's voice.

"Bring my gondola!" he cried.

The next minute he was back, and picking Simonetta up in his arms, carried her along the corridor and down the steps. As he set her down in the gondola, he whispered:

"From now I mean to be your lover, as well as your husband, child!"

"I have waited so long for that, Silvio!" whispered Simonetta, as she snuggled in his arms.

THE END.

(Adapted from incidents in the Alliance photo-play featuring Matheson Lang as Silvio Hilda Bayley as Simonetta and Ivor Novello as Count Andrea.)

Special Art Supplement of Pictures from "Carnival" in next week's PICTURE SHOW.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Spring Suits Chosen by Peggy Hyland.

IT has long been rumoured that skirts were to be longer for spring wear, and all who heard the news felt rather perturbed to think that the much appreciated freedom of the short skirt was at last to be denied them. Yet, after all, it was only a rumour, for the newest spring suits show all manner of skirts, but each and every one of a normal, comfortable length. What a relief this is! I, for one, have become so accustomed to the short skirt that either falls in pleats from the hips or hangs straight from the waist-line that it would be a painful duty to have to adopt a skirt of more lengthy proportions.

The Beloved Short Skirt.

THERE is no doubt about the healthiness of the short skirt. It does not cramp the movements in the slightest, nor collect dust as the skirt that touched the ground used to do. And it has one other advantage—not exactly to the wearer, but to the looker-on, who sees most of the game—it forces girls to pay more careful attention to their footwear! This means no down-at-heel shoes or thick, ungainly stockings. Instead, the eye catches a glimpse of graceful silken-clad ankles and the neatest of shoes, well-cleaned and tended.

As a matter of fact, the rumour that skirts were to be longer hailed from Paris, where they have been worn particularly short during the past seasons; so that, even if they are to be cut longer over there, it will only mean that the new length will correspond with present wear over here.

There is a decided charm about the latest spring costumes, which depict two distinct styles. One shows a coat of three-quarter or seven-eighths length, while the other is reminiscent of coats worn about four or five years ago—little sacque affairs that flare out at the lower edge. Both are charming in their own way.

A Boon to the Home Dressmaker.

THE sacque coat is a boon and a blessing to the home dressmaker, because it can be very easily copied at home, and look well-turned-out for all that. It lends itself, too, to all manner of effective decorations that can be carried out at home, and that will add charm and value to the suit.

Embroidery, for instance, is being used in profusion upon this new type of costume. Sometimes it is worked in wool, at other times in silk; while even narrow braid is applied in fanciful design. Each style of work is simplicity itself. Frequently this work takes on rather an elaborate form, combining many brilliant shades of silk; but I prefer it when it is manipulated in the same colour as the material of the suit, with perhaps just a touch of colour here and there. Although the bright hats of spring will readily give all the colour that is necessary to a sombre suit.



No 29,378.

Trimmed With Embroidery.

ONE little sacque costume that I saw at a dress show the other day had a very deep band of embroidery round the lower part of the coat and across either hip of the skirt. Close inspection of the work revealed the fact that it was simply done in small tacking threads that covered a bold design, the stitching being worked in straight lines, all in one direction. Spaces of the material were left plain at intervals and added to the boldness of the design. Another suit of Navy blue was decorated by a panel at either side covered with pillar-box red cable stitching that had been worked by machine. This work is simple enough, needing only accuracy of eye.

I must not neglect to speak also of the neck part of these coats, which is invariably arranged to stand high to the neck—at the back anyway. Being of the single-breasted order, it gives freedom to the throat in the front, because the coat is usually left open when worn. Open bellshaped sleeves always accompany these suits. Of course, this type of costume would only be correct for afternoon or calling wear. The plain tailored suit, or even a tweed, would be best choice for morning wear or shopping.

When You Go Shopping.

WHICH carries me on to the plainer and more lengthy coat of gabardine. This coat is much the same as the style worn last autumn, with the exception of the waist-line, which is now belted instead of being left plain, as last season. Sometimes, too, the edges of the coat and pocket flaps are bound with braid, which gives such a smart finish to a suit of this persuasion. I have selected a costume of this type for your approval on this page, to the left of the group of figures. Note the novel way in which the back belt is arranged. It extends just a little towards the front, where it meets a much narrower belt that ties over in the front.



No. 29,587.

No. 29,379.

And now I come to the ubiquitous tweed, which is absolutely invaluable in this changeable climate. How useful a suit of this type is to slip on on a cold, wet day! It not only looks neat and comfortable, but stands any amount of really hard wear and tear. Unlike the drab tweed costumes of years gone by, the coat and skirt of to-day is charming. Quite effective colour schemes can be devised with the pretty materials that are fashioned. My favourite style for a tweed suit is depicted in the lower right-hand picture, with a graceful roll collar and plain belt that gathers in the waist fulness. A rough mixture of fawn and brown is my ideal choice of tweed for this costume, although there are crowds of other schemes that are equally admirable. A great deal, however, depends upon the etceteras that are chosen to accompany the suit of tweed. Nothing of the fancy order should be worn. Moderately thick stockings, low-heeled suede walking-shoes, a simple, comfortable hat with a ribbon-band, and a neat blouse.

The stout girl should never select a tweed costume, unless it is of fairly fine make. This type of suit will be found to show up considerably the figure which she invariably wishes to hide. It is good choice, however, for the slim girl.

You can obtain patterns of the costumes on this page in 34, 36, 38, and 40 inch bust sizes for one shilling each, from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

PENETRATING THE SURFACE.

THE cinema is still young. For some of us, in the appreciative contemplation of its past achievements, are apt at times to forget this simple truth. So rapidly has the motion picture progressed since it emerged from the infant stage that its power and position to-day seem really to belong to the older industries. We think there is little else to be done when the problems of the coloured and speaking films have been successfully solved, and then we learn to our astonishment that it has even more surprises for us in store. There is, indeed, much that is magnificent in the possibilities of its youth.

Hitherto we have marvelled at the unrivalled entertainment and instruction it has afforded us in various ways. The art of the artiste, the wonders of the universe, and the beauties of Nature, have all been faithfully portrayed. We did not need to worry about the expense of travel, its petty inconveniences, and its long (and sometimes tedious) journeys to see them all. We grew to laugh at the tourist, for by stepping across the road we saw more in an hour than he might have done in a lifetime. But we were looking all the while at the surface of things. We did not suspect that even their hidden mysteries might one day be revealed upon the screen.

For it would appear that there is nothing sacred to the eye of the motion picture camera. It has improved upon the X-rays, for whereas the latter showed us organs of the body without their movement, the motion picture can depict them as they are. Lately, before the Royal Society of Medicine, a film was shown by which the most minute details of the heart's action were clearly visible to the naked eye. And it was also possible to see the movements of various muscles in athletic exercises. Clearly the day of screen miracles is not past, for there is no knowing what other secrets of man and the universe we may yet see filmed.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

Will all readers entering our competitions kindly bear in mind that announcements as to results CANNOT BE GIVEN BY POST. As in the case of past competitions, results will be given in the paper as soon as possible. But readers are kindly requested to be patient, as entries for our competitions always number several thousands, and the work of judging them fairly cannot, therefore, be done too quickly.

"PHILLIP" (Hampstead).—You want to know where Billie Burke lives, Fanny Ward lives, Mary Pickford lives, Jack Pickford lives, and Charlie Chaplin lives? America, sure.

"NORBURYITE" (Norbury).—I believe I have answered others from your town by post. Anyway, you may claim the honour of being the first in print. Mitchell Lewis in "The Bar Sinister" and "The Barrier."

J. S. (Hampstead).—Rather a long nom-de-plume, so I hope you won't mind your initials instead. Yes, Wyndham Standing deserves admiring, and you will doubtless feel proud to know that he is an Englishman. Place of birth, London, and date, August 23rd, 1880.

A. B. (Brussels).—My good friend, I shall not charge you anything for this except the small price (or its equivalent your side) marked on the outside of the front cover. Margarita Fisher was born in Missouri Valley, Iowa, twenty-seven years ago. She began her screen career with Selig, and among her pictures are "Beauty to Let," "The Devil's Assistant," and "Fair Enough." She has copper coloured hair and grey eyes.

"SPIDER" (Fareham).—You will look for a nice long answer. Who said there were any others? However, since you like my replies, I must continue to be nice. No, Donald Calthrop has not done very much. Old films are not always easy to trace, and the one you mention is, unfortunately, an instance. Yes, write again any old time.

"LIGHTNING" (Maidenhead).—What a striking nom-de-plume. So for all our glorious art plates you return thanks. I am glad you like them, and mind you keep up the collection. Here is the cast of "Everywoman." Violet Hemming (title role), Clara Horton (Youth), Wanda Hawley (Beauty), Margaret Loomis (Modesty), Clarence Geldert (Auctioneer), Bebe Daniels (Vice), Mildred Reardon (Conscience), Theodore Roberts (Wealth), Edyth Chapman (Truth), Monte Blue (Love), Charles Ogle (Time), Irving Cummings (Passion), Lucien Littlefield (Lord Witless), James Neill (Nobody), Fred Huntley (Dissipation), Raymond Hatton (Flattery), Noah Beery (Bluff), Jay Dwiggins (Stuff), Tully Marshall (Puff), and Robert Brower (Age).

J. P. W. (Kensington).—Not a boring letter at all. Mae Murray is a great favourite of yours. She is the wife of Robert Leonard, and was born in Portsmouth, Virginia. Her age this year will be twenty-seven. She gives her colouring as blonde hair and blue eyes, and her height as 5 ft. 4 in.

"BABES" (Leeds).—In the woods, still? Well, I hope it isn't because of the house shortage. None of your favourites have really disappeared. They sometimes retire for a brief space only. Theda Bara was born in 1890 in Cincinnati, but her birthday is not given. She has dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, and is 5 ft. 6 in. in height. Gladys Brockwell was born in 1894 in Brooklyn, New York, and has the same coloured hair, but her eyes are brown. Height, 5 ft. 6 in. also.

"UN GRANDE FILLET" (Greenwich).—You want me to settle an argument that is always raging between your mother and you. Trying to settle a domestic squabble is always a delicate matter. One is sure to please one and offend the other, especially when, as in this case, youth is in the right. "Jacko's Secret" was an Italian production, and Malvina Longfellow was not in it. Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland. He is Godfrey's half-brother.

"BROWNIE" (Warwick).—The part of Master Alfred Truscott in "The Call of the Road" was taken by Victor McLaglen.

"JAMES" (Dundee). Your wants, young man, are simply staggering. You ask first of all, for a complete list of all the life stories and art plates that have appeared in Nos. 1 to 84, next art plates to be issued of every single artiste in this country and in America, and last of all, replicas of all the art plates. Why, it's like a nightmare. Write to the publisher, 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4, and he will give you the cost of those numbers he has in stock. "By the World Forgot" featured Hedda Nova and J. Frank Glendon.

"JUANITA" (Edinburgh). Mary Pickford is certainly very pretty. Juanita Hansen has fair hair and blue eyes. Little Madge Evans will be twelve on July 1st. You other juvenile favourite is not very well known.

"BERNADETTE" (Gravesend).—Percy Marmont was born in Gunnersbury, but does not state his age or birthday. "The Climbers" and "Pride" are among his latest. Mary Pickford and Conway Tearle in "Stella Maris," and Rene Creste and Mlle. Andreyor in "Judex."

"BETH" (Lincoln).—You will be reading this on washing-day again, I expect. Glad to hear the "P. S." cheers you up. No recent news of Mabel Trunelle or what she is doing.

"ENGLISH" (Manchester). You will see I commented on your letter in a previous issue. Your first British favourite has not come forward with any particulars about himself. Godfrey and Conway Tearle are half-brothers. The former has brown hair and eyes, and has appeared in "A Sinless Sinner," "Nobody's Child," and "Queen's Evidence." He is the son of the late Osmond Tearle.

"NOSY" (Leigh-on-Sea).—Not as bad as that, surely. Your request will be complied with one of these fine days, if only to avoid the brickbats you threaten to throw at me. Edward Hoxen in "More Deadly Than the Male."

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

ALLA NAZIMOVA, care of Metro Pictures Corpn., Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

WILLIAM FARNUM, care of Fox Film Co., 130, West 46th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

CONWAY TEARLE, care of Friars Club, New York City, U.S.A.

ROY STEWART, Roy Stewart Feature Films, 641, North Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

(More addresses next week.)

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PICTURE SHOW, April 9th, 1921. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

"CARNIVAL."—Wonderful Art Supplement Inside.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. APRIL 9th, 1921.

No. 102. Vol. 4.

AFTER THE CARNIVAL: Hilda Bayley as Simonetta in a striking scene from "Carnival."



"CARNIVAL," the Alliance Photo-play produced from the great stage success with Hilda Bayley and Matheson Lang in their original parts, has proved that this country can compete with America in the cinema world. (More pictures on centre page.)

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Far and away the most convincing argument in favour of "Harlene Hair-Drill," however, is to be found in the thousands upon thousands of letters received by Mr. Edwards from all sorts and conditions of people, from every corner of the civilised globe, from people of both sexes and all ages. To obtain the "Harlene" Four-Fold Gift, cut out and send the following coupon, and you will have the packet delivered at your address per return post.

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In the course of a few days you will find every strand of your hair waking up to the new vitality and new strength—you will find a new sparkle and freshness revivifying the hair, and all the lost light and shade as well as the delicate tints of the hair, which have been dulled down, will re-awaken and your hair will rapidly take on a new lease of life and beauty.

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PICTURE SHOW, 9/4/21

NOTE TO READER.

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With Palpitation, Loss of Weight and Terrible Weakness, Dr. Cassell's Tablets Restore Complete Health.



Mrs. J. Wyer, of Willow Cottage, Dersingham, near King's Lynn, says:—"It is about two years since I was first troubled with indigestion. I lost appetite and began to feel terribly weak and depressed. I never wanted to eat, and I wasted away till I was just a shadow of what I had been. Sometimes I thought I should faint, I got so low and strengthless. At night I couldn't sleep; almost as soon as I lay down my heart would start to palpitate, and I had to get up and walk the room for relief. Then the indigestion took another form. After everything I ate clear water came up, and I had no relief until it did. It wasn't vomiting; the water came up freely, and after it quantities of wind. When these turns passed I was helpless. I had various medicines, but no benefit followed, till at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I began to feel they were doing me good so I persevered with them and now I am as well as ever in my life. I eat anything I fancy, sleep soundly all through the night, and have made up all the weight I lost."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

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The Universal Home Remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown	Kidney Trouble
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Sleeplessness	Vital Exhaustion
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Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

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WHEN communicating with Advertisers, please mention the "Picture Show."

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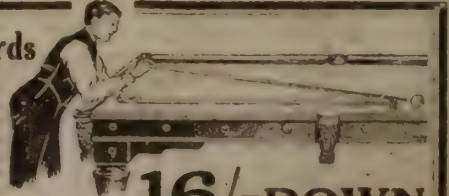
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Billiards is the game of games for indoor amusement—the game that never palls—the game for old and young alike. Play it in your own home on a Riley "Home" Billiard Table—there is one to rest on your dining table. The cut, 4in. size at £13 10s., or in 18 monthly payments of 16s. is suitable for the average room. Riley's "COMBINE" Billiard and Dining Tables from £34 10s., or in 20 monthly payments. **7 days' free trial.** Complete with accessories and carriage paid to any address within a mile of Railway Station.

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"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

Souvenir of "Carnival"—Real Life Stories—When Montague Love Was Interviewed.

ALL of you who have seen the splendid Alliance production of "Carnival" will be pleased with our art supplement this week—a worthy souvenir of a fine British photo-play. In this film Hilda Bayley has proved herself as fine an actress on the screen as on the stage. You'll like it.

—♦♦—

Real Life Drama Stories.

DO you like long complete stories of real-life dramas? If so, don't miss "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," a fine complete story of a girl who tried to arrange other people's love stories and nearly made a hash of her own. This story is in the "Girls' Cinema," out to-morrow. This number also contains the opening chapters of a short four-part serial entitled "Black Shadows," telling the dangers of the "black art," as hypnotism has been well described.

If you like stories, you must get this issue of the "Girls' Cinema," which also contains information about a really delightful one-week competition, in which the prizes are the most novel ever offered to admirers of picture players.

—♦♦—

Short and to the Point.

MONTAGUE LOVE has a real sense of humour. The other day he filled in the following answers on a newspaper reporter's question sheet:

BORN: Obviously.
PARENTS: Two.
EDUCATED: Forcibly!
FIRST STAGE APPEARANCE: Awful!

—♦♦—

A Proposal for Tom.

TOM MIX received a letter from a little almond-eyed maiden from the land of the chrysanthemum blossoms, offering to marry him—at least that is presumably what she means, for she offers to be his slave.

Tom was at some trouble to inform her, politely, but firmly, that there was "nothing doing," as he is already married.

—♦♦—

Almost a Fairy Story.

DID you see Constance Binney in "Sporting Life"? If so, you will be interested to know that three years ago Constance was unknown to both stage and screen. She was at a boarding-school, not as demure as her teachers would have had her, but studious just the same. Just before the holidays the girls gave a concert, and one of the girls showed real talent, and far outshone the others. This was Constance. The rest reads like a fairy tale.

Winthrop Ames, a well-known producer, was at the performance. He offered Constance a part in a play which was shortly to be produced. She did so well in this that she was offered the part in the film "Sporting Life," and now she is busy working for both stage and screen.

—♦♦—

A Slight Difference.

WHICH reminds me that Charles Ray says he often laughs over *his* first start on the stage. He got a small part with a touring company, and to celebrate the event, all his friends gave farewell parties, in which he was feted.

He said good-bye to the people at home, and all the boys went to the train to see him off.

"They thought I was a great man, and I agreed with them," laughed Charles. "I thought I was to be away a long time. However, the public evidently had good sense, for the show bust after two weeks, and I had to wire for my train fare home again."

—♦♦—

Her Elephant.

THE elephant whom you saw in "Her Elephant Man," has been purchased by Shirley Mason, and is now in the Zoo attached to the Hollywood studio.

The animal became so fond of Shirley during the making of the film that he would not eat unless the little star were near. Shirley was touched by the animal's affection, and bought him from the trainer, now he is her own.

—♦♦—

News of Owen Moore.

DID you know that Owen Moore has been ill? He has been in hospital in New York for treatment for inflammable rheumatism. But I hear he is now well on the way to recovery, and hopes to be out of hospital in a few days.

—♦♦—

A Frock of Pearls.

CORINNE GRIFFITH tells me that the frock she is to wear in her coming film, "What's Your Reputation Worth?" is to be made almost entirely of ropes of pearls.

As you know, Miss Griffith is noted for the extraordinary gowns she wears in her pictures. This pearl gown is one of the most beautiful—certainly one of the most unusual—she has yet worn.

—♦♦—

Charlie Murray on Holiday.

CHARLIE MURRAY is to have his first holiday for nearly nine years.

As soon as he has finished his present picture, he and his wife are to leave Los Angeles for a long tour. They plan to spend the first two or three weeks among the Hawaiian Islands.

—♦♦—

Energetic Larry.

LARRY SEMON lost no time while he was resting from a strained back, resulting from a strenuous scene in his last picture. Whilst lying in bed, he read the complete scenario of his next comedy.



JUSTINE JOHNSTONE, the latest cinema star to shine under the "Real-art" banner.

WARWICK WARD, now appearing in Ideal films (see paragraph below).

British Films Popular.

I HEAR in Calcutta audiences will have no serials. A friend who has been travelling in the Orient says that the Indian audiences are highly critical: they like good book films, go regularly to the picture shows, and are especially fond of British films.

—♦♦—

Sheriff at Fifteen.

LOOK out for some new stunts in the coming Harry Carey films. I hear that he has just had a visit from George Blaire, the original Montana Kid, who claims to be the fastest two gun man in the world, and who showed Harry a few new tricks in quick drawing.

As you know, George Blaire gained his fame early in life. He was made sheriff of Douglas County, Montana, when he was but fifteen years of age.

—♦♦—

Star of Stage and Screen.

MR. WARWICK WARD, whose photo appears on this page, is another screen star well known on the stage.

At the early age of twenty-one he produced his first play, which ran for over a year, after which he turned his attention to repertory work, and played forty leading parts in less than a year.

Then after appearing in "The Glad Eye," he returned to more serious work again, playing Gerald du Maurier's part in "Outcast."

Returning from a three months' trip to Spain he joined the late Sir George Alexander for three plays at the St. James's, then to the Haymarket, Daly's, Globe, etc., for various plays. It was just after being "demobbed"—whilst playing in "L'Aiglon"—Mr. Ward made his first acquaintance with the films, and during the last few months has played for the Ideal in "Wuthering Heights," "Build Thy House," "The Manchester Man," "Handy Andy," "The Diamond Necklace," "Belphegor." Also the Davidson productions, "Silver Lining," and "The Call of the Road."

—♦♦—

A Shock for Hero and Heroine.

IT was during the filming of a runaway match in "The Manchester Man," which was actually taken at the old Smithy at Gretna Green—with the real blacksmith officiating—that Mr. Ward tells me he had a terrible shock, for as the camera was clicking on the scene he heard the old blacksmith say, "By the law of Scotland I declare you man and wife," and he



PAULINE FREDERICK is very fond of kiddies. Here you see her playing with a number of them between scenes at the Robertson Cole studios, where she is finishing a film version of Florence Barclay's famous novel, "The Mistress of Shenstone."

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

and the leading lady were mightily worried lest the ceremony should prove binding.

The Accomplishments of Mae.

THE return of Mae Marsh to the screen in "The Little 'Fraid Lady," has won the applause of a large number of her admirers. In this play the decorations seen on the walls are really painted by Miss Marsh, who is as capable with the brush and palette as she is in acting.

Too Realistic.

EVERYONE knows how realistic the Hobart Bosworth screen fights are, but no one knows better than Bosworth himself, for he is suffering from an injured hand, having broken several of the bones in a fight scene with Nigel Barry, for his new picture.

And Then They Laughed.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA, although he speaks good English, is sometimes bothered a bit by our grammar rules. The other day he approached a group of ladies of his company, and said:

"Is it correct to say 'girls is,' or 'girls are?'"

"Girls are" of course, he was told.

To which Sessue replied:

"Well, girls, are my tie straight?"

Three Generations.

ELSIE FERGUSON plays three parts in the coming Paramount Artcraft Special, "Lady Rose's Daughter," Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel, which will be released over here in September. Elsie Ferguson plays the part of the grandmother, the mother, and the daughter.

Story of the Hope Diamond Filmed.

THE history of the Hope diamond is surely one of the most extraordinary stories to be found anywhere in history or fiction. The first authentic record of the stone is in 1642, when it was stolen by Jean Baptiste Tavernier, an adventurous French traveller, from the temple of Rama and Sita, in Burmah, where, according to tradition, it had rested for a thousand years. It then weighed 112¼ carats. The diamond was brought to Europe and sold to Louis XIV. for 2,500,000 francs. It was re-cut and reduced to 67⅛ carats. It was worn by Madame Pompadour and Marie Antoinette, was lost in the French Revolution, and subsequently turned up in a diamond dealer's shop in Amsterdam, and was again re-cut and reduced to 44¼ carats. It was then brought to London, and passed into the possession of the Hope family. Lord Francis Hope sold it to an American broker, and later owners have included Prince Ivan Kanitevski and Abdul Hamid. It is at present in the possession of Mrs. Edward MacLean, of Washington, U.S.A.



MILDRED DAVIS, whom you will recognise as co-star with Harold Lloyd in his comedies. Mildred's first appearance on the screen was in the Metro film, "Weaver of Dreams."



BEULAH BAINES. One of the most striking photographs of this beautiful cinema actress as she appeared in a recent carnival. You may have seen her in Famous Lasky productions, with whom she is now playing.



MOLLY ADAIR, whom you will see in the film version of "Greatheart." She also appeared in the "Gamble In Lives," and is now playing the title role in the film "Stella Fregelius," from the novel of Sir Rider Haggard.

Reminiscences of May Yohe.

THE authoress of "The Romance of the Hope Diamond" is, of course, the one-time queen of musical comedy whose name is still familiar to British playgoers, and who, as Lady Frances Hope, was among the long list of famous wearers of this historic jewel. May Yohe was born in the little mining settlement of Bethlehem, Pensylvania. Her mother was a dressmaker who later became famous as a theatrical costumier. At the age of ten, May Yohe was sent to Europe, to the school of Madame Florence Lamperbie, at Dresden, and later to Paris. Her first theatrical engagement was as understudy to the American prima donna, Jeannie Tearmans. Her first London appearance was in "The Magic Opal," in which she made so great a success with her one song, "Many and many a weary mile," that she was promptly engaged for a principal part in "Little Christopher Columbus," in which she sang for the first time her world-famous ballad, "Honey, ma Honey." Her last appearance in this country was in the revue "Come Over Here" at the London Opera House in 1913.

The Influence of the Jewel.

AN interesting feature of the production of this story on the screen is the appearance of the same artistes in different rôles and centuries. The possible intention was to suggest that the influence of the diamond upon the later characters might be due to their acquaintance with it in a previous existence. The Hindoo doctrine of the transmigration of souls and the prophecy of the priest that no soul should find rest until the jewel was restored further emphasised this suggestion. The players include George Chesebro', Grace Darmond, Boris Karloff, and a number of other talented people who have been specially chosen for their truth to the type required. "The Romance of the Hope Diamond" will be distributed in the United Kingdom by Messrs. Kilner's Exclusive Films, Ltd., who were responsible for the wonderful wild animal film, "The Lost City," in which George Chesebro' also starred, and which is still drawing huge crowds in every part of the country and has been exhibited in some twelve hundred British picture-theatres.

A Historic Curio.

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD, who plays opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "When the Clouds Roll By," is the lucky possessor of an historic curio in the shape of a silver shoe lined with gold. This was said to be the property of Nell Gwynne, having been presented to her by her royal lover. The shoe, so the story goes, came into the possession of a certain English lord, who presented it to Miss Clifford at a Christmas performance in London.

Fay Filmer.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

I HAVE just this second come away from the telephone, where I talked with Mae Murray. Miss Murray is one of my closest friends, and she usually keeps me informed about all her plans. She is to head her own company, and is now burning the midnight oil getting ready to make her first production. Her husband, Robert Z. Leonard, will direct her, and the new organization is to be known as the Murray-Leonard company. As an example for newly-weds these two might serve very nicely. They are simply inseparable, they dine together, dance together and work side by side. Bob says she is the best actress on the screen to-day, and she returns the compliment by declaring no one understands how to direct her as well as her husband, who knows her virtues and shortcomings, and never hesitates to bring out the one, and curb the other.

Mary's Vacation.

BY this time the news of Jack Pickford's serious illness must have reached London. Jack, as you probably know, was playing baseball on the studio lot and developed a bad case of bronchial pneumonia. At the time he was stricken he was hurrying to finish a Mary Pickford production which he was directing. Mary, because she was very tired, and Douglas Fairbanks, because of his broken hand, were planning to take a little holiday in Mexico, and brother Jack was putting on all speed to complete the picture so Mary could have her vacation. The picture is now held up, and goodness only knows when the Fairbanks will be able to get away from California. Jack had a very narrow escape. I received two wires, one saying his temperature was 105, and another saying his condition was improving, and his temperature was rapidly approaching a normal state. Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, who adores that boy of hers, never left his bedside. Mary, too, shares the family trait of considering Jack the apple of her eye, and she, with her mother, instituted a faithful vigil. Since Olive Thomas's death, the son of the Pickfords has been less of a man about town. The tragedy of losing his beautiful young wife seems to have had a sobering effect on the young man who, before this, was one of the gayest of the gay.

Madame Petrova Comes to Town.

THE weather has been so inclement it drove Madame Olgo Petrova in from her country place, and she has been spending a few weeks at the Plaza Hotel. When her husband, Dr. J. D. Stewart, was lost in a blizzard one night, and did not reach home for hours after she expected him, she decided it was high time to move where he would not have to be at the mercy of the elements in the country.

By the way, Madame Petrova and Lillian Gish have developed a friendship, and have seen quite a lot of each other lately. They went to the matinée last week to see Lionel Barrymore in "Macbeth." I wanted so much to go with them, but having so much to do, I could not manage it. Lillian went to hear our famous diva, Mary Gardon, sing Marguerite in "Faust," this week, believing if she plays the part it is well to get as many interpretations of the character as possible.

English Actor Going Home.

PERCY MARMONT, who has played opposite Alice Joyce in so many of her Vitagraph specials, now announces he is going to merry England this next summer for a holiday and on business. The truth of the matter is, one of the English producing companies have made him an offer, and I understand he expects to look into the matter when he goes abroad this summer.

Margarita Fisher Ready for Work.

AFTER a vacation of months Margarita is all ready to go back to work. Since she left the American Film Company she has been in New York, where she has been shopping and attending the theatres and talking business. Everything is settled now, and she has gone to California to make pictures for the Independent Company, a new organisation. Harry Pollard will direct her.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

THIS WEEK'S PICTURE SHOWS

"The Devil's Riddle"	*Fox.*
GLADYS BROCKWELL.	
"All of a Sudden Peggy"	*Paramount-Artcraft.*
MARGUERITE CLARK.	
"True Tilda"	*London.*
EDNA FLUGRATH.	
"Slaves of Pride"	*Vitagraph.*
ALICE JOYCE.	
"The Fly God" ..	*Western Import.*
ROY STEWART.	
"The Million Dollar Dollies" .	*Gaumont.*
DOLLY SISTERS.	
"Dinty"	*I. F. D. Co.*
WESLEY BARRY.	
"A Regular Fellow"	*F.B.O.*
TAYLOR HOLMES.	
"The Tavern Knight"	*Stoll.*
EILLE NORWOOD and MADGE STUART.	

"The Tavern Knight."

BY Raphael Sabatini. Produced under the sole direction of Maurice Elvey. One of Stoll's eminent British Authors series. Scenario by Sinclair Hill. Photography, Paul Burger. It is a magnificent film, full of beauty and romance, and soul inspiring episode. It is played by a strong cast. Conway Booth, as Oliver Cromwell, Madge Stuart, Cynthia, Charles Stuart, J. E. Wickens; John Ashburn, Cecil Humphries; Col. Pride, Clifford Heatherley; "The Tavern Knight," Eille Norwood; Captain Hogan, Teddy Arundell; Master Kenneth, Laurence Anderson; Gregory Ashburn, Croker King; Lieutenant Pride, Lionel Scott.

Maurice Elvey.

"THE TAVERN KNIGHT," this famous producer told me, the other afternoon, "was filmed on the original site of the battle, and many of the interiors were taken at Maddersfield Court, where King Charles stayed, and which is now the seat of the Earl of Beauchamp.

"The Battle of Poeke was fought on the bridge of that name. When we reached Worcester we went to the ex-service men's union and mustered as many men as we could, but we were still short of about 100 fit men for the more desperate fighting—as we were afraid of re-opened wounds.

"The Colonel of the Worcesters at length very kindly came to the rescue, and lent us a hundred troops; fifty we used for infantry and fifty for cavalry fights.

A Quick Change.

"WE marched them to a neighbouring town, and they changed into puritan or cavalry dress as necessity required—before this we had taken care that our locations were actually the authentic spots where the battle was fought. The film battle, therefore, was fought on the spot of the old battle.

THE "PICTURE SHOW'S" GUIDE TO PICTUREGOERS

"The cavalry charged right across the field, but to our dismay the infantry with their wooden arms held the ground stubbornly, and fortunately there was a Red Cross ambulance on the ground, as there were many casualties, although luckily nothing desperately serious."

Through a Misunderstanding.

ESTHER ANDERSON is the daughter of a drunken stepfather living with him in a lonely hut. Her unselfish character prompts her to give food and shelter to Jim Barnes, who finds his way there during a snowstorm. Subsequently the doctor goes out and loses his way, and Esther, misunderstanding his failure to return, makes her way to New York and obtains work. Circumstances bring the two together again, but there is trouble for the girl, during which her life is in danger. "The Devil's Riddle" is an interesting story, and as Esther Gladys Brockwell lives her part.

A Woman-Hater Reformed.

IT is apt to be awkward as well as amusing when a man, who is a confirmed woman-hater, is required by a will to marry somebody in particular. But, despite Dalion Pemberton's dislike of the fair sex, a chance meeting makes him acquainted with a young lady and then Cupid plays his part with such vengeance that the changed Dalion follows her wherever she goes. There is real comedy in "A Regular Fellow" in which Taylor Holmes as the hero has many amusing adventures with a surprise at the end.



Guided By a Fly.

BUT for the movements of a fly, which influenced the decision of one juryman, a man who killed another in self-defence might have had to pay the extreme penalty of the law. Along such an unusual line is "The Fly God" built, and the interest throughout the story is well maintained. Roy Stewart makes a capital hero in this Western drama, in which the excitement is alternated with plenty of humour.

Pride and its Penalties.

PATRICIA is a beautiful girl who is fortunate enough to make a marriage in which love and wealth go hand in hand. But Pride steps in, making both husband and wife slaves to its demands with the sinister figure of an untrustworthy valet in the background. It is from here that the drama, "Slaves of Pride," becomes more exciting, as the wife, hoping to win back her husband's failing love, elopes with his valet. The latter's real intentions in creating trouble now grow clearer, and how they are frustrated, and what follows, are all well depicted by the strong cast at the head of which is popular Alice Joyce.

The Little Mother.

"TRUE TILDA" is a human story in which laughter and tears are intermingled. Briefly, it concerns a little girl, who, having broken her leg in a circus, is left behind in a hospital. There she hears the cries of a dying mother for her son, and, determining to fetch him, little Tilda seeks him out. But the mother dies and the girl is left to bring up her little son. Their subsequent adventures are full of interest and humour. It is a British film, excellently acted, and Edna Flugrath, who is Tilda, gives us a lovable character.

Love by Arrangement.

MARGUERITE CLARK'S admirers will be able to see this dainty actress in the impersonation of a pretty and impulsive Irish girl in "All of a Sudden Peggy." A film version of the stage play, it introduces us to a naturalist to whom Peggy, the heroine, becomes an assistant. His relations, fearing that he may eventually marry her, persuade an attractive young fellow to make love to her. Many are the complications that ensue, involving a scandal which is not without its amusing side.





Death of Gregory Ashburn (CROKER KING) in "The Tavern Knight." A Stoll production.

MADGE STUART as Cynthia, EILLE NORWOOD as the Tavern Knight, and LAURENCE ANDERSON as Master Kenneth.

(Above) the Tavern Knight, attracted by Kenneth, gives him a few kindly words of advice.

BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TO-DAY



The CALL OF THE ROAD



Splendid Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM

Characters in the Story.

ALFRED TRUSCOTT, who has been disinherited for being a ne'er-do-well by his uncle, Silas Truscott.

LADY ROWENA, Alfred's cousin, who is fascinated by the stories she hears of her cousin. In order to meet him, she uses the name of Alice Grey, and goes to stay with her old nurse, Margery Merridew, near where Alfred has got work.

PAGANINI PRIMUS and PAGANINI SECUNDUS, "gentlemen of the road," and friends of Alfred.

SIR MARTIN TREVOR, an inveterate gambler, who cheats at cards. He is beaten in a duel by Alfred, and vows vengeance. At a country inn Sir Martin and his friend, Geoffrey Ralston, hear some important boxing news.

"The Pigeon Must Win."

THE professional gambler usually knows how to conceal his feelings. It is one of the first lessons he has to learn. To betray any kind of emotion would be but to place a weapon in the hands of those against whom he is matching his wits.

When Mr. Ikey Barnes uttered the name of Delaval, both Sir Martin Trevor, and his crony, Geoffrey Ralston, could have shouted with joy, but by not so much as a flicker of the eyelid did they betray the satisfaction they felt.

Sir Martin gave a careless laugh, and returned to his wine.

"Methinks, friend, thou hast earned thy guinea easily, and I have got but little in exchange for it," he said lightly. "Natheless," he added, "if thou art a fellow to be trusted, I might put another guinea or so in thy way during the next few weeks."

"I am at your honour's service," said Barnes, with a cunning look in his little eyes, "and for the rest"—he shrugged his shoulders—"I serve best those who pay me best."

Sir Martin nodded as one who understands a kindred soul.

"I would know more of this matter. It is my fancy, and I am willing to pay for it. It might suit me to wager a trifle on this blacksmith. He seems a likely fellow. What think you of his chances?"

"I know not but 'twill take a good man to beat him. He keeps fit, and is in better fettle than ever he was."

"Well, do you stay here, and learn what you can, and keep me informed—saying naught to anyone about the matter. Can's't write?"

"Ay, I am a man of education."

"Then I'll give thee an address which will find me. Send me thy news. Let me know who comes to see this Hammer John, and any gossip on the matter that reaches thine ears. I'll send thee five guineas weekly, and on the day of the fight I'll make thee a present that shall be in keeping with the service thou hast rendered."

Punch Murphy came in just then, and no more was said. Ikey Barnes ordered another mug of ale, and relapsed into the watchful silence which was habitual to him. The two gentlemen soon after retired.

Geoffrey Ralston joined Sir Martin in the latter's room.

The baronet was seated on the bed removing his boots. He looked up as his companion entered, and there was a queer smile upon his lips.

"Thy fears have served us well, Geoffrey, after all. 'Twas a lucky chance we stopped at the Two Fishes."

"Ay!" agreed the other, a little doubtfully. "But what think you of this Hammer John?"

"He is a good man."

"Too good?"

Sir Martin Trevor made no immediate reply, and his brow was knitted in a thoughtful frown.

"I think Pigeon Williams is the better man," he said at length, speaking very slowly; "but I like not such level chances when the stakes are high."



ADELINE HAYDEN-COFFIN as The Lady Ulleswater and ERIC ROYCE as Master Ulleswater.

"The Pigeon will win," said Ralston, trying to crush the awful doubt that had crossed his mind.

Sir Martin Trevor looked up again, and there was a very hard expression on his handsome face.

"The Pigeon must win," he said grimly. "If he should lose—bah! we'll not think of that. Look you, Geoffrey, we are too deep in this matter to run any risks. We will get back to town, and for a week or so we will see how things go, and then——"

"Well?"

"We will take such steps as shall be necessary," concluded the baronet, showing his white teeth in an ugly grin.

The Match.

THE New Corinthian Club was always a little animated on Monday nights. Quite recently the New Corinthian had become the fashionable centre in London of wealthy men interested in sport. Membership was sought after by every young blood of the day.

To-night the great clubroom was even more than usually crowded, and more than usually animated.

At a table a group of men, Sir Martin Trevor among them, were throwing dice, but for the most part the members were standing about in groups, talking.

From time to time the door opened to admit new comers. It was just before eleven that a young man entered alone. It was young Dick Ulleswater, a new member, who had contrived to get elected during his business visit to London.

He looked about him a little timidly as one who is amid strangers, and then perceiving someone he knew, his face lit up, and he strode confidently across the room.

He stopped before a thick-set man of some forty years of age, with a genial, good-humoured face.

My Lord Delaval was a true sportsman, and one of the best-liked men in England.

"Why, Ulleswater!" he exclaimed heartily. "'Tis good to see you here. I did not know you were in town."

"I heard the match was to be made to-night. Is that so?" asked Ulleswater, eagerly.

The other smiled and nodded.

"Yes, in all formality. 'Twas made, in truth, a while ago, but I thought 'twould be more regular to have it put on record by the club."

"More regular and safer," said Ulleswater, drily.

"Hush, lad!" rebuked his lordship, with a slight frown. "As far as I know, Sir Martin Trevor hath always kept his engagements. I know naught against his honour."

"He hath a trick of winning."

Lord Delaval laughed.

"Well, well, if he wins this time, Pigeon Williams is a better man than I think he is."

At that moment there was a stir among the company, and a member, carrying an open book, walked to the centre of the room and raised his hand.

Immediately all eyes were turned upon him, and something like silence prevailed.

Without preliminary he at once began to read from the book in his hand.

"To whom it may concern know ye all that a match has been made between Sir Martin Trevor, and my Lord Delaval, whereas my Lord Delaval will produce a man in six weeks from date, to fight to a finish with Pigeon Williams, in a 20-foot square, at Mildenhall acre, for a stake of Two Hundred Guineas a side. Stakeholder: "Bell's Life." Signed: Martin Trevor, Delaval."

As he finished reading he closed the book and strode away, and everyone began talking at once.

Sir Martin strolled up to Lord Delaval.

"My lord, what say you to a side stake for a small amount?" he said carelessly.

"I will wager a further two hundred," replied Delaval promptly.

"'Tis done," said Trevor, with a bow, and then he glanced at young Ulleswater. "You, Master Ulleswater, hath no fancy for risking thy substance in a wager," he said, and there was a gleam of mockery in his dark eyes.

The cheeks of the young man flamed.

"I know not the men, but my friend's opinion is good enough for another two hundred," he said promptly.

Trevor bowed, still with that mocking smile upon his lips.

"'Tis a bet," he said. "If all is true that is said concerning my Lord Delaval's great unknown, we shall see some sport at Mildenhall acre before you lose your money."

He turned away, and was at once surrounded by his friends.

It was some minutes before Geoffrey Ralston could get a word with him alone.

"What's the game, Trevor?" said Ralston at length. "Methinks Williams carries quite enough of our money without risking further hundreds in this fashion."

The baronet laughed.

"When you have staked your all and more, what matters a few more hundreds?" he said lightly. "If the Pigeon loses, Geoffrey, we strut no more on this stage, neither you nor I. This affair will make or break me."

"There's still time to hedge," said Ralston nervously. "Shall I——"

"Not a guinea!" interposed the baronet sharply.

"You still think our man will win?"

"Not a doubt of it!"

"I wish I was as sure."

"You may be. My dear Geoffrey, did you ever know me to risk my all on anything but a certainty?"

Ralston gave the speaker a quick, furtive look.

"But the betting?" he said doubtfully; "'tis evens already. A week ago 'twas four to one on the Pigeon."

"'Twill take another turn before the fight," said the baronet, still smiling.

"How know you that?" demanded Ralston impatiently.

Sir Martin Trevor suddenly became serious, and drew the other to him.

"We will talk more of this anon," he said in a low voice. "I shall need thy help. But

(*Continued on page* 8.)

A SCREEN ROMANCE

Enacted by Douglas Fairbanks :: and Marjorie Daw ::

THE old yet ever new story of the meeting of a man and a maid, the little difficulties they encounter, and the happy ending to their romance, is told in a screen story in which Douglas Fairbanks and Marjorie Daw—two favourites with all picturegoers—take the parts of the man and the maid.



He (DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS) is invited to a picnic tea in the garden.





He confides to his charming little hostess many of his ambitions.

Below you will see the lovers trying to hide, but the tree and a tea-tray were not sufficient to hide them from an irate parent.



Over the garden wall he was caught.



But all's well that ends well. Douglas Fairbanks being married to MARJORIE DAW—on the screen.

"THE CALL OF THE ROAD." (*Continued from page 6.*)

let thy mind rest easy. I honestly believe the Pigeon is the better man, but—I am running no risks."

With that he turned away and joined a group of young men, with whom he was soon engaged in lively conversation.

In another part of the room Lord Delaval and young Ulleswater were still chatting together.

"You are staying a while in town?" said his lordship.

"Nay; I must return to-morrow or the day following," replied the young man regretfully.

"Make it yet one day later, and we will travel together," said Delaval.

"You?" exclaimed Ulleswater. "You are leaving town?"

"For the day only. I have business in thy part of the country."

Young Ulleswater smiled.

"'Twill delight me to go with thee," he said. "But I confess it surprises me your lordship should have business in our parts. 'Tis a quiet spot."

"Ay! and 'tis on quiet business I travel," replied Delaval. "And yet not so quiet as I thought to keep it. From the betting, I fancy my little secret has got about, though I have breathed it to none. Travel with me on Thursday, and I'll introduce thee to the man who is going to beat Pigeon Williams, and win thee two hundred guineas."

The Meeting in the Lane.

WHEN Alfred had finished his day's work at the mill, it was his custom in the cool of the evening to take a brisk walk along the country lanes adjoining the village.

Truth to say, although he worked so cheerily he found his settled occupation a little irksome. It was not that Mother Jones's shrewish tongue troubled him at all. He answered her constant upbraidings with a jest and a laugh, and once, when she was more than usually furious, and threatened him with a whip, he lifted her off her feet and kissed her, much to her husband's unconcealed delight. But it was the monotony of the regular daily round which irked his restless soul, and often when evening came, and he found himself for a brief space a free man again, the temptation assailed him to keep his back turned upon Friar's Ford, and to go on walking, in search of whatever adventure might await him over the crest of the next hill.

It was the call of the road in his blood. That was his mood previous to his encounter with Sir Martin Trevor in the woods.

Since that little affair his feelings had been somewhat different. He still liked to spend the evening wandering about the country lanes, but he no longer experienced any desire to turn his back for good and all on Friar's Ford.

The place had acquired a new attraction for him, though he did not confess, even to himself, what it was.

He only knew that the trees, the little cottages, and the old mill itself somehow had a more friendly look.

He had secured a lodging in the cottage of the ancient Mullins, and Mrs. Mullins, the old gentleman's fourth wife, took a motherly interest in Alfred, and did her best to make him comfortable.

"'Twould be no bad place to settle down in if one wanted to settle," he said to himself, as he set off for his evening stroll on the third day after his adventure in the wood.

It was a beautiful evening, and as Alfred strode along, with his coat flung over his shoulder and his hat on the back of his head, he felt it was good to be alive.

He began to sing, and although his voice was nothing to boast about, it made up in heartiness what it lacked in melody.

It was a robust voice, and it carried far.

"Here's a sky for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate;
But whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for any fate."

He shouted out the words with a lustiness born of perfect health, and a gay and lightsome heart.

And then he turned a bend in the road, and suddenly the words died upon his lips, and he became hot all over.

Scarce fifty yards away was a bridge-like rise in the road, with a low brick wall on either side, and against the wall were two girls. Their faces turned in his direction, and they had evidently been listening to his attempt at singing.

A great shyness assailed him, and his first impulse was to turn round and make an ignominious retreat. But the impulse passed as swiftly as it came, for it was not in Alfred Truscott's blood to run away from anything.

After a moment's hesitation he braced himself for the ordeal, and advanced. His manner was awkward, and there was a shame-faced smile on his good-humoured face. As he drew near he recognised in one of the girls the pretty Alice Grey, whom he had rescued from the insults of Sir Martin Trevor, and his heart beat faster than ever.

She was seated on the low wall while the other girl stood by her side, and she smiled a greeting as Alfred came up.

"Good evening, sir," she said. "'Tis a pleasant evening for a walk. My sister, Hulda. Hulda, this is Master Alfred Truscott, who works at the mill—him I told you of."

Hulda made a quaint bobbing curtsey, and stifled a nervous giggle.

Alfred bowed, and cleared his throat, and then, not being able to think of anything suitable to say, leaned against the wall and stared over it moodily at the meadow beyond.

Smiling, Hulda moved away, apparently attracted by some wild flowers in the hedge.

Alfred did not look round. He was thoughtfully tapping the top of the wall with his fingers, as though playing a tune, and gazing straight in front of him.

Rowena gave a cautious glance sideways, but she could see nothing but the back of the young man's head. His face was still averted.

She thought it a rather nice head, and wondered what was going on inside it. Then suddenly it turned, their eyes met, and then they both looked away again.

Alfred cleared his throat again, and this time with much resolution.

"'Tis a beautiful evening," he said desperately.

"Yes, a very nice evening," agreed Rowena.

There was a long pause, and then Alfred spoke once more.

"Yes, it is," he said.

Then he began to tap the wall again, while Rowena, staring in front of her, tried to think of how to continue this very agreeable conversation.

Before she could think of anything really bright Alfred came to her rescue with another brave effort.

"'Tis not too hot and not too cold," he observed.

"Just comfortable," agreed Rowena.

"Yes, just nice," said Alfred, and then, turning his head, their eyes met again, and they both laughed.

And in this not very brilliant fashion began again the old, old story of the love of a man and a maid.

A Wager of Ten Guineas.

"THOU art a daring gamester, my lord!" Young Ulleswater and my Lord Delaval were riding side by side along a Kentish lane.

Delaval laughed.

"In my time, Dick, I have made many a wager with more risk in't. In this affair I count my money safe, and thine too."

"Williams is a good man."

"Ay, and clever, but I doubt if he can stand punishment, while my man is game to the bone, and will fight so long as he can stand or see."

"That's true, and when I see them in the ring I'll put every guinea I can scrape together on Hammer John," returned Ulleswater. "But how know you he'll fight?"

"He'll fight for me."

"Anyone but your lordship would have made sure of that before making the match," said Ulleswater, with a laugh.

Lord Delaval shrugged his shoulders.

"A sportsman does not bet on a certainty," he said lightly. "I take my chance, though I confess if Hammer John fails me 'twill be vastly provoking. But, look you, I'll bet thee a guinea that he does what I ask of him."

Ulleswater shook his head, laughing.

"Nay, nay, I should be too eager to lose my money. There is no sport in such a bet. But here is a wager I will make with thee. Hammer John knows thy need of him, and he will exact stiff terms. The match is now no secret. He will make thee pay. I'll wager ten guineas you do not get him into the ring save on a promise to make him comfortable for life."

"Done!" replied Lord Delaval promptly, a smile playing about his mouth. "I'll wager thee ten guineas that Hammer John agrees to fight for me on my own terms."

"Very well," said Ulleswater, laughing. "If he demand less than five hundred pounds, I hold myself the loser."

It was but little after mid-day when the two horsemen rode with clatter into the yard by the side of Punch Murphy's tavern, the Two Fishes.

From the door of the smithy on the other side of the yard a man appeared.

"Is Hammer John within?" asked Delaval.

"Yes, sir," replied the man, and, turning his head, shouted over his shoulder, "John, thou'rt wanted!"

Then, advancing, he took charge of the horses while the two visitors dismounted.

At the same moment Hammer John appeared. His frank, honest face broke into a smile of pleasure as he recognised Lord Delaval.

"Why, John, 'tis good to see thee look so hearty," said his lordship, holding out his hand.

"I was never better, my lord, thanks be," said the blacksmith. "And your lordship?"

"Yes, yes, well enough. I've come to ask thee a favour, John."

"'Tis granted, my lord," replied Hammer John promptly.

Lord Delaval laughed.

"Wait till you know what 'tis. Come, we will break a bottle on this."

As he spoke, he turned and led the way into the inn.

Punch Murphy received them with much warmth and deference. It always warmed his heart to entertain the quality. It was not merely for what they spent in his house; the sight of them reminded him of the days of his glory when he was a big man in the ring, and the young bloods competed for his notice.

He hastened to procure the wine which Delaval ordered, and then, as they sat down to talk, he busied himself discreetly at the bar.

When scraps of the conversation reached his ears, however, he could not resist the temptation to draw nearer, and, as he was not repulsed, he was soon standing close by listening eagerly to every word that was uttered.

"That is the way of it, John," said Delaval, as he leaned over the table and looked the blacksmith squarely in the eyes. "I have made a match with Sir Martin Trevor."

Hammer John smiled.

"Some word of it has reached us, my lord," he said.

"So! Then maybe you know the favour I would ask?"

"I could make a guess."

"In plain words, John, five weeks from Monday next I want thee to meet Pigeon Williams in Mildenhall acre in a fight to a finish. Art willing?"

The dark eyes of the young blacksmith glistened, and a slight flush came to his cheeks.

"For no other man in England would I break my vow, my lord, not to enter the ring again, but for thee I am willing and ready," he said simply.

Lord Delaval's face glowed with satisfaction.

"'Tis no more than I expected of thee, John," he said heartily. "But hark ye, on what terms will you fight? Do not be afraid to open thy mouth. There are big sums staked on the result, and if you win—as win you will—'twill mean much to me and my friends."

Hammer John drew himself up, and his simple, honest face wore a very earnest expression.

"I'll fight for thee, my lord, and I'll do my best," he said quietly, "and thou shalt pay my fare to Mildenhall and back, but beyond that I'll take naught. Proud am I to make some small return for all your lordship's kindness."

Lord Delaval made no reply, but a whimsical smile played about his lips as he turned to young Ulleswater, who was seated by his side.

"Well, Ulleswater," he said, "what say you to that?"

"I say, my lord, that I owe you ten guineas, and right glad am I to pay it," replied Ulleswater, with a frank laugh.

(To be continued.)



Pleased to see you.

THE EXPRESSIONS OF MONTE BLUE.

(Special to the "Picture Show.")



What do you mean?

MONTE BLUE

The Star Who Shovelled His Way to the Screen.

THE war made us familiar with the word "dug-out." It was used in two ways. One meant a covering from cold and shrapnel; the other an estimable, elderly gentleman who had bored—or interested—his friends in his club with tales of wild charges against the Dervish hordes or cunning strategy against the slim Boer in the South African war.

But the "Dig-in" man is new to me (in the cinema world), though he is as old as the everlasting hills in history.

The "dig-in" I am leading up to is Monte Blue.

Monte literally dug himself into the movies, for his first job was to handle a man-sized shovel to dig graves in an old Griffith production of "Enoch Arden." Previous to this Monte had been engaged daily in that pastime or pleasure that actors call "resting."

His First Part.

HE had rested daily against the outer walls of the studio, wondering how he could get past the portal guarded by the door-keeper. Monte's digging so tickled the director that he was promoted.

Oh, no! Don't mistake me! He wasn't made a star—he was not even given a position as "One of the Crowd."

The director merely saw in Monte a hefty, strong fellow over six feet in height and built in proportion, and he at once decided to use him as the "power" for a windmill.

Monte didn't mind.

His great thought was: "Anyway, I have got past that blessed door-keeper." From moving the movies as man-power in the windmill, he was given a small part. Monte, in telling the story, says it was so small that you couldn't have seen it through the most powerful telescope (and as Monte ran away as a boy to join the Navy, we must believe that he knew something about telescopes).

I ought to have said earlier that Monte came to the studio straight from the ranges, where good men and bad men guard cattle of about the same calibre. That life gave Monte the grit to beat even such a Napoleon as the "door-keeper."

After his introduction through spade and windmill operator, Monte trod the usual rungs of the ladder that leads to stardom. He remained three years with D. W. Griffith, acquiring valuable knowledge in every branch of the motion-picture business.

Nearly Half Time in Hospital.

FOR four years of his film career he was known as a stunt man, and during this time he spent one year and seven months in hospitals. He broke his collar-bone twice, both arms, both legs, three ribs, his ankle, secured a basal fracture of the skull, was badly burned three times, was stabbed once with a bayonet which just missed his eye, was buried



MONTE BLUE

If you want to write him, address your letter:
MONTE BLUE,
c/o Lasky Studios,
Vine Street,
Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

to his neck in quicksand, half-drowned twice, and fell to the ground from various heights of 35, 85 and 150 feet. He was also ridden over by three hundred horses.

A Hairbreadth Escape.

SEVERAL of these hairbreadth escapes occurred in D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance."

In the one scene he was in a chariot leading a column of three hundred horses. The chariot lost a wheel, tripping up a horse behind, which fell over on top of him. Six other horses tripped and fell—the column was going at top speed—and while Monte lay under this heap of animals the other horses and chariots thundered over him.

He was lucky this time, however, and secured nothing but a small cut on the head. Of course, he was nearly suffocated.

But now Monte says he has done with stunts. And he doesn't intend to return to them if he can help it. It isn't that he minds the pain, he laughingly told a friend, but he does dislike the smell of ether, and the sound of ribs rattling around inside him keeps him awake at nights.

In Character Parts.

MONTE has specialised in make-up and characterisation. In "Macbeth" he doubled for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and for De Wolf Hopper in "Don Quixote." His life with the Indians on the Reservation lends a touch of realism to his Indian characters, in which he has earned much merited praise. Among the best known are Indian Joe in Mary Pickford's "M'Liss," Happy Jack in "The Squaw Man," and the Indian lad in "The Goddess of Lost Lake."

"Doughboys."

AS a "Doughboy" in khaki he has also done some very good work.

He appeared with Mary Pickford in "Johanna Enlists," "100 Per Cent American," and in her propaganda pictures.

As a villain he is also at home, for in "Wild and Woolly," and "The Man from Painted Post," Monte was the bold bad man.

His Many Parts.

HE played important parts in "Till I Come Back to You," "The Only Road," "Riders of the Night," and "We Can't Have Everything." Then he played the part of Pettigrew in "Private Pettigrew's Girl," after which Jesse L. Lasky called Monte into his office and gave him a year's contract.

That was in January, 1919. On August 1st his contract was renewed for five years.

Since signing the Lasky contract, Monty has appeared as leading man in "Rustling a Bride," with Lila Lee, in "The 13th Commandment," opposite Ethel Clayton, and in "Everywoman," with Violet Heming.

He has also appeared in support of Bryant Washburn in "Too Much Johnson," and Robert Warwick in "Told In the Hills." You can see him now as "Love" in "Everywoman."



His smile.



Doubtful.



Just himself.



Inquiry.



Suspicious.

"HI! MISTER, STOP!"



WILLIAM D. TAYLOR goes blissfully on, unconscious that his passengers have had a spill. The passengers, by the way, are MARY MILES MINTER and WALTER HIERS, and it appears that the folk at the Realart Studio believe in the saying that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." They are very sensible, for it would be a weary world if we had to work every minute of the day, and never had time for a joke or a "rag."

CHARLIE AND TH



They could not quite understand how it was that the saying, and so came a little nearer, only to find that reading that he was just chuckling to himself and for near his m



At first glance it is difficult to recognise this photograph as that of pretty PHYLLIS HAVER, who has appeared in Mack Sennett comedies since the old Keystone Comedy days, when she made a sensational success with her swimming and diving stunts.



WILL ROGERS. This is the sixth of our series of Stars' Favourite Photographs of themselves. Will is well known for his prowess at rope throwing and between scenes at the studio he can often be seen practising with the lariat.



SIR GILBERT PARKER compliments ELSIE FERGUSO excellence of an English drawing-room set in "Sacred a Bennett's f



A charming study of DAGMAR GODOWSKI, who is now appearing in pictures. Her first part was a small one in "If I Were King," featuring William Farnum.



NORMA TALMADGE with HARRISON FORD and COURTENAY FOOTE in a scene from "The Passion Flower," adapted from the play of the same name.


Margaret
de la
Motte.
Photo by
Nelson Evans

CARNIVA



IVOR NOVELLO as Count Scipione, and HILDA BAYLEY as "Bacchante."

The Famous Play which has been filmed with MATHESON LANG and HILDA BAYLEY in their original parts, telling the human story of love, passion, and jealousy.
(Photo: Alliance Film Co.)





The husband learns from his child that his wife has gone to the carnival with a man.





...teful scene. MATHESON LANG as
... and HILDA BAYLEY as Desdemona.



HILDA BAYLEY
as
"Bacchante."



The husband tries to find out the truth from his frightened wife.

Betty Compson

This beautiful star, now to be seen in "The Miracle Man," the play that made her a star. Betty began her professional career as a violinist. Now she has her own producing company.





INNOCENCE.
A beautiful photographic study.



With Emory Johnson's photograph—in "Prisoners of Love."



For "Re-Incarnation" Betty had herself tattooed with this bizarre effect.

MEGAPHONE

BASIL SIDNEY ON THE FILMS



...t bear what CHARLES RAY was ...as so interested in the script he was ...bout the megaphone which he held



BASIL SIDNEY can be seen on the right of the photograph in a scene from "Wife Insurance." He is best known for his work in "Romance," which he played with his wife, Doris Keane, at the Lyric Theatre, London, and also in the film version under D. W. Griffith's direction.



...nd WILLIAM D. TAYLOR, producer, on the ...t Love," a new Paramount picture of Arnold ...y.



West and East—a little bit of each. TSURI AOKI, the Japanese star, and wife of Sessue Hayakawa, in her American boudoir. Some of the films in which she has appeared are: "The Tokio Siren," "Locked Lips," "The Breath of the Gods" and "Birthright."



WESLEY BARRY has an interested audience of one. He is explaining his gun to his baby cousin. Everyone will remember the splendid part Wesley played with Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long Legs." He is now being coached by Mr. Neilan for a big part.



...AREY looks very happy with his two pals. ... in which Harry Carey played, that have ...en released, are "Riders of Vengeance," "Outcasts of Poker Flat"



When GEN. ROBERT GEORGES NIVELLE, former Commander-in-Chief of the French armies during the late war, met HELENE CHADWICK, Goldwyn film actress, he paid her a charming compliment, calling her "The prettiest girl I have seen in America."

"Young Mrs. Winthrop"

A Fine Complete Story, Showing How Easy it is for a Young Married Couple to Drift Apart.

IT would have been hard to have found a happier young couple than the Winthrops when they settled down in New York after their honeymoon. They were always together, and they were never bored with each other.

This state of affairs lasted a long time—much longer than their friends prophesied—but at the end of four years a change came over the household.

It was not that Douglas and Constance were less fond of each other.

They just got caught in those two currents that control the lives of well-to-do people when the husband makes his money in the city.

There was the current that swept Douglas from his house to his office and office to club, and the current that swept Constance into that social whirlpool where one day is almost the same as another—calling on friends, shopping, theatres, and supper parties.

Constance's current was perhaps the faster of the two, as the whirlpool often whirled till the small hours of the morning.

Consequently Constance felt very tired when it was time for Douglas to rise to go to the office.

Breakfast in bed, tried for just once, was so refreshing that at last Constance never had that meal downstairs.

Douglas's mother, a charming old lady, often sighed as she sat opposite her son while he ate mechanically as he read the morning papers.

She had hoped when baby Rose came that things would mend, but though Douglas and Constance were passionately fond of baby, she made no difference in their lives.

And so they continued to drift farther and farther apart.

One morning as Douglas rushed upstairs to pay his daily flying visit to Rose, he heard his wife telephoning to Mrs. Dick Chetwyn, a famous divorcée whose social reputation was not too high.

He frowned as he went into the room.

"I wish you would drop Mrs. Dick Chetwyn," he said.

"Why should I?" retorted Constance. "I should live the life of a hermit were it not for her and a few more friends. I never see you. You're always busy at your office or your club."

"Well, it is certain that we should never be able to arrange anything in the morning," said Douglas bitterly. "You're never down to breakfast."

"I'm there as often as you are to lunch," said his wife. "I should have liked to have gone with you to the jazz party at Nick's, but you never asked me."

"I hate jazz," remarked Douglas.

"And I utterly loathe your club socials," snapped Constance. "However, you need not worry about me. I'm going to the jazz with Mrs. Chetwyn and Rod."

Douglas wheeled round angrily.

"You don't mean to say you're going with that loafing sport Rodney Hunt?"

"Why not? He's taking his sister, Mrs. Chetwyn, and I think it is jolly good of them to ask me."

Douglas made no reply as he strode moodily up and down the room. Presently Constance came in dressed with the exception of her hat.

"Bring my hat, Marie," she called out to her maid.

As the girl came in with the hat, Constance put up her hands in mock horror.

"Not that one, Marie! I shall never wear that again. You may have it."

"Really, Constance," protested her husband, "this is wicked extravagance. You have not had that hat a week."

"I know," replied his wife coolly. "I'm giving it away because our new neighbour, Mrs. Delaney, had one made just like it."

Douglas made a rush for the nursery. He knew if he stayed the argument would end up in a row, of which there had been too many lately.

The Woman Next Door.

CONSTANCE waited till Douglas had left, although she, too, was going to town. She drove straight to Mrs. Chetwyn's.

Eve Chetwyn, one of those dashing kind of women whom one associates with divorce, was waiting with her brother, a typical loafer of the kind that is known as a man about town. Constance Winthrop, with her pretty girlish beauty, as yet unspoilt by late hours, looked strangely out of place in the company of these two.

"Have a cocktail, Connie," said Rod Hunt, pouring her one out and re-filling his glass and that of his sister.

Although it was not yet noon they had each had three.

Constance made a little gesture, and gave a little shiver as she sipped hers.

She really did not like drink at all, and she loathed cocktails, but she always did what Eve Chetwyn did.

They drove to one of the fashionable stores and selected their costumes for the jazz.

Eve Chetwyn selected a Cleopatra costume, and Constance chose one to represent a firefly.

From the store they went to a smart restaurant where Rod Hunter ordered an expensive meal.

He tried to tempt Mrs. Winthrop to take champagne, but the effects of the cocktail were still worrying Constance, and at the risk of being thought "slow" she declined.

As they came out of the restaurant Eve noticed a tall, well-made, rather handsome woman of about thirty-eight looking hard at Constance.

"Who is that, Connie?" she asked.

"It's the woman next door to us, a Mrs. Delaney. I don't know her, and I don't like her," replied Mrs. Winthrop.

"Does Douglas know her?" asked Rod mischievously, with a glance at Eve.

"I'm sure I don't know. Neither do I care," said Constance crossly.

"Well, if I'd a husband that I cared for, I should keep him away from her," said Eve. "If ever there was a vamp, that woman is one. I wouldn't trust her round the corner."

Eve was inclined to be vulgar when she had taken wine.

Rod Hunter and his sister were only teasing Constance, but it was a foolish thing to do, for they knew that the Winthorps were not too happy at the time. But Constance was not a bit worried by the chaff. Though she disliked Mrs. Delaney instinctively, she was not a bit jealous of her, and she now recollected that Douglas had told her that morning that he did not even know her.

In the meantime there was a gloomy luncheon at the Winthrop's house.

Buxton Scott, a middle-aged man and a friend of the Winthrop family in the old days, and now a successful attorney, had dropped into Douglas's office, and Douglas had invited him home to lunch, thinking that if he went home instead of dining in the city, it would be an excellent chance to make it up with his wife.

But the bad luck that seemed to dog the young couple, even when they tried to get back to their old ways, had made Constance choose that day to lunch with Rod Hunter and Eve.

Douglas was very annoyed at his wife's absence.

"I'm sorry, Scott, but I was sure Constance would have been here."

"You forget, boy," said his mother gently, "that you are so seldom here to lunch that Constance could not possibly have known you were coming to-day."

But there was worse luck to follow.

The following Saturday was baby Rose's birthday, and Constance decided that she would stay in town a little longer and buy her some presents.

As she was walking along with Rod Hunter and Eve in the direction of the toy store they nearly ran into her husband talking to Mrs. Delaney.

Eve caught hold of Constance's arm.

"There, Connie. Your husband does know the fascinating widow," she said.

"He doesn't. Or he didn't this morning," said Constance loyally. "I'm not a bit jealous, Eve. Whatever Douglas is, he isn't that sort."

And Constance was right. What had happened was that Mrs. Delaney, who knew it was far easier to get to know the husband than the wife, had stopped Douglas just as he was on his way to the office, and asked him for an opinion about some bonds.

Douglas was a little annoyed at being stopped in that manner, but he was too polite to show it.

"Won't you step into my office?" he suggested.

Mrs. Delaney was about to accept the offer when she saw Mrs. Winthrop approaching. The opportunity was too good to be lost.

"It won't take a second. Couldn't we just step in here?" she said, pointing to the front of a shop.

And there she detained Douglas until she had made certain that Mrs. Winthrop had seen them talking together.

Fate must have been taking a great interest in the Winthrops that day for almost the first person Constance saw when she got to the toy store was her husband. Constance had bought some toys and had just sent the girl at the counter to bring her a big Teddy bear further up the shop, when Douglas entered and stopped right opposite the Teddy bear.

"I'll take that," he said to the girl.

"I'm sorry, sir, but this lady has just asked for it."

Douglas turned and saw Constance.

"We're both on the same errand, I see. You must have the Teddy bear."

"No, it does not matter in the least. I'll get something else," said Constance.

Douglas followed her down the shop.

"Look here, Connie, old girl. Doesn't it strike you that we are rather making a mess of things. If you will cut that jazz dance out on Friday, I'll come home and we'll spend the evening together."



(Special to the "Picture Show.")

(Artcraft.)

ETHEL CLAYTON as Young Mrs. Winthrop.

"I should love it, Doug," said Constance with a smile.

Truth to tell, she was getting a bit tired of the smart set she was mixing with, and was quite ready to go back to the old days, but she had been too proud to make the first overture.

They finished their shopping together, and Constance went home with a lighter heart than she had known for some time.

As soon as she got indoors Constance rang up Mrs. Chetwyn.

"I sha'n't go to the jazz, Eve," she said. "Douglas and I have arranged a quiet evening at home."

"Sorry, dear. Rod will be disappointed. But if you change your mind ring me up, and we will call round for you," was the reply.

One of Mrs. Delaney's hobbies was listening to other people's conversation over the 'phone. This was easy, as all 'phones in the street were connected, and she was engaged in that despicable game when Constance telephoned. When the conversation was finished Mrs. Delaney put down her receiver with a thoughtful air.

"I rather think, my dear, superior Mrs. Winthrop, that you will go to the jazz dance on Friday, and I would be willing to bet a trifle that your husband has dinner with me. If I can separate you two I will get a husband whose social position will help me to get into that inner circle, the barriers of which my money has been unable to break down."

The Call.

FRIDAY night came, and Douglas, sitting in his office, kept glancing at his watch.

Dinner was at seven-thirty, and he wanted to be home by seven at the latest.

"We'll finish the rest of these conveyances to-morrow," he said to his clerk. "I have a most important appointment to-night."

He rose from his desk, and was going out when the telephone bell rang.

"It's for you, sir," said the clerk.

"Mrs. Winthrop asked me to telephone you, sir, to say she has changed her mind and is going to the dance. She is getting ready now, and she says there is no need for you to hurry home now."

"Ask her to speak to me," said Douglas, but the maid, or whoever it was at the other end of the wire, had cut the call off.

Douglas was about to ring up again when he felt that it would be making himself cheap to do so. Constance had deliberately broken her word. It was no use trying to smooth things over any more.

"I'll finish those conveyances now, Richards," he said to his clerk. "You need not wait."

About ten minutes later the telephone bell rang again.

"Mrs. Delaney speaking. I wonder if you could call at my house as you come from the office, Mr. Winthrop. It's about those bonds. I'm a bit worried, and I may have to go out of town to-morrow."

Douglas hesitated for a second, then he said:

"Very well, Mrs. Delaney. I'll call in. I'm coming straight along now."

"It's awfully good of you to call," said Mrs. Delaney as her maid ushered Winthrop into a daintily furnished drawing-room, illuminated with soft lights.

Mrs. Delaney had reached that age when a woman looks her best under soft lights. And she certainly looked her best that night.

She was dressed in a sheath-like gown of green velvet which fitted her figure with a snake-like closeness. Green, emerald green, suited her bright bronze hair, and she always wore that colour when she wanted to get anything.

"The papers are in the dining-room," she went on. "Would you mind just stepping in, while I sort them out, and perhaps you would take a glass of wine or something while we are talking."

(*Continued on page* 18)

Gossip about British Players.



LAURENCE ANDERSON.



JESSIE WINTER.

The Girl Who Ran Away.

SHE was Miss Jessie Winter. So great was her desire to adopt the stage as a profession that, to further this object, she ran away from school. Naturally, there was consternation and horror in her family; but later, when Jessie Winter's great talent was revealed to the world, her parents became as keen on her career as the little school-girl herself.

Part of Her Life.

JESSIE WINTER made a great hit when she played in "The Case of Lady Camber" with the late H. B. Irving. As the nurse, she made a charming study of a very difficult role; and the zest this clever actress throws into her stage work—work which is certainly a part of her life, because it is the very breath of her existence—she has given to screen-playing.

The greatest Ideal production up to date has certainly been "The Diamond Necklace," and in this film Jessie Winter gives an amazingly fine performance. At the trade show the unfolding of the story was watched with breathless interest. At the conclusion there was the one unanimous verdict, "Very fine!"

A New World.

"AFTER my experience of this picture," says Jessie Winter, "I am more than ever keen on films. One day we were all working very hard at a strong emotional scene, and I knew instinctively that it could not have been done better on the stage. One had that subtle, confident sort of feeling that it was good. But the screen is not so sympathetic to the artist as an audience. It is far more exacting, and when the scene was shown on the screen, the emotion we expected to find was missing; and, of course, it was taken all over again until it satisfied the producer, Dennison Clift.

A Glorious Part.

"OF course, I had a glorious part," Jessie Winter went on, "commencing with supreme girlish happiness, and then the gradual descent into poverty and martyrdom under the influence of one great error and one destroying human weakness."

The story of "The Diamond Necklace" is so very simple, so very true to life; the young wife on small means, longing to look her very best, the temptation to borrow from a friend that glittering bauble that would add to her beauty "just for one night," and just for one night's freedom from petty cares, the elysium of a new life, the laughter, music, warmth of the great gay world, and then tragedy—but tragedy revealing love in its sublime self-sacrificing heights.

Versatile and Charming.

JESSIE WINTER has played in comedy, drama, variety, farce, and pantomime. She has also played with Sir Herbert Tree, and has many memories of poor "H. B."—as "Harry" Irving was affectionately known. What a boundless passion he had for crime stories, and what a gift of humour! One of Miss Winter's favourite parts was in "The Law Divine." She has also played Little Emily in "David Copperfield," and I expect, before these words are in print, she will once again be playing lead in a new production on the legitimate stage.

Milton Rosmer at his Best.

THAT is saying much, is it not? But it is no exaggeration, as my readers will agree later when "The Diamond Necklace" is released. I will let you know the date later on.

Milton Rosmer soon fell a victim to the charms of Dennison Clift, the producer of "The Diamond Necklace."

"After the first scene we did together," Milton Rosmer told me recently, "I recognised the touch of a man who could get the best out of me, and he made the statement that I was the most responsive artist he had ever worked with, and that, whatever he asked, he knew I could give it to him, and a bit over."

A Flattering Offer.

DENNISON CLIFT made a very flattering offer to Milton Rosmer to go to America, but before the picture was over Mr. Clift had arranged to do a series of pictures for the Ideal, and he requested that Mr. Rosmer should be secured for his star in that series.

Dennison Clift.

THIS is the famous producer of "The Diamond Necklace. I had a tremendously interesting talk with him the other morning. He told me heaps of things I didn't know, or perhaps didn't realise, one of which was the great art of "film cutting."

"The cutter," he told me, "must preserve all the dramatic situations. He must know drama. If a girl came to me and discussed the problem of a career, I'd advise her to learn the tricks of film-cutting, to work with a producer and learn the art. One of the most famous film-cutters in America is a girl. She used to be cutter to Griffith's; I learnt from her the art of cutting.

An Accident That Became a Success

"ON one occasion," Dennison Clift went on to say, "there was an explosion scene, two and a half feet of film. By an accident the manipulator got the film upside-down, and when it was shown it was one of the marvels of the picture; it was so vividly realistic."

Scenes of great dramatic effect are accentuated at times by reversing them. The thing in cutting is to preserve all the dramatic qualities of the scenario and production. Of course, Dennison Clift is now hard at work on a new Ideal masterpiece, entitled "Demos." I will let you know something about it shortly.



JESSIE WINTER and MILTON ROSMER in "The Diamond Necklace."



MAURICE ELVEY.



DENNISON CLIFT.

Elimination of Sensation.

MAURICE ELVEY, whose photograph appears on this page, and who is the producer of "The Tavern Knight," believes in the elimination of sensation in films.

"I aim at pictorial beauty," he says, "for there is no limit of time or space. I was the pioneer of costume films, and every one had a tremendous success. England has a fine chance in film production: no one in the world can wear the clothes of his ancestors like an Englishman!"

Mary Anderson's Nephew.

HE plays Master Kenneth in "Tavern Knight," and plays it in a masterly fashion. His name is Laurence Anderson.

"I went on the stage in 1910 with Lewis Waller in 'Bardelys the Magnificent,'" Laurence Anderson told me one day. "I 'walked on' at twenty-four shillings a week, and took a combined room in Tottenham Court Road at seven-and-sixpence a week, and on my second night the gentleman in the next room was murdered!

"Not Wisely But Too Well."

"THE gentleman in point happened to be a Moslem. He used to leave his door open and pray on his mat. An Irishman living in the building used to 'pull his leg,' 'not wisely but too well.' One night, as the Irishman was on his way to bed, the Moslem suddenly appeared with a dagger. Result, the end of the Irishman, and I said 'good-bye' to my rooms!

The Tribulations of Young Artist.

"I 'WENT on' in 'The Butterfly on the Wheel,'" Laurence Anderson confessed, with his humorous smile. "As a matter of fact, the divorce-court scene was so long that my bit had to be cut out; so then I sat as a reporter in the court and jotted down notes. After this adventure, I went with Jimmy Welch and rehearsed a play called 'Billy.' On the first night I arrived at the stage-door to find the bills blued over and two weeks' salary awaiting for me in the rack!"

The Turn of the Wheel.

THEN luck began to smile on this splendid young artist, and he has played with Cyril Maude at the Adelphi, where he took leads in plays produced by Maurice Elvey. It was at the Adelphi that Laurence first met this well-known producer. He understudied Owen Nares in "The House of Peril" and in "The Cinderella Man."

His Film Work.

AND pictures?

"You were delightful in 'Innocent,'" I declared. "And what of 'Tavern Knight'?".

"Maurice Elvey, at first, hardly thought I was the type for Master Kenneth," said Mr. Anderson, "as it required a bigger man. I decided that it would be a good idea to use cotton-wool to effect my cheeks out and give me a full-faced effect. I nearly swallowed the wool one day, but otherwise it was quite successful."

EDITH NEPEAN.

"Young Mrs. Winthrop." (*Continued from page 16.*)

She moved through a curtained doorway into another softly lighted room, at the far end of which glittered the glass and silver of a well-laid table.

Afterwards Winthrop never knew quite how it happened, but when they had finished business he found himself sitting opposite Mrs. Delaney eating a dinner that might have been cooked by the chef at Delmonico's.

"After all," he said to himself, "why shouldn't I have dinner with a client? It is Constance's fault that we are not dining together at home."

He raised his glass to his hostess.

"Here's success to your speculation, Mrs. Delaney."

In his own home, Constance, dressed for dinner, was pacing up and down the dining-room.

Seven o'clock, seven-thirty had passed, and still there was no sign of her husband. Dinner was kept back till eight and still Douglas did not appear.

"You see how it is, mother," said Constance bitterly. "Douglas could not keep his word for one night, even when he had suggested the bargain. This is the last time I will give him the opportunity to humiliate me. You must confess that it is his fault to-night."

Mrs. Winthrop had to admit it.

She had sneaked out of the room twice and rung up her son's office only to be told there was no reply.

Constance strolled out on to the balcony and leaned over the railings. As she gazed idly round her figure suddenly stiffened.

Through the dining-room windows of the house next door, which Mrs. Delaney had purposely left uncovered by blinds or curtains, Constance saw her husband lifting his glass in a toast to the woman she disliked—the woman he had said he did not know.

Constance ran indoors, her eyes blazing with indignation. Rushing to the telephone she rang up Eve Chetwyn.

"I am going to the jazz after all, Eve. Can you call round for me? I'll be ready in twenty minutes."

The Return.

WHEN Douglas returned home about nine o'clock he was met by the nursemaid rushing downstairs at breakneck speed.

"Baby has been taken suddenly ill. Seriously. Your mother is with her. I was just going to telephone for the doctor. Will you, sir? I'll get back."

The girl flew upstairs again, and Douglas rang up the doctor.

Luckily he was in, and he promised to come round straight away.

"Baby ill and mother jazz dancing," thought Douglas bitterly, as he paced the hall waiting for the doctor.

"Dining with her while I was waiting for him," thought Constance as she flung herself madly into the gaiety at Nick Jones's ball.

"I think I may say that this has been *my* night," murmured Mrs. Delaney, giving a sigh of relief as her maid unlaced her from the emerald-green sheath gown.

When the doctor came down from seeing baby Rose his face was very grave.

"Is she—is she very bad doctor?" asked Douglas hoarsely.

"I will be frank with you, Winthrop. She is very ill—seriously ill. A case of membranous croup. I think the mother ought to be sent for."

Douglas went to the telephone and rang up Nick Jones.

Another man answered the 'phone.

"Would you tell Mrs. Winthrop to come home at once? Something very serious has happened, or better still, get her to come to the 'phone."

The man was absent some time.

"Very sorry, old man," he said when he returned. "Mrs. Winthrop is not here. She has gone with a party for a spin in Nick's new racing car. I'll tell her the moment she returns."

Crushed in spirit and bitter of heart, Douglas went back to the hall, where every few minutes the nurse or his mother came to tell him the latest news.

And each message was worse than the one before.

As Douglas paced to and fro there was a wild hooting of a motor-car horn and Constance, Eve Chetwyn, Rod Hunter and Nick Jones danced in the room.

Some instinct had told Constance to return home and she had made Nick Jones turn back in the middle of the ride.

She had made up her mind to ask Douglas the reason for his absence and why he had dined with Mrs. Delaney.

But when she saw his face stern set and his eyes accusing her, she felt a revulsion of feeling at what she thought was his hypocrisy.

"Why did I come back?" she said turning to the others. "I have not danced half enough. Let's dance here!"

"Constance!" said Douglas sternly, "I must ask you to make less noise. Rose is ill, very ill. While you have been dancing she has been fighting for her life."

For a moment Constance stood stock still.

Then she rushed wildly up the stairs followed by Douglas.

He caught her on the landing.

(*Continued on page 20.*)



ENA GROSSMITH.
Photo: Foulsham & Banfield.

ENA GROSSMITH

A Quick-Fire : Interview :

ONE of these days, when I grow old and idle—at least older and more idle than I am at present—I am going to write a lot of articles purely for my own satisfaction. In all probability no one will buy them, in which event, assuredly, no one will read them, but at least they will amuse me. And to be amused when one is old is no slight matter. In my decrepitude I shall, I feel sure, mentally review the many excursions into stage—and film—land, which I have made on behalf of the PICTURE SHOW, and in that day I shall, I feel confident, be tempted to jot down, for my own senile pleasure, my impressions as a whole of that fascinating country and the people I met there.

Concerning Interviewees.

ONE of the articles will deal with interviewing. Not with the rules of interviewing. There are no rules, or if there are, I have never learnt them. But with the attitude adopted by those whose position in life makes them the victims (usually quite willing ones) of the Press when confronted with that Press. For there are more types of interviewees than the average reader dreams of. There is, for instance, the loquacious type; a joy to meet if one has a page to fill, but not such a joy (since to waste "copy" is a heartrending thing) if but half a column is at one's disposal. There is the reticent type, from whom information must be gathered as by a vacuum cleaner, and its half-brother, the tactful, whose meticulous regard for professional properties is at once the admiration of its fellow artistes and the despair of anyone with a pencil. There are the businesslike type, with a critical eye on proof sheets and the accuracy of one's statements; the spectacular type, dramatic off the stage as well as on it; the Have-A-Cigarette-And-Make-Yourself-At-Home type, most delightful of all to meet and interview, and so on *ad infinitum*. It will be an interesting article (to me), and I shall enjoy writing it. I cannot wait till then, however, to mention one type which I have not mentioned, and which I must mention now, since to it belongs the subject of this interview.

A Hustler.

THIS type is the hustling, or more properly, and in the American sense, the hustler type, and of it Ena Grossmith is the example *par excellence*. You will remember that when the present Strand success, "A Safety Match," was produced a few weeks back, she was so much "on the job," as the flapper of the piece, that the next day, and days following, the Press notices were full of her praises. On the occasion of this interview, Miss Grossmith hustled so much that she nearly hustled the interviewer out of existence. Nearly, not quite.

I had an appointment with Miss Grossmith, but so, apparently, had several other people, so that when I arrived on the corridor where her dressing-room is located, it was to find her surrounded by a little group of friends, and already gowned and hatted for the street. All that remained for her to do was the tying of a cerise sash (a pleasing contrast to her navy-blue dress), and the donning of her coat and gloves. Between the manipulation of the sash and the buttoning of the gloves, the interview took place.

Likes Comedy and Athletic Roles.

"JUST come in here a moment," cried Miss Grossmith to me, diving from the corridor into her dressing-room, and immediately commencing operations on the sash. "Please ask me at once what you want to know, because I have only a minute."

"Well, in what films have you appeared?" I began breathlessly, fearing that at any minute my prey might be snatched from my sight.

Miss Grossmith did something to the sash which instantaneously transformed it into a knot.

"Two years ago I appeared in a Bertram Phillips' production—can't remember the name—with Queenie Thomas," she replied rapidly. "Then in 'The Castle of Dreams,' and after that in 'Candy-Tuft,' I mean 'Veronica,' with Mary Glynne."

Miss Grossmith's dresser helped her into her coat.

"I like film work very much," continued Miss Grossmith, without cessation, her fingers very busy with buttons, "and want to do comedy parts. I am also looking forward to doing a lot of riding and athletics in my next pictures."

Miss Grossmith's dresser handed her her gloves.

"Have—have you any plans at the moment?" I stammered, quite carried away by this diminutive but powerful cyclone.

"Plans?" Here one glove was on in a twink.

"Er—yes. Film plans."

"Well"—here another glove flew on—"I am hoping to do another film soon. Just missed appearing in a Stoll production on account of this piece."

Miss Grossmith made another dive for her handbag.

"Good-bye!" she cried. "So sorry I can't stay longer!" And was gone.

. . . . .

Brief, you say? Yes, but surely to the point. You wanted to know (I gather) in what films Miss Grossmith has appeared (supposing your memory needed jogging); whether she likes film work, the kind of roles she prefers, and what she intends doing in the future. You have learned all these things. What matter then, if they were gleaned in the space of two minutes?

There is just one thing, though. I admire Miss Grossmith very much, both as an artiste and as someone who can do many things which I would give a great deal to be able to do. But I wonder if Miss Grossmith could make (nearly) a thousand words out of a hundred? It is a tricky thing to accomplish. Yet it has been done.

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

ELLA: "She applied for a position as a model, but the artist said she was too late."

BELLA (spitefully): "Yes, about twenty years too late."

* * *

How cheering it is to see a £2 pair of boots marked down from £1 to £3 10s.—*Buffalo, U.S.A., News.*

* * *

"I hear that your wife is ill, Mike."

"She is that."

"Is it dangerous she is?"

"Devil a bit! She is too weak to be dangerous any more!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*

* * *

WARNING! When women get into politics, don't bet any hats with them.—*Cape Argus.*

THIS WEEK'S BEST JOKES

By permission of Messrs. Pathé Freres.

A peach came walking down the street:
She was more than passing fair.
A smile, a nod, a half-closed eye,
And the peach became a pair.
—*Cornell, U.S.A., Widow.*

* * *

SICK MAN (coming out of long delirium): "Where am I? In Heaven?"

HIS WIFE (cooing devotedly): "No, dear; I am still with you!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

THIEF (under arrest): "Kin I go back an' get me hat?"

POLICEMAN: "Certainly not! Ye can't be running away from me that way. You stand here, and Oi'll go back and get it."—*Oklahoma, U.S.A., News.*

SHAYLE GARDNER

A New Zealand Actor Who is to Appear in a Series of Six British Films

SHAYLE GARDNER, who is at present playing with Matheson Lang in "The Wandering Jew," at the New Theatre, London, is to feature in a series of six films, which will be made under the direction of Mr. Rex Wilson.

Work has already been commenced on the first of the series which will introduce Mr. Gardner in the character of St. Elmo, in a film version of the famous book.

An Adventurous Life.

MR. GARDNER is a nephew of the late Bishop Boyd-Carpenter, and has had a very adventurous life. He was born in New Zealand, but has not spent a great deal of time in his native land. At the age of nine he had run away from home, and was selling newspapers in the streets of an American city. Two years later he worked his way round the world as a steward's boy. Since then he has sailed round the world four times, and it was at the end of his fourth trip that he came to London, where he commenced his theatrical career, having five small parts in "Joseph and His Brethren." Later, he toured the provinces, playing the leading part in "Grumpy"; and when war broke out he joined the New Zealand army as a private and rose to the rank of Captain. His later stage parts have been as Peter in "The Eyes of Youth," the leading part in "Sunshine of the World," and opposite Irene Vanbrugh in "The Land of Promise."



A studio portrait of SHAYLE GARDNER, while below you see him in a character part.





SHAYLE GARDNER has appeared in many parts on the stage, and he is now very enthusiastic about his film engagement.





A rest between scenes. Although Mr. Gardner has only been filming for a fortnight, he is already of the opinion that the stage and film have very little in common. "All I have learnt for the stage," he says, "I have to unlearn for the film. And as I am playing for pictures by day and at the theatre at night, this is rather a difficult problem just at present."

"Young Mrs. Winthrop." (Continued from page 18.)

"You can't go in there!" he said. "You are not in a fit state."

"I'm a thousand times fitter to see my baby than you are to touch me you—you hypocrite!" panted Constance.

As she pushed past him the door opened and old Mrs. Winthrop appeared.

It needed but one look at her face to see that all was over.

Little Rose was dead.

With a sobbing cry: "My baby! Oh, my baby!" Constance fell on the landing.

During the weeks that followed the death of baby Rose, the Winthrops drifted further and further apart. Douglas lived at his club, while Constance remained at home. She had finished with all her smart-set friends, and neither went out nor received visitors. They had decided on a legal separation, and although old Mrs. Winthrop and Buxton Scott had done all in their power to get the young people to make it up, they had failed.

Constance was sitting with Mrs. Winthrop one afternoon when Marie, the maid, rushed in, very excited.

"Oh, madame, Mrs. Delaney's maid has just told me something I think you ought to know. It was how Mrs. Delaney got Mr. Winthrop——"

"That will do, Marie," broke in Constance quietly. "We do not wish to hear servants' gossip."

"But if the matter concerns my son, I wish to hear it," said old Mrs. Winthrop.

Then Marie told them how Mrs. Delaney had got Janet, her maid, to telephone to Douglas Winthrop, telling him that Constance was going to the dance and that he needn't hurry home, and how, on the pretext of business, she had persuaded him to dine with her that night.

"I always felt there was a mistake somewhere," said Mrs. Winthrop when Marie had left. "You see, Constance, my boy was not to blame."

"It doesn't matter," said Constance wearily. "His love for me was dead before. That night was only the last straw. And my love for him is dead, too."

But Mrs. Winthrop did not mean to give up her attempts to bring her son and his wife together. She consulted Mr. Scott, and that worthy gentleman planned a scheme. He sent a note to each, saying they must meet him together at his office to sign certain papers in connection with the division of property. Both Constance and Douglas wrote back asking him to arrange matters so that they could come to the office separately; but the attorney insisted that they should be present at the same time.

The meeting was arranged. Douglas bowed coldly to Constance as he entered the room, and took his stand at the other end.

Mr. Scott began to read from a deed which mentioned the date of the marriage.

The old gentleman put down his glasses when he came to this point.

"I remember that day perfectly," he said. "There was never a prettier bride nor a happier bridegroom——"

"Please keep to the matter in hand, Scott," interrupted Douglas irritably.

"Pardon, my boy. An old man's weakness," murmured the attorney.

He read on, but every now and again he would stop and mention some incident of their courting days. As he cast a swift glance at Constance he could see tears in her eyes, and another glance at Douglas showed him that the young man was having a hard task to keep his emotion under control.

Buxton Scott decided to play his trump card.

"And now I come to a piece of property I can't divide. It is a baby's grave."

The attorney stopped suddenly.

Constance was crying softly. He saw Douglas make a move towards her. The old man waited just long enough to see Douglas take his wife in his arms, then he did a soft wild Indian dance down the corridor. He slapped his chief clerk on the back.

"Come out, Henry, my boy!" he cried. "The Winthrop divorce is off. We're going to celebrate."

While Henry got his coat Mr. Scott telephoned the good news to old Mrs. Winthrop.

Inside the office, Constance was drying her eyes and straightening her hat, which had got somewhat squashed in the reconciliation.

"I'm so happy, Douglas," she said.

"Compared to me, you're absolutely miserable!" cried Douglas. "We begin our second honeymoon at once, and this time it is going to last all our lives."

THE END.

(Adapted from incidents in the Paramount-Artcraft photo-play, featuring Ethel Clayton as Constance Winthrop.)

"Black Shadows,"

A New Serial adapted from the Film in which Peggy Hyland Stars Begins in This Week's

"GIRLS' CINEMA."

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Millinery Chosen by :: Mercy Hatton. ::

WHEN I was asked to choose my favourite millinery styles for the benefit of readers of the PICTURE SHOW, I was overjoyed, for if there is one part of wearing apparel that I appreciate more than any other it is millinery. I always think hats make such a world of difference to the finished out-door appearance. And I'm not wrong, am I?

As a matter of fact, I make all my own hats, both for wear in my films and private use. I find it is so much more satisfactory, as one can always be assured of a pleasing result when their hats are fashioned by their own hand.

Make Your Own Hats.

I DO not believe in following fashion blindly. I think it is so very foolish to select a shape or colour just because it is fashionable, and wear it, whether it suits one or not. Generally a popular millinery fad is particularly difficult to wear just as it is, unless a woman is very beautiful. Yet a little manipulation will render the shape quite becoming. And just as a "woman's hair is her crowning glory" in the house, is her chapeau when she is out of doors. The girl with small features looks absolutely "lost" under the drooping brim of a large hat; while her big-featured sister appears equally ludicrous with her head crowned with a tight-fitting little toque. It is impossible to give one set rule with regard to millinery styles to suit all girls. The shape of the face, and wave of the hair makes all the difference in the world. I find that there are one or two particular shapes that are especially becoming to me, and when I make or select a new hat, I always bear this shape in mind, and find something that is quite fashionable, but as near like one or other of those shapes as possible. And it is not a difficult task. Styles are so diverse as to give ample choice for everyone. Never were millinery styles more delightful.

Drooping hats of coloured lace appeal to me very much. They simply breathe of sunshine and fine weather. And aren't they just the simplest things in the world to make? There is no difficult brim to be manipulated, no crown to be covered without a wrinkle.



Startling Colours.

THE new spring colours for millinery are, perhaps, a trifle startling at first, but they improve upon acquaintance; and soon hold a great appeal.

But don't be afraid of choosing a bright shade, even if it does take your breath away, at first glance. You'll soon get used to it, and be delighted with the cheery aspect it gives to a simple costume or coat frock. Alice Blue is a favoured and becoming spring colour.

There are other popular shades, however, which require much care in choice. These include the new pillar-box red, brick, and terra cotta. These colours have a shade of yellow in them that is very trying for some complexions, and should be eschewed unless you wish to look sallow. You'll find heaps of scope in softer, warmer tints of the same colours.

Four Hats for Your Approval.

I HAVE made a selection of four hats that I think you will like. There are two for every-day knock-about wear, and two for more festive occasions. I'll be sensible and talk about the every-day hats first. The tammy hat is absolutely invaluable, and few girls are there who do not possess one, or perhaps half-a-dozen. Personally, I like them best when they are fashioned from ribbon, as in the sketch on this page. They are very simple to fashion if you make a muslin foundation first, and mount the ribbon upon this. If you want a touch of novelty to appear in your ribbon tammy, you can work it in alternate rows of two shades or colours of ribbon. A pretty one that I made for a friend was of pale grey and rose pink ribbon alternately! It was delightful upon her brown hair.

The second every-day hat is very piquant and suitable for wear with a coat and skirt. It is intended for silk duvetyn—that lovely fabric that has the appearance of the finest suede. Think how becoming it would be in Alice Blue duvetyn, the top embroidered in a running stitch design in grey rabbit wool! Its neat little brim would help to keep straggly curls in place upon the windiest day, and the bow at the side gives a touch of perkiness to the chic affair.

Satin, Lace and Roses.

DON'T you think that the hat illustrated in the lower sketch is a delightful little style? It would look admirable with your better-most costume, especially if it were fashioned in nigger brown satin, brown lace to match, and adorned with the palest of pink rose-buds. The actual shape is quite a plain affair, with a flat crown, and very narrow, turned-down brim. All the difference is made by the piece of stiff lace, which is wired and arranged to stand up all around. This is a jolly good renovation idea, too, girls, if you have an old small hat you wish to "do up." You could even cut off a large brim, and bind it with ribbon first to get the desired shape.

Last but not least comes the picturesque drooping hat of gathered georgette. It is hardly a hat you would wear with a suit, but to top a soft crêpe-de-Chine frock it would be wonderful. Suppose your frock were of grey crepe, then the hat might be fashioned from powder blue georgette, the crown swathed with silver ribbon and tied in a wired bow at one side.

The georgette is merely arranged in a tuck over the edge of the brim, and then drawn tightly to the base of the crown, where it connects with the material crown. A pretty idea for bridesmaids' hats, don't you think?

You can obtain patterns of the hats on this page for one shilling each from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

LOUISE FAZENDA AT HOME

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER.

"AN interview ?" repeated Louise Fazenda's voice over the phone. "Surely. Come right over to the house. I'm making a pie just now, but you won't mind——"

I assured her I wouldn't, but down in the bottom of my heart I did. She and pies have such an affinity for each other, you know. The last time I interviewed the energetic comedienne, it was on the Sennett lot, and as I came by the set where Louise was working, a custard pie whizzed by me and hit the wall not ten inches away. Miss Fazenda hurried up and helped wipe off some of the bits of shrapnel, apologizing and telling me that she had aimed in the opposite direction, but that custard pies had a habit of backfiring. I merely mention this in passing, to account for my feeling when she spoke of being occupied with a pie.

Well, anyway, there I was at the appointed hour ringing the bell of a modest little white flat, wondering what Louise Fazenda would be like off the screen. For I had always seen her at the studio in her grotesque make-up, with an antiquated dress and skinned-back hair, and while I knew, of course, that comediennes at home look like other human beings, I was not quite prepared for the altogether lovely young lady who opened the door for me and told me cordially to come right in and make myself at home; mother was in the kitchen finishing up some blackberry jelly but would be in presently, and wouldn't I take that rocking chair.



Louise as she really is.

Louise was dressed in a lavender smock and a woollen skirt, and her feet were encased in comfy mocassins.

Her golden-brown hair was piled up on her head and it curled around her ears in manner quite unpremeditated—yes, she *has* curly hair, but you'd never know it in her pictures—it never gets the ghost of a chance to express its personality.

"Did you expect to find us in a palatial Hollywood 'bungalow ?'" she asked, as she curled up comfortably in a big Morris chair. "Mother and I like this kind of a place much better. It's quite large enough for the two of us—father is away so much, you see; he's a merchandising broker and just comes home for visits—so what would mother and I be doing in a big house with a hundred servants around ? We don't even keep a maid—we both like to cook—oh, wait a minute and I'll bring you some of mother's jelly !"

She whisked off into the kitchen, where I heard her calling her mother, "dear," and when she came back it was with a dish of perfect blackberry jelly, not quite cold, and after that it was hard to talk shop.

"What do you think about my name ?" she asked abruptly, as I was putting away the last of the jelly. "Doesn't it sound as if I'd sat up nights thinking it out ? But it's really mine—yes, it's Italian. My father's parents were born in Italy, so I come by it honestly, but it's such a drawing-room sort of a name ! I ought to be a tragedienne to live up to it.

"My name is like me," she went on, with her eyes wider than ever, "sort of a misfit."

"A misfit ?" I echoed incredulously.

Wanted to do Dramatic Stuff.

"YES, really !" she assured me seriously. "You see, when I first started in pictures I just *knew* I was going to be a sob artist. I had visions of myself acting like Nazimova or standing where the sunshine would fall on my hair *a la* Mary Pickford. Oh, I had it all planned out; I was sixteen then, and our finances were such that I had to do something. Acting was the only thing I wanted to do, so I applied for a job out at Universal—and got it. It was in a comedy with Gale Henry, and I was employed in several others, but still I had the dramatic bee buzzing around in my bonnet, and because I did have rather good screen features, they gave me a chance at heavier stuff."

"And you made good, didn't you ?" I interrupted. Louise has that capable personality which makes you feel sure that she would succeed at anything she tried.

"Yes, I—*didn't !*" she responded mournfully. "I was so bad, I was funny. I don't think I ever came on to a set without falling over myself, and I had a merry little habit of backing up against a table and pushing off a lamp or a piece of expensive bric a brac. The end came when the director told me to come downstairs 'lightly'—I was supposed to be an orphan daughter or something sad like that—well, I tripped on the top step and I came down—*lightly*, hitting each step as I came, and landing at the bottom with a dull sickening thud. I picked myself up, and the director was just looking at me steadily, deciding what to say first. I didn't give him a chance. I left that day and applied at the Sennett studio.

"'Can you take a fall ?' Mr. Sennett asked me. I thought of the stairs and said I could. They thought I looked funny, I guess, so they put me to work—and here I am !"

"I forgot to ask you to excuse my mocassins," she said, when I rose to leave. "They are so comfortable—Minnie, the Indian Princess, made them for me when they were doing 'Mickey' at the studio. I suppose I ought to dress up for an interview—but when I'm home I don't feel one bit like a 'film queen.'"

"You don't look it," I assured her, and I hope she knows that I meant it as a compliment.



Louise Fazenda as she appears in Mack Sennett Comedies.



Louise Fazenda in "Down On the Farm." Louise snowed under by her correspondence.

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

THE VALUE OF A TITLE.

It is evident that nowadays the well-known Shakespearian adage concerning a name is not greatly respected. This may not be, of course, because the wisdom of it is held to be entirely at fault. For it is certainly true that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and that sometimes even a film-play by any other title than the one it bore would draw as well. But there are the exceptions. And when Commercialism elects to walk hand in hand with Art—as it very frequently does—the money making considerations of the former are bound to be the deciding factor.

There is little need for surprise, therefore, at so many films which are adaptations of well-known books or stage plays, as well as stories which have been specially written for the screen, being given a different title. From the point of view of the author, the original name may have been an excellent one. His may have been a painstaking choice in which the love of an artist for his work has endeavoured to find expression as a parent in the christening of his child. But a producer, even though he may possess an artistic soul, is in most cases a purveyor of art. He cannot hope to sell his goods if the names are unattractive. They are the magnets by which he endeavours to draw the public, and much, therefore, depends on their power.

It does not follow, of course, that his choice of other titles is always of the best. There are times when the voice of commercialism is apt to whisper unpleasant alterations, and when a film play less vicious, perhaps, than a good many of the things which get into print, is re-titled with a touch of suggestiveness. It is not a wise proceeding. It is, in fact, helping to give the motion-picture a worse reputation than it need have. There is good value in a clean title, and it should not be despised.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

E. P. (Accrington).—Do you mean "The Master Mystery"?

"FLIP" (Birmingham).—So you are a new correspondent. Pleased to make your acquaintance. Yes, Tom Mix is married, Victoria Forde being his wife. Jose Collins and Godfrey Tearle in "Nobody's Child," and H. B. Warner in "The Man Who Turned White."

JOAN MORTON (Birmingham).—As requested, Joan, the printer shall set up your name in full. "The Lost City" is George Cheseboro's latest film to be released over here, and I hope you have seen it. No personal details as yet.

"LA TEMERAIRE" (Brussels).—Your first questions will be found answered above. Who is Pola Negri, you ask? She is practically a newcomer to filmland, and was born in Warsaw, Poland, about twenty-eight years ago, and was for some time a member of the Imperial Russian Ballet.

N. S. (Lichfield).—The cast of "Lady Noggs" is as follows: George Bellamy (Lord Errington), Arthur Bennard (The Rev. Mr. Greig), James Prior (Caldecot Beresford), Jennie Earle (Miss Stetson), Yolande Duguette (Madam Karskovitch), and Joan Morgan (The Lady Noggs). Rene Creste was born in Paris, and began his screen career with the Gaumont Company in 1913. "The Man in the Mask," "The Usurer," and "The Shot of Mystery" are three of his films.

"FLORETTE" (Northampton).—Oh, there's a lot of humour to be got out of life and letters. I live on smiles, and am glad to think I raise a few. No, Gladys Brockwell is not married to William Scott. Remember your other name when writing again, according to rule.

"BLUE-EYED LILY" (Lee).—There is no doubt you believe in emphasis. Never saw such a letter with so many words underlined, and all those asterisks were sprinkled in because, presumably, you were writing about stars. Anyway, it was all very interesting. Elliott Dexter and Mary Pickford were the leads in "A Romance of the Redwoods." He was born in Houston, Texas, but gives no date.

A. S. (Catford).—Yes, Franklyn Farnum is married to Alma Reubens. I shall have to ask Ralph Graves.

D. S. (Grimsby).—Harrison Ford in "Who Cares?" and Tallulah Bankhead in "Thirty a Week." The players in "In Old Alsace" were Mdlle. Huguette Duflos (Suzel), M. Mathot (Kobus), and M. de Max (David Sichel, the Rabbi).

"HILDA" (Liverpool).—Jackie Saunders is American. She was born twenty-nine years ago. You ought to try and see a few more British films.

"PETER" (Bayswater).—You decided to give me a month's rest and then turn up again. Well, I have been expecting something like that, so have kept myself in trim. Your suggestion is a good one, but unfortunately space forbids my adopting it. Your favourites do not disclose their birthdays. The late William Stowell was opposite Dorothy Phillips in 'Hell Morgan's Girl."

G. C. (Wood Green).—Lloyd Hughes was born in Brisbee, Arizona, in 1899. His films include "The Haunted Bedroom," "The Heart of Humanity," "The Indestructible Wife." Pauline Starke and Francis X. Bushman were born on January 10th. Owen Nares is married to Marie Polini. Robert Ellis does not give his age. Harold Lockwood was about thirty when he died. He played opposite Mary Pickford and also Marguerite Clark. I understand he left a widow.

A. J. (St. Anne's-on-Sea).—Try Samuel French, Ltd., 26, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., 2, for dialogues, stage plays, etc.

"FRED" (Portsmouth).—The cast of "Light in Darkness" does not give the name you require.

"MIXITE HATER" (Putney).—What's Tom done to you, anyway? No, Virginia Lee Corbin and Virginia Lee are not related. You have done well to have secured six new readers during the last three months. Now see if you can beat that.

D. G. (Waltham Cross).—Besides "The Black Secret," Walter McGrail has appeared in "Miss Ambition," "Within the Law," and "Country Cousin." He was born in 1880 in Brooklyn, New York, and has black hair and blue eyes.

"THIRSTY FOR KNOWLEDGE" (Budleigh Salterton).—With regard to the pronunciation of Los Angeles, I give below the verse you have taken from "The End of the Trail," as it may interest others:

> "My Lady would remind you, please,
> Her name is not Lost Angelese,
> Nor 'angy' anything whatever.
> She trusts her friend will be so clever
> To share her fit historic pride,
> The 'g' must not be jellified.
> Long 'o,' hard 'g' and rhymes with 'yes,'
> And all about Los Angeles."

M. C. (Brixton).—The scenes in "The Call of the Road" were taken round about several Kentish villages.

"MEG" (Leytonstone), "OMEGA" (Stratford-on-Avon), M. T. (St. Helens), G. M. (Leytonstone), and M. T. (Kerry).—J. Warren Kerrigan in "The Turn of a Card." Enid Markey was the heroine in "Tarzan of the Apes." Thomas Burt was the Wasp in "The Lightning Raider." William Scott in "The Sneak," and Pina Menichelli and Amleto Novello in "The Ironmaster."

"DOROTHY" (Guildford).—You can get back numbers if you write to the Publisher of this paper, 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4. Irene Castle and Huntley Gordon were the leads in "The Invisible Bond." Thanks for your congratulations. There will be more news of your favourites in time.

"THE PICTURE GIRL" (Liverpool).—Lily Jacobson and G. S. Tolness were the leads in "A Daughter of Brahma."

L. M. H. (Clapham Common).—Constance Talmadge in "The Shuttle." She has also appeared in "The Love Expert," "A Virtuous Vamp," and "Two Weeks."

M. F. (Stanby).—The cast of "Tih-Minh" is as follows: Mdlle. Mary Harold (Tih-Minh), Rene Creste (Jack Dathis), Mdme. Georgette Faraoni (Marquise Dolores), Mdlle. Rolette (Rosy), Louis Lenbos (Kistna the Asiatic), M. Biscot (Peter), E. Mathe (Sir George Francis), and G. Michel (Dr. Gilson). Yes, Harrison Ford and Constance in "A Pair of Silk Stockings."

"FANNY" (Brussels).—Glad to hear from you, but you have failed to read carefully the rule about disclosing your full name when writing. Irving Cummings was born on October 9th, 1888.

"BRITISH THE BEST" (Hackney).—Your ardent patriotism shall be duly rewarded in future issues. Your favourites, however, seem very shy about stating their ages. Lawrence Peyton was the artiste in "Patricia Brent—Spinster."

"LILY" (Birkenhead).—You swear that Flora Finch was never the wife of the late John Bunny, and against you there are six who swear that she was. The six are quite wrong and you are right. I hope this shocking language has now ceased.

"PEGGY" (Gateshead).—"What Happened to Mary?" seems always to provide rather bitter fruit for discussion. The star in it was, of course, Mary Fuller.

"PADDY" (Calcutta).—Yes, Thomas Meighan is a married man, his wife being Frances Ring. At the moment of writing, Antonio Moreno remains a bachelor.

(*Continued on next page.*)

"SHOTS" FROM BROADWEST

ON the 25th of this month, "Her Penalty," one of the very latest BROADWEST films, will be released through the Walturdaw Company. The story, which is an original one, tells of how a pretty girl unwittingly becomes a bigamist. Stewart Rome and Pauline Peters play the leading parts. There are some wonderful exteriors in the production, and Stewart Rome appears, during the greater part of the film, as a bearded wanderer in the desert.

Mr. Walter West has completed his production, "A Sportsman's Wife," which stars Violet Hopson, Gregory Scott, and Clive Brook, and is now busily engaged with another big film.

One very interesting feature now being made by this well-known British firm is an adaptation of Charles Reade's famous novel, "Christie Johnstone." It deals with life in a fishing village, and is quite a new departure for the BROADWEST Company.

Jig-Saw Puzzles are always popular, and you can now obtain Violet Hopson's and Stewart Rome's portraits in "Jig-Star" form. They cost only 1/9 each, including postage, and will provide many hours' amusement. They can be obtained from:—

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Next week there will be a skirt pattern, and the week after a dainty frock. Make sure of all three. Give a regular order for

HORNER'S STORIES

On Sale Everywhere. Price **2d.**

Answers to Correspondents *(Continued from page 22.)*

"LUMENITE" (Nottingham).—Florence Turner deserted the screen for some time, but she has come back, and "The Brand of Lopez" in which she played opposite Sessue Hayakawa, was released last month. "Blackmail," featuring Charles Campana and Beatrice Quarmata was also released in March.

"ANNIE" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—You happen to be right. It was Ruth Roland who starred in "The Red Circle."

"LOYAL READER" (Manchester).—You say you have become a victim of that peculiar disease. "Why-where-how-when-and-what-for." Alas, my remedy only aggravates the complaint, for my patients never get better. Bert Lytell, Yola Vale, and Eugene Pallette were in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Herbert Rea was Parson Cowley in "Darby and Joan."

"PEARL" (Plymouth).—I shall have to regard your missing letter of a year ago as an unsolved mystery. Jack Crosby was the hero with Norma Talmadge in "A Daughter of Two Worlds."

M. B. (Manchester).—When you don't ask much your disappointment is likely to be less. You are lucky to be able to go three times a week to the pictures. Warner Oland was born in Umea, Sweden. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, and though destined for the pulpit, took to the films, via the stage, instead. He is now in his thirty-third year.

F. O. (Creiton Park).—Among Kathlyn Williams's recent films are: "The Prince Chap," "Just a Wife," and "The Tree of Knowledge."

"PICTURE-MAD" (Twickenham).—Sorry if you have had to wait, but there were quite a number who had queued up in front of you. Ethel Clayton and Lew Cody were in "Men, Women, and Money," and Antonio Moreno and Pauline Curley in "The Invisible Hand."

"VIOLETTE" (West Dulwich).—You are welcome, for I do not keep count of anyone's letters. Your question about Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome has been answered so often that I have decided to pension it. They are not related in any way. Yes, Irene Castle was formerly Mrs. Vernon Castle and she is now Mrs. Robert Treman. Anita Stewart is the wife of Rudolph Cameron.

"WALLY" (Chelmsford).—You say you have heated arguments every week over Wallace McCutcheon. Yes, I am afraid his ears will get badly singed if you mean to go on. But what is it all over? As regards details, he is certainly backward. The only two film papers connected with this are the "Boy's Cinema" and "Girls' Cinema," both worth more than their price.

(More Answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

LANGHORNE BURTON, care of Green Room Club, London, W.C.

CREIGHTON HALE, care of World Film Corporation, 130, West 46th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

ALLA NAZIMOVA, care of Metro Pictures Corporation, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

WILLIAM FARNUM, care of FOX Studios, 1401, North Western Avenue Los Angeles, California U.S.A.

(More addresses next week.)

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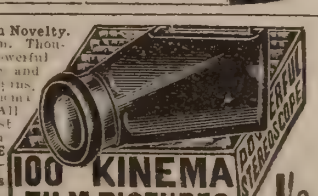
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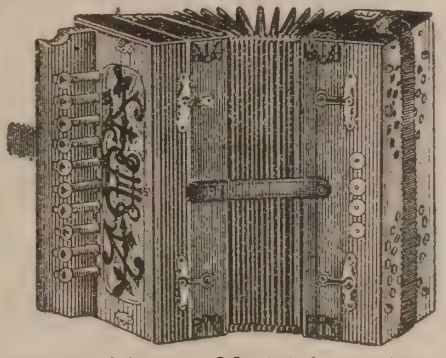
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N/Y 9.4.1921.

PICTURE SHOW, April 16th, 1921. REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

"HIS RIVAL."—Beautiful Art Plate of MARY PICKFORD as a little mother in "THE LOVE LIGHT" Inside.

Picture Show

TWOPENCE. APRIL 16, 1921.

No. 103. Vol. 4.

PEARL WHITE, AND HER HUSBAND, WALLACE McCUTCHEON.



Pearl White, who recently married Wallace McCutcheon, is still honeymooning, as you may see by this photograph. We are to see husband and wife together on the screen in the coming Fox photo-play, "The Thief," the famous play which has been the success of a London theatrical season.

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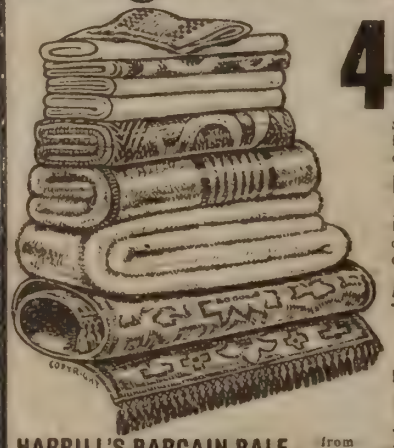
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"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

Pictures at the Palace—Birth of Christianity, First Film—Mary Pickford as a Little Mother.

THE rumour that the famous Palace Theatre, London, was to be turned into a picture palace is now an accomplished fact. The big picture of "The Dawn of the World," an Astra production, is now showing there. The fine stories of the Old Testament are beautifully pictured on the screen. A few photographs from this production are on page 7.

Mary Pickford's New Part.

EVERY photograph that comes over of Mary Pickford proves the assertion of a friend who has lately visited her that she gets younger instead of older.

Certainly it seems Mary refuses to grow up. If you doubt me, turn to our centre art picture this week. This is a scene in Mary's very latest production, entitled "The Love Light," and shows the world's sweetheart as a little mother. Isn't it a beautiful picture?

Another Fine Play Filmed.

DID you see the famous Pinero play, "His House in Order," when the late Sir George Alexander and our own Irene Vanbrugh played the leading parts on the stage? If so, you will want to see Elsie Ferguson in Miss Vanbrugh's part on the screen in the Paramount Artcraft photo-play just released. The fine story of this production appears on page 16.

From Gregory Scott to ——?

THIS is the week that the "Girl's Cinema" is giving Gregory Scott's beautiful real gold slave bangle as a prize in a simple one-week competition. There is no entrance fee; anyone is eligible to compete, so if you are not a regular reader of this splendid little screen story paper, buy a copy this week. The twopence you spend on the copy may win you this gift that no money can buy. This slave bangle bears the inscription inside, "Good Luck—Gregory Scott," in Greg's own handwriting.

The Pearl White and Wallace McCutcheon Romance.

DID you see "The Black Secret," the Pathé serial in which Pearl White played her last serial before joining the Fox banner? In this serial the hero (disguised as the villain) was Wallace McCutcheon, and Pearl thought him so fine a hero that she consented to marry him in real life. In case you cannot call him to mind, I refer you to our cover picture this week. Here you see Pearl and her husband still honeymooning between screen plays. Mr. McCutcheon is playing opposite Pearl again in her coming screen version of the famous play, "The Thief."

What James Rennie is Like.

WOULD you like a description of James Rennie, who has just married Dorothy Gish?

He is thirty years old, broad-shouldered, and has the whitest of teeth, the bluest of eyes, and the blackest of hair. He has also a marvellous sense of humour, and that is why the directors say he is such a good actor.

When They First Met.

HE tells of his first meeting with Dorothy, which was when he was playing opposite her in a film and Lillian Gish was directing them.

"Lillian," he says, "was very serious and business-like when she was working.

"'Ready?' she asked. 'Take her in your arms. Closer! Closer!'

"'No!' cried Dorothy breathlessly. 'He's crushing me now!'

"'All right,' said Lillian, in a business like tone. 'Un-hug!'

"And after that," concluded Mr. Rennie, "we all felt pretty well acquainted!"

More Charlie Chaplin Pictures.

I HEAR that Charlie Chaplin is looking ten years younger and happier since he returned to the studio to work.

He was asked for his ideas on the subject of going on the legitimate stage.

"I should say not!" was his reply. "I have seen enough poor plays last summer and autumn. It is hard enough to make a good picture, but it must be still harder to make a good play."

In the Frozen Northland.

IN the coming James Kirkwood production, "The Golden Snare," one of the most important expeditions ever attempted to secure scenes set out from Los Angeles for the frozen Northland.

Two special baggage cars were needed to carry the sledges, fur blankets, traps, snow-shoes, cooking utensils, and other impedimenta incidental to the journey.

One hundred and five dogs of every breed able to withstand the hardships of the frozen North, a double team of Alaska reindeer, eleven polar bears, and seventeen wolves, also twenty-seven Siberian wolfhounds, have been gathered for the production.

Louise and Mary.

LOUISE LOVELY regrets that she is often taken for Mary Pickford.

"Of course, I am glad I look like Miss Pickford," she says, "because I can't think of anyone I would rather resemble; but, really, I don't want to look like anyone. I have done everything I can to be myself—scraped my hair back, chosen a different style of dress, altered my make-up—and still I look like her."

Norma's Dancing Lessons.

I HEAR that Norma Talmadge is at present resting, previous to commencing work on her next picture, "The Sign on the Door," in which she is to have Lew Cody opposite her as the villain of the piece.

Norma's holiday was really needed, as, although she studied classic dancing for years, in her latest picture, 'The Passion Flower,' she was called upon to do a Spanish dance entirely different from anything she had ever learned; and during the filming of the play she was as busy forgetting the rules of classic dancing as she had formerly been learning them.

James Crane Coming Back.

WE are to see James Crane again on the screen. He has been starring in "Opportunity" on the stage for the past year. As you may know, he is married to Alice Brady, and his favourite indoor pastime is music. But he says he can only get the maximum of enjoyment from his piano when he is playing for his Realart star-wife.

Wallace Reid's Next Part.

WALLACE REID is now hard at work on a new play, entitled "The Love Special," in which he takes the part of a railway engineer.

The heroine is to be played by Agnes Ayres.

When Anita Reads a Novel.

THEY say in the studios that Anita Stewart is one of the most romantic stars of Screenland.

It is a standing joke that if Anita is in the middle of a novel, she will not leave it even to go to a party until she has finished the story and left the heroine safe and happy.

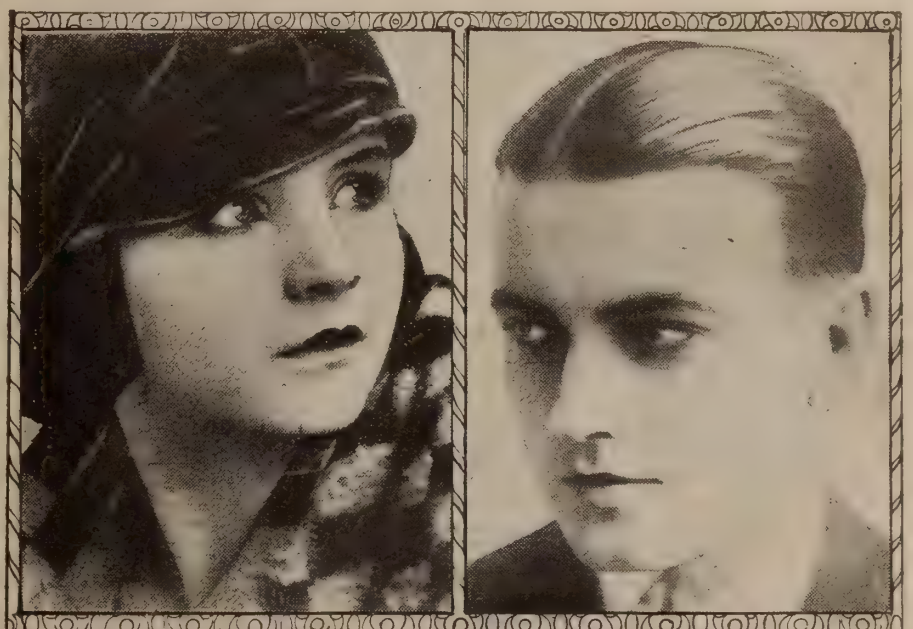
Charlie Murray's Mount.

THERE is a big party being arranged to precede an aerial circus in Los Angeles for the benefit of the disabled soldiers, and I hear that Charlie Murray has agreed to ride a camel.

"I'd prefer a zebra, an elephant, or an antelope; but the boys have hired a camel, and what they want I must do, if I can stay on this hurricane deck!" says Charlie.

Teddy Gerrard on the Screen.

TEDDY GERRARD is appearing in films, and is playing opposite Charles Meredith in the coming Jesse D. Hampton production. The company has been in the Yosemite national park for over a month now, taking exterior scenes.



MARY HAY. RICHARD BARTHELMESS

When Richard Barthelmess met Mary Hay during the filming of "Way Down East," everyone prophesied another screen romance—and they were right. Mary Hay is now Mrs. Richard Barthelmess.

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (*Continued from page 3.*)



CHARLES CLARY as we shall see him as Dr. Howard Talbot in the Goldwyn photoplay, "Noblesse Oblige." Mr. Clary is well known as a screen villain in Fox photo-plays. Now he has reformed, and is playing hero parts.

To Save Bert's Feet.

THE many painful possibilities existing round a motion-picture studio when the star has got to do a series of barefoot scenes caused Bert Lytell to create a new position during the production of "The Man Who," his latest picture.

After involuntarily picking up some tacks and splinters in his unprotected pedal extremities, the wrathful star created the Metro mascot, Albert Sarno, known flippantly and professionally as "The Studio Kid," official tack-detector; and on every set where Mr. Lytell appears without his walking protectors, the official detector first makes a keen-eyed search. There was an immediate falling-off in casualties following the creating of the new position.

—♦♦—

Charles His Own Musician.

I HEAR that Charlie Chaplin has arranged the complete musical score for his much talked-of picture, "The Kid."

This is the first time Charlie has ever performed this work for one of his pictures, although he is an accomplished musician.

—♦♦—

The Number 13.

HERBERT BRENNON, who has been directing Norma Talmadge in "The Passion Flower," has been gathering some curious but interesting statistics regarding the number 13.

To begin with, there are 13 letters in the name Herbert Brennon. Secondly, Mr. Brennon's contract called for him to begin work on the 13th of the month. Thirdly, the title of the photo-play "Passion Flower" has 13 letters in it. Fourthly, there are 13 letters in the name of the producer, Joseph Schenck; and, fifthly, there are 13 letters in the name of the star, Norma Talmadge.

"Instead of regarding the number 13 with the horror in which it is usually held," says Mr. Brennon, "I believe it to be my lucky, rather than unlucky number, because there is no star in the world I would rather direct than Norma Talmadge."



KATHLEEN VAUGHAN, the pretty Irish actress, now playing lead in Ideal Films. At the age of thirteen she recited before and was presented to Princess Christian. Her stage debut was made in a Christmas play when fourteen years of age. Her first screen appearance was in the just-released "Face at the Window." We shall see her in "Handy Andy," "The Old Country," and "Belphegor."

—♦♦—

Farnum's Realistic Fights.

WILLIAM FARNUM has appeared in many recent Fox productions in which his fighting ability has been taxed to the utmost. Although it may seem strange to those who have witnessed the star's efforts on the screen, Farnum really hates fighting in any shape or form.

At the same time the star realises that, although thousands of people admire him for his dramatic characterisations, nevertheless, there are just as many who admire him for the vim and vigour he puts into his screen battles. Undoubtedly, as an actor, he commands all the fine points of the art, and it is because of this that he can do something really well that he does not like.

—♦♦—

Why They Choose Him.

NATURE favoured him with a powerful physique. Something inherent in the human race craves the might of physical encounter between two strong men—probably an inheritance from our cave-dwelling ancestors. This is the reason why Farnum has so many fights in his pictures. During his career he has fought with nearly every weapon that man ever made for the purpose, which is something unusual for a peace-loving man.



LAWSON BUTT, now playing in the Hodkinson photo-play, "The Tiger's Coat."

"I can assure my supporters," says the star, "that I would sooner enact straightforward dramatic roles and do my best to thrill them with sound acting than to earn their applause with a display of brute strength. However, when a fight is necessary, I always do my best to make it as realistic as possible."

—♦♦—

Frank is Not Tactful.

A GOOD story is going round about little Mary Pickford Rupp, who has certainly got her aunt's charming frankness, but possibly lacks her tact.

She was invited to a birthday party given by one of her little girl friends, and arrived at the party with a wooden duck as a present.

"It's a good duck that we've had around for a long time," she explained to the little hostess. "It's all right except for a little bit of paint that came off the head, but mother put some ink over that, and you wouldn't notice it." And they say that the wooden duck was one of the most appreciated presents given at that party.

—♦♦—

A Real Villain.

WALTER LONG prides himself on being a real villain of the screen. He says he has always been a villain. As a child he stole jam, broke windows, set his dog on the neighbours' cats, and everyone predicted that he would come to a bad end. And, as all of you know, he has done so—many times. He has been shot, hurled from precipices, choked, and drowned. In his last picture, "Go and Get It," he was hanged.

"But I died game," he boasts. "I went to the gallows with a cigarette between my lips, and lots of heroes would not have done that."

Now we are to see him as the villainous Mexican, Rojas, in the film version of Zane Grey's well-known novel, "Desert Gold," the original story of which is now running in the "Boys' Cinema," while the film version can be seen on the screen.

Fay Filmer.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

MADAME OLGA PETROVA motored in from her home in Great Neck to dine with me last week. I hadn't seen her for a week or more, she has been kept so busy going to the hospital to see Frances, her cook, who has just undergone a serious surgical operation. Frances is the wife of "madame's" chauffeur, and has been in her employ for some years. Like all her servants, she adores Madame, and promised to act like a major if only her mistress would hold her hand and remain with her during the ordeal. Most of us would have fled after the anæsthetic had been administered, but not Madame; she made her promise, and she determined to keep it, come what would. She stayed all during the "cutting up" act, watching the progress of the surgeon's knife with an intelligent interest that made one surgeon say:

"Madame, you would have made a great doctor."

It was typical of Olga Petrova that she remained at her post until the last stitch was taken, and then sat by Frances's bedside until she came out from under the influence of the deadly ether. She has been at the hospital every day, and is now such a frequent figure in the ward the patients all look forward to her visits, demanding that she spend as much time with them as she does with her cook. In addition to this devotion, a burnt finger will bear witness that Madame has not been idle in her kitchen. With the shortage of servants, she has been doing her own cooking, her usual amount of reading, and trying to finish a stage play in time to submit it to one of our American producers. Aside from that, she has nothing to occupy her time.

—♦♦—

Lillian Gish Undecided.

SPEAKING of Madame Petrova, there was a buzz of interested feminine voices when the Polish actress and Lillian Gish walked into the Plaza dining-room for luncheon a few days ago. I was invited to make one of her luncheon party, and we had a merry time. There is a great bond of understanding and sympathy between these two women. They both like each other, and Madame Petrova very frankly says she considers Lillian Gish the greatest screen-artist of her day. Who said there is always jealousy between two women? On the other hand, Miss Gish, like all the rest of the world, has a tremendous admiration for Madame Petrova's mentality and charm. Lillian has been undecided about playing "Marguerite" in Griffith's production of "Faust."

"I want to play in Mr. Griffith's pictures, of course," she said, "but I am so afraid of the costume plays. The public not over six months ago in a vote of the theatre vetoed all costume plays. Still, the success of 'Passion' makes me believe this prejudice has been somewhat overcome."

The bets are all on Lillian's acceptance of Mr. Griffith's offer, and rightly, too. Not to betray a secret or anything, she whispered to me she would in all likelihood play "Marguerite."

—♦♦—

Eugene on His Knees.

I SAW something on the floor of the Algonquin Hotel dining-room one night that resembled nothing as much as a big bear. I looked again and saw a strangely familiar head, with curly light hair—a marcel made by Nature's curling-iron.

"Why, Gene O'Brien!" I cried. "What in the world are you doing?"

"Oh, hello!" he said. "I lost one of my shirt-studs; a gift I prize highly."

"But why, in Heaven's name," I asked him, "don't you let the waiter or the 'bus boy find your precious studs for you?"

"I was afraid they wouldn't look carefully?" he said, making a wild dash for his car to see if by any chance he lost them in his motor.

"Eugene O'Brien is a regular Peter Pan," said my companion. "He will never grow up! Who else in the world would have dared crawl all over a crowded hotel dining-room on all fours?"

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

THIS WEEK'S PICTURE SHOWS

"Ernest Maltravers" .. .. .. *(Ideal)*
COWLEY WRIGHT and LILIAN HALL DAVIS.

"The Strongest" .. .. .. *(Fox)*
RENEE ADOREE.

"His House in Order" *(Paramount-Artcraft)*
ELSIE FERGUSON.

"The Broken Butterfly" .. .. *(Jurys)*
PAULINE STARKE and LEW CODY.

"The Man Who Woke Up" *(Western Import.)*
PAULINE STARKE.

"A Daughter of the Wolf" .. *(Paramount)*
LILA LEE and ELLIOTT DEXTER.

"His Daughter Pays" .. .. *(Walkers)*
GERTRUDE McCOY.

THE "PICTURE SHOW'S" GUIDE TO PICTUREGOERS

The British Release of the Week.

ERNEST MALTRAVERS, Lord Lytton's famous novel, produced by Jack Benton, scenario by Eliot Stannard. Ideal Films Ltd.

It is a strong plot, ably portrayed by a very strong cast of British actors: Ernest Maltravers is played by Cowley Wright, Mr. Maltravers (Albert Sinclair), Mr. Merton (George Bellamy), Mrs. Merton (Miss Florence Nelson), Caroline (Miss Violet Bucalossi), Mr. Mason (Alban Atwood), Doctor (Frank I. Arlton), Luke Darvil (Norman Partridge), Walters (N. Watts Phillips), Alice (Miss Lilian Hall-Davis), Evelyn (Miss Stella Wood-Sims), Lord Vargrave (Ernest Douglas), Lady Vargrave (Madame C. A. d'Esterre), Mrs. Jones (Mrs. Watts Phillips), George Legard (Hubert Gordon Hopkirk).

The Story.

ONE night a handsome youth, Ernest Maltravers, returns from his studies abroad. On a desolate common he loses his bearings, and is offered a bed by Luke Darvil, a hardened ruffian.

Ernest is warned by Alice, Darvil's beautiful young daughter of sixteen. Presently Luke, in the company of a villain, by name Walters, enters the room, intent on murdering his trapped visitor, but Ernest is saved by Alice. The two fly together. Next day commences a love idyll between these two human beings so curiously flung across each other's path by Fate.

The old story of love in a cottage follows, until one day Ernest is obliged to hurry away to his father, who is seriously ill. During his absence, Luke Darvil burgles the cottage, and Alice is carried off. Ernest returns to the place of desolation. He searches in vain for Alice, and eventually, distraught, goes abroad. Later, Alice escapes, and is cared for by chance strangers on the country side, Lord and Lady Vargrave. They give her shelter until her child is born, and try to find her lost lover.

Years pass. Evelyn, Alice's daughter, is now a replica of her beautiful mother, and she and Maltravers' secretary secretly love. And then one glorious day Alice and Ernest meet. There are tears, smiles, and a great joy on that wonderful day of reunion.

A fine film, that knows not the word "dullness," whilst the settings are decidedly attractive.

Incriminating Letters.

"HIS HOUSE IN ORDER" is an adaptation of the well-known stage play by Sir Arthur Pinero. Nina Graham, who is played by Elsie Ferguson, is engaged as a governess in the house of Filmer Jesson. After the death of the latter's wife, Nina marries him, but the family treats her with coldness. Her husband finds that she cannot keep his house in order, and, when more trouble appears likely for Nina, she discovers letters which throw an unpleasant light on Jesson's first wife. The discovery at once leads to a different state of affairs.

A Woman's Revenge.

LIVING under the same roof in a small lake settlement are two women, one young and the other middle-aged, who hate each other. A composer of music comes along, falls in love with the girl, and secretly marries her before leaving her for a time. When he returns later on, he is told by her middle-aged companion that his wife and the child are both dead. In reality she has turned them adrift through revenge, but the man, believing her story, goes away, and, meeting the sister of his first wife, marries her. Then comes a dramatic surprise in this film. "The Broken Butterfly," with an ending which many in the audience will probably not expect. Pauline Starke is in the title role.



The Awakening.

PAULINE STARKE is also the heroine in "The Man Who Woke Up," although the really prominent figure is that of an American colonel, with a penchant for journalism and a hatred for a certain Northerner. Broken in health, the colonel has to borrow money, and while on a holiday his daughter Edith falls in love with a young writer. There is an amusing and delightful surprise for the colonel, who "wakes up" to learn who his proposed son-in-law really is, and from where the money comes.

A Tale of the Snowy North.

WITH picturesque scenes of the forests and snow plains of Canada and a good story to match, "A Daughter of the Wolf" is certain to hold your interest, especially when the star in it is Lila Lee. As the daughter of a fur smuggler known as "The Wolf," she goes with him to a big town and makes the acquaintance of a young man of means. As the story unfolds itself, we find him attacked by one of the Wolf's associates as he tries to see her again. She comes across him lying on the ground unconscious, but the excitement is by no means over, as shown by the scenes that follow.

Kidnapped.

IN "The Strongest," featuring Renée Adorée, we are given the story of a girl who is expected to marry a crook posing as a viscount. But her hand is also sought by a young American. There are several exciting scenes, including a thrilling rescue of the girl who has been imprisoned in a lonely building.

Life in the Under-World.

GERTRUDE McCOY as the daughter of a diplomat, is the chief figure in "His Daughter Pays," a film depicting a not too pleasant phase of life, though the story and acting are both good. The girl becomes entangled in the meshes of a rascally spy, who compels her to lead the life of a dancing girl in a gambling den. Her degradation is graphically depicted, while there is an exciting scene in which the villain attempts to gain a second victim in the person of his fiancée's sister. There are glimpses of the underworld, all of which have been well staged.



COWLEY WRIGHT and LILIAN HALL DAVIS in "Ernest Maltravers." COWLEY WRIGHT as Ernest Maltravers and LILIAN HALL DAVIS as Alice.

(Above) ELSIE FERGUSON in "His House in Order," a Paramount-Artcraft picture.

BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TO-DAY



The CALL OF THE ROAD



Splendid Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM

Characters in the Story.

ALFRED TRUSCOTT, who has been disinherited for being a ne'er-do-well by his uncle, Silas Truscott.

LADY ROWENA, Alfred's cousin, who is fascinated by the stories she hears of her cousin. In order to meet him, she uses the name of Alice Grey, and goes to stay with her old nurse, Margery Merridew, near where Alfred has got work.

PAGANINI PRIMUS and PAGANINI SECUNDUS, "gentlemen of the road," and friends of Alfred.

SIR MARTIN TREVOR, an inveterate gambler, who cheats at cards. He is beaten in a duel by Alfred, and vows vengeance.

A boxing-match is made between Sir Martin and a certain Lord Delaval. The man Sir Martin is to produce is Pigeon Williams, and he has staked his all on his man winning. Lord Delaval's boxer is Hammer John, a blacksmith.



A scene in the Old Punch Bowl.

Gossip at the Old Punch Bowl.

IT was Saturday night, and the tap-room of the Old Punch Bowl was crowded. Mother Morgandall and her maids were busy attending to the needs of the guests.

These consisted for the most part of land-workers weary after their day's toil, who were content to drink and smoke in silence.

A casual word was exchanged now and then, but to speak truth it was a dull company, and of general conversation there was little or none.

And then the door opened, and a stranger came in. He was shabbily dressed, but there was nothing apologetic in his manner. He wore his battered old top-hat set rakishly on the back of his head, and his cunning, ferret eyes surveyed the company boldly.

The newcomer was Mr. Ikey Barnes. There was less malice and more good-humour in his face than usual, and the reason for this was that he had money in his purse. These were prosperous days for Ikey, though there were few who knew the source of the coins which jingled in his pocket.

He gave a friendly nod to the company as he seated himself and called for ale.

He passed a remark with one and then with another, and whenever he obtained a civil reply he insisted upon standing a drink.

This pleasant habit proved a great encouragement to conversation, and very soon Mr. Ikey Barnes was surrounded by a wide and ever-growing circle of appreciative listeners.

The conversation turned on sport, and especially upon the prize ring.

The merits of the various champions of the day were being discussed, when a dour-looking man who had not hitherto spoken broke in with an exclamation of disgust.

"There bain't no fighters nowadays!" he said contemptuously. "I saw Jem Belcher beat Joe Berks. That's what I call fighting. Where's your Jem Belcher to-day? Show me the man as is fit to be named in the same breath with him."

The speaker was a big hairy fellow, a drover by occupation, and possessed of a rough, domineering voice and manner.

Mr. Barnes, who had assumed the air of an authority on the subject under discussion, and was thoroughly enjoying the admiration he evoked from the wide-eyed yokels, did not relish the interruption, and answered a little sharply:

"Belcher has had his day. We can't waste our time over one-eyed ex-champions. New men are coming on and——"

"New men?" roared the drover. "Where are they?"

"I could name one if I chose," said Ikey Barnes, with a knowing wag of his head. "I could tell you of a man whose name will be ringing all over England before many weeks are gone."

"I've heard tell of these great unknowns before to-day," sneered the drover. "It's a trick of the sheenies to get money out of honest men's pockets. This is the way of it. You pick up a man in Bristol, Brummagem or any old place you like. You laud him up to the skies as a wonder. Nothing like him has ever been seen before. He's as cunning as a fox, as strong as an ox, with a punch like the kick of a mule. The public, who know nothing about real form, go crazy over him. Then you make a match, and put him up against a fairly good man. All the public, like silly sheep, put their money on the new wonder. He is knocked out in the first round, and the sheenies clear off with the swag. That's how it's done."

And the drover took a long swig at his tankard.

Grins of approval went round the room, and Mr. Ikey Barnes was obviously annoyed.

"You are mighty clever, master," he said sharply, "but if you mean to tell me that two noble Corinthians like my Lord Delaval and Sir Martin Trevor would demean themselves to play a trick of that sort, I'll tell thee thou art a fool."

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the drover, with his boisterous laugh. "So that is your new champion, eh? Well, we have heard of the great match even down here, but we don't know who my Lord Delaval is going to put into the ring. If you are wiser than we, give us the name of the unknown, and I'll tell thee what I think of his chances against Pigeon Williams."

"You can't tell me more than I know," replied Barnes gruffly, "and what I know I mean to keep to myself. But 'twill be a fair match, and the better man will win. If you want to make a bet——"

"That's as may be," interposed the drover. "If I bet, my money will go on the Unknown."

There was a general laugh at this.

"After what thou hast said, Master Fitton?" exclaimed Mother Morgandall, who had come in and heard the last part of the conversation.

"Ay, mistress, for when I make a wager I do not back my fancy, nor even the better man. I follow the Jews. I travel a good deal, and I've heard a mortal lot about this match, and what do I hear everywhere I go? I'll tell thee. The sheenies are putting their money on my Lord Delaval's man, and last night in Maidstone the betting was three to one against Pigeon Williams."

"Will you lay the odds, Master Drover?" said Ikey Barnes quietly, while his little eyes glistened avariciously.

"Nay, but I'll lay thee twelve pounds to five against the Pigeon," said the drover, bringing his great fist down with a thump on the table.

"'Tis a bet!" replied Ikey promptly. "And as we be strangers one to another, mayhap our good hostess will be kind enough to hold the stakes?"

The drover was quite agreeable to this, and Mother Morgandall, after a mild protest, was persuaded to take charge of the money.

She shook her head dubiously, however, as she gathered up the coins and tied them in the corner of a pocket-handkerchief.

"I fear me, Master Fitton, thou wilt lose thy money," she said.

The drover leaned back in his chair and gave a shout of laughter.

"What, Mother, art thou a follower of the Fancy?" he cried. "Can'st thou tell the points of a fighting-man, and has this Pigeon Williams they talk so much about won thy favour?"

"Nay," replied the landlady, with a contemptuous shrug of her broad shoulders, "I know naught of him or the likes of him. But something I do know of Sir Martin Trevor. He is a gentleman that hath a knack of winning. Whether it be cards or dice or any other kind of roguery, you will find him on the winning side. That much on very good authority I have heard of Sir Martin. They do say he never took part in any game of skill or chance in which he went away the loser."

"'Tis a foul libel on the noble baronet, Mistress Morgandall, as I am here to bear witness before all men."

The words were uttered by a new speaker, and came from behind the hostess.

She turned quickly and beheld, framed in the doorway, the figure of an old man. There was a black patch over his right eye, and his humorous face now wore a mocking smile. Under his arm he carried a fiddle. Close behind him was a young boy with a sack-like bag over his shoulder.

"Why, Primus, is it thee, thou tramping vagabond?" cried Mother Morgandall, in a tone much more good-humoured than her words. "Come you in and let us hear the gossip of the countryside. I warrant thou wilt pay thy reckoning in no other coin."

The old fiddler bowed low.

"Thy courtesy, mistress, is only matched by thy beauty," he observed, while his one eye twinkled mischievously.

The two travellers then entered, and were soon served with bread-and-cheese and ale.

Mother Morgandall attended to their needs herself. The good dame had a very friendly feeling for the vagabond fiddler and his lad. They always seemed to bring an atmosphere of merriment with them, and however dull the company, it always livened up when old Primus showed his whimsical face, and tucked his fiddle beneath his chin.

While the fiddler and the boy were eating, Mother Morgandall stood with her hands on her hips and looked down at them.

"How long hast thou been a friend of Sir Martin Trevor, Primus?" she said, presently.

The old fiddler paused in the act of drinking, and looked up over his mug of ale.

"Friend? I am no friend of his, mistress. It matters not to me that he is a rogue. Oft have I found that a rogue is pleasant company enough, and that is all I ask of any man. I stay not long in one place. But this Trevor of thine is a sour-faced rogue, and such I can't abide."

"And yet you would not have me speak ill of him!"

"I heard thee speak no ill."

"Now by my troth!" exclaimed Mother Morgandall, indignantly, turning to the company for confirmation. "Did the rascal not call me a liar?"

There was a universal murmur of assent, during which Primus drank his ale.

"Nay, mistress," he said, as he replaced the mug on the table, "thy sex has every virtue save one. You are beautiful and you are kind, you are generous and you are gentle, but the truth is not in you. You cannot repeat a story as you have heard it, and if you make the plainest statement 'tis full of errors. What you do is wise and good, but what you say is mere folly. 'Twas ever so with women."

"You saucy scamp!" exclaimed the hostess,

(*Continued on page* 8.)

THE BIBLE FILMED

THE wonderful Italian film "The Dawn of the World" released by Astra, for which a prologue has been written by Mr. Louis N. Parker, is now being shown at the Palace Theatre, London. This film took five years to complete, and over 12,000 persons appear in it. It is one of the most remarkable pictures ever produced, and is a complete history of the world as recorded in the Bible from the creation to the Song of Solomon



A scene from this wonderful film showing the building of the Tower of Babel.



All the well-known scenes in the Old Testament up to "The Song of Solomon" have been filmed, and above you can see a picturisation of the Flood.



The fall of Eve.



Lot and his daughters after they have been saved from the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

"THE CALL OF THE ROAD."

(*Continued from page 6.*)

baidling. "Make good thy words, or I will box thine ears!"

Old Primus rose from his seat, and going to the mantelpiece, took down a churchwarden pipe, which he proceeded to fill with crumbs of tobacco from an old leather pouch.

"A blow from thee, Mistress Morgandall, would be more welcome than a caress from a lady less fair," said the fiddler, with the whimsical smile which the hostess could never resist. "Nevertheless, I will make my meaning clear. 'Tis unmannerly to vex thee. When we entered, seeking warmth and comfort under thy hospitable roof, thou wert telling these gentlemen that Sir Martin Trevor never took part in game of skill or chance in which he left the field a loser. Is't not so?"

"Ay, and 'tis common knowledge."

"And 'tis false!" retorted the fiddler. "What say you, Secundus?"

The boy spluttered and nearly choked over a mouthful of bread-and-cheese, then recovered himself, grinned, and went on eating.

"Answer me, boy," commanded Primus, with mock sternness. "Is it not a libel on the noble baronet? Have we not seen him with our own eyes engage in a pretty game of skill, and find himself badly worsted in the end?"

"Ay, that we have!" replied the boy.

Primus turned to the puzzled hostess.

"Has there been no talk of the duel which took place a while since in the field of the stunted oaks?"

Mother Morgandall's eyes lit up.

"So! know you aught of that?" she asked eagerly. "Indeed, there has been much talk—much talk with little matter to it. 'Twas the last folly of the ne'er-do-well, Master Alfred, ere he fled the country. 'Tis said Sir Martin, seeing as how he had been a guest at Truscott Hall, spared the young fool's life. But we know not the rights of it."

"Ay! but that's true. You know not the rights of it, eh, Secundus?" said the fiddler, drily.

At this the boy exploded in a laugh which sent fragments of his meal over the table in front of him.

Mother Morgandall began to grow impatient.

"What know you of the duel, Primus?" she demanded sharply. "Hast met anyone who was there? Dost know why Sir Martin spared Master Alfred's life?"

"Ay, I know that. For see you mistress, I was there, and so was Secundus. We supported Master Alfred. 'Twas a pretty affair, mark you, though no blood was shed."

"A fight with swords and no blood shed!" interposed the drover contemptuously. "Why, 'tis no better than play-acting!"

"Ay, 'twas as good as a play," assented Primus with a grin. And then, with much unction and much dramatic effect, he told the story of the duel in the field of the stunted oaks.

The whole company watched him wide-eyed and listened with breathless interest as he related every detail of the encounter.

"And then, mark you, the end came," he cried, as he flung himself into the attitude of a fencer, and using his churchwarden pipe as a rapier made a dramatic thrust, "with a turn of the wrist thus Master Alfred sent Sir Martin's sword spinning into the air so that it fell a dozen yards away."

"Nay, nay, not so far," interposed Secundus.

"No matter, 'twas far enough. 'Twas beyond the reach of Sir Martin. The man who killed young Devon—and a dozen others so they say—stood quaking in mortal terror of his life while Master Alfred advanced slowly—thus!

"Then Master Alfred came quite close, and the point of his blade was within an inch of his enemy's breast. What think you he did? He threw his sword down, saying with mighty scorn, 'Tis an insult to the steel to use it on the likes of thee!'"

"And then he tweaked his nose," interposed Secundus with a shriek of delighted laughter.

"Nay! you jest," exclaimed Mother Morgandall looking from one to the other.

"'Tis Gospel truth," declared Primus. "He seized him by the nose and would not let go. And first he twisted it this way, thus. And then that way, so. And then, as you may say, he gave it a circular twist, thus, and all the time Sir Martin Trevor blubbered and swore and screamed for mercy."

The story was received with roars of laughter, and no one was more delighted than Fitton, the drover.

"And that is your noble Corinthian!" he roared in his great voice. "That is the wonderful sportsman who never loses. If Pigeon Williams is no better a man than his backer, I'm glad my money's not on him."

"Ah!" remarked Ikey Barnes, cunningly. "You've forgotten one thing, Master Drover. In the duel with young Truscott, there was no purse and no betting. It is only when the money is on that Sir Martin Trevor always wins."

Old Primus recognising the voice turned sharply, and looked at the speaker.

He remembered at once having met the fellow at the Two Fishes on the night Alfred tapped Punch Murphy's nose for a guinea.

"You are right, sir," he said quietly. "If Sir Martin Trevor has made a match there's not a dirty trick he'll be above in order to win it."

A Simple Cottage Maid.

THE old fiddler and his boy stayed the night at the Punch Bowl, but early in the morning they took to the road again.

Their intention was to get to Chiddingstone before nightfall, and so be ready for the Fairing which began there on the following day.

"We shall pass through Friar's Ford," said Secundus.

"Ay, lad," replied the old man.

"And, maybe, see Master Alfred again."

"Ay, if so be he is still there. There's little in Friar's Ford to attract a lad of spirit, I'm thinking. I warrant he has gone roaming long ere this."

But in this Primus was wrong. At that very moment Alfred Truscott was finding something exceedingly attractive in Friar's Ford.

The sun which shone on the dusty road along which the fiddler and his young companion trudged was also shining on a fair meadow which ran by the side of a rippling brook scarce half a mile from Jones's mill.

Seated beneath a tree was a girl and lying at her feet a young man.

Rowena's daring scheme to become acquainted with her cousin had succeeded wondrously. So complete indeed had been its success that now she was afraid.

Her lovely face wore an odd expression as she gazed out before her at the running brook, and at the stretch of beautiful scenery beyond. It was not a sad expression, but it was very grave and thoughtful.

A tender smile played about the man's mouth as he looked up at her.

"Alice!" he said, with mock seriousness. "I have thought of a new game. Wilt thou play it with me?"

She smiled down at him, and her heart thrilled as it always did when she gazed on his dear face, and saw the boyish laughter lurking in his dear eyes.

"What is thy game, sir?" she demanded.

"'Tis called Give-and-Take."

"I fear 'tis some nonsense."

"Not so, 'tis most intelligent."

"Well, tell me the rules."

"There is but one rule. Thou must look into my face while I look into thine, and till the game is finished thou must not drop thine eyes."

Rowena laughed.

"And the game?" she said.

"'Tis this," explained Alfred, "While I am looking into thine eyes thou must tell me what thou wert thinking of when I spoke to thee just now."

The girl at once broke the rule of the game by lowering her eyes, and at the same time a hot flush spread over her fair face.

"That is no game," she said, laughing to cover her confusion. "That is confession."

"Nay, but when thou hast finished and told me all thy thoughts, keeping naught back, then will I tell thee mine. 'Tis Give-and-Take."

"'Tis a foolish game, but you may play it if you will. Tell me all thy thoughts, and in return I will tell thee——"

"Yes!"

"As much as I please."

"Alice," cried the man springing to his feet. "Thou art as provoking as—as a fine lady, but, ah! dear heart," he added with a swift change of tone, "thou art ten times more fair than any fine lady could ever be."

Rowena rose quickly to her feet. When Alfred looked like that, and spoke with that thrilling note of ardent admiration in his voice he always gave her the impression he was about to pick her up in his strong arms and run away with her.

"You have known fine ladies in your time, maybe, Master Truscott," she said innocently.

"Nay, Alice, fine ladies are all foolishness, and there is naught that is real and natural about them. What they truly are no man knoweth. I thank Heaven thou art a simple cottage maid."

Rowena made a low curtsey.

"'Tis happy I am, my lord, to know I give satisfaction," she said demurely.

Alfred stood gazing at her with admiring, smiling eyes.

"Thou art adorable, Alice, in all thy moods, even when you mock me. Shall I tell thee a secret?"

Something in his tone made Rowena look at him doubtfully.

"Does thy secret concern me?" she asked.

"A little," he admitted.

"Then you may tell me."

Alfred was silent for a moment still looking at her.

"Maybe I had better wait a while," he said teasingly. "'Tis a wonderful secret and it may affright thee."

"'Tis you who are provoking now," said Rowena petulantly. "I am curious, though I doubt not 'tis a trifling matter. What is thy secret?"

He stepped close to her then, and his arm slipped about her waist.

"Alice," he said softly. "I am going to marry thee."

Rowena gave a little gasp of surprise, and then tried to break away from him, but he held her fast, looking down at her with a very earnest look in his big grey eyes.

"I am going to marry thee," he repeated. "Isn't it wonderful?"

Half-laughing and half-annoyed she again struggled to release herself, and as at last he let her go she fell back a step and faced him.

"That is for me to say," she exclaimed haughtily. "Know you this, I will marry the man of my own choosing."

He stood with his arms hanging down by his side, and making no attempt to approach her.

"That is true, dear heart," he answered simply, "and thou hast chosen me. I have read it in thy dear eyes, and that's what makes me so happy and so sure."

Again a flood of colour came to the girl's cheeks, but this time she did not drop her eyes.

"And when will my lord condescend to bestow his hand and fortune upon me?" she asked mockingly.

Then he sprang forward, caught her in his arms and lifted her off her feet.

"As soon as I have saved the parson's fee!" he cried, as he held her close and kissed her pouting lips.

(To be continued.)

Out on Thursday, April 14th.



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Grief.

GERALDINE FARRAR

The Screen Star Who is Also a Famous Prima Donna

GERALDINE FARRAR, celebrated actress of the screen and prima donna, shares her time between the Royal Opera House, and the Goldwyn studios.

From the first she was a screen success.

Her first appearance was in a hair pulling scene in a picture version of "Carmen," which scene she later transferred to the stage, and again made a sensation.

A Dramatic Artiste.

ALL her pictures are dramatic, even melo-dramatic, and her most successful parts have been when she played opposite her husband, Lou Tellegen.

She tells of the time when the directors of the Opera House frowned upon the screen. They were particularly angry with her because she had received a tempting offer to act for the films, and told them that she was going to accept it.

"How can you?" they asked her. "You have already made a reputation as the greatest American prima donna. When people can see you on the pictures for a few coppers, they will not want to pay notes to hear you sing."

A Successful Experiment.

BUT Geraldine said she was willing to experiment and take the consequences, and the consequences have been satisfactory—even for the opera, for many a movie admirer has become an opera convert, and many an opera devotee has become a lover of picture shows.

Some of the films in which you may remember having seen Miss Farrar are "Maria Rosa," "The Woman God Forgot," "The Turn of the Wheel," "The Devil's Stone," "Joan of Arc," "The Stronger Vow," "Shadows," "The World and its Woman," "The Flame of the Desert," and "Carmen."

The Secret of a Happy Marriage.

SPEAKING of her marriage, Geraldine Farrar says that she found the fairy prince of whom every girl dreams almost as soon as she was old enough to play with dolls.

"Lou Tellegen and I have many interests in common," she says, "and I think that is the secret of successful marriages, a true and perfect comradeship.

"We are both interested in the theatre, but fortunately in different branches of it, apart from our screen work. Mr. Tellegen loves the opera, and he attends every one of my performances at the Metropolitan whenever he is not playing himself, and when he was playing in New York last season I believe I attended his performances at least twenty times. So, you see, we enjoy each other's work without the least feeling of jealousy. We are interested in the same things, Mr. Tellegen paints and writes and sculptures, and I like to watch him and talk with him about his work."

If You Would Look Tall.

MISS FARRAR is five feet six inches in height. But her experience of the stage has taught her how to dress to appear even taller. She uses shoes, collars, combs, earings, and a hundred other little dress accessories to get an effect for her different character roles. She says that one can even arrange one's hair to give a different aspect to the character introduced on the screen. She tells of one part, for instance, when she took the role of a cowgirl. It was essential that she should wear low-heeled shoes to obtain the free easy walking movement, but to gain the height lost by wearing low-heeled shoes, she wore a tall Spanish comb in her hair, which was quite in keeping with the character.

She has one little fad in frocks; on no account will she wear a high collar, for she says that low-necked frocks give height and gracefulness.



A coquette.

If you want to write her, address your letter:

GERALDINE FARRAR,
Metropolitan Opera House,
New York City,
U.S.A.

(Mention the 'Picture Show' to ensure an early reply.)



Her smile.



Fear.



GERALDINE FARRAR.

A SERIOUS CINEMA CONFAB



There was a serious confab at the Goldwyn studios the other day. Most business departments hold conferences, so they thought they would do it in the movies, and PAUL BERN, director, conferred with MABEL NORMAND and other members of the cast about the humourous conception of a vampire which Mabel is to give in "Head Over Heels."

A STUDY IN B



WILL ROGERS and a little black boy illustrated the filming of one of Will's latest films "Boys Will e the expression of their musical abili



JACK DEMPSEY, the famous boxer, held up by another strong man—DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.



ANITA STEWART. The seventh of our series of Stars' Favourite photographs of themselves.



MR. F. S. JACOBS, the Californian representative of the PICTURE SHOW "snapped" with GARETH HUGHES.



Louise Lovely

(FOX.)



HIS



RIVAL

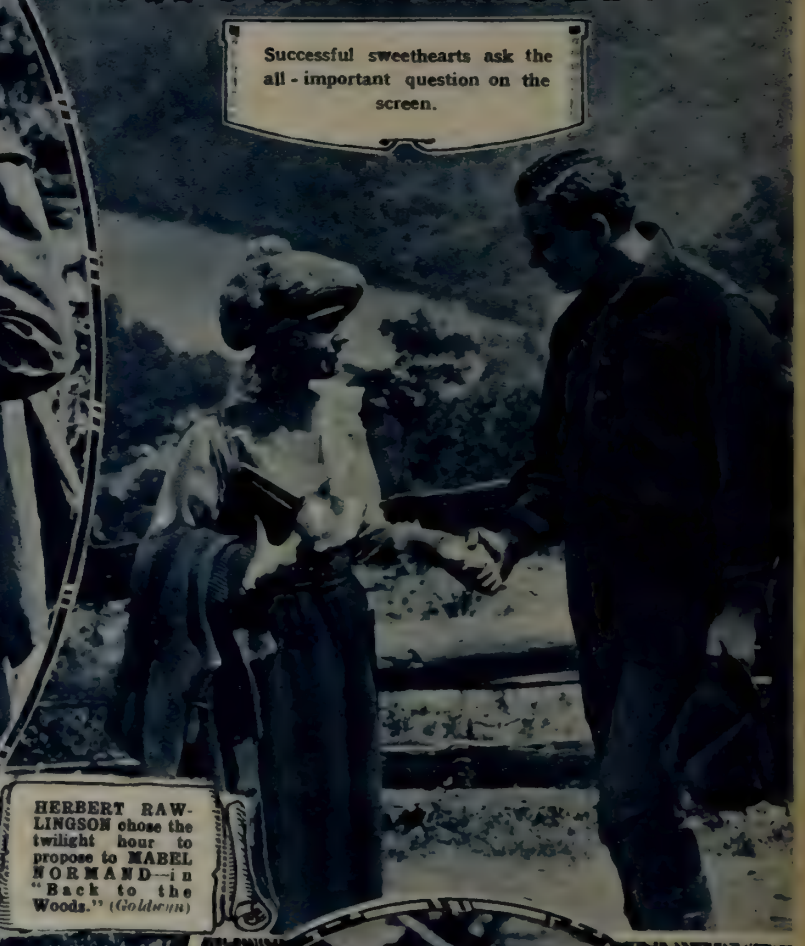
MARY PICKFORD as the little mother—
in "The Love Light," a coming photoplay.

The Maid and the Moment

Successful sweethearts ask the all-important question on the screen.



One summer's day ALBERT ROSCOE told MIRIAM COOPER he loved her—in "Evangeline." (*Fox.*)



HERBERT RAWLINGSON chose the twilight hour to propose to MABEL NORMAND—in "Back to the Woods." (*Goldwyn*)

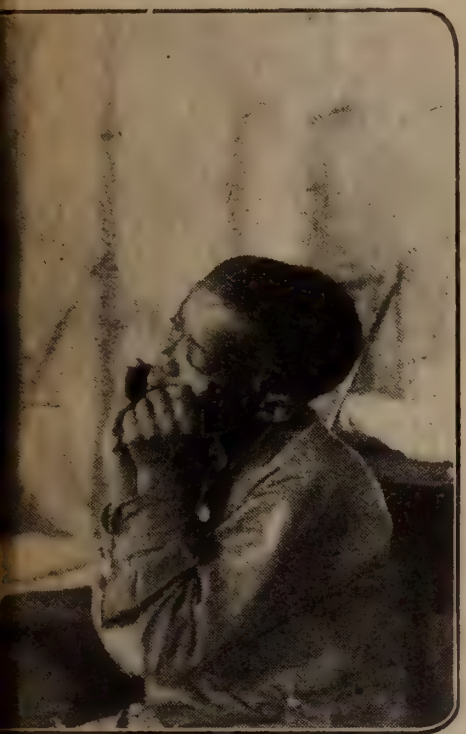


This is where ANTONIO MORENO proposed to JEAN PAIGE—in her latest (*Vitagraph*) serial.



Seated under the old oak tree, VIVIAN MARTIN said "Yes" to LLOYD HUGHES in "An Innocent Adventuress." (*Paramount Artcraft.*)

CK AND WHITE



m of music in the Goldwyn studios one day during ." They had not a grand piano or a "Strad" for rely common or garden Jews' harps.

MEMBERS OF THE CIRCUS



There is always a fascination about the members of a circus, and here you see EDDY POLO with some "extras" who took part in his film "Circus Life." Eddy is splendid in circus roles; many readers will remember him in a serial which was shown a little while ago, entitled "The Circus King."



ARMEL MYERS shows us how to take care of our eyebrows, which should be gently brushed and trained in the way we wish them to grow.



often see stars photographed with their mothers, but poor old father is not so often VIOLA DANA, however, was photographed with her "daddie," EMIL FLUGRATH.



MARY MILES MINTER deserted Realart just long enough to have one film taken with "FATTY" ARBUCKLE, in which she will appear as a little Irish nursemaid.

The Splendid Story of a Second Wife Who Was Overshadowed by the Memory of the First.

"His House in Order."



At the fancy dress ball. ELSIE FERGUSON as Mrs. Jesson in the Paramount-Artcraft photo-play.

FILMER JESSON, M.P., was a man who took life and himself much too seriously—especially himself.

The wealthy owner of Overbury Towers, he had been brought up since childhood to believe that the Jessons were not as other people.

His father and mother and all his relatives had perpetually dinned into his ears that the Jessons had always been honourable men and their wives saintly women, and when his parents died, the elder, old-maid sister of his dead wife Annabelle had carried on the bad work.

Annabelle had died in tragic circumstances. She had left word that she was going to visit a sick tenant, and was returning in her car at a fast pace when the car turned over in the drive and killed her.

To Geraldine, the fact that Annabelle had been on an errand of mercy when she met her death was proof that Annabelle had been a saint on earth. As a matter of fact, Annabelle (who was totally unlike her sister) had never wished to be a saint on earth.

She had not been to visit a sick tenant, and the real cause of the fatal accident was that she was so scared she would not be in time for dinner—which was a sacred institution at Overbury Towers—that she had ordered her chauffeur to exceed the limit of speed which combined safety.

Annabelle's death had been a real blow to Filmer Jesson, who at heart was not a bad sort of man, but throughout his life family tradition had been too much for him. It had smothered his better nature, until, as he was approaching middle age, it had become his complete master.

It was family pride that was worrying him now as he looked out on the lawn and watched his little son Derek playing with his governess, Nina Graham.

Filmer Jesson's handsome face lighted up as he shifted his gaze from his son to the girl. Nina Graham was certainly good to look upon. To have called her pretty would have been a libel on the wondrously moulded oval face, the deep, velvety eyes and gorgeous golden-brown hair. She was beautiful.

"Why should I worry about what Geraldine will say," Filmer Jesson thought as he looked at her. "I'm not fool enough to think that Nina is in love with me; but I think she might learn to care for me in time. And Derek worships her as much as he dislikes Geraldine. Poor little kid; he scarcely knew his mother."

Mr. Jesson suddenly took an intense dislike to Geraldine and the family pride.

"I'll ask her to marry me to-day," he said aloud, "and if she won't I can at least make a variation of the old tag. Instead of letting her tell me that she will be a sister to me, I will ask her if she will continue to be a "mother" to Derek."

Filmer Jesson laughed at the thought. He had always been taught that humour was one of the next sins to the seven deadly ones.

"It's either the spring air, or I am getting sentimental in my middle age," he muttered. "All the same, I mean to ask Nina."

Filmer Jesson's idea of proposing to Nina Graham would not be worth twenty feet of film on the movies, or a page in a novel. He sent Derek indoors on a fictitious errand, and then asked Nina if she would marry him in much the same way that the chairman of an old-established and prosperous company tells a board of directors that it will be advantageous for the company to link up with, or absorb, a younger company.

And Nina!

Candidly, Nina was staggered.

Being a woman, she was not altogether unconscious of the fact that Filmer Jesson had shown her more than the ordinary courtesy due from the owner of Overbury Towers to one who was his son's governess. Sometimes she had wondered; sometimes she had been half afraid. But not being a designing woman (and there are many such, despite what cynics may say), she had never contemplated matrimony with her employer as the bridegroom.

She had often wondered what she would do when Derek grew up and went to school, but being young, she had not worried much. Suddenly faced with this somewhat cold-blooded proposal, she did not know what to say.

Before she could frame an answer, Jesson was speaking again.

"I don't expect you to say you love me, Nina, though I know I love you. Tell me that you do not love anybody else and I will go on."

"I certainly do not love anybody else," said Nina, glad for the respite that had enabled her to collect her thoughts.

"Do you like me at all?"

"I have always liked you. You have been kind to me."

"There was a hint of tenderness in her voice but Jesson was impatient.

"I don't mean that kind of liking," he said, almost angrily. "I mean—do you think you could care for me as a husband?"

"I think I could," said Nina. "But you must remember that I am only Derek's governess. I have not much knowledge of life, but I am not entirely ignorant. I have heard so much about 'What will the county say?' that I am afraid—for you."

"If that is all," said Jesson rising, "do not worry about the county. I am sure you will faithfully observe all the traditions of the county, and—er—my family. I shall tell Geraldine to-night that we are engaged, and I think we ought to get married at once. I love you, Nina. I know I love you. I can only hope that one day you will love me."

With a passion that startled Nina he drew her to him and kissed her.

As a matter of fact, it startled Filmer Jesson much more. Had anybody told him at noon that day that he would have so far forgotten his position, the traditions of the family, the memory of Annabelle, as to make violent love to his son's governess in broad daylight, he would not have laughed at them—he would have been very angry and very dignified.

Something of this came into his mind as he looked around with the guilty look of a small boy caught fishing on a Sunday, or stealing jam.

At once he became Filmer Jesson, M.P., owner of Overbury Towers.

"I think we will go in," he said, almost coldly.

He felt a worm as he said it.

Something told him: "Here is this glorious young woman whose smile is worth a million times more than society's frown, who brings to you jewels set in her eyes far rarer than the Jesson diamonds; whose lips make Aunt Caroline's rubies seem dull, red stones; bending so far as to let you kiss her. Can't you see, man? Strip yourself of the raiment of family pride; forget Overbury Towers; just imagine you are a primitive man seeking a mate, and then realise that, although you have no right (and certainly not the *might* were you living in an age when men had to fight for women) to ask her—that she has promised to be your wife."

Which shows that Filmer Jesson's heart was right.

Unfortunately, family tradition is hard to kill.

Jesson knew he was a worm when he announced his engagement to Geraldine, in the same cold tone that he proposed to Nina before he made love to her.

He had not the courage to boast of his triumph; nor the generosity to say he was the luckiest man alive.

Little Derek had a wider understanding.

He had seen his father kissing Nina. He did not quite realise what it meant, but he knew that people only kissed like that when they were happy, and since he loved them both, he was happy.

Unfortunately, he ran straight away and told Aunt Geraldine. He thought Aunt Geraldine would have been happy, too, but he was quickly undeceived.

Aunt Geraldine simply said:

"It is time you were in the nursery, Derek. Miss Graham seems to have forgotten her duty. I will take you myself."

Had it not been that Derek, by that instinctive knowledge that is the natural inheritance of children, horses, and dogs, knew he had made a mistake, Aunt Geraldine would not have got him to bed so easily, for he disliked her with that calm, certain knowledge of childhood that defies politeness.

As it was he went quietly and sobbed himself to sleep, feeling that he had betrayed Nina, his pal.

Therefore it was that Geraldine was not surprised when her brother-in-law made his announcement. She bowed coldly and went straight to the portrait of Annabelle in the hall.

"Bear witness, my sister," she said, in a voice she intended should reach Jesson and Nina, "that I do not sanction this slight upon your sainted memory."

Having thus rebuked the living and paid her tribute to the dead Geraldine went to bed.

After the Wedding.

THE marriage of Filmer Jesson and Nina provided the usual nine days' topic of conversation in the county and the clubs. In the county Nina was referred to as a designing woman and Filmer as a man who would live to regret his folly; in the clubs the general verdict was that that pompous ass, Jesson had got a woman who was much too good for him.

The marriage was not an unhappy one, as such marriages go—at least for the first few weeks. True, Nina had to suffer the patronage of the county—the congratulations and good wishes of women who smiled at her with their eyes and snubbed her with their eyebrows as soon as her back was turned; and her husband had to go through that ordeal of hearing mothers with marriageable daughters express the hope that he would be *happy*, when the acid of reality, biting through the collodium of convention, told him plainly that they all hoped he would be very miserable.

But the first real blow to Nina came when she was seated on the deck of a cross-channel boat going to Boulogne, on her honeymoon.

Jesson's parliamentary duties had delayed this trip.

She overheard Mr. and Mrs. De Stanton, who owned the estate adjoining Overbury Towers, discussing her and her marriage.

"Only a governess!" said the man.

"And so dowdy," said the woman.

It was the last remark that made Nina think.

In deference to Aunt Geraldine and the family tradition she had deliberately hidden her beauty in quiet clothes.

Like many other women in a similar position she had sunk herself to try to please others.

For the rest of the boat trip and the railway journey, Nina thought only of Paris frocks. And there was almost the fervency of a prayer in Nina's thoughts as she said to herself: "And when I get them, may Mrs. De Stanton be there to see me!"

Women will understand Nina in this, and all men will be proud of her.

Filmer Jesson had decided on a trip to Paris because he wanted his brother Hillary (a member of the staff of the British Embassy) to see his wife and praise her. He was that kind of man; never really secure on the foundations of his own opinions until some other person had tested the concrete.

The De Stantons happened to see Hillary Jesson first. They described Nina in the same terms that they had talked about her on the boat, but with more disparaging adjectives.

Hillary, who knew his brother's weakness for respectability pictured the bride as one of those well-meaning persons who believe their duty in life is to be good and look unhappy. He wondered if he could frame any decent excuse to miss meeting Filmer's wife.

Hillary was naturally joyous and always polite. He was a straight man, and hated telling lies, and there had been times when truth and politeness clashed so violently that he had been most unhappy. He thought out the situation over a drink and a cigarette, and decided that duty compelled him to meet Filmer and his bride.

Therefore it was a very bored Hillary who listened to his brother's explanations that his wife was dressing, but that she would not be many minutes before she came down.

As they stood talking, one of the most radiantly beautiful women Hillary had ever seen came through the swing doors. Hillary followed her with his eyes as she looked around the lounge. Then he saw his brother start, as though faced with some apparition from the past.

Hillary wondered what was the best thing to do.

(*Continued on page* 18)

Gossip about British Players.



STELLA WOOD-SIMS.



R. HENDERSON BLAND.

Mr. R. Henderson Bland.

MANY thousands of my readers no doubt remember Mr. Bland's sympathetic, masterly, and withal beautiful portrayal of "Gilfil" in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," which created such a deep impression when it was released a month or so ago. His scenes with Mary Odette leave a vivid memory behind, and he was equally effective when he starred with Miss Dorothy Vernon in an International Producers' Federation Film—adapted from the celebrated novel by Marion Crawford—"A Cigarette Maker's Romance," which I was fortunate to see recently at a private show.

Henderson Bland plays "Count Skariatine" and endows the character with whimsical and real poetic charm, and this is not surprising, for Mr. Bland is not only a famous actor, but is also a poet of repute.

From Manger to Cross.

ONE of Henderson Bland's most famous roles in the history of the screen was that of "Christus" in the Biblical visualisation entitled "From the Manger to the Cross." This film is a marvellous production, and it was screened in Egypt and Palestine. When I met Mr. Bland not long ago I realised how well fitted was he to play the great role of "Christus." He is a tall, handsome man, with tremendous charm of manner, a man of culture, intellectual, with wonderfully expressive features—and last, but not least, possessing a dominating but kindly personality.

Some of His Verses.

I HAVE already told you that he is a poet. His "Moods and Memories" are full of grace and beauty. He also wrote the "Heroic Stand," a poem on the gallantry and indomitable courage of the Scots Guards at Festubert—this poem has been set to music by Adelina de Lara—and the following lines are culled from verses written by him when under the spell of "From the Manger to the Cross"—"A Night by the Sea of Galilee."

> "Night upon thy hills,
> And peace on thy bosom, O sea,
> As I sat by thy waters and thought
> Of One who has hallowed thee."

With Sir Herbert Tree.

HENDERSON BLAND commenced his career in 1897, when for two years he worked strenuously under the management of Tree. After this he put in hard work in the provinces, and toured with the Ben Greet Company in "Athos and The Three Musketeers." Then he played with Lewis Waller in "Monsieur Beaucaire," and with Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Brown Potter, and Sir George Alexander. He served with the armies in the field during the Great War for four years, and was wounded in 1918, so not only has he done well as an actor, but also as a soldier.

Dorothy Vernon.

SLIGHT, vivacious, and dainty, she makes a bewitching "Vejera" in "A Cigarette Maker's Romance." But it is not only in filmland that she has secured laurels; in America she has made a tremendous hit in "The Maid of the Mountains," and I feel sure that my readers will join with me in hearty congratulations. A thrilling moment occurs in "The Cigarette Maker's Romance" when Count Skariatine discovers that as "Vejera" she has sacrificed her beautiful hair to obtain money, to enable the penniless count whom she loves pay off his debt of honour. Of course in the end she marries the man she adores, and he proudly shows her to the world as the future Countess of Skariatine!

"A Cigarette Maker's Romance."

A BRITISH film portrayed simply, without sensationalism. It is well acted, and the exteriors are particularly beautiful.

Stella Wood-Sims.

SHE played "Evelyn" in the Ideal film "Ernest Maltravers." "I enjoyed playing Evelyn very much," she confessed recently, "as it was so unlike my real self, and I enjoyed the experience, Evelyn being a simpering sort of person, very shy and demure."

Crowd-Work and Ambition.

STELLA WOOD-SIMS tells me that her first part in a film was that of "Judith" in "The Silver Bridge," a Dallas Cairns production. When she was given this part she had only had one day's crowd-work, and felt very pleased with herself in consequence.

Then followed crowd-work again, but in "A Diamond Necklace" she played the French maid.

Lilian Hall-Davis.

HER first film was G. B. Samuelson's production "The Admirable Crichton," in which she played the part of "Agatha." "I then played the juvenile lead in 'The Better 'Ole,'" Miss Hall-Davis added, "and after this I joined the Entertainment Branch of the Navy and Army Canteen Board, and for eighteen months toured the camps with several plays, 'The Title,' 'Raffles,' 'The Butterfly on the Wheel,' 'Blindness of Virtue,' etc." Since then she tells me she has played "Rose" in "The Game of Life," Samuelson's most ambitious film, "Lexie" in "The Honeypot," and its sequel "Love Maggie," and last, but not least, "Alice" in "Ernest Maltravers."

Mr. Cowley Wright.

TALL, virile, and dark, he is one of the most fascinating figures in filmland, and I am sure my readers will agree with this opinion when they see Cowley Wright as "Ernest Maltravers," the hero of Lord Lytton's famous novel.

Like many famous stars, Cowley Wright commenced his stage career with Tree, then he played under Matheson Lang, and Martin Harvey and Barker.



DOROTHY VERNON and R. HENDERSON BLAND in "A Cigarette Maker's Romance."



COWLEY WRIGHT.



LILIAN HALL-DAVIS.

Predicted Bombing of London.

IN the "Yellow Jacket" Cowley Wright took the role of the lover, "Wu Hoo Git." Curiously enough, a production in which he played a lead before the war became prophetic. It proclaimed the need of a National Air Fleet, and predicted the bombing of London! And we know something of air raids, do we not?

Laurels!

COWLEY WRIGHT has also played with H. B. Irving, the juvenile lead with Marie Lohr, and he played with Forbes Robertson in the "Passing of the Third Floor Back." Later Mr. Cowley Wright played with Lillah McCarthy. He scored a tremendous success at the Kingsway in a play entitled "One Hour of Life." Later this clever young actor scored another triumph with an Italian play. An English translation was given at a charity show, and it was such a success that the Pioneers asked for it to be given for their society. Later it was put on for a season at the Ambassadors'. He also played in "Our Mr. Hepplewhite" and in "Why Marry!" but he smilingly declared he hated the part. And in filmland Cowley Wright played the young Frenchman in "The Rocks of Valpré," "Ernest" in "Ernest Maltravers," also a lead in "Sybil," a new Ideal production.

Torn to Bits.

THE other afternoon things were exciting at the Ideal Studios, Elstree. A crowd of men, grim and terrifying, were hanging around. At first I began to wonder what had happened, and then after a time I caught sight of Milton Rosmer in working attire, minus a coat, horribly dishevelled, his features blood-stained, and then I began to grow interested.

"I'm about to be torn to bits," he called out.

I hurried after him into the studio, and within an hour I was watching the most remarkable and awe-inspiring scene.

"The Real Thing."

MILTON ROSMER was playing the lead in the new Denison Clift production "Demos." In wild desperation he flies from the angry mob, but he is hunted down and killed like a rat in a trap! I have never seen such emotional acting, so much genuine pathos as Rosmer threw into his work. That he was going to read "Nan" at Oxford, with Irene Rook and Maesfield the following night, did not prevent his throwing his heart and soul, to say nothing of his voice, into "Demos." I came away from the studio amazed and thrilled beyond measure by what I had seen. British actors are certainly straining every nerve to give their best work to their fellow countrymen and women. I often wonder what you all really think about British films and artists! Personally I am tremendously proud of them—I hope you are!

Idealism at a Trade Show.

JUST where you don't expect to find it, some will exclaim! But the other morning at a Hepworth show, spring flowers were handed to every member of the audience—the film was "A Lunatic at Large."

EDITH NEPEAN.

"His House in Order."

(*Continued from page 16.*)

Fancy staid old Filmer in such a terrible predicament. The wonderful vision was advancing to Filmer with a smile, and his dowdy wife might appear any moment.

Hillary felt really sorry for his brother, but he could not repress a subdued chuckle. Hillary was the one member of the family with a sense of humour.

"Hillary, I want you to meet Nina, my wife."

It was Filmer speaking.

Hillary gathered himself together.

It was all he could do to refrain himself from saying: "But I thought she was dowdy!"

He managed to stammer out a conventional greeting, and then his training as a diplomat saved him.

He led Nina to a table, leaving Filmer to follow them.

It was Nina's night of triumph.

The De Stantons were dining in the same room. She saw their envious glances as Hillary paid her homage; as members of the Diplomatic Staff sought an excuse to come to her table ostensibly to talk to Hillary, but really to look at her.

Filmer, after his first bewilderment had left him, was proud. It was wonderful to him that the radiant beauty of his wife, her charm, her ability to reign as queen among all these great people, should have been so entirely unsuspected by him. Of course, he had always known that she was beautiful, but he had experienced many harrassing moments on the boat when he had wondered how she would act when faced with Hillary's friends.

The De Stantons would be able to tell the county that he had been right in selecting Nina for a wife. It was his wonderful judgment that had achieved all this.

Then an uncomfortable feeling came over him. He noticed that all the men and women who came to the table paid not the slightest attention to him.

It was galling, but it was true.

His ill temper found a vent when Nina started to smoke a cigarette Hillary had given her.

"Annabelle would never have smoked a cigarette in public," he said severely.

For a second Nina's eyes hardened, and a retort was on the tip of her tongue. But she was enjoying herself too much to risk a row. She put the cigarette down, and smiled at him.

"Will you take me to the ball to-morrow night, Filmer? Hillary is going; he is on the committee."

"I would rather you did not go. Annabelle would never have dreamed of attending such an affair," replied Filmer, still irritable.

"If I had not known Annabelle, you and Geraldine would certainly have given me a wrong opinion of her," said Nina quietly. "Personally, I think she would have loved to have gone to such a ball."

The Ball.

THE next morning Filmer received a wire calling him back to a conference in London. The wire arrived just as Hillary called round.

"Bad luck, dear. You can't go to the ball after all," said Filmer to Nina. "But don't let it worry you. Hillary will look after you, and I don't suppose I shall be away more than two days."

"I think it was unreasonable of him not to want me to go to the ball, Hillary," said Nina after Filmer had left. "I have tried hard to interest myself in the things he likes. I should love to go to the ball."

"If you will promise never to tell, I will take you," said Hillary.

"Oh, it is good of you, Hillary!" cried Nina, clapping her hands. "But the costume?"

"I know where there is one. It is a dream," said Hillary. "I will send it round."

The costume was a dream, so was the ball. Nina had never enjoyed herself so much before. And, to crown her joy, she was awarded the first prize when the dancers paraded before the judges.

As she stepped down from the dais after receiving her prize she lifted her eyes to the entrance to the ballroom, and there, like a ghost at a feast, was her husband.

"I thought you had gone to London?" she said weakly, when she got to him.

"I missed the boat," he returned coldly. "Your maid told me where you had gone, but I did not expect to find you in this outrageous costume. Annabelle——"

"Stop! I have heard quite enough of Annabelle," said Nina.

Neither of them spoke till they reached their rooms.

Filmer wished her good-night, and, turning at the door, said with that heavy coldness which he thought impressive:

"We return to England to-morrow!"

Disillusionment.

FILMER maintained his attitude of icy displeasure on the journey home, and when the car turned into the drive of Overbury Towers, Nina felt that she was entering a prison. The only ray of sunshine in the days that followed was little Derek's delight in having Nina back.

The climax came when Filmer received a letter from the leading citizens of the county town saying that they hoped he would give his permission to their proposal to honour the memory of his late wife by

(*Continued on page 19*).

TEN MINUTES WITH TOM WEGUELIN



TOM WEGUELIN.

THE first time I met Thomas Weguelin — or Tom, as he is more popularly styled — was during a visit I once paid to George Tully's dressing-room at the Haymarket Theatre, during the run of "Daddies." Mr. Tully's dressing-room seemed to be the rendezvous of the bright "sparks" of the cast, for I remember that such celebrities as Sam Livesey, A. E. Matthews, and the subject of this interview, drifted in and out at intervals, just as the mood took them. Messrs. Tully, Livesey, and Matthews were attired very correctly in evening dress, but Mr. Weguelin's costume, if I remember aright, was a blue and white dressing-gown, which he manipulated with much grace. We chatted together quite a while—I fancy we discussed H. G. Wells—and I carried away with me an impression of a very tall, dark young man, with a more serious outlook on life than his pleasant smile and frivolous attire would seem to indicate.

A Transformation.

IMAGINE, then, my surprise the other afternoon when, upon requesting an audience of Mr. Weguelin at the Playhouse, I was confronted with someone looking very like a retired and decidedly "peppery" colonel, whose eyebrows and moustache, of terrifying proportions and fiery hue, were enough to turn the bravest heart cold.

"M-Mr. Weguelin?" I stammered, with a terrible this-is-*not*-the-man feeling, 'way down in my boots.

The personage bowed, and shook my hand warmly.

"Please come this way," said a friendly voice somewhere behind the moustache, which had acquired a somewhat rakish angle, and I was led to a lounge in a dimly lighted corridor dividing two rows of dressing-rooms.

Solemnly we sat side by side.

"Do you know, I shouldn't have recognised you," I ventured nervously. "It's—it's those eyebrows and that moustache."

"And I've taken the wig off, too," observed my companion, smoothing his sleek hair, "because it's so hot."

So you see I had something for which to be grateful.

"Mary Find the Gold."

AT my request Mr. Weguelin lit a cigarette, and feeling more reassured, I asked him to tell me something about film work, as I understood that he had done some lately.

"Very little," he returned, as if he thought it could be of no interest whatever. "Only two pictures—both for Welsh-Pearson. The name of the first I cannot remember at the moment—I did very little in it, anyway. The second is 'Mary Find the Gold'—yes, quaint title, isn't it?—which is just completed. Betty Balfour and Hughie Wright are in it, and George Pearson is responsible for the production. We had two days down at Potter's Bar, doing exteriors. That was very pleasant, and we were made most comfortable."

"Do you prefer working out of doors?"

"Naturally it has its advantages, but I like acting in a studio equally well. The other day, though, I was really disappointed. Just missed a fortnight's film work on the Norfolk Broads, owing to rehearsals. Things always happen like that," added Mr. Weguelin gloomily.

No Difficulties.

"FIND any difficulties attached to film work?" I queried, thinking that if Mr. Weguelin had any little "grouches," it might cheer him a little to air them.

But my kindly intention was frustrated.

"No," he said, "I can't say that I do. The waits are a little trying, perhaps, but that, after all, is a trivial matter."

"How about make-up?" I asked hopefully, fascinated by the spectacle Mr. Weguelin presented.

"Nothing easier," replied that gentleman. "Just ordinary yellow make-up, and," he added modestly, "my ordinary big round face."

"Then I take it that you like film work and would be willing to do some more?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "though not if I were playing a big part at the theatre at the same time. Only a small stage role allows one to combine the two things successfully, and even then it is rather trying."

Wants Story Written.

I DULY noted these things, Mr. Weguelin watching me gravely. In fact, it was a grave business altogether.

Suddenly Mr. Weguelin roused himself.

"You know," he said—I didn't—"I should like someone to write a film story for me. Something on the lines of Fatty Arbuckle's stuff."

"Oh," I said eagerly.

"I don't insist on the Fatty part of the business," interposed Mr. Weguelin hastily, "but you know what I mean. Something that will fit in with my particular line of work and general 'heftiness.' It's no good my playing John the Juvenile."

"Want to do any athletic stunts?"

"N-No, I'm not especially keen in that direction. I'm not at all anxious to dive off Westminster Bridge, or anything like that, if that's what you mean."

I didn't have time to explain what I meant, for at this juncture another member of the cast came along and reminded Mr. Weguelin that it was time to go "on." Whereupon my victim made his apologies and escaped. No doubt thankfully, for I am sure that he felt the interview had taken a dangerous turn.

—MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

THIS WEEK'S BEST JOKES

By permission of Messrs. Pathé Freres

TALKATIVE MUSICIAN: "I've just been playing Mendelssohn."

GOLF ENTHUSIAST: "Indeed? And have you beaten him?"—*Winters' Pie.*

* * *

FIRST MAN: "Hullo! that's a topping overcoat. Where did you get it?"

SECOND MAN: "From Snooks', in the Strand."

FIRST MAN: "Is that a tailor's or a restaurant?"—*Cologne Post.*

* * *

THE OLD 'UN: "Pluck, my boy, pluck! That's the one essential to success!"

THE YOUNG 'UN: "Quite! The trouble is finding someone to pluck!"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

* * *

"Jenkins is getting to be something of a social climber."

"Yes, he's the sort of man who would even make his way up an icy stair."—*Cartoon Magazine.*

* * *

DENTIST: "You say this tooth has never been filled? But there's gold on my instrument."

PATIENT: "You must have struck my back collar stud."—*Le Journal Amusant.*

* * *

An engine driver was recently stunned by a chestnut. Similar tragedies occur every night in the stalls of our music halls.—*Passing Show.*

* * *

If skirts keep on going higher, stockings will have a hard time following.—*Le Rire.*

* * *

A man refers to his motor-car as "she" probably because it's something he can't argue with.—*Syracuse U.S.A. Herald.*



T. E. Montagu-Thacker

Who Has Been Called the "British Douglas Fairbanks."

ALTHOUGH T. E. Montagu-Thacker was brought up in South Africa, and has appeared in films over there, he is British, having been born in Jersey, Channel Islands. It was whilst in South Africa that he learnt to ride so well, and this has earned for him the title of the "British Douglas Fairbanks."

His Career Over Here.

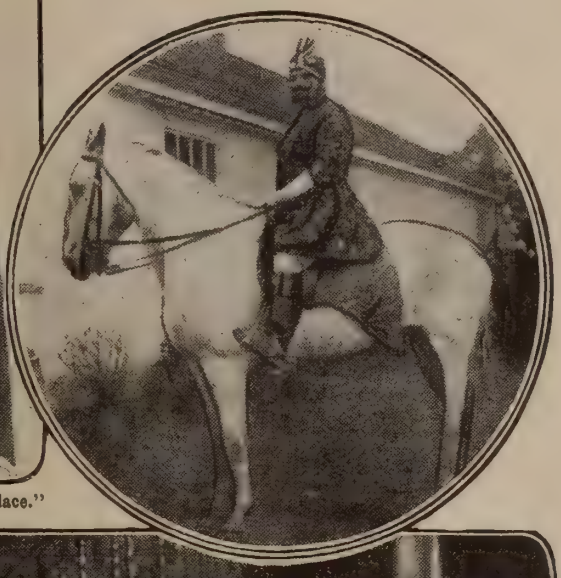
MR. THACKER told the PICTURE SHOW that his success on the screen over here is due to Mr. Harry Morran, assistant producer of Stolls. He gave him insight into film work, and started him as a rider in "Bars of Iron," the film version of Ethel M. Dell's famous novel. After this, he played eleven different characters in "The Game of Life" for Samuelsons. Next he appeared in "A Rank Outsider" for Broadwest, and this was followed by a part in "The Skin Game." His next role was as a villain in "The Will" for Ideal.

Mr. Denison Clift, the well-known producer, "spotted" Mr. Thacker, and gave him one of the leading parts as Mr. Mortimer in "The Diamond Necklace," in which Jessie Winter and Milton Rosmer played.

By the way, Mr. Thacker told the PICTURE SHOW that, in his opinion, Miss Winter was one of our cleverest actresses.



As Mr. Mortimer in "The Diamond Necklace."





A scene from the Ideal film, "The Diamond Necklace," showing T. E. MONTAGU-THACKER with MILTON ROSMER and JESSIE WINTER.

"His House in Order."

(*Continued from page 18.*)

naming the new park after her, and that he and his family would attend.

Filmer read the letter aloud at dinner with unctuous satisfaction, and then he turned to Nina.

"Of course, we shall go, and on this occasion, Nina, I trust you will wear something suitable for the occasion."

Nina rose from her chair with her cheeks aflame.

"You seem determined to insult me, Filmer, but let me tell you this. You may dedicate as many parks as you like to Annabelle, but I shall not be there!"

She went straight to her room and began to pack.

While she was upstairs, Hillary arrived from Paris.

To him Filmer unloaded his supposed grievances. There was a scene, in which Hillary told his brother that it was at his suggestion that Nina had attended the ball.

"You are not fair to Nina," said Hillary. "You are crushing the very soul out of her by your constant comparisons to Annabelle.

Filmer rushed out of the house to cool his temper in the park.

As Hillary sat by the fire Nina came down, dressed for travelling.

"I hope you have forgiven me for getting you into that scrape, Nina?" said Hillary, as he shook hands with her. "Filmer makes mountains out of molehills."

"He will have a real mountain facing him this time," said Nina. "Read these letters. I am leaving Filmer to-night, and I went to kiss Derek goodbye. He was in Annabelle's room, because his nursery is being decorated. I found him playing with some photographs and letters. I did not wish to read the letters, but the boy had opened them, and I could not miss seeing what was written. Then I read the lot. They are from a Major Maureward to Annabelle. He was her lover. Derek is their child. You will see it all there. Now what will he think of his sainted Annabelle?"

Like a man in a trance Hillary read the letters. It was true.

On the night she met her death Annabelle had been to see Major Maureward. They had arranged to go away together on the following day.

All the plans were made for Annabelle to be divorced so that Maureward could marry her.

Annabelle had never loved Filmer. The letter proved it.

"You intend to show these to Filmer?" said Hillary slowly.

"Why shouldn't I? Think how he has tortured me," said the girl.

"But Derek. Think what it means to the boy. He was not to blame, Nina," pleaded Hillary.

Tears came into Nina's eyes.

"You are right, Hillary. Derek must never know. Burn the letters."

She turned to go, but at the door met Filmer.

He looked at her travelling dress.

"I am going away," she said simply. "It is best that we should part."

"I might have known it," he answered bitterly. "I was a fool to think you could ever fill the place of Annabelle."

For a moment Nina wavered. The letters were not burned yet. She could see Hillary standing with them in his hands. Then she thought of Derek.

Without a word she went upstairs to finish packing.

"You heard what I said to Nina?" said Filmer aggressively to Hillary.

"I did," replied his brother coldly. "I was just going to burn these letters. Nina told me to burn them, but, by Heaven, you shall read them now!"

He watched his brother's face as he read the story of the real Annabelle.

He watched the smug satisfaction fade from his face with joy.

But when Filmer laid the letters down and looked up to him, Hillary saw the face of a broken man—a man who has had the foundations of life cut from under him by a single blow.

"I feel sorry for you, Filmer," said Hillary. "But you can't expect Nina to forgive you."

"No. I can't."

The voice of Filmer seemed like that of a stranger.

In silence the two brothers sat facing each other.

Then Nina came down the stairs, carrying a small handbag.

Filmer went to her.

"Hillary has told me; I have read the letters," he said brokenly. "I can't ask you to forgive me. I can only hope you will be generous, Nina."

"I am sorry for you with all my heart, Filmer," said Nina softly. "You need not fear that I shall ever speak. And, Filmer, I can forgive you. Now that I have seen the real man I married, I can forgive and forget."

"You mean you will stay with me?" said Filmer incredulously.

"Yes. Because I love you."

The next moment they were in each other's arms.

Hillary moved silently across the room to the French windows. Not a sound of his footsteps betrayed that he had heard. But as he passed through the windows there came a sob which caused Nina and Filmer to look up.

Hillary Jesson, the strong, silent diplomat, was crying.

(Adapted from the Paramount-Artcraft photo-play, featuring Elsie Ferguson as Nina.)

What Causes Skin Disorders?

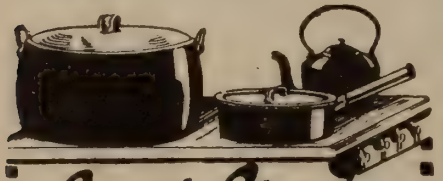
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IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Frocks Specially Chosen by Constance Talmadge.

I'VE always had a penchant for dresses, and when I visited Paris recently with Norma and my mother, it was increased fourfold. Our visit to the various Parisian modistes proved a conviction that I had always harboured, that a girl always appears at her very best in a dress, especially when she is fairly tall like myself. Now, I consider Norma looks wonderful in a blouse and skirt, but the same rig-out does not look half so nice upon me, for the simple reason that it appears to cut me up half way. The shorter girl can carry off the two-piece garment much more successfully. And I also love the comfort of the dress that hangs straight from the shoulders. It does not matter whether it is connected at the normal, high, or low waist line, it always imparts to the wearer a goodly amount of free-and-easiness.

To Be Happy You Must Be Well-Dressed.

PERHAPS this appeals more to me because I am rather a tomboy, and a frock allows me all the freedom of movement that I require to be happy. For I maintain that you cannot possibly be happy unless you are comfortably clothed. That is why I am glad I did not live in years gone by, when tight bodices and wasp waists were in fashion. Although I should have grown up with the styles, and become accustomed to them with general use, I fear they would have put just as tight a hold upon my spirits as they would have done upon my body.

And not only with a view to comfort do I appreciate frocks, but because they impart a far more favourable line to the figure, and give the greatest assistance in rendering each and every one of us shapely. The slim girl can be made to look at her best in a dress, while it enables the stout girl successfully to camouflage any superfluous flesh which troubles her. There's no doubt about it, the one-piece—and by this I mean the frock that is joined to hang from the shoulders—is a boon and a blessing that greatly alleviates the trouble of choosing suitable attire.

It Allows for Colour Scheme.

BUT perhaps the greatest advantage of the frock is that it gives opportunity for personal whims in the manner of colour schemes. For therein lies the whole crux of a woman's smartness. No matter how beautiful garments may be or how well they are cut, the whole effect is absolutely ruined if consideration has not been given to the colour scheme. And I delight in evolving pretty colour effects, although Norma says I am a little bit daring at times. But I tell her that there is no motive in a colour scheme unless it is outstanding and individual. All the same for that, I appreciate the unobtrusive just as much as my adored sister.

There's ample opportunity for revelling in one's fancy for schemes of colour just now in the world of dresses. Some of the smartest colours are rather vivid, I'll admit, but they are none the less beautiful, and can easily be toned down with a fairly large black hat. And vice versa, dresses of dark shades can be cheerfully brightened by geranium red or Foch blue chapeau.

A Brown Study.

PERHAPS it is because I am fair that I appreciate so much the vogue for all shades of brown. They lend themselves so charmingly to adornment and decoration in more brilliant hues, especially the brighter of autumnal shades.

I have a charming little frock of brown that I cling to, although I have had it a goodly time. It is of tobacco charmeuse, and embroidered fairly heavily with gilt thread, intermingled with terra cotta chenile. I have selected a little frock something like it for your approval, because it is such a becoming style. You can see the manner in which it is decorated in the illustration, numbered 28,572.

A Navy Gabardine Frock.

ANOTHER frock of which I am very fond is one of navy blue gabardine of the finest order—you'll see one something like it in No. 28,437. It is really a very simple affair, and the knife-pleated skirt allows ample space for movement. The frock is fitted with a panel both at the front and the back. To these panels are connected the Magyar sides of the bodice, and the pleated sides of the skirt. The sleeves are long, and extend over the hand, while the neck is finished with a large collar. A patent leather belt takes in the waist fulness, although I often substitute this with a girdle of bright beads.

I think you will like the third frock equally as well. It is of fawn duvetyn, and trimmed with narrow soutache braiding in self colour. A very graceful line is given by the loose side panels.



No. 28,437

No. 28,572

No. 29,644

You can obtain patterns of any of the dresses on this page in 22, 24, 26, and 28 inch waist sizes, for 1s. each, from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 29la, Oxford Street, London, W.1

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Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

WHAT ABOUT THE CHILDREN?

JUST now in America, which still continues to supply us with the bulk of motion pictures, there is a good deal of agitation raging in various quarters over the question of censorship. It is a thorny problem which requires to be carefully tackled, for while the public will readily support any effort to uplift the present standard of film entertainments, it is not likely to approve of narrow-minded legislation. Hence the necessity for broad and sane views in deciding what details should be eliminated and what should remain.

On one point, however, it is unlikely that any difference of opinion will exist. That is, that the majority of the pictures shown to-day are not really suitable for children, however harmless they may be for adults. This statement should not be misconstrued into a defence of the unfair accusations frequently made against the cinema in police-courts, when the delinquents are juveniles. They may have got, and in many cases doubtless do derive, their criminal ideas from other sources. But when children visit the picture theatre for entertainment, it is hardly to be expected that they will be interested in domestic problems and phases of life far beyond their years. Surely the need for more careful selection in this respect is imperative.

The absence of it, in fact, becomes all the more marked when we consider what is being done in other directions. Literature has its niche for the little ones wherein they may obtain amusement and knowledge according to their years. They have, too, their own plays and other forms of entertainment. The motion-picture is flickering its way into divers places, but, except for a few sporadic attempts, it has not yet entered fully the kingdom of the child. And when it does, there are millions of little ones who will rejoice at the event.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

"AGER-BEIRIANT" (Ystradgynlair).—So that is Welsh for steam engine. Well, puff ahead. In "The Love Crime," the hero was Ashton Dearholt. "The Great Love" was produced by D. W. Griffith, and the cast included the late Robert Harron as Jim Young of Youngstown, Pa., Henry B. Walthall (Sir Roger Brighton), Gloria Hope (Jessie Lovewell), Lillian Gish (Susie Broadplains), Maxfield Stanley (John Broadplains), George Fawcett (Rev. J. Broadplains), Rosemary Theby (Mdlle. Corintee), and George Seigmann (Mr. Seymour of Brazil). "The Greater Love," a Garrick film, featured Ena Beaumont (Joyce Henderson), the late Charles Rock (Mr. Lakey), Victor Robson (Lionel Dale), Leslie Barrie (Robert Henderson), Arthur Cullen (Sir Reginald Henderson), and Mrs. Hayden Coffin (Lady Henderson).

"PETER PAN" (Colchester).—Do you mean the native boy in "The Idol Dancer"? If so, his name is Ben Grauer. Here's all about Sally Crute in a nutshell. She was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, in 1893, and has played for several companies, including Edison, Lubin, Metro, etc. Some of her films are: "A Wife By Proxy," "Blue Jeans," "The Awakening of Ruth," "Twilight," and "A Broadway Saint." She has blonde hair, blue eyes, and is 5 ft. 5½ in. in height.

"EEORITE" (York).—Thanks for christening me the "Mystery Man" instead of anything worse. You evidently have a busy time imparting film information to your friends. Let me tell you about Catherine Calvert. Born in Baltimore, she has dark brown hair, brown eyes, and is now 5 ft. 6 in. in height. She married the late Paul Armstrong. Yes, Hayford Hobbs was the hero in "A Manchester Man."

M. L. P. (Dulwich).—Sorry no particulars now concerning the old animal film about which you write. As regards "Tarzan of the Apes," it was filmed in the States but "King Solomon's Mines" was produced in Africa. I shall be ready for your second dose when you care to send it along.

J. H. (Battersea).—You know I like answering questions, that I thrive on them, in fact. Well, then, let me have another dose of the mixture as before. Juanita Hansen was born in 1897, in Des Moines, Iowa, and has fair hair, blue eyes, and is 5 ft. 3 in. in height. "The Lost City" and "Breezy Jim" are among her latest. Jack Holt is American, and his height is 6 ft. I shall not mind your bothering me again, but I want you first to read very carefully the rule at the head of these replies.

"LEONARD" (Northampton).—Your little love spasm for Faire Binney will doubtless pass in time. Meanwhile, here you are. She was born in New York in 1901, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Your second question I shall leave unanswered. I am sorry I do not know where you could get a photo of her, but why not pluck up courage and write to her for one?

"MYOSITIS" (Cairo).—William Russell was born on April 12th, 1886, in New York. His real name is William Leach. He went on the stage at eight, and afterwards joined the Biograph Co. He has dark hair and eyes.

E. A. L. T. (Harrow).—Robert Warwick has not given up film acting, for he has quite a number of recent pictures to his credit, such as "In Mizzoura," "Jack Straw," "Told in the Hills," and "Thou Art the Man." Perhaps the theatres in your locality have not been booking many of his films.

"AN EVERLASTING READER" (Manor Park).—May you have a long life and a jolly one. Alice Brady was opposite Montague Love in "Bought and Paid For." "Behind the Scenes" is a bit ancient. Yes, Harold Lockwood left a widow, and rumour has it that we may see her on the screen. Harry Morey was not in "The Third Degree," but you are right in thinking it was Gladden James.

M. D. (Bowes Park).—The "Three Men in a Boat" were Lionelle Howard, Johnny Butt and H. Manning Hayes. Your first three questions leave me sorely perplexed. We shall have to guess the answers to such queries.

D. L. M. (Camberwell).—Why haven't you disclosed your full name as required? Please see rule above.

"CANADIAN" (Llandudno).—Very fine writing indeed. But if you had made it any finer, I am afraid I should have had to borrow a microscope from somewhere. I am proud to hear you are such a staunch reader. May you never be without the necessary tuppence on Monday. William Scott was born in New York on December 22nd, 1893. Among his films are: "The Call of the Soul," "Pitfalls of a Big City," "Flames of the Flesh," and "Riders of the Purple Sage."

MOLLY (Peckham).—Katherine MacDonald does not state her age at present. Her recent films are: "The Beauty Market," "The Guest of Hercules," and "The Turning Point."

N. M. N. (Portobello).—Glad I amuse you. Yours certainly disproves the old libel that the Scotch have no sense of humour. What kind of opinion do you want me to express about Joan Morgan? I'll say ditto to all that's nice. She was born in 1906, and at the age of eight began her film career. The other artiste you inquire about was Yolande Duguette as Madame Karskovitch. Eh, what's this? You inquire if I am married or otherwise, and you tell me you are willing to consider anything from fourteen to forty! (Shur-rup, Horace, the lady doesn't mean you. You are not fourteen yet). Pardon the presumption of my office boy, madam. And would you mind excusing me? I am just off to lunch.

"INQUISITIVE" (Hammersmith).—Your nom-de-plume is certainly familiar since so many others confess to the same weakness. I don't remember you, however, though you are welcome. Isobel Elsom has not replied to you you say. Well, sometimes these artistes deserve to be excused when you think of the correspondence they get. She was born on March 16th, 1894, in Cambridge. Other information not public.

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

JOAN MORGAN, care of Progress Film Co. 101 Wardour Street, W. 1.

FRANCIS BUSHMAN, BEVERLY BAYNE, care of Oliver Morosco, New York City U.S.A.

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(More addresses next week.)

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Picture Show

TWOPENCE. APRIL 23, 1921.

No. 104. Vol. 4

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TT 118—20

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

OUR Art Plate this week is a beautiful study of Pearl White. Pearl made her reputation as a serial star, she is adding to it in the short photoplays in which she is now appearing for the Fox Film Company.

One of these is "The Thief," an adaptation of the famous play which you will remember is the story of a woman who became a thief so that she could wear beautiful clothes, thinking she would better keep her husband's love if she was always wonderfully gowned. In this picture she plays opposite her husband in real life, Wallace McCutcheon.

—♦♦—

A Silver Bag From Wallace Reid.

THE "Girl's Cinema" has been collecting gifts from famous stars of the screen to give as prizes in a pleasing competition. And very wonderful gifts they are too. Last week the prize was a heavy 15-carat gold slave bangle, sent by Gregory Scott, and engraved with his name in his own handwriting.

This week the prize is a large real silver chain bag from Wallace Reid, also appropriately engraved with his signature. Wouldn't *you* like to win one of these prizes that money cannot buy? A copy of the "Girl's Cinema" is all you need to compete. Someone has got to win them; why not you?

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Long Run for Screen Play.

THERE have been many discussions lately as to whether a long run of a film at a theatre could be successful. The answer is "Yes, if the film is a good one."

A Fox photo-play entitled "Over the Hills" has run well into the sixth month at a house in Broadway, New York, and there is still no sign of the last week being in sight.

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Mary as a Boy.

FOR the first time, I hear, Mary Pickford will be seen as a boy throughout the entire photo-play version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

There have been instances when Miss Pickford has disguised herself in male attire for certain scenes in her productions, but this is the first time she has appeared as a boy throughout.

The little curly headed boy part offers Miss Pickford a characterisation that it has been her life-long ambition to accomplish.

Another feature of this photo-play is that, for the first time since she played in "Stella Maris," Mary Pickford will be seen in a dual rôle. In addition to playing Little Lord Fauntleroy, she will take the part of the mother. So we shall have an opportunity of seeing her as a woman, and as a young child in the same photo-play.

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Romance and Carmel Myers.

AS you may know, Carmel Myers has been married for eighteen months to I. N. Kornblum, a musical comedy composer. The marriage has only just been announced.

This was due to a romantic pact between Miss Myers, and the composer. They admitted that theirs was a boy and girl affair. They had known each other since they were four years old, both being natives of San Francisco, having gone to school, and later, having studied music, together.

Carmel's mother was the only other person who was allowed into the secret, and the announcement now will not alter her plans with the Universal Film Company.

—♦♦—

Patience is George Beban's Chief Virtue.

GEORGE BEBAN has an infinite capacity for taking pains. In his latest picture, entitled "One Man In a Million." I hear he spent many weeks training the dogs that appear with him.

He spent a solid month getting a certain scene with a spider, in a cellar, and used up 2,000 feet of film on one occasion to get a scene he wanted.

He waits patiently for the children, who are playing with him, including his own small son, to do what they were to do naturally without being led.

He insists that the actors speak the words of the titles which are flashed upon the screen. Words and text must coincide.

—♦♦—

Aluminium Turns Hair Grey.

MARY ALDEN says there are times when she wishes her hair would turn grey. It would save her a lot of time if it would. For Miss Alden, who is one of the cleverest character actresses on the screen, is always being offered mother parts in motion pictures, and as she is a young woman, with not a single grey hair in her head, it is rather difficult to make her hair look as it should to suggest middle age. She does it by a liberal application of aluminium.

—♦♦—

His Snow Bath.

WHO says that William Russell is not a resourceful man? Being 8,000 feet up in the Sierra Mountains, making scenes for his coming Fox film, "Bare Knuckles," he was incidentally forty miles from a bath tub. But this didn't worry Bill. He stripped, took a header into a snow drift, and called it a bath.

—♦♦—

Another Romance of Screenland.

ANOTHER romance of screenland is that of Leatrice Joy, who is appearing in Goldwyn pictures, and Jack Gilbert, the well-known leading man and juvenile of the screen, who has appeared with many of the most prominent stars.

Leatrice and Jack have announced their engagement, and plan their marriage at no very distant date. They both expect to continue their screen careers.



ALICE LAKE picked a hard chocolate by mistake. She is putting it back and taking another, and is just wondering if anyone noticed her.

—♦♦—

Percy and Corrinne.

I HEAR that Percy Marmont is again to appear opposite Corrinne Griffith. You will remember the last photo play in which he appeared opposite her was "The Climbers." Now we are to see them together in "What's Your Reputation Worth?"

—♦♦—

Sessue and Bessie Together in Screen Play.

WHOM do you think we are going to see together on the screen? Sessue Hayakawa, and Bessie Love, who has been engaged to play opposite him as lead in a coming play entitled, "The Swamp," which has been written by Sessue Hayakawa himself.



MAUD WAYNE, the latest studio portrait of this pretty blonde screen artiste.



COURTENAY FOOTE playing opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Passion Flower."

The scenes are laid in America, and the story so appealed to Bessie that she put aside all her other plans for the time being.

—♦♦—

Lillian Gish as Marguerite.

WON'T Lillian Gish make a wonderful "Marguerite"? I hear that D. W. Griffith is planning to film the Grand Opera of "Faust," with Lillian to take the part of Marguerite, and the music of the opera will be synchronised to the production.

—♦♦—

Sympathetic Doug and Mary.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS visited the little child of a member of his company in the children's Hospital at Los Angeles the other day, and so touched was he at the sight of the little patients, that now both he and Mary have endowed a bed.

—♦♦—

A "Surprise" for Her.

FRANCIS RING, who, as you know, is Mrs. Thomas Meighan, was walking down the main street in Hollywood, the other day. In the window of a very smart shop she saw a gorgeous set of Sheffield plate, which she stopped to admire.

She looked for the ticket, and found it read: "Purchased by Thomas Meighan, for his wife's birthday present." And later on Francis had to pretend surprise, for fear "Tommy" would go and punch the jeweller's nose.

—♦♦—

What He Would Do.

LITTLE Willie Reid, nicknamed "Bill," is a true son of his father.

He has a new governess, who has been studying psycho-analysis. The other day she was giving Bill a trial set of questions set especially to test the mentality of four year olds.

"Now William," she said, "if you went down to the tram lines, and found that a car had just gone, and you had missed it, what would you do?"

"Call a taxi,' said Bill quickly.

—♦♦—

Clever, Isn't It?

REUBEN PETERSON has been writing a verse, which he calls, "What's In a Name?"

It says:

"Oh, it's proper and neat to call Miss Blanche sweet,
For she's pretty and dainty and sunny.
And I'm never above calling Miss Bessie 'love,'
But to call Charlie 'Chaplin,' that's funny."

"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

Jack's Little Joke.

A STORY has just leaked out that Mary Pickford gave Douglas a Rolls-Royce for a valentine, and Jack Pickford bought a broken-down old horse that was waiting to be made into cat's meat, tied an enormous red bow round his neck, and led the poor old animal up to the door just behind the Rolls-Royce, as "a valentine from Jack."

Doug. had the poor old horse put into pasture, by the way, so someone benefited by Jack's little joke.

—♦♦—

Her First Appearance.

LOIS WILSON has the part of Maggie Shand in the film version of Sir J. M. Barrie's famous novel, "What Every Woman Knows."

Louis made her entry into pictures in Alla Pavlova's picture, "The Dumb Girl of Portici." It was while she was still a schoolgirl, and, like most girls, very screen struck that she had a chance to visit a studio with some friends. They went, and were mistaken for players in search of "extra" work. A girl was wanted whom they could drag round by her hair; they pounced on Miss Wilson, because of her luxuriant tresses.

It was a painful process, but Lois accomplished her ambition, for she has never been away from picture work since.

—♦♦—

Elliott Dexter Coming Over.

CONGRATULATIONS to Elliot Dexter, who has quite recovered from his recent illness. When he has finished work on his present pictures, one of which is "The Affairs of Annatol," he plans to make a long tour. One of the stopping places is over here.

—♦♦—

"The Bird of Paradise" on the Screen.

"THE Bird of Paradise," is said to have been one of the best money-makers in the theatrical world in history. Now, I hear it is to be made into a film play. This should be even a greater attraction than it was on the stage, because the scenes will naturally be taken in the Hawaiian Islands where the action of the story is placed, so we shall have real volcano and Hawaiian scenery.

—♦♦—

A Real Thrill.

GENEVIEVE BERTE, who is daily risking her life in the "African Jungles," at the Selig studios, while working with wild animals in the big serial, "In Danger Land," is becoming so accustomed to facing dangerous situations that she went through an aeroplane accident, without knowing that anything out of the ordinary had happened.

It was during the filming of the aeroplane scenes. With everything in readiness, and the cameras clicking, the eight-passenger plane went off gracefully.

Everything went very smoothly, and, much to the delight of those on board, the plane proceeded on its way, after the scenes had been "shot," in order to treat them to a sky joy ride.

—♦♦—

She Thought It Was Usual.

IN the course of time those on the landing-field sighted the big "ship" on the horizon heading for home. She scooped gracefully over the fields and hedges, and over the heads of the director and camera men, but even the most skilful pilot will misjudge his distance now and again.

The wheels touched the ground, a splintering crash and one wheel of the landing-gear rolled on down the field. In a cloud of dust, the big plane dipped one wing to the ground, dug up some dirt, and came to a stop, minus most of the landing gear.

On being informed of the seriousness of the way they landed, and of the narrow escape they had had, Miss Berte remarked, "Why, I did not know that there was anything wrong. I thought that was the way all aeroplanes landed."

This was her first trip in the clouds, but she says that she will have a good look to make sure that the landing gear is all right before she leaves the ground again.



Do you recognise the lady in the powdered wig? It is PRISCILLA DEAN, and this is a scene from her latest picture, "False Colours."

Who Wouldn't?

EDDIE EARL tells me he has just received a letter congratulating him on making love to Doraldina for 1,000 dollars a week. This is in the coming photo-play, "Passion Fruit."

—♦♦—

Is It True?

IT seems that William Hart has really made up his mind to retire. He has purchased 30,000 acres of land in Connecticut for a peaceful retirement, so it looks as though it is certain, but we still hope that Big Bill may change his mind.

—♦♦—

Mahlon's Rule for Success.

DO you know that eight years ago Mahlon Hamilton left college, and got a job at fifty dollars a week on the stage?

Now he earns from 1,250 to 1,500 dollars a week, on the screen. He has just one rule for success, that is: do the sort of work that suits you best, and that you like, and—stick to it!

Fay Filmer.



Here is the male lead Katherine MacDonald insisted on having to play opposite her in "Stranger Than Fiction"—no other than the freckle-faced star, WESLEY BARRY.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

Carmel Myers' Marriage.

I WAS highly amused when the news of Carmel Myers' marriage was made public. As the readers of PICTURE SHOW undoubtedly know by this time, Miss Myers has been the wife of I. N. Kornblum, a musical composer, for nearly two years. About the time Carmel and her fiancé motored to the rabbi and were made one, she was in New York playing in a musical comedy called "Magic Melody." Her mother and her brother were there with her, and she was having a wonderful time. I had luncheon with her, and curiously enough it was the very month she married Mr. Kornblum. She kept telling me about this talented young man, the friend of her brother's who had such a promising future. I scented a romance, and must have looked my suspicions, for Mrs. Myers, being one of the wisest stage mothers I know, very promptly said:

"You know, Carmel and Mr. Kornblum were children together in San Francisco, and have known each other all their lives. He is like a brother to her."

The marriage announced this week was a surprise, because Mrs. Myers seemed determined to let nothing interfere with her daughter's career. Carmel said to her young husband immediately after the ceremony:

"We will not announce our marriage until you have a play produced on Broadway."

Mr. Kornblum, being very much in love with his young wife, went to work with a vengeance, with the result "Blue Eyes," with the music by I. N. Kornblum and the words by Zion Myers (brother of Carmel), was produced a few weeks ago. Carmel kept her word, and permitted the marriage to be made public.

—♦♦—

Dorothy Dalton Has a Loss.

WHEN I saw Dorothy Dalton last time she was ready to consign all hotel owners and managers to that hot place Dante describes so glowingly in some of his most famous works. She had come from the coast with all her beautiful gowns, slippers, hats, furs, etc., stowed away in trunks. She was unable to get all of her trunks in her small hotel suite, and believing her possessions would be perfectly safe in the storeroom of a Broadway hostelry, she ordered two of her trunks stored until she asked for them. When she was ready to move, the trunks in the storeroom had disappeared as completely as Bluebeard's wives. No amount of questioning could bring them back. She figures there was over 6,000 dollars' worth of frocks, coats, furs and other feminine clothing taken away with the removal of her trunks. Now she is asking the courts to either make the hotel manager hand her a cheque for 6,000 and some odd dollars, or bring back her property.

"The money won't compensate for the loss," she said. "Think of the nuisance in shopping again to buy all those things! And some of my slipper buckles and other things will be very difficult to duplicate."

—♦♦—

Virginia Pearson in Vaudeville.

IT is amazing how many former screen stars are doing the two a day. Virginia Pearson, for so long the best-known dramatic actress on the Fox programme, has forsaken the screen to have her fling in vaudeville. She is being widely advertised in the Keith houses here, and is sharing honours with Sheldon Lewis. Remember Sheldon, the bad man of so many serials and the expert villain in other Pathé dramas? In private life Mr. Lewis is the husband of Miss Pearson, and like all good husbands he is now supporting Miss Pearson in her new act. I haven't heard very much comment on the quality of the act, but I presume it must be good, else it would not have been booked on the Orpheum circuit.

—♦♦—

Blanche Sweet Convalescent.

I HEAR excellent reports from Blanche Sweet, who has been very sick with appendicitis. Miss Sweet was operated on, and for days her life was despaired of, but she has come through the ordeal, and is now on the high road to recovery. This is a bit of news her friends will be glad to hear.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS.

THIS WEEK'S PICTURE SHOWS

"Rodney Stone" .. .. .. *British Exhibitors*
REX DAVIS.
"John Forrest Finds Himself" *Hepworth*
HENRY EDWARDS AND CHRISSIE WHITE.
"Her Penalty" .. .. .. *Broadwest*
STEWART ROME.
"The Iron Stair" .. .. .. *Stoll*
REGINALD FOX.
"The Cyclone" .. .. *Fox*
TOM MIX AND COLLEEN MOORE.
"Who is She?" .. .. .. *Phillips*
MARJORIE RAMBEAU.
"Two Women" .. .. .. *Vitagraph*
ANITA STEWART AND EARLE WILLIAMS.
"On With the Dance" .. *Paramount-Artcraft*
MAE MURRAY.
"The Hope" .. .. .. *Jury's*
JACK MULHALL AND RUTH STONEHOUSE.
"Beyond the Shadows" .. *Western-Import*
WILLIAM DESMOND.
"The Stronger Sex" .. .. *Gaumont*
PINA MENICHELLI.
"In Search of a Sinner" .. *Western Import*
CONSTANCE TALMADGE.
"That's Good" .. *W. & F. Film Service*
HALE HAMILTON.

"Rodney Stone."

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. British Exhibitors' Film, produced by Percy Nash. Scenario by W. Courtney Rowden, photography by A. W. Eaton.

An exciting and wonderful screen play, which will no doubt make a strong appeal to thousands of PICTURE SHOW readers.

"John Forrest Finds Himself."

HEPWORTH picture play (Edwards series) adapted by H. Fowler Mear from the story by Donovan Bayley, produced by Henry Edwards. A story full of humour, with a strong love interest, a hint of drama, and a happy ending. John Forrest is played by Henry Edwards, with the whimsical humour which has brought him into great repute as one of our most brilliant screen actors. Sweet Joan Grey is played by Chrissie White, with that charm and girlishness we love so well, while Gerald Ames, as Ezra Blott, is a fine villain.

"Her Penalty."

HERE we have a very strong Broadwest film, featuring Stewart Rome, and ably supported by Clive Brook, Philip Hewland, and Pauline Peters. The scenario was written by Mr. Benedict James, one of our most famous scenario writers. He has also written a number of stage plays, the most celebrated being "The Little Brother." The play is produced by Elinar Brunn, under the direction of Mr. Walter West.

THE "PICTURE SHOW'S" GUIDE TO PICTUREGOERS

The Story.

ROBERT TRENCHARD (Clive Brook) and his wife Vera (Pauline Peters), formerly his secretary, are happily married, until one terrible day, when Trenchard finds his wife has deceived him, and that there is a hidden mystery in her life.

At last the secret is revealed by Vera, and corroborated by her old friend, Arthur Winterton. Vera had been married before, and she has discovered that her first husband has returned. A tense and terrible climax is reached when this man (Stewart Rome) and Trenchard realise that Vera is a bigamist, but in the end the tragedy is righted. It is a powerful gripping story.

Pauline Peters displays great emotional powers, and the setting is exceptionally fine.

"The Iron Stair."

ONE of Stoll's Eminent British Authors' pictures. A grim story of the battle that raged between good and evil in a man's soul; founded on the great novel by "Rita."

It is a thrilling Martin Thornton production, and contains a lot of double photography.

A Daring Leap.

TOM MIX is one of those artistes who can be depended on never to allow our interest to flag for one moment. In "The Cyclone," he keeps you constantly in suspense, both with his acting and daring horsemanship, the latter being a special feature of the story. It is a tale of the Wild West, of course, in which a band of Chinese smugglers are hunted by the North-West Mounted Police. There are many exciting combats, but a scene which will stand out more than any other for its special daring is one in which the cowboy hero, after riding up three flights of stairs, jumps while still on horseback through the skylight into the cellar below.

The Mysterious Heroine.

WHEN the chief figure in a film like "Who is She?" keeps you guessing as to her identity and the reasons for her actions, a surprise is bound to result. Marjorie Rambeau as the heroine succeeds very well in sustaining an air of mystery about herself and, incidentally, adding some fine acting to the plot.

Opposites.

AMIDST the beautiful scenes of the Riviera, and later with the rugged picturesqueness of the mountain and forest district of Greypeak forming a background, we are given the story of "Two Women" (as it is called) whose natures are as wide apart as the Poles. One is a worthless wife, the other a girl of the forest whose character has not been tainted by the temptations of the city.

Wanted—A Change.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE is always delightful in her acting. "In Search of a Sinner" is a play which exactly suits her natural spirit of gaiety, and her infectious humour will keep you laughing as you follow her in the guise of a winsome widow, who having had a life of boredom with a saintly husband, decides that No. 2, at any rate, shall be "a bit of a sinner." Of course, you can imagine the shocks she gives others.

A Red Indian Picture.

THOUGH Red Indian film plays are rarer now than they were, you will relish "Beyond the Shadows" for the excitement it contains and the good characterisation of William Desmond as Jean, a young fur trader who finds himself charged with another's crime. Josie Sedgwick, as Jean's sweetheart, also plays her part well, but the ending is quite unconventional.

The Masked Dancer.

IT is said that several hundreds of actors and actresses, many of them well known, were engaged to appear in the dining episode of "On With the Dance." It is certainly the most brilliant scene in the film, though what is chiefly interesting is the interpretation by Mae Murray of Sonia, a Russian dancer. Sonia is passionately fond of dancing, but she has reasons for wearing a mask, a fact which lends a touch of mystery to the story. Her discovery leads to dramatic complications with, however, much that will make an appeal to the heart. David Powell plays the hero with fine effect.



REX DAVIS, LIONEL D'ARAGON, JOAN RITZ, and ROBERTSON BRAINE in "Rodney Stone."



CHRISSIE WHITE, GERALD AMES, and HENRY EDWARDS in "John Forrest Finds Himself."



STEWART ROME in a scene from the Broadwest film, "Her Penalty."



REGINALD FOX and MADGE STUART in "Iron Stair," a Stoll production.

BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TO-DAY



The CALL OF THE ROAD



Splendid Serial Story of the Famous British Film.

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM.

Characters in the Story.

ALFRED TRUSCOTT, who has been disinherited for being a ne'er-do-well by his uncle, Silas Truscott.

LADY ROWENA, Alfred's cousin, who is fascinated by the stories she hears of her cousin. In order to meet him, she uses the name of Alice Grey, and goes to stay with her old nurse, Margery Merridew, near where Alfred has got work.

The two young people become friends, and one day Alfred tells "Alice" he wants to marry her as soon as he has saved the parson's fee.

PAGANINI PRIMUS and PAGANINI SECUNDUS, "gentlemen of the road," and friends of Alfred.

SIR MARTIN TREVOR, an inveterate gambler, who cheats at cards. He is beaten in a duel by Alfred, and vows vengeance.

A boxing-match is made between Sir Martin and a certain Lord Delaval. The man Sir Martin is to produce is Pigeon Williams, and he has staked his all on his man winning. Lord Delaval's boxer is Hammer John, a blacksmith.

Rowena Makes a Promise.

MARGERY MERRIDEW was nodding over her knitting, but she looked up quickly as she heard the click of the latch, and there was a beaming smile of welcome on her old face when the door opened, and Rowena came into the room.

The girl had been out all day, and Mrs. Merridew was well aware in whose company she had spent most of her time.

"Thou art late—Alice," said the old lady, smiling.

"'Tis true, Aunt Margery, and I have naught to say in my defence. I fear I have but been wasting my time in idle gossip with the miller's man, a rough, uncouth fellow, who hath no manners."

The happy smile which flickered about her mouth and shone in her bright eyes belied her words, and the old nurse was not deceived.

"Ah, me!" sighed the old lady, shaking her head solemnly. "If all the stories told about that young man are true, he is but a sad rascal."

Rowena gave the speaker a sharp look, but Mrs. Merridew was now calmly knitting, and her placid, homely face betrayed nothing of her inner thoughts.

"All such stories are lies!" said Rowena warmly.

"Maybe, my dear, but 'tis a true saying there is no smoke without fire. 'Tis said the young man hath treated his uncle with shameful ingratitude."

Rowena was about to make a sharp retort, when suddenly she changed her mind, and falling on her knees, caught the old woman's hand in her own.

"Oh, nursie, dearest, tease me no more," she pleaded. "I am sorely troubled, and I need thy advice."

"My precious one!" cried Mrs. Merridew, at once all sympathy and gentleness. "Tell old Margery all about it. Hath he been unkind?"

"Nay, indeed! He—he hath been kind, and I am afraid. He would wed me, Margery, thinking me a cottage girl, and I fear to tell him the truth, lest I should lose him. Oh! Margery, I love him so, and if I lose him now 'twill break my heart!"

"Bless you, my pretty one," replied the old woman in a tone of relief. "If that is all thy trouble, there is little need to grieve. If Master Alfred hath won thy heart, he is a lucky man, and I warrant he knows it. Proud and happy will he be when he learns that the cottage maiden he has wooed and won is in truth a noble lady of high degree, with a fortune to her name."

"Nay, Margery, you know him not!" said Rowena anxiously. "He hath a terrible aversion to fine ladies. He cannot abide them. I dare not tell him the truth, and indeed I know not what to do."

Mrs. Merridew smiled down tenderly into the pretty, eager face.

"Child," she said, "does thy cousin love thee?"



From her casement window "Alice" (PHYLLIS SHANNAW) talks to her lover (VICTOR McLAGLEN).

"Oh, yes, dear Margery, I am sure he does!" replied the girl eagerly. "Oft has he told me so with his lips, and oftener still with his eyes. I cannot doubt his love."

"Then have no fear. He will never let thee go. Nothing will stay him from making thee his bride. 'Tis the way of the Truscotts. When they love, they let naught stand between them and their heart's desire. 'Tis too late now even for thee to change thy mind. He would not let thee give him up."

"If you think when he knows——"

"'Twill make no difference. Bless thee, child, 'tis thee he loves, and not thy station. Vex thyself no more. Let things take their course. Say naught for the present, but when you go back to thine uncle's house, send Master Alfred a note, saying thou hast obtained a situation at Truscott Hall, and asking him to call on thee there. I doubt not he will come, and then you can receive him in your proper person, and I warrant the ending of all this pretty play-acting will be such as your ladyship desires."

Rowena threw her arms round the old woman's neck, and kissed her.

"I will do it," she said. "Only thus could I let him learn the truth. I vow I have not the courage here in Friar's Ford to tell him how I have deceived him. Besides——"

"Well, dearest?"

"'Tis sweet to hear him call me Alice," said Rowena softly, while a demure smile played about her pretty mouth. "Margery, dear, I wish I could be thy niece always, and never go back to the great world where the women are all fine ladies, and nothing more, and the men are so—so different from Alfred."

Mrs. Merridew laughed merrily at the idea, and then suddenly checked herself.

"Bless me, my wits are wandering!" she exclaimed. "There's a letter for thee. 'Twas left at the Ford Arms by the mail, and old Mullins brought it along just before noon."

"A letter for me? It will be from my godmother, I warrant. I promised to tell all that transpired concerning my cousin Alfred, but I fear I have told her but little."

"Ay," returned Mrs. Merridew. The letter is from Lady Ulleswater, I believe. It hath a crest, and the writing on the wrapper is so distinguished one can scarcely read it. 'Twas fourteen pence to pay on it, unless old Mullins cheated me, which is more than likely. 'Tis strange a man of his years can drink so much strong ale and come to no harm. Nay, the old rogue seems to thrive on't."

While she was speaking, she hobbled across the little room to a bureau, from which she returned with a letter, which she handed to Rowena.

Their surmise proved to be correct. The missive was from Lady Ulleswater, and of its contents there was one passage which drove the colour from Rowena's cheeks.

"'Tis my duty to tell thee, Rowena, that thy foolish prank must now be brought to an end. Thy Uncle Silas writes me that in ten days' time he will be setting forth to visit me in order to take thee home. Thou must be here to meet him when he arrives."

There was much more, but it was this passage which startled Rowena, and awoke her as from a sweet dream.

How happy, how magical had been these days at Friar's Ford!

And now it was with a shock of dismay she realised they were coming to an end.

In a day or two at most she would have to go away. In less than a week she would be back at Truscott Hall—a fine lady—and Alfred would still be working at Jones's Mill.

When would they meet again, and under what circumstances? One thing alone was certain. When they met, if meet they did, she would no longer be Alice Grey, the cottage girl, who had captured his heart.

Again a cold fear assailed the girl.

Alfred was proud, like all the Truscotts. Suppose—suppose he never came to claim her hand?

She retired to her room early, but she did not go to bed. She sat up thinking and wondering, her mind assailed by all kinds of doubts, fears, and hopes.

"Ah, me!" she said to herself, as she sat on the edge of her bed and gazed out through the diamond panes of the casement window on to the moonlit landscape, "such happy days as these will never return. I will stay for the Fairing, and after that I will hasten back to my godmother's. Alfred shall know where I am gone, and if he come not after me, 'tis only what I deserve for my folly. Woe is me," she concluded with a deep sigh. "I fear me I shall die an old maid."

Even as the thought formed itself in her mind, she was startled by the sound of the pattering of little stones against her window.

She sprang to her feet, started forward, and then stepped back hesitating.

But immediately there came another rattle of stones against the glass. Someone outside was clearly determined to attract her attention.

Rowena opened the casement and peered out.

Below in shadowy outline she could see the big, athletic figure of her lover.

As she gazed down his frank, boyish face came up to her in an eager whisper.

"Alice! Alice!"

Without speaking, she leaned forward, so that he could see her face.

"I have heard great news, and I could not bide till morn to tell thee," he cried excitedly. "You remember what I told thee this day—that I would wed thee as soon as I had saved the parson's fee? Dear heart, there is no need to wait so long. They tell me on Fairing Day the parson marries without a fee!"

Rowena gave a little gasp. With a rush old Margery's words came back to her, and sent the hot blood racing through her veins.

"He will never let thee go! Nothing will

(*Continued on page* 8.)

JOHN HENRY, JR.

The Lovable Kiddie Who Appears in Mack Sennett Comedies



The power of expression of this little baby actor is really wonderful.



JOHN thinks it is much more exciting to sit on the bonnet of the motor than in the car itself.

"WE must have a cute baby right away for this picture," said Mack Sennett one day. "Who knows where we can get a baby actor right now?"

"What about this baby?" said Billy Armstrong, the comedian, pointing to a little baby boy who was playing on the stage. He was Billy's nephew, and, with his mother, was visiting the Mack Sennett studio for the first time.

The famous producer immediately jumped at the suggestion, and as mother consented, little Don Marion Davis—which by the way is his real name—was tested before the camera. He was told to snatch at a fork which his uncle was holding, and he did it so naturally that everyone realised at once that he was a born actor.

A Record-Breaking Salary.

MR. SENNETT immediately engaged the little boy at a record-breaking salary for a baby actor, and Don Marion Davis took the screen name of John Henry, Jr.

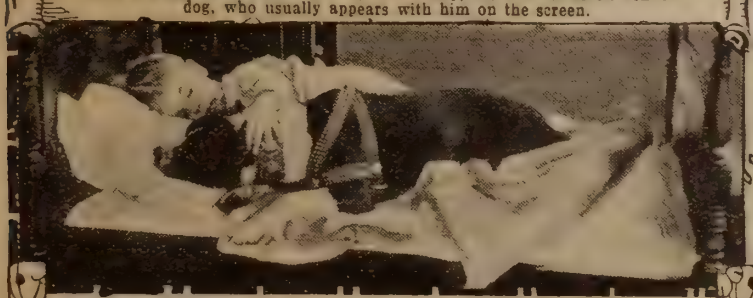
His mother takes him to the studio every morning when a picture in which he is to appear is being produced, and he is a big favourite with all the Sennett Bathing Girls and Comedians, and his special playfellow is Teddy, the famous Mack Sennett dog, who allows John Henry, Jr., to pull his ears and have a good romp with him.

The little one knows that he is acting before a camera, but he keeps his naturalness, because to him it is all a fascinating game.



Here you see JOHN HENRY, jun., with Teddy, the famous Mack Sennett dog, who usually appears with him on the screen.





JOHN and TEDDY are the best of pals. This photograph shows them in a scene from "Officer Cupid."



Little JOHN HENRY, jun., is a born actor, and it is not at all difficult for the producer to make him do what is required for a scene. Here we see him crying to order.

"THE CALL OF THE ROAD."

(*Continued from page 6.*)

stay him from making thee his bride! 'Tis the way of the Truscotts."

"But—but," she said faintly, "that is but two days hence."

"Two days! 'Tis torture to wait so long," replied the impetuous wooer. "Dear heart, say you will consent. 'Tis a chance we should not miss."

Blushing and laughing, Rowena half-closed the window.

"To-morrow we will talk," she said softly.

"And thou wilt consent?"

"I said not that but I—I will listen to thine argument."

So saying she closed the window very hastily fearing that even in the darkness he should see the burning blush upon her cheeks.

The Summons to London.

HAMMER JOHN had just finished his day's work and was standing at the door of the smithy enjoying the cool of the evening.

There was a smile on his lips and in his clear eyes. He was in the pink of condition, and he was thinking of the triumphs he had won in the ring before the tragedy which put an end to his fighting career.

Now he was to have his chance to renew those triumphs.

He was full of confidence. He had seen this Pigeon Williams of whom there was so much talk, and he recognised him as a good man, but this only made John the more eager to meet him.

He turned his head suddenly, hearing the distant thud of horse's hoofs on the high road.

As he listened the sound came nearer, and presently a horseman rode with a clatter into the yard.

The rider was not of a very prepossessing appearance but he was dressed as a man of fashion and he had the air of one engaged on business of importance.

He dismounted at once, and slipping the reins over his arm, advanced to the smithy door.

"Art thou Hammer John?" he inquired.

The blacksmith nodded, at the same time taking silent stock of his visitor.

Geoffrey Ralston was a rogue, and looked it, but the very first words he uttered proved sufficient to allay Hammer John's vague suspicions.

"I have a message for thee from my lord Delaval."

The blacksmith's face lit up at once and he answered frankly:

"Then thou art welcome, sir."

The stranger produced a note from his pocket and handed it to the other.

"'Tis a matter of some urgency, I believe."

Hammer John took the note and stared at it rather sheepishly.

"I cannot read," he said, after a pause. "Would you read it for me?"

Ralston smiled, and taking the note again, opened it and read:

"Dear Hammer John,—It is most important that you should pick up the coach from Wells, and come to me at the sign of The Tabard, Colemore Row, immediately. It is most urgent, and I rely on thee not to fail me.—DELAVAL."

Hammer John nodded gravely.

"You may tell his lordship that I shall not fail him," he said quietly.

"Thou art fit and in good heart?" said Ralston.

"Never more so, sir."

"I'm right glad to hear it. My Lord Delaval has great confidence in thee, and has backed thee for more, I fancy, than he would care to lose."

"'Twill not be my fault, sir, if he lose his money. I shall do my best to win."

"Of that I have no doubt. Good-day to thee, my man, and the best of luck.

There was a queer smile on Geoffrey Ralston's lips as he remounted and rode away.

At the cross-roads he met Sir Martin Trevor, also mounted.

"Well?" said the baronet anxiously as his friend rode up.

"The bait has been taken, he will come. He suspects nothing, and is only too eager to obey the behest of his friend and patron, my Lord Delaval."

Sir Martin Trevor laughed.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed. "Methinks, Geoffrey, the betting will take a turn to-morrow. Now for London! We must be on the spot when the thing is done."

"'Tis a risky game thou art playing, Trevor," said Ralston, as they rode along side by side. "When the story gets known 'twill need some explaining."

"Tush, man, we are at the end of our tether, and desperate diseases require desperate remedies. When once Delaval has paid forfeit and all bets are settled, I care little what is known or suspected. What can they prove? I shall deny having aught to do with the matter. There are others besides ourselves who are backing the Pigeon. 'Tis not the first time a man has been kidnapped to prevent him keeping an engagement in the ring. If the truth were known methinks we shall make as many friends as enemies by the trick."

"Well, let us hope nothing will go amiss."

"Have no fear of that."

"The fellows you have engaged to do the job—they can be trusted?"

Sir Martin Trevor smiled grimly.

"Ay! If Hammer John travels by the Wells coach nothing can go amiss. Within an hour of his arrival in London he will be in safe hands. You can set your mind at rest on that."

The House by the River.

HAMMER JOHN picked up the Wells coach, and all unconscious of the trick that had been played on him, journeyed to London.

He wondered a little at the unexpected summons. Either the fight was coming off sooner than arranged, or else my Lord Delaval had decided that it would be prudent to change the quarters of his man.

Hammer John decided that the last surmise was most likely to be true. The name of Delaval's champion was still supposed to be a secret, but in some mysterious way the facts had leaked out, and during the last few days several suspicious characters had, in a casual way, dropped into Punch Murphy's tavern.

"My lord thinks I shall be safer in London under his eyes, and maybe he is right," decided John. "'Tis a great game, the ring, but even in my time there were some queer characters hanging on to the fringe of it, and I doubt 'tis no better to-day."

As soon as he entered the courtyard of the Tabard Inn a stranger addressed him by name.

It was a little man of respectable appearance, who might have been a clerk or a messenger.

"My Lord Delaval awaits you at a house near by. I am to take you to him forthwith," he said simply.

Hammer John nodded and followed his guide out into the street.

There a hackney coach was waiting, which they entered and were driven away, jolting over the cobble stones.

It seemed to John a long journey, but he was a man of few words and he made no comment.

Crossing the river, they stopped at length at the mouth of a narrow lane on the south side.

Dismissing the coach, John's guide led him down the lane to a house which backed on to the mud-flats of the river.

"My lord is anxious that it should not be known that he meets you here to-night," explained the little man. "When you see him you are not to address him by his name or title until you be alone with him."

The blacksmith nodded.

"I will remember," he said, and thinking of these instructions, he ceased to think of the strangeness of the meeting-place selected by his patron.

Quite innocently he followed his guide into a dark and grimy passage.

As soon as they were inside the little man shut the door and Hammer John heard the turn of the key in the lock.

That sound, and a certain agitation in his guide's manner, awoke the first gleam of suspicion in the blacksmith's brain.

Turning sharply he seized his companion by the shoulders and swung him round.

"What mean you by that?" he demanded grimly. "Where is my Lord Delaval?"

"He is here. Have patience. I—— Halloa there!"

The last words were uttered in an agitated yell.

Instantly a door flew open and a flood of light came out into the passage.

Two men appeared, rough-looking fellows of the riverside type, unshorn and with grimy, coloured handkerchiefs knotted about their throats.

"'Tis all right, friend," said one. "Come you inside."

"I'll come no further till my Lord Delaval himself bids me," said John, backing towards the door.

The two men muttered something to one another under their breath, and then both together sprang at John and grappled with him.

Quick as they were, and confined as was the space in the narrow passage, Hammer John managed to get in one scientific and well-directed blow.

With a grunt of agony one of the men went down with a crash to the floor and did not get up again, but at the same moment other figures came crowding out of the lighted room.

Without waiting for any word of command they all flung themselves on John.

Mad with rage, he fought like a tiger, and for a moment seemed as though he would shake himself free. But just as his assailants were falling about him like ninepins some blunt, heavy instrument struck him a blow on the back of his head.

He staggered, the strength went out of his limbs, and the next moment the whole crowd were upon him again and he was borne to the floor.

"Drag him in here!" said a voice in a tone of command, and the order was swiftly obeyed.

Once in the lighted room Hammer John made another ineffectual struggle for liberty, but he was quickly overpowered, thrust into a stout wooden chair, and bound fast to it with ropes.

Bruised, bleeding, and breathless the prisoner stared about him wild-eyed.

He was in a big, bare room with the shutters securely closed.

About him were at least half a dozen rough-looking men, and immediately in front of him, calmly chatting together, were two gentlemen of fashion.

One of them John recognised immediately as the horseman who that morning had brought him the note purporting to come from my Lord Delaval. The other, a taller and handsomer man, he did not know.

"'Twas well we were here, Geoffrey, or the affair might have miscarried, after all," said the taller of the two. "If the fellow can do so much in a rough-and-tumble, what might he not have done in the ring?"

As he spoke he laughed and brushed a speck of dust from his coat sleeve.

"'Tis true," said the other. "'Twas thy blow which dazed him. All the same, it would have been better had we not been personally mixed up in the affair."

The tall man shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"'Tis no matter. We could not afford to risk a mishap."

He turned and smiled down at the helpless prisoner.

"'Tis rough luck on thee, Hammer John, but keep quiet and no harm will come to thee," he said. "We have but saved thee from breaking thy oath never to enter the ring again."

Tears of anger and mortification came into the blacksmith's honest eyes. He cared little for the ill-treatment he had received, but the thought he had failed his friend and patron filled him with grief and rage.

"I know thee not," he cried hotly, straining at the ropes which bound him; "but I shall not forget thy face, and once I am free, if it cost me my life, I will make thee pay to the full for this night's work!"

Sir Martin Trevor shrugged his shoulders and turned to the men who were standing in a group round the prisoner.

"Take care of him. Treat him well, but see that he does not escape. You have already sampled my generosity but keep this fellow until I bid you loose him and there will be a hundred guineas to share between you."

"Good luck to your honour!" replied one of the men heartily. "We'll hold him, never fear."

"Come, Geoffrey," said Sir Martin. "There is still time for an hour at the club. I fancy the Pigeon's chances even more than I did an hour ago. Perchance we can find someone who would care to wager a trifle against him before the price shortens."

And laughing, the two noble sportsmen went out together.

(*To be continued.*)

THE EXPRESSIONS OF WILLIAM S. HART

(Special to the "Picture Show.")

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE HART

The Strong, Silent Hero of the Screen

IF W. S. Hart keeps to his present intentions, he will leave the screen after his next picture has been made, and devote the rest of his working hours to writing stories for boys.

Although William S. Hart has proved himself an interesting writer, knowing just what kind of book appeals to real boys, he will be much missed if he leaves the screen.

William Hart attributes his successful career to three vital influences. His father, the West, and the Sioux Indians. "My mother was just my mother," he says, "and I worshipped her."



WILLIAM S. HART.

If you want to write him, address your letter—

c/o W.S., Hart Studios,
1215, Bates' Avenue,
Hollywood,
California.

His Early Career.

BIG BILL was fifteen years old when he left the Dakota prairies. Up to this age he chummed with cow-punchers and Indians, and there is little about either of them that he does not know.

When he left his home, and after various experiences set out to become an actor, it seemed as though every theatrical manager was determined that he should not become one; but he was determined that he would succeed. He sold his most cherished possessions, which included many medals won in athletic contests, and with the proceeds he came over here to London.

In London.

HIS first job in London was as an assistant at a gunsmith, easily obtained when Bill proved to the boss his knowledge of firearms, and all his "off time" he spent exploring the sights of London.



A Smile.



A foe to be feared.

Speaking of this time, Bill Hart says his greatest ambition was to see the Mansion House, and spent days trying to find it. He describes this event as follows:

"Half-dazed by the roar of the traffic in the city's busiest centre, jostled by the hurrying crowds, I gazed up at its smoke-grimed walls and experienced all the bitter pangs of final disillusionment. I think never at any moment of my existence have I felt more keenly the desolating sense of loneliness in a crowd. I do not think a single man vouchsafed a fleeting glance of curiosity or amusement at the tall, lank boy staring in a kind of dazed stupefaction at the dirty grey building they passed every day of their busy lives."

And the only two orgies of extravagance indulged during Bill Hart's stay in London were a night at the Lyceum to see Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in "The Lyons Mail," and a Sunday trip up the river to Richmond.

When nineteen Bill returned to New York, and made his appearance for the first time on the American stage in "Hamlet," getting twelve dollars a week as salary. Before he was five years older he was playing Armand Duval to the great Modjeska's Camille, and after this he created the first Western "bad man" on the American stage. This was when he took the part of Cash Hawkins in "The Squaw Man," the play that was shown over here and revived just recently under the title of "The White Man." To-day William S. Hart is one of the best-known and most famous of screen actors.

Strong Character Parts.

HIS portrayals are invariably of strong characters. Of the rough, rugged cowboy, living up to the principles of life as he knows them, responding quickly to the higher ideals when they are shown to him. These characterisations have won for William S. Hart the title of "The good bad man of the screen."

Among some of the best-known films in which you may have seen him are "Selfish Yates," "The Poppy Girl's Husband," "Branding Broadway," "John Petticoats," "The Money Corral," "Wolves of the Trail," "Square Deal Sanderson," "The Dawn Maker," "Blue Blazes Rawdon," and the coming films "Waggon Tracks," "The Toll Gate," and "The Hellhound of Alaska."

His Dream Home.

IF Bill Hart does leave the screen, perhaps his dream-home will materialise. Of course, it is to be in the West, the place that Bill Hart really loves. It is to be a ranch, far away in the open, away from railways and civilisation; there are to be herds of cattle, and a real home for himself and for his sister Mary. Ever since he left Dakota as a little boy, his one desire has been to go back to the old home in the West of which he has dreamed so often.



His laugh.



Suspicious.



A friend in need.



In earnest.



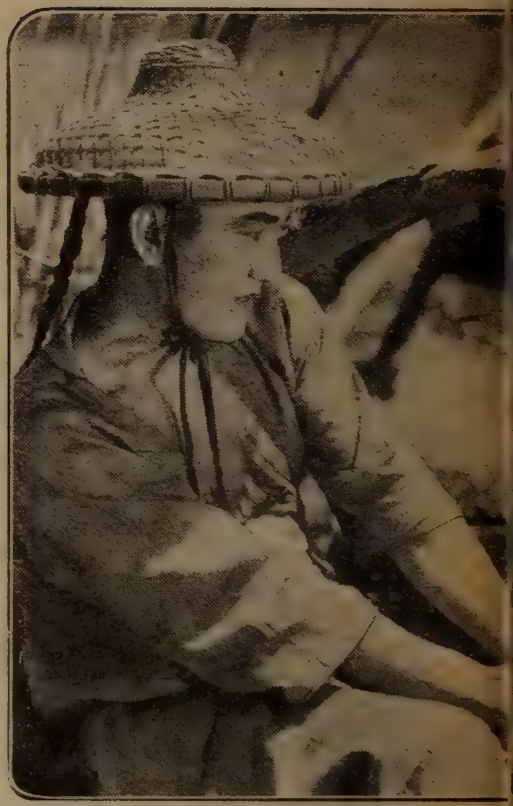
His profile.

SCENES AMIDST THE SNOWS



Charming MAY ALLISON, Metro's favourite star, surrounded by a group of dogs which were transported with the star and her company to the north amongst the snows, for the purpose of taking scenes for "Big Game," May's newest Metro picture. Miss Allison has certainly dressed for the climate, and looks very cosy in her furs.

CLEVER JAPA



SESSUE HAYAKAWA, the popular Japanese star, with ELI Miss Eddy's make-up is very clever, and, glancing at the pb claim sunny Japa



A charming unconventional "snap" of WHEELER OAKMAN and PRISCILLA DEAN, who in private life, as you know, are husband and wife.



TOM MIX obligingly goes "on all fours" so that his leading lady can give us an exhibition of her balancing feats.



Poor FRANK MAYO! In the cause of the screen he had to consent to have his hair waved. And is there anything a man hates more?



Visitors to the Metro studios were curious about movie kisses, so VIOLA DANA and BUSTER KEATON very obligingly gave a demonstration.

LILLIAN GISH in "Way Down East"

Pictures from the coming film, "Way Down East," the latest D. W. Griffith photoplay, which has beaten all records in America and has achieved another triumph for LILLIAN GISH and RICHARD BARTHELMESS in the star parts.



As Anna Moore, the heroine of the story.

The lovers, RICHARD BARTHELMESS and LILLIAN GISH in "Way Down East."



A study in contrasts. As the little home-girl — and below —





The country maiden takes her first lesson in the ways of Society.

—As a Society lady.





PEARL WHITE (THE FOX STAR.)

(Photo: Alfred Cheney Johnston.)

Edith Roberts

EDITH ROBERTS is one of the best known Screen Stars. She began her professional career when six years old. We are shortly to see her in a Universal film version of the famous poem "Lasca."



As "Lasca," the heroine, in the coming film version of the world-famous poem.



As we know her off the screen.



A contrast in black and white.



Reflections.



With the studio pets in her coming film.

ESE MAKE-UP



JEROME EDDY in a scene from "The First Born." raph, it would be difficult to realise that she does not her birthplace.

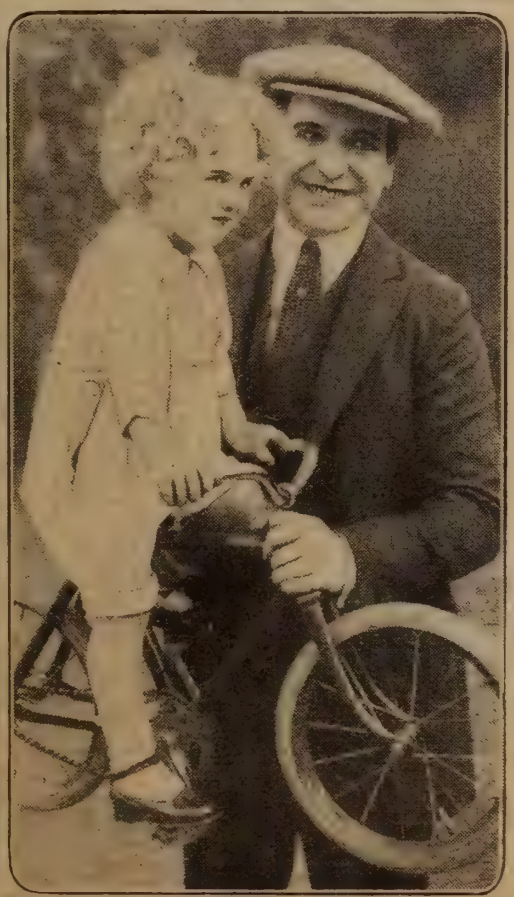
WHEN ADVICE IS REALLY NEEDED



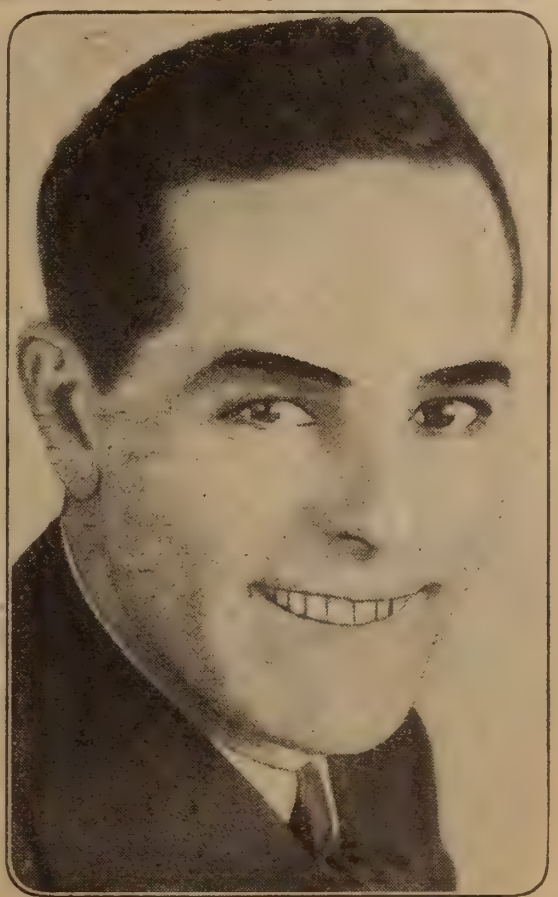
Director SAM WOODS gives WANDA HAWLEY a few hints on what to do with a cafe escort who has been drinking "not wisely but too well." This was taken during the filming of a Monte Carlo carnival scene in Miss Hawley's third Realart picture. TULLY MARSHALL can be seen enacting the part of the inebriated cafe escort.



NETTE KELLERMAN looks very "sporty" riding kit, and seems as much at home as in her bathing costume.



EARLE WILLIAMS with Director Chester Bennett's baby boy. The weight of the little one and his miniature "bike" seem of no consequence to Mr. Williams.



ANTONIO MORENO. The eighth of our series of stars favourite photographs of themselves. It is noticeable that smiling and happy photographs generally meet with their approval.

A Splendid Story of a Man's Plans to Appear a Worker in the Eyes of the Girl He Loves.

"LEAVE IT TO ME."

(*Special to the "Picture Show."*)



WILLIAM RUSSELL as Dicky Derrickson. (*Fox.*)

UNTIL he was turned twenty-six Dicky Derrickson had never thought of work, and even then his attention was not called to it by any effort on his part.

It was his sweetheart, Madge Earle, who told him that unless he got work of some kind she would never marry him.

Dicky had never thought of labouring in the world's vineyard, because he was a millionaire three or four times over.

When Madge delivered her ultimatum, Dicky had just come out of the palatial swimming-bath which was a feature of the colony he and other millionaires had founded in Pastdena, Cuba.

He listened while Madge told him of the useless life he was leading, and that it was the duty of every man to do some noble task. Madge was full of her subject, for she had just read all about it in a magazine that had come with the morning mail.

"All right, old girl," said Dicky. "If it comes to losing you or finding work, I'll find the work. But I'll have to get dressed first. One can't go looking for a job in a swimming costume."

Dicky ran away to change, and a little later he and his chum Tom Burroughs were searching the advertisement columns of the local paper to find a job.

"I've got it," said Dicky, letting his finger rest on an advertisement. "Here's an advertisement of a detective agency. It is a detective's business to find things. I'll tell this fellow, Steve Holmes, to find me a job."

Dicky rang up the agency. It was some time before he got an answer, for although Mr. Holmes had a motto in big letters outside his office door, "We never sleep!" most of his time was spent in slumber.

Dicky gave his name, and told Holmes that he wanted him to find him a nice business of some kind. "It doesn't matter what sort of a business it is," he added, "so long as it looks busy but really runs itself."

A broad smile passed over Steve Holmes's face as he explained to his wife and partner.

"He means such a business as our agency, dear. We haven't had a case for three years."

Fifteen minutes later Dicky and Tom Burroughs were looking round the Holmes Detective Agency.

"This seems to be all right" said Dicky. "It could be made to look busy, I guess. You're sure there's no work attached to it?"

"Positive," replied Mr. Holmes. "You can inspect the books if you like. We haven't had a case for three years, and the local police have been just as busy. There's no crime in Pasadena."

"That's fine," said Dicky. "Now, just to make the place look busy, I shall want you and Mrs. Holmes to remain with me as—er—secretary and assistant secretary. And remember, if any of my friends call on me, especially a lady by the name of Miss Earle keep them waiting. Say I'm rushed to death with work. Got me, Steve?"

"Every time, Mr. Derrickson. You're a live man looking for a dead proposition, and you can take it from me you've found it in this agency," said Mr. Holmes.

The Agency Gets Busy.

DICKY had been established in the agency about a week when a warning ring from the outer office told him somebody was coming up the stairs.

Dicky swept the sporting papers he was reading into the drawer of his desk, put in their place a number of legal documents, ruffled his hair a little, and waited.

When the door opened he saw Tom Burroughs behind Mr. Holmes.

"You!" said Dicky disgustedly, fishing out the sporting papers. "Fancy looking busy for *you*. We'll have to arrange a private signal for my friend, Holmes. It doesn't matter what he sees. He's in the know."

Holmes gave a comprehensive gesture and retired to the outer office.

Then for the first time Dicky noticed that his friend looked troubled.

"What's the matter, Tom?" he said.

"I'm in a regular hole, Dicky. There's a woman, an actress named Viola de Vere, who holds some foolish letters of mine. She's been threatening me for some time now she's come over from New York to carry out her threats. If I can't get back those letters, she will force me to break off my engagement with Dot."

For perhaps the first time in his life Dicky looked serious.

"You seem to forget, Tom, that Dot is my sister. If you can't give me a satisfactory explanation, I'll break something beside your engagement."

"Oh, there was no harm in it, Dicky. It was two years before I met Dot. It was the usual infatuation of a fool for an actress, but she was clever and got me to write letters. There was no love in it at all."

"Right, oh, Tom. I believe you. I'll get the letters back. Leave it to me."

When Tom left, Dicky sat down to have a good hard think about his friend's trouble.

Had he but known it there was a whole lot of trouble brewing for him in the corridor outside.

Madge and Dot had planned a surprise visit to see whether he really was working.

They had stolen up the staircase and got outside the front office just in time to hear Holmes explaining to an old friend that Dicky Derrickson, the millionaire, had bought the business to make his girl believe he was working.

Madge's pretty face flushed with anger. She gave three long-drawn out "Oh's!", clenched her hands, and rushed past the startled Holmes into Dicky's room.

Dicky grabbed two pens, stuck one in his hair and the other crossways in his mouth, and put on a "How-dare-you-disturb-me" air.

"You can stop that play acting, Mr. Derrickson!" said Madge, with dangerous calm. "I know all about it. You bought this place to loaf in. I overheard your secretary telling a friend. Well, you can just go on loafing, only don't try to see me."

Before the astonished Dicky could get out a word of explanation she had dashed out of the room down the stairs, and into her car.

After Dicky had finished telling Holmes what he thought about him which took quite a long time, he retired into the inner office to think.

"I've got it!" he shouted, after he had thought to the extent of a dozen cigarettes. "I'll start a wave of crime in this town that will keep a dozen detective agencies busy night and day. I'll show Madge how busy I can get when I really mean to get busy."

Steve Holmes listened gravely while Dicky explained the scheme.

"I think we can get busy to-day, Mr. Derrickson," he said. "After your—er—shall we say talk to me about giving the show away, I went round the corner to collect my thoughts and a brandy-and-soda. Coming out of the little inn I met Red Healey. He is the man to start this wave crime."

"And who is Red Healey?" asked Dicky.

"A man at the top of his profession, sir," replied Holmes. "A second story man."

"A second story man?"

"Yes, sir. A man who makes all his business calls unannounced. That is to say he is a collector of other people's property, and he invariably enters the house he has chosen by way of the second story. You see, sir, in his profession it would not be the thing for the butler to announce him. I'll bring him to you, sir."

"Do. He seems to be an interesting sort of character to meet" said Dicky as he retired to his private office.

The Second Story Man.

ABOUT an hour later, when Dicky decided he would go out to lunch, he saw a lanky man with a face like a knotted rope sprawling in the best chair of the outer office. Dicky glanced at the door which was still fastened by the spring lock, and then at the window which was open.

"What do you mean by breaking in here in broad daylight?" he said, in a pained voice. "Can't you see it's a detective agency? It's bad for the business."

The knotted-cord face turned.

"Say, boss, I'm really sorry. Steve Holmes gave me your card, so I just called around to see you. Guessed you was busy, so I just made my little self comfortable."

"What's the matter with the door? Couldn't you knock or ring?"

"Me name is Red Healey, and I'm a second story man. Guess I've got too used to getting in the quiet way. That winder was made for guys like me."

"Have a cigar?" said Dicky, going to the drawer where he kept a box.

"Thanks, boss. But I've got two of yours already."

Red Healey pulled one of the two out and lit it.

"What's the game, boss?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing that would give *you* any trouble," said Dicky with quiet sarcasm. "I merely want you to rob a few houses. You bring the stuff to me, and I pay you for it—strict professional prices. Then I, as head of this detective agency, return the stolen goods. You get the money, I get the fame. It's easy."

"Dead easy. Pass us the list," said Healey.

Dicky gave Red Healey the addresses of Viola de Vere and Madge Earle.

"In the first house you will get a bundle of letters. The name at the bottom will be 'Tom Burroughs,' or your darling Tom,' or words to that affect. In the second house you can take the first bunch of jewels you lay your hands on. Bring both to me, and you shall be well paid for your good work."

Red Healey rose.

"It's a cinch, boss. See you to-morrow."

At ten o'clock next morning Red Healey arrived with the bundle of letters from Miss de Vere's flat and most of Madge Earle's jewellery.

Dicky paid him about three times the amount he would have got from a fence for the jewellery, and a handsome sum for the letters. Then he gave him instructions to get a bunch of crooks as bad as himself to come to Pasadena.

Red Healey scratched his head.

"I'll do my reel best, boss, but I guess I want matching. The 'tecs say I'm so crooked that if I swallowed a six-inch nail I'd cough up a corkscrew. I'm reel bad, I am. I'm so bad the smoke from me cigarette turns into poison-gas. But I'll do my best, boss, kase you is the good sport."

Having dismissed Red Healey, Dicky sat down to await events.

The first call came from Madge.

"Oh, Dicky, I've a case for you! All my jewellery was stolen last night," she cried.

Dicky grinned into the receiver, but his voice was very grave when he spoke.

"I have already had your case in hand, Miss Earle. You know our motto, 'We never sleep.' Your jewels have already been recovered. If you will come down to my office at ten-thirty your jewels will be restored. You must be prompt, for I am very busy and can only spare you a few moments."

Dicky rang off quickly, and then did a dance round the office.

"Guess she'll have to believe in me now," he chortled.

Then he rang up Tom Burroughs, telling him that he had got the letters and that he could have them exactly at eleven.

Hardly had he finished telephoning Tom, than Holmes announced that Miss Viola de Vere wished to see him.

Dicky wondered why.

He would have been enlightened had he known that Red Healey and Miss de Vere were old pals, and that they had just met in the street where Red Healey, to his great disgust, had learned from Viola that it was her house he had robbed.

Needless to say Viola had many names. Red Healey had known her under another. Hence his mistake.

He not only apologised, but told Viola the drawer of the desk where she would find the letters.

Viola came in all smiles.

"My house was robbed last night," she said. "I want you to take up the case."

"Certainly" said Dicky, wondering the quickest way he could get rid of her. Miss Viola de Vere was very pretty, but not the type of lady he wished Madge to see in his office.

He pretended to take some notes as Viola told him the details. All the time Viola was edging up to the drawer in the desk.

(*Continued on page* 18.)

Gossip about British Players.



EILLE NORWOOD.



BETTINA CAMPBELL.



LIONEL d'ARAGON



DOUGLAS PAYNE.

Eille Norwood as Sherlock Holmes.

"SINCE I started my role of Sherlock Holmes," Mr. Eille Norwood laughingly told me the other afternoon, "I have discovered the secret of success. It is never to throw any old thing away. Keep it; its day will come!

"For instance, this very dressing-gown I wear as Sherlock Holmes. Long, long ago I believed that I had said 'good-bye' to it for ever, and here it is, the very thing for the part! The same with my slippers—old and comfortable, just what I want for Holmes!'

The Art of Make-up.

IT is no easy matter to make-up when you often have to wear a make-up on a make-up! Sounds a bit vague, does it not? But listen. Sometimes, as you know, in a "Sherlock Holmes" story, to gain his ends, the great detective wears a disguise. If you will study Mr. Norwood's photograph, you will see how little in private life he resembles his make-up in "Sherlock Holmes," and yet, so great is the art of it, that he doesn't look made-up; and on this he puts a disguise which often he has to whip off at a moment's notice without disarranging his under make-up.

A Trick He Played.

EILLE NORWOOD was a bit uncertain about his disguise as a "driver" the other afternoon, so he just strolled down into the studio and awaited results. In a few minutes a voice said:

"Sorry, but you can't remain here!"

"Why not?"

"Look after your car outside. You can't stand about the studio."

But the driver wouldn't move. Then someone else came along and shouted out threateningly:

"Now then, get out of this! Can't stand about here!"

Being satisfied that things were all right, Eille Norwood removed his disguise, to the consternation of all parties concerned.

A Man of Many Parts.

EILLE NORWOOD lives in a delightful old-world house with a wonderful garden, so near to London that one is amazed at the unspoilt country and loveliness of his dwelling-place. He was associated with "Within the Law," "Inside the Lines," which ran for over a year; and he produced his nephew's play, "The Man Who Stayed at Home," and "The Fulfilling of the Law." He also discovered the author and produced "French Leave." Besides this, he has invented any number of theatrical tricks.

"One of the first plays I ever wrote was 'for Aubrey Smith," Eille Norwood told me, "when we were at Cambridge together. It was called 'Hook and Eye,' and was followed by 'Chalk and Cheese.' These two plays travelled all over the world."

Then, besides being a playwright, Eille Norwood is a musician. Some of his musical compositions have been played by the Coldstream Guards at Windsor, and his intermezzo, "Danse des Follettes," is heard in numerous restaurants and theatres.

Lionel d'Aragon.

HE tells me that he has been in the theatrical profession about twenty-eight years, and twelve years in cinema work. He played for the Pathé, also for Harma, Ideal, Samuelson's, "In the Valley of Tears," "My Lady's Dress," "Sorrows of Satan." Then followed twelve months' heavy lead with Gaumont in "Key of the World," "Rodney Stone," "Sword of Fate," and crowds of other films. He has recently been playing in "The Mystery Road" for the Famous Players Lasky, and I expect crowds of my readers remember this distinguished actor in "The Barton Mystery."

Miss Bettina Campbell

IS just twenty-one, and she has got her first real chance on the screen in the Denison Clift production, "Demos," where she plays Adela. She is slight, dainty, and vivacious: and when I ventured to admire her very smart, chic costume, believing it was Parisian, as she had just come back from Paris, she took my breath away by declaring that she had made it every bit herself.

A Fearless Horsewoman.

BETTINA CAMPBELL is not only one of the best-dressed girls in London: she is also one of the best horsewomen, and she can jump a five-barred gate with the best. She can drive a motor-car, ride a motor-bicycle, play tennis and hockey, and design her own clothes, as I have already hinted, with the most successful results.

"And I love dancing!" she declared.

She is very keen on her part, enthusiastic, and anxious to do her very best for her producer, Mr. Denison Clift.

"He is one of the nicest producers and the kindest man one could play for," she told me recently.

"Sherlock Holmes" on the Screen.

THE Stoll film of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," produced by Maurice Elvey, is a serial in fifteen episodes. I saw the first three at a private show not long ago, and they were tremendously well received by the great audience. "The Yellow Face" had pathos as well as a thrill. "The Dying Detective" was amazingly fine. Mr. Norwood gave a masterly performance, and Cecil Humphreys was remarkable as Culverton Smith. Herbert Willis is an ideal Watson. "The Devil's Foot" is a strong, dramatic story, altogether a worthy production.



EILLE NORWOOD as Sherlock Holmes in a Stoll Picture production.

The Knight of the Miracle.

I WONDER how many of my readers remember that astonishingly beautiful production, "The Miracle," given at Olympia some years ago, and that fine, fascinating Knight who tempted the nun out into the wide world? Well, anyway, here is his photograph as he is to-day, Mr. Douglas Payne. He has had a very strenuous life, a life packed with thrills. Not only has he had ten years' experience as a cowpuncher, but he was a member of Buffalo Bill's congress of the rough-riders of the world; then he was a trooper in the South African Mounted Police, a sergeant in the Army Veterinary Corps, and a lieutenant in horse transport, R.A.S.C. Some record!

But More to Follow!

IN the land of films, Douglas Payne has played the juvenile lead in "Maria Martin" and "The Great Gold Robbery," the physician in "A Fallen Idol," the lead in "The White Feather," Jim Belton in "In the Ranks," the Blind Minister in "Fine Feathers," Stephen Carnforth in "The Heart of a Rose," and the Fighting Blacksmith in "Rodney Stone." And these are only a few of the parts Mr. Payne has played for the screen.

An Apple Orchard Studio!

DOUGLAS PAYNE also stage-managed "The Last of His Race" at Drury Lane. In "Won by a Head" he played the trainer, and rode his own horse. In the early days of film life, Mr. Payne played in a novel studio—just a platform set up in an apple orchard!

Why Does a Blacksmith Wear Fringe?

WHEN Douglas Payne commenced to play his part of the fighting blacksmith in "Rodney Stone," he insisted on having leather fringe on his apron, and everybody wondered why. This is the reason.

A certain old English king set out to inquire into the occupations of his subjects, and he always finished up, after asking a man particulars of his trade:

"Who made your tools?"

And the answer was ever the same: "The blacksmith makes my tools."

At length the king went to the blacksmith. He watched him at his craft, and at length asked the old question:

"Who made your tools?"

"I make my own tools," said the blacksmith.

Then said the king:

"You are, indeed, the king of all trades; and, because of this, you shall evermore wear fringe on your apron!"

EDITH NEPEAN.

"LEAVE IT TO ME."

(Continued from page 16)

As Dicky bent over his papers she opened the drawer and snatched the letters.

"Why, here they are! Fancy you being the thief!" she cried, in mock indignation. "Oh, you bad man! I suppose I ought to tell the real police."

Dicky rose from his chair and tried to look stern but only succeeded in looking flustered.

"Give me those letters!" he said desperately.

He made a dash towards her, but Viola was faster. She stepped back and thrust the letters into her corsage. As she faced Dicky she smiled with a comfortable feeling of triumph.

"There. I guess they're safe there for you're a gentleman," she said.

"I'll shake them out of you!" shouted Dicky rushing towards her.

Viola let out a piercing scream. Though thoroughly up-to-date she was not above using one of woman's oldest weapons of defence.

"Sh-sh-sh!" pleaded Dicky, as he heard Madge's voice in the corridor.

"I can scream louder than that," replied Viola calmly, as she sat down.

Dicky looked round desperately. Then, seizing the chair Miss De Vere was sitting on, he dragged it and its occupant into another room and through there into the back passage. As he got back into his own room he was met by Holmes.

"Miss Earle wishes to see you, sir."

"Show her in," said Dicky weakly.

Madge came in with a reproachful face.

"What was that noise I heard Dicky? It was a woman's voice."

"It was a client. She was just showing me how she was held up by a wicked criminal, and how she screamed for assistance," replied Dicky, lying more easily than he had thought he could.

Madge set her lips.

"I don't believe a word of it, Dicky. I'm going home and I'm never going to speak to you again."

"Madge!" pleaded Dicky. But Madge had gone.

Tom Burroughs was Dicky's next visitor.

"The letters, Dicky! The letters! Where are they?" he cried excitedly.

"They've gone," replied Dicky wearily. "I got them, but Miss de Vere came round and collected them again."

"But this means ruin to me, Dicky!" shouted Tom.

"It's been ruin to me already!" retorted Dicky. "Madge came around and heard your precious Viola in the office screaming. She has given me up for ever."

"Don't abandon me now, Dicky. The wedding is to-morrow and if Viola shows up with those letters——"

"All right, Tom," said Dicky. "I'll stick to you. I'll get the letters. Leave it to me."

After a long consultation the two friends decided to call on Miss de Vere and buy back the letters at her own price.

When they got to her house they were informed that she had left for San Francisco.

"There, that puts you all right," said Dicky. "If she's gone to Frisco she can't turn up at the wedding. Now, you might try to do something for me. Get at Madge through Dot. Anything so long as you make her see reason."

More Trouble.

IN the meantime more trouble was being hatched for Dicky and his friend.

Viola and Red Healey were fixing up a scheme for the benefit of both at a modest hotel which was as far as Viola had got to 'Frisco.

"It works out this way," Viola was saying. "Get your pals in as waiters and kidnap Mr. Burroughs. I'll fix it that a motor launch is waiting by the pier and we'll have a swift car in the grounds. You can help yourselves to the wedding presents if you like; that's your funeral. All I want you to do for me is to kidnap that guy, Burroughs. When he plays the part of the 'Missing Bridegroom' I guess the bride won't have much further use for him, and it will be me and him for the wedding march. I'll talk real sense into him when I get him on the launch."

After fixing up the details the two parted.

It was the night of the wedding. Tom and Dicky, having heard nothing of Viola, were in high spirits.

"Madge is sure to relent on such an occasion, Dicky," said Tom consolingly, as he fastened on his collar. "You run down, now, and see that everything is all right. I'll follow you in a minute."

Dicky went downstairs. The guests were arriving and the bride and her bridesmaid, Madge Earle, were dressed and waiting.

The parson came in and Dicky began to look at his watch. It was time Tom was down.

As the minutes passed Dicky began to get uneasy.

"Where's Tom?" whispered Dot. "Go and fetch him, Dicky."

As Dick turned to go upstairs there was a loud cry from one of the guests as he pointed to a number of men carrying something wrapped up in a sack and shoving it in a motor-car.

"Thieves!" cried someone.

"Tom!" shouted Dicky. "Leave it to me! I'll get him!"

As he rushed out, followed by the guests, the bride fainted in Madge's arms.

(Continued on page 20.)

SIR HARRY LAUDER AND THE SCREEN

A Famous Comedian's Special Message to the "Picture Show."



SIR HARRY LAUDER.

THE meeting took place in the Lauder dressing-room at the Palace Theatre, and as soon as I heard that the great man was ready to see me—well, I was inside that dressing-room before you could say "Sandy McNab"!

"How do you do, Sir Harry?" says I, too fussed-up and excited to wait for him to take the initiative.

"How d'ye do?" says he, solemnly shaking hands and looking at me kindly but intently through his spectacles. "Sit ye down"—indicating a chair beside his dressing-table.

I obeyed the injunction, and Sir Harry hung up his bonnet beside the looking-glass. (He was, of course, attired in Highland dress, and the famous Macleod tartan looked mighty fine, I can tell you!) Then he sat down, facing me, and, fumbling in a capacious pocket, produced one of the biggest pipes I have ever seen. He didn't light up, however, but contented himself with nursing the bowl of it tenderly, and pulling at it gently so that every now and then it emitted little succulent noises.

Singing and Talking Pictures.

REASSURED by this homely spectacle, I remarked to Sir Harry that I understood he had appeared in some films.

"Only in a few pictures illustrating some of my old songs," he amended. "This was at the time when the Gaumont Company made an effort to produce singing and talking pictures. I don't think that the synchronisation of voice and picture has been a definite success up to now, but I believe there is an invention on the market at present that will bring it to perfection.

"Ye can say," he added, "that I am negotiating to make some singing pictures now."

Impressions of Los Angeles.

SIR HARRY went on to tell me something about the trip he made to Filmland when he was in the States not long ago, mentioning in particular his visits to the Fairbanks, Fox, and Ince studios.

I asked him what he thought of the irrepressible "Doug."

"Oh, a nice chap, wi' a jolly expression always on his face!" he replied, between puffs at his pipe. "He showed me all round his studio. I saw Enid Bennett, too, and watched her at work."

"Is she really as pretty as she looks on the screen?"

"Ay, she's a verra bonnie lass!" was the smiling response.

Sir Harry ruminated a little, and then went on:

"It was awfu' exciting at the Fox studio, for I arrived just as they were filming a big strike scene at the gates of some big works. It's wonderful to see how they handle their crowds over there. Cinematography is *the* industry in the Golden West, I can tell ye!"

"What most impressed you in Los Angeles, Sir Harry?"

"Well, I can't say there was anything in particular that struck me," he said slowly, "except that there seemed to be a lot of people doing nothing, just waiting for their scenes to be taken. Ye see, it takes a lot of time, a lot of patience, and a lot of money to make motion pictures.

"Mac's First Love."

"I MADE part of a picture myself during my trip to Africa," he continued, "and I intend to finish it this summer. It's a little Scotch story called 'Mac's First Love.' Now, it wouldn't be a real love-story unless there was a row in it, so Mac has a quarrel wi' his sweetheart. 'Ma heart's broke,' he says, 'so I must go awa' to get it mended.' So, thinking Africa will do the trick, he goes there, where he has a lot of vicissitudes, lookin' for work and losing it, digging for diamonds, and so on, till at last he decides to come hame, where he settles down and marries his bonnie lassie. And so all's well that ends well. Ye can say it'll be a picture of real life in Africa—the *real* thing!"

Wanted—Light and Enthusiasm.

"ARE you open to do any film work other than what you have mentioned?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm quite prepared to make a picture any time," he replied, "because I think the film is a great institution, though, as far as the British industry is concerned, it is only in its infancy. We don't get the sun, but surely we can get artificial light that is good enough to make films, while already we have scenery in England, Scotland, and Wales which, as far as I've seen, canna' be surpassed. I think we have good actors, too, and that all we want, given the light, are people with sufficient enthusiasm to appreciate the British article."

His Message to the "Picture Show."

I MET Sir Harry a few days after he received the accolade of knighthood at the hands of the King, and so I did what I knew every one of you would wish me to do—offered him the heartfelt congratulations of every reader of the PICTURE SHOW.

"Thank them verra much!" he returned, with a smile; and then he asked me to give you a message.

"Tell them," he said, "that I hope this advent of the singing and talkin' picture will prove a success, and that, although I may be in the farthest corner of the British Empire, they may be able to take their wives and sweethearts along to the cinema any night to see and hear Harry at hame. I am fifty now—gone half my length, and the first hundred years are always the worst!—and, therefore, I think it would be a fine thing for the Lauder smile to be perpetuated on the screen, so that it may be as much appreciated after I have 'gone West' as it is to-day!"

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

"Have you a Charles Dickens or a Nathaniel Hawthorne in your home, madam?" inquired the book agent.

"No," said the angry housewife, "we have not. I suppose, as usual, you've got the house mixed up with the boarding house next door."—*Boston C.N.A. Transcript.*

* * *

THE SPECIALIST: "But, madam, you must *chew* your food. What were your teeth given you for?"

THE PATIENT (irritably): "They weren't given to me. I bought them."—*Pasquino.*

* * *

"What are you treating me for, doctor?"

"Loss of memory," said the doctor, writing the prescription. "Your bill's been owing nearly two years."—*London Opinion.*

* * *

WORKMAN: "Sorry, sir, the 'orse collapsed when we took down the scaffolding."

BUILDER: "Idiot! How often must I tell you not to take away the scaffolding till the walls are papered?"—*Passing Show.*

* * *

FATHER (shopping): "Now, Ethel, what sort of a doll would you like?"

ETHEL (looking at the assortment on the counter): "Twins, please, daddy."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

THIS WEEK'S BEST JOKES

By permission of Messrs. Pathé Freres

"THE DAWN OF THE WORLD"

FURTHER scenes from the wonderful film of the Bible, which can now be seen at the Palace Theatre. Amongst the scenes in this picture are the building of the Ark, the Flood, the building of the Tower of Babel, the crossing of the Red Sea, and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah



An episode at the finding of Moses among the bulrushes.



Solomon and his wife can be seen on the right of this photograph.



The Eastern atmosphere of this film is very realistic, for the scenes were laid in Syria and Egypt. No pains were spared in the making of the film, which took five years to complete.



A crowd scene when Joseph is made a ruler. Over 12,000 persons took part in this stupendous film, and a quarter of a million feet of film were used in its production.

"LEAVE IT TO ME."

(Continued from page 18)

Hatless, and in evening dress, Dicky flew to the garage and jumped in his car, while the other guests followed. The car with the sack had got a start, but Dicky rapidly overtook it, and when it reached the pier Dicky was not a hundred yards behind. The occupants of the first car, seeing they could not reach the launch with the sack, swung it in the sea.

"Leave it to me!" shouted Dicky as, without a moment's hesitation, he jumped in the water after the sack. He brought it to the surface, after a desperate struggle and the other guests, who had launched a boat, pulled him in.

But when they opened the sack they found, not Tom Burroughs but all the wedding presents.

It was a very much bedraggled Dicky that returned to the house. He left the other guests to explain what had happened while he wandered around the house in search of Tom.

As he stood in the bedroom where he had left Tom dressing, he noticed an inner door. Dicky went up to it and tried it. The door was locked but he soon forced it. And there, on the floor, gagged and bound, looking up with an agonised expression, was Tom Burroughs.

"You leave it to me!" shouted Dicky, as he ran downstairs, determined that Madge should know that he alone had found the missing bridegroom.

The second after he had left the room, Red Healey darted in.

Picking up Tom in his arms he rushed him into another room and then shoved in Steve Holmes, also gagged and bound.

He slipped down the back stairs with Tom.

The reception room was empty and Red Healey shoved Tom in a big chest, getting inside with him, till the coast was clear.

Upstairs Dicky was looking blankly at the bound form of Holmes.

"But it was Tom I left here a minute ago!" he protested wildly.

Madge muttered something about the delusions of drink, while the guests unbound Holmes and listened to his story of how he had been attacked by Red Healey's gang while he was guarding the wedding presents.

Silently everybody filed down stairs.

Nobody paid the slightest attention to poor Dicky, and that unhappy man slunk away and sat down on the very chest in which Red Healey had put Tom.

Presently Dicky heard a sound, then another, apparently coming from the inside of the chest.

Slowly Dicky opened the lid.

Swiftly Red Healey sprang out, but not so quickly as Dicky's fist shot out.

Red Healey made a game fight, but in his then desperate mood Dicky would have been a match for a dozen crooks. When at last Red Healey had had enough fighting and the guests had got hold of him, Viola looked into the room.

Dicky saw her and went up to Red Healey.

"You get those letters back from Miss de Vere and there will be nothing said about the robbery," he whispered.

Then he went to Tom and told him what he had done.

While the guests were congratulating Dicky, Tom quickly arranged the deal for the letters and also saw that Red Healey and Viola got clean away.

The parson was brought back and this time the wedding ceremony went off without a hitch.

When it was over Dicky found himself alone with Madge. He led her to the chest and they sat down.

"Madge, if you only knew what I have gone through you'd promise to marry me," he said.

"There's a lot of explaining for you to do before I consent," replied Madge.

"Something has got to be done," thought Dicky.

Stooping swiftly, he picked the girl up in his arms and put her in the chest.

"There you stop till you promise to marry me," he whispered, as he closed the lid.

Silence from below. Then a muffled voice.

"I'll never marry you now."

"I can wait," said Dicky. "It's more comfortable on the top of the chest than inside."

More silence. Then Madge's voice

"Dicky, when shall we get married?"

"Leave it to me!" cried Dicky, as he pulled Madge out of the chest and kissed her.

(Adapted by permission from incidents in the Fox film, featuring William Russell.)

Would you like to win a
Real Silver Chain Handbag
given by WALLACE REID?
If so see this week's
"GIRLS' CINEMA."
Out Tomorrow. Price 2d.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Sports Clothes Chosen :: by Priscilla Dean ::

I AM sure that if it were not for the various sports in which I indulge, I should never be able to go through half the amount of studio work that I do. Acting for the films may be very exciting—and I just love it—but it is not half so strenuous as some people seem to imagine. Of course there are times when one is cast for a part which necessitates all kinds of hairbreadth escapes and breakneck gymnastics, and when this part is being rehearsed and played, I will admit that—like every other screen actor—I am only too glad to get home and rest. The activity of such parts are quite enough "sport" for anyone. But film acting is not always like this.

Health-Giving Sport.

WHEN a play with simple drawing-room scenes is being enacted, an enormous amount of one's time is spent hanging about the studio, waiting for scenes to be fixed up, or for the weather to be at the necessary state. It is at this time that an energetic person squirms at the inactivity, and longs for a little health-giving pastime. That is why I spend every spare moment playing golf or tennis. And although it is the order of the day to ride about in your car out here, I am never happier than when I dress in my sports rig-out and go for a long tramp. It is perfectly wonderful how refreshed and well I feel, and how merrily my work goes along the next day.

Dress for Comfort.

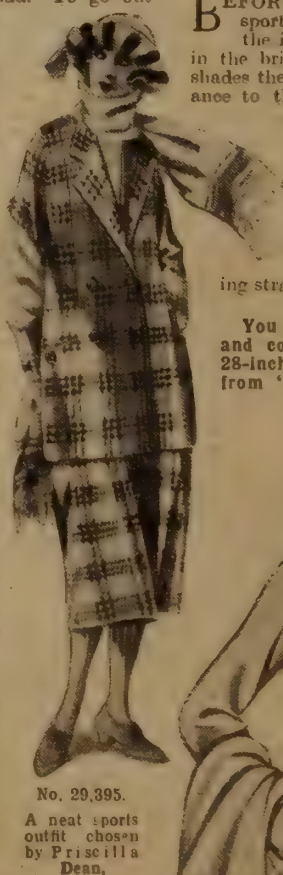
BUT—and this is a really most important but—I could not possibly get the amount of benefit that I do from my walking and sport unless I were suitably clad. To go out walking in thin, high-heeled shoes, or to go golfing in a frock, would be agony to me. And it is because I appreciate my pastimes so much that I give a great deal of my attention to the selection of my sports "rig-out."

An Ideal Outfit.

I HAVE always favoured the suit of tweed for sports wear. That is why I am so pleased that this type of coat and skirt has again become popular. True there were times when tweeds were mostly of a very drab order, and could hardly be appreciated by one with an eye for beauty. But nowadays they are so charming as to be even nicer than materials for the more dressy costumes. As a matter of fact, I have always favoured a combination of black and white for my tweed suits. I find this makes up so much more smartly, and that I can wear any scarf or hat with the suit that may take my fancy at the moment. Yet I have recently been enjoled into selecting some of the pretty colour combinations that are so fashionable.

I have selected for you my favourite outfit for sports wear—by this I mean the coat and skirt for walking wear. Then if you wish you can don the same garments for golf, just taking off the smart coat, and revealing the neat little woollen jumper beneath. By the way, the latter might be of hand knitting, with bands of crochet inlet.

But to return to the costume. This is of black and yellow tweed, the black taking the form of a fairly large checked design upon the lemon background. I do not favour a very brilliant yellow. This is a little too conspicuous for walking wear. But the combination is distinctly smart and personal, especially if your hair happens to be dark. Although I find it quite becoming to my fair tresses.



No. 29,395. A neat sports outfit chosen by Priscilla Dean.

With or Without a Belt.

THE coat is a simple straight affair—I prefer it like that—although on some girls it would perhaps be better with a patent leather belt fastened round to take in the fulness.

But look—the coat is not so plain as it may at first appear; the front is cut in one with the lower part of the side of the coat, and this gives a charming style to the coat. The lower part also forms a pocket, which is fastened down by a button and buttonhole.

The skirt is quite plain. I think that any decoration upon a sports skirt is absolutely out of place and unnecessary, unless it takes the part of capacious pockets, which are more handy than ornamental. And at the foot it is just of a width to give comfort. I've got a pretty big stride when I get going, and for this reason I generally demand that the lower seam of my skirt be left open a little at one side, and arranged to fasten with button and buttonholes, so that I can unfasten them when I find the skirt sagging around my legs, as it has a habit of doing after much walking.

My favourite hat for sports wear is also depicted upon the sketch of a suit, and shows a cosy little pull-on of brushed wool. It has a soft crown of yellow brushed wool, and a brim that turns up all the way round, displaying an underlining of alternate stripes of black and yellow wool, a tassel of the combined wools being allowed to hang jauntily from one side of the brim.

My outfit is not complete without a cosy scarf of soft wool to correspond with the colours of my suit.

A Tennis Coat.

BEFORE I finish telling you of my ideal sports outfit, I must not forget to mention the invaluable sports coat, which I prefer in the brightest colours of the day. In these shades they give such a happy-go-lucky appearance to the wearer, and are so handy to slip over the white tennis frock. The little sports coat I have had designed for you is of stockinette, with patch pockets, and tie over belt. The long scarf has stripes running through it at the ends to match the ribbon bands upon the neat little cap which can be worn throughout the game, and thus prevent ends of hair becoming straggly when the game becomes heated.

PRISCILLA DEAN.

You can obtain patterns of the costume and coat on this page in 22, 24, 26, and 28-inch waist sizes for one shilling each, from "Picture Show" Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.



No. 29,515. A useful sports coat for tennis of bright stockinette.

CHARLIE AT THE GOLDWYN STUDIO

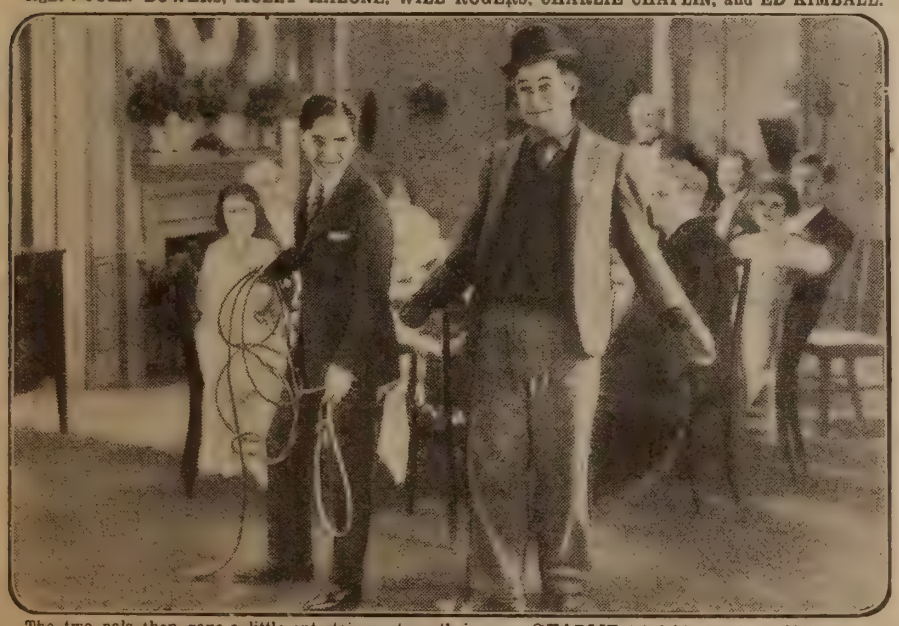
Charlie Chaplin Visiting His Friend Will Rogers



CHARLIE CHAPLIN went to see his friend, Will Rogers, at the Goldwyn studio, and took a constitutional with MAY COLLINS and SAMUEL GOLDWYN.



Will Rogers was at work on his latest film and Charlie volunteered to help by serving the meal. Left to right: JOHN BOWERS, MOLLY MALONE, WILL ROGERS, CHARLIE CHAPLIN, and ED KIMBALL.



The two pals then gave a little entertainment on their own. CHARLIE tried his hand at Will Rogers' lariat, and WILL ROGERS tried to copy one of Charlie Chaplin's poses.

58 Doctors GIVE ADVICE IN FREE BOOK.

Indigestion and Dyspepsia Cured Without Drugs.

If you suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, or any other Stomach trouble, send for the Free Book just published for your benefit, and giving a formula which has already cured thousands, and will do the same for you.

Dr. Braithwaite says: A glance at the formula will convince the most sceptical of its great value. Doctors have for years been trying to find a cure for Indigestion, and the Free Book will show you how easily the problem is solved. Your food can now be digested for you, giving your stomach a chance to have a rest and restoring the system to normal conditions in a very short time.

No more fulness after food, no more wind, spasms, or heartburn. Simply send your name and address to-day to the Lactopeptine Laboratory (Dept. L39), 46–47, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, and the book of advice will reach you by return.

I will tell you Free how to Reduce Your Weight



I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and, strong as I was, I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman, and have plenty of work to do. While my earthly self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in this direction brought sorrow and consternation, because I knew that I must give up business or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely, because I felt that my company was no longer desired, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point of my life.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain effort to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration and succeeded, for 36 lbs. of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practice tiresome exercises, nor starvation diet, nor wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method, and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as I could wish.

You could reduce your weight the same as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclose two penny stamps to pay postage.

W. Grace Hartland (Dept. 138), Diamond House Hatton Garden, London, E.C. 1.

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"Then, at last I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Very soon I felt they were doing me good. In a few weeks I was able to get up. Then I went about on crutches, but only for three weeks; by the end of that time I was cured, and could get about as freely and easily as anybody."

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The Universal Home Remedy for—

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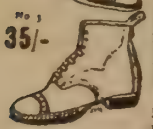
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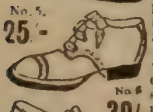
SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

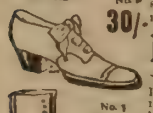


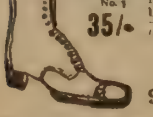












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NERVOUSNESS

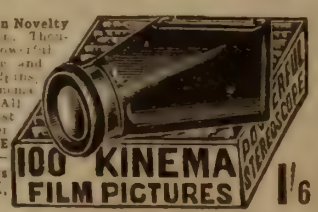
is the greatest drawback in life to any man or woman. If you are nervous, timid, low-spirited, lack self-confidence, will power, mind concentration, blush, or feel awkward in the presence of others send 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment, used in the Navy from Vice-Admiral to Seaman, and in the Army from Colonel to Private. D.S.O's, M.C's, M.M's, and D.C.M's.

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Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

LUXURY ON THE SCREEN.

THE cinema, like everything else, is subject to fashions. This is not unnatural when it is remembered that it must bear the stamp of those who become impressed with the attractiveness of certain ideas. Producers—let it at once be said not all of them—are apt to chase each other round in a circle in the matter of notions that one of them has found to be good. Then it is immediately taken up by the others, who thereafter follow each other round until one of them again happens to hit upon something fresh, when the same proceeding starts anew. When the motion picture was still a novelty, such scenes as a train entering or leaving a station, rescues from burning buildings, inanimate objects moving apparently without human aid, and comic policemen with the usual crowds, were common enough. We had them at different times. They were the fashion of the screen, and no one bemoaned their passing.

To-day it is the luxurious setting. The motion picture is no longer the poor and humble child of a time when its production was cheap and the home of its entertainment cheaper still. It has grown rich in its prosperity, and luxury is the keynote of its present-day existence. Yet that in itself is not a point which need arouse envy or embitter support. It is the unnecessary exhibition of luxury in a film play that may lay it open to the charge of being unreal.

You are witnessing a drama which seems to you to circle round the lives of ordinary middle-class people like yourselves. Then quite unexpectedly you find your ideas upset. The exterior of the hero or heroine's home is depicted, showing in many cases a gorgeous mansion set in the midst of spacious grounds, beautified by a profusion of lovely flowers and a well-kept lawn. The interior scenes of the house are in keeping, for everywhere luxury characterises the furniture and the decorative effects. These things are certainly beautiful to look upon and pleasing to the eye. But do they always help to make the story seem real? The obvious answer is that they do not.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

W.K.A. (Kirkealdy).—Norma Talmadge played two parts in "The Forbidden City" that of San San and Toy.

"PICTUREGOER" (Kerry).—Thanks for your good wishes. Tom Moore has married again, and his wife now is René Adorée. The films in which he has appeared are: "Just for To-night," "Thirty a Week," "Go West, Young Man," "The Gay Lord Quex," "One of the Finest," "Lord and Lady Algy," "The Kingdom of Youth," and "The Fair Pretender."

IRENE (Oldham).—So you think a reply here looks much nicer than a letter. As you will. Here is the cast of "The Garden of Resurrection": Guy Newall (Bellairs), Ivy Duke (Clarissa), Franklyn Dyall (Cruikshank), Mary Dibley (Belwattle), Douglas Munro (Moxon), Hugh C. Buckler (Dr. Perowne), Humberston Wright (General French), Lawford Davidson (Fennell), Winifred Sadler and Madge Three (The Aunts), and Betty (Dandy). Betty the dog, by the way belongs to Guy Newall.

"PICTURES MAD" (Glamorgan), "BAILEY'S TWINS" (Burton-on-Trent), J.L. (Newcastle), BESSIE (Bradford), C.B. (Upper Parkstone), C.M.Y. (Johannesburg), A.N. (London, N.), "HAR SWEET" (Tooting), "INQUISITIVE" (Blyth), K.E.M. (Herne Bay), E.L.C. (Scunthorpe), "PUCK" (Newcastle).—Please look back. Glad to hear from you all, nevertheless.

"KNAVE OF HEARTS" (London, N.W.).—Yes, Stanley and Lupino Lane are both related. The latter has appeared in "Clarence, Crooks and Chivalry," "A Night Out and a Day In," and "A Lot About a Lottery."

"LASCAL" (Leicester).—Glad to know you possess a model mother-in-law. Allow me to tender my congratulations. W. S. Hart won't have it that he is dead, so cheer up everybody.

BETTY (Rushden).—Terence Cavanagh was born in Oxford, but does not answer the other questions asked about him. "Branded" will be released in October, and "Saved from the Sea" in January, 1922.

G.P. (Bognor).—Oh, yes, I have heard from your town before, but consider yourself welcome. Mary Miles Minter plays for Realart. No, Leslie Henson has not appeared in any other films so far, beyond the ones you mention, "Alf's Button" and "Broken Bottles."

"DAMARIS and DOLORES" (Oudtshoorn).—I know it's ages since you both wrote to me. Began to think I had been forgotten, but anyhow, I feel happier now. No, I cannot say I have been to South Africa. Do I like the way Nazimova tosses her head? Well, it's all right so long as it happens to be her own not mine. Charles Bryant was thirty-four on January 8th. Very old films, the ones you name.

"BRIGGOONA" (Slough).—You will find Peter Upcher's address below. He does not tell us all we would like to know about him but if this will suffice, he was born in Halesworth, Suffolk, and appeared in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," and in "The Definite Object."

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

The Cup Final.

THE teams playing in Saturday's great Cup-Final Tie at Chelsea are the talk of the hour. Do you know them? Would you like their portraits? If so, purchase this week's wonderful cup-final number of "Football Favourite," with which is presented fine photogravure art plate of the rival elevens, size 11 ins. by 8½ ins., suitable for framing. A more suitable memento of the great tussle cannot be purchased anywhere. Be sure you get this wonderful free gift.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

PETER UPCHER Care of Alliance Film Co., St. Margaret's-on-Thames.

MABEL NORMAND (New Address), Care of Sennett Studios, 1712, Alessandro St., Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

TULLY MARSHALL, Care of Norma Talmadge Film Corporation, 318, East 48th St., New York City, U.S.A.

MINNA GREY, Care of Samuelson Film Co., Worton Hall, Isleworth, Middlesex.

(More addresses next week.)



A reader in India sends us a photograph of one wall of his "den," which you will see he has decorated with "Picture Show" Covers and Art Plates.



"The Young Forester"

ZANE GREY'S

Thrilling Tale of the Woods

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